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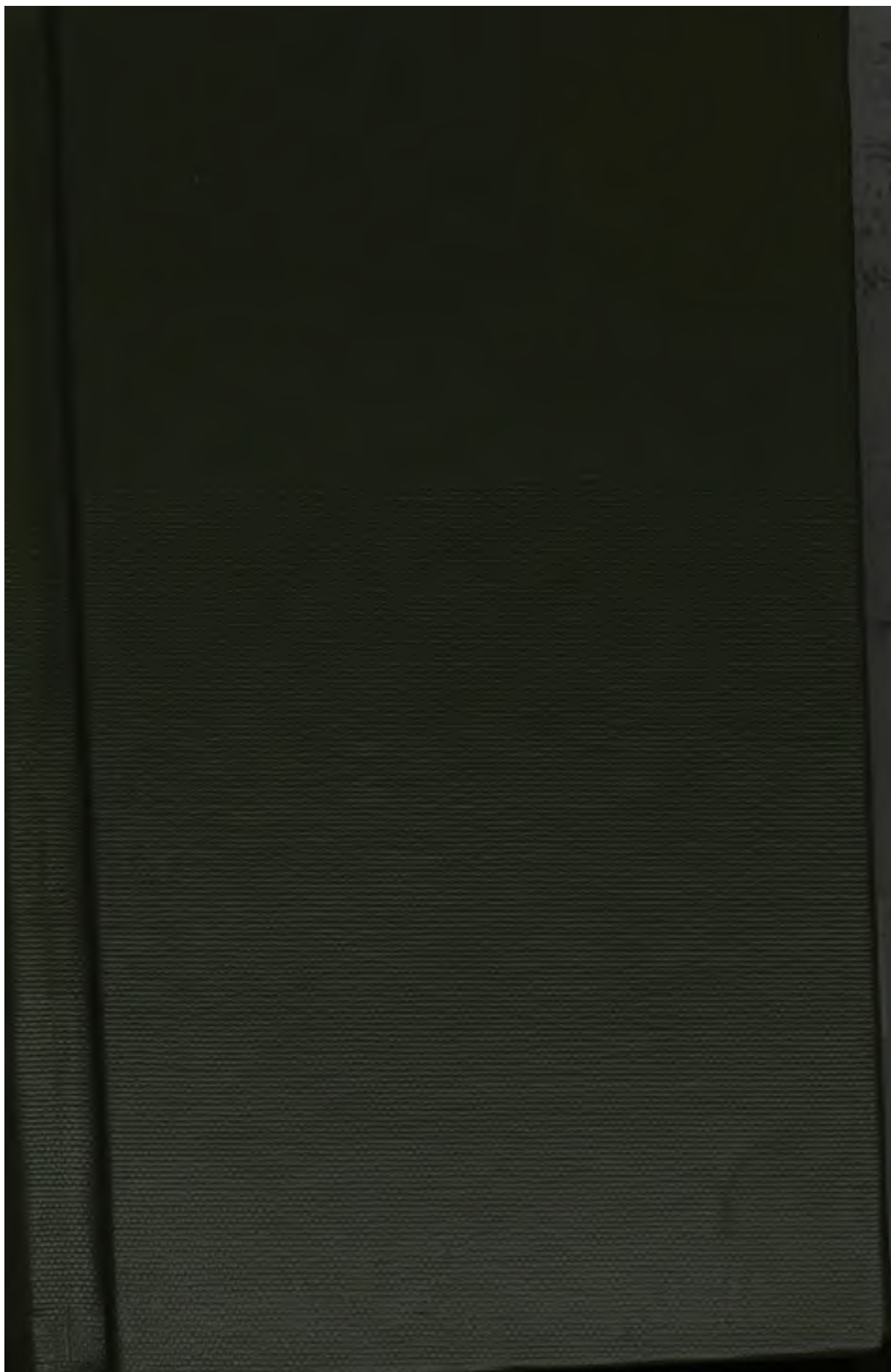
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BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

VOL. XXV.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1849.

Stamp: **DEC 25 18**
Handwritten: 052
B477

LONDON:
Printed by S. & J. BARTLEY and HENRY PEAR.
Banger House, Shoe Lane.

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How to tamper with a Register.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

CHAPTER I.

A DUCHESS'S DIAMOND EAR-RINGS.

"There is no contending with necessity, and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it? 'Tis one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must."

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

I WONDER whether this record of a chequered life will ever come before the world! Will credit be given to its disclosures? and will they avail? will they warn, deter, console?

At twenty I found myself, with articles on the eve of expiring, in the office of a very wary, successful, and thoroughly unscrupulous man.

He was an attorney of the olden time: cunning, half-educated, cringing, unprincipled, mendacious. Similar characters may exist at this day. But if ever there was a being whose soul was steeped in suspicion; who believed all would cheat if they could; who looked upon uprightness as fabulous, and the law as a license to prey on the property and fears of others, Mr. Rafforde was that valuable and truly popular personage. But he throve; and, as far as the rapid accumulation of means, accompanied by the utter wreck of character, could be called prosperity, Mr. Rafforde might be deemed a very thriving personage. The secret of his rise may, perhaps, be thus explained: *he was a thoroughly reckless practitioner.* The bearings of no case, however dark and dastardly might be its features, deterred him from undertaking it. He quailed before no rebuff of a judge, and no sarcasm of an opposing counsel. Libel the dead, knowingly, I would not; but in musing on his career I feel convinced that the more flagitious, base, and indefensible the cause, the more heartily did it commend itself to his advocacy.

In the office, and thoroughly devoted to its owner's interests, slaved another clerk, named Tillet. In him—he was barely two-and-twenty—Rafforde seemed to repose unmeasured confidence. He was one of a large family; and maintained, such was his habitual self-denial, out of a moderate salary, his mother and a blind and decrepid sister. A more despondent, dejected, craven countenance was never owned by human being! And there appeared no adequate cause for this depression. He stood well with his employer. However crabbed or sarcastic Rafforde might be to others, he had always a word of encouragement, a kindly phrase for the down-cast Tillet.

Angry as he might be with others, the vials of his wrath were never poured out on his humble and industrious familiar. The exception was too marked to escape notice. I ventured, on one occasion, to allude to it; it was a dark, bleak, winter's day, and the willing slave had been toiling in the office for thirteen hours continuously, over a mortgage which required immediate execution. All at once he flagged,—his physical powers gave way,—blindness seized him; he tottered feebly from his seat, and declared that he could no longer see the parchment it was his business to engross. I spoke to him; he returned no answer—looked piteously around him—began to mutter hastily and incoherently; and in a few seconds fell senseless on the floor. I raised him—applied restoratives—and, when he had somewhat rallied, counselled rest and refreshment.

"No," said he, resuming his pen, and again bending himself to his unwelcome task, "no rest for the guilty man; let *him* toil till he dies."

"Pooh! pooh! bright days are in store for you, Tillett. Your employer confides in you, applauds you, caresses you, defers to you —"

He looked up, with quivering lip and bloodshot eye, and added, slowly: "and will one day *hang* you!"

The amazement pictured in my face recalled to him, I imagine, his wonted self-possession. With ready cunning he instantly essayed to remove the effect of his previous self-accusation.

"I rave! heed not what I say. I will hurry home and sleep."

He wrung my hand and rushed wildly from the office.

But I was by no means clear that he *did* "rave," or that it behoved me to pay "no heed" to his extraordinary admissions. And this impression was deepened by an ejaculation that escaped him the first morning he was able to work after recovering from his seizure.

Pleased by some unprompted effort which I had made in his service, by something which I had on the spur of the moment done, or, cautiously, left undone, Rafforde surprised me with a hearty expression of rare approval, and the remark,

"Conduct like this merits encouragement, and must have it. On Tuesday I go to the assizes at Derby, and thence for a couple of days to Matlock. Now, the latter place you will not be sorry to see; and at the former, while *work is going on*, you may learn a lesson. You shall accompany me, and I will bear your expenses throughout. In fact, you shall be my guest. Give me, I say, the man, and not the mere machine—the man who can think, and plan, and act for himself. I start at five to the minute."

Scarcely had the sound of his retreating footsteps become inaudible when Tillett rushed from his seat, and advancing hastily towards me, said, with passionate earnestness,

"Don't trust that man. Accept no favour at his hand. False and designing in all he does, his benefits are snares. Once place yourself under obligation to him, and you become his victim for life."

"This from you, Tillett! You who are so manifestly in Rafforde's confidence, and enjoy so large a share of his favour! You're jealous!—palpably and undeniably jealous!"

"No!" said he, and his former vehemence of manner subsided into perfect sadness, "no such unworthy feeling actuates me. My

motives you cannot fathom, but they are pure. Yes! I can call God to witness that they are pure. You don't know this man. Man, do I call him? He is a demon!"

"A flattering observation! and to the party chiefly interested beyond question gratifying. Hope the demon does not know what is said of him in his absence by his confidential clerk! But to Derby I go! Make up your mind to double fag, Tillett, for a week's holiday I'll have."

"And at Mr. Rafforde's cost?"

"Most assuredly: it will add to the enjoyment of my trip that my principal bears all charges."

This was said with a laugh. It seemed to grate harshly on Tillett's ear. He turned hastily and almost angrily away. Returning after a few moments, and taking my hand in his, he murmured in low but earnest tones,—

"Haslam! Have I ever deceived you? Has there, since you knew me, been aught in my bearing towards you unjust or insincere?"

"No, my boy! no sin of that kind can be laid to your charge. If somewhat too melancholy for the ordinary affairs of life,—and at times abominably short and crusty,—a dissembler your worst enemy cannot call you."

"Has my advice ever proved selfish or equivocal?"

"Never: save and except when you exhorted me to be less demonstrative in my attentions to the gunsmith's pretty daughter. You turn away indignantly! Nay, then, I'll be serious. Your counsel has always proved salutary; and for it I readily own myself your debtor."

"Cancel the obligation by granting me one request—abandon this journey. Feign illness; plead unwillingness to leave home; conjure up some pretext for remaining where you are. Risk offending Rafforde, rather than accompany him. Once within his toils, and you are lost!"

"Pooh! nonsense! I shall go: and a merry week I promise myself. Rafforde's notions of honesty and principle may be somewhat faint and shadowy: does it follow that *I* am to adopt them? I defy him to mislead me."

Tillett turned sadly away, remarking in an under-tone,—

"It is as I expected—another victim!—another, to the full, as self-confident, and ere long to be as debased and degraded as myself!"

"As if one would be muzzled and led," was my muttered aside, "by mysterious inuendoes of that lugubrious description."

Strange! the temerity with which in early life we avow crude and rash conclusions,—the tenacity with which we cling to them,—and the chagrin with which, slowly and reluctantly, we receive the lessons of that stern and remorseless teacher—Experience. Who is it that says, well and wisely, "they advise better who impose caution, than they who would stimulate hope?"

It was a bright, dusty, piercing, breezy morning in March when Rafforde and I drove into Derby. The commission had been opened on the previous evening, and the town was crowded. It was a motley assemblage. There were to be seen—jostling about in the throng and conspicuous for top-boots, buckskins, buff waistcoats,

and blue coats with bright buttons—goodly specimens of the county gentleman, summoned on the grand jury, and looking alarmingly solemn and important,—barristers, keen, expectant, and wiry-visaged, with eyes red as ferrets from want of sleep and, perhaps, a somewhat lengthened *sederunt* at the bar mess,—gaping and bewildered country yokels, subpoenaed as witnesses, and even out of court palpably all abroad and thoroughly mystified,—uneasy clients, hunting up their attorneys, and looking marvellously impatient, obstinate, and vicious,—and javelin-men marvellously ill at ease in their new attire, and all more or less under the influence of their early potations.

Rare specimens of the animal that walks arm-in-arm—as man has been quaintly defined—may be met with in a country town during the assize week. One case, which contributed its full quota of witnesses, rendered that assize memorable, and gave occasion to much delicious gossip, was, that of a disputed will, in which the fluent Vaughan (afterwards judge) was counsel. He represented the heirs-at-law, and was retained to upset the will. The amount at stake was not large; some eight or nine thousand pounds at the utmost. But undue influence, it was averred, had been exerted. Three nephews to whom the testator was known to have been partial, and the youngest of whom was his God-child, were gratified with legacies of ten pounds each; a favourite farming bailiff was rewarded for thirty years of faithful service by the liberal remembrance of five guineas; while a vinegar-faced and most tyrannical housekeeper, was made easy for life by a specific legacy of five thousand pounds, and was named, moreover, residuary legatee.

These last were termed “frightful items in a single gentleman’s will,” and were denounced accordingly. Some odd stories too were afloat, as to the mental condition in which the sick man was found when his will was read over to him, and the reluctance with which he signed it.

In fact, the will was said to be any body’s rather than that of the party whose property it disposed of.

The main witness for its validity was that of an old crony of the deceased, who had played cribbage with him every night for the last dozen years, and from whom he had had no concealments. This person gave the history of the will; how “it first came to be thought of,” and a rough copy made; how this was altered by the deceased again and again, till “he had fashioned it to his own liking;” how it was copied out afresh, and shewn to the housekeeper, who “mightily approved” of it; how it was finally transcribed, signed, and sealed, in witness’s presence, by the dying man, as and for his last will and testament;—all this was stated by the stalwart yeoman with admirably feigned simplicity. He was a handsome, hale looking, old man; and his grave, respectful, and decorous demeanour told amazingly with the judge, and not a little with the jury.

Vaughan rose to cross-examine.

The gay, smiling, easy manner with which he addressed himself to his task; the passing compliment which he paid the witness; the adroitness with which he threw him off his guard; the subtlety with which he shaped question after question, till he finally nailed his victim to some most perilous admissions, attested the clearness of his intellect, and his thorough insight into character. The facts length established were these: that he (the witness) was to marry

the housekeeper "if the will stood;" that they "had a *written understanding* upon that matter;" that she (the housekeeper) had repeatedly told him—"the will must be to *my* liking as well as to *his* (her master's), 'afore I'll allow him to sign it;" and that "words were struck out and figures put in at her bidding!"

All these points were developed with quiet but masterly management.

Rafforde, who sat next me, whose sympathies were generally with the designing and fraudulent, and to whom rascality was always palatable, sighed deeply when these awkward revelations were unfolded.

"Ah!" whispered he, "these admissions are damning,—damning! Vaughan will pitch the case out of court. Bah! what an oversight."

And he was right.

In a speech which occupied an hour, Mr. Vaughan effectually demolished the evidence in favour of the will. The testimony of the old yeoman, so much relied upon by the opposite party, he riddled with shots of the most merciless raillery, and then dissected with scorn the base and mercenary motives with which it was given. And yet his address turned upon one pivot. There was but one idea in the whole speech—that the disputed will was made under undue influence; was the housekeeper's will, not the will of the deceased. But that idea was exhibited under such rich and various clothing; was lighted up with such happy illustrations; had here the decoration of some apt quotation, and there the ballast of some grave and weighty apothegm; here gleamed the stroke of the most polished irony; there fell the home-thrust of the most manly indignation; as a whole, it seemed the perfection of legal oratory.

To Rafforde the impression made was nauseous.

"Let us go," said he, ere Vaughan concluded; "I foresee the verdict, and I've a baptismal register to search at All Saints' Church."

With a flushed visage and angry eye he literally fought his way out of court. Nor did the cool air calm him. He growled, and grumbled, and muttered discordant curses every inch of the road; and as he passed the threshold of the sanctuary, wound up his discontents by ejaculating,—

"Hang those fools! hang 'em! hang 'em! Faugh! to mar by folly such a glorious chance!"

The day was closing. Dark clouds were gathering in the west, and a thick, gloomy haze filled from aisle to aisle the noble church we were entering. What a contrast to the scene we had quitted! *There*, all spoke of earthly passions, of man's contests with his fellow—of jealousy, rivalry, hate, revenge; *here*, every object reminded him of impending helplessness, decline, decay, oblivion; *there*, the pervading watchwords seemed "effort and struggle;" *here*, gentle voices seemed to murmur "repose and rest;" *there*, everything did homage to the fleeting present; *here*, every object beckoned to the dim and distant future; *there*, amid the hum of voices, and the exciting conflict of intellect, and the subtle appeals of prejudice, wondrous deference was paid to the rights of property, and dexterous allusion made to the halo of fame and the blazon of heraldry; *here*, one stern and unbending moral was reiterated over the mouldering

tombs of the departed—"Mortal! learn that earth's distinctions here cease for ever!"

A shrunken, bent, white-haired old man—the aged guardian of the sanctuary, soon to be with those of whom he spake—now tottered feebly up to us, and in a shrill, reedy voice craved our "notice of what most deserved a traveller's attention in All Saints' Church."

First, he pointed to the monument of the celebrated Bess Hardwicke, Countess of Shrewsbury, completed before her death. She was plagued with four husbands, and yet reached the age of eighty-seven; then to a tablet commemorative of a Rev. Dr. Henderson, an unwearied beggar in a good cause, who solicited and obtained contributions from strangers, travellers, friends, foreigners, anybody and everybody, towards rebuilding his church (All Saints'), and who found such favour in his irksome but self-imposed calling, that by his own individual efforts he raised the sum of three thousand pounds. Next the old man rested beside a monument raised to some persons, a family, who fled from London to avoid the plague, and died of it at Derby! "Wondrous," as the great magician writes,* "that our will should ever oppose itself to the strong and uncontrollable tide of destiny—that we should strive with the stream when we might drift with the current!"

On these perishing mementoes of the past the old man glibly descanted in his thin, shrill, wiry tones, but to dull and sluggish ears. Rafforde would not soothe him with even feigned attention. He wandered listlessly from aisle to aisle, till, pausing abruptly in the chancel, he exclaimed,—

"Here slumbers a beautiful, gifted, and much calumniated woman! and no tablet, no monumental slab, however humble, marks her place of rest,—she who was once so caressed and worshipped!"

"To whom do you refer?"

"To one whom neither high birth, nor unrivalled beauty, nor a most generous and confiding spirit, could screen from savage and unrelenting calumny: what unsuspected facts could I, from my own personal knowledge, disclose relative to this ill-fated woman!"

"You have yet to name her."

"Georgina, the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire."

"Right!" cried the aged cicerone, who had by this time crawled up to us, and who now chimed in the conversation with his thin, shrill voice—"she lies in the family vault along with her great fore-elders. There were many grand folks at her funeral—many—many—I mind it well!"

"Nor can I easily forget it," observed Rafforde, "for I was present. It makes me," continued he, "an old man to remember events so long passed. I was detained by business at the inn at Redburne, where the funeral *cortége* made its first pause, and where the conductors held their *first carouse*. No room for surprise! The funerals of the great are rarely mournful affairs; all display of feeling is scrupulously shunned. But onward. I saw the procession enter Northampton, a drenched and wretched-looking company, with a creaking and battered hearse, plumes all soiled and travel-stained, attendants unshaven and shabbily clothed, and horses fit for the knacker's yard. It was a sorry cavalcade, ill-suited to the last obsequies of one so courted, so popular, and so fair. And

* Sir Walter Scott, "The Abbot," vol. iii. p. 207.

I was present in this church when they buried her. It was mismanaged to the last ; all was hurry and confusion. What mattered it? The grave never sheltered a more truly broken-hearted woman."

"Wonderful!" struck in the old sexton, amazedly ; "broken-hearted! and to have so many friends to follow her to the grave—so many! for I well remember it was a *large* funeral."

"Her enemies outnumbered them," observed Rafforde ; "nor did they cease to vilify her even in the grave. One charge, most pertinaciously persevered in, I know to be false ; that founded on the diamond ear-rings held by Meyer, the Jew bullion-broker, and which, it was asserted, had been lost at play. Nothing more untrue! The whole matter was adjusted by the firm to which I served my clerkship. There was a party named Meason—he's dead and gone, so there can be no delicacy about names—who held a situation of trust in a mercantile house. Meason was the son of a favourite servant of the duchess—a nurse, I think—and whom her former mistress much valued for faithful services. The son was a silly young man, inconsiderate and extravagant—got into difficulties, and forged the signature of his employers. He was detected, and his ruin seemed inevitable. In her sorrow the delinquent's mother sought the duchess, and implored her aid. With many tears she assured her former benefactress that the firm would forego all proceedings against the criminal if the amount of his forgeries (seventy pounds) was forthcoming, and a solemn promise given that he would quit the country. 'Would the duchess, to save her child's life,' the suppliant proceeded, 'lend her this sum?' Strange as it may sound, the duchess was pennyless. She could no more command the required seventy pounds than she could seven thousand. She avowed this with many regrets. The agonized mother then said, 'The duchess was her last hope; *that* failing, her son must perish on the scaffold.' Yielding to the impulse of the moment, the duchess rose, took from her jewel-case a pair of diamond ear-rings, placed them in Mrs. Hyett's hands, and told her to leave them with Meyer, in Hatton Garden, who would advance the necessary sum. Her (the duchess's) name was, under any circumstances, to be withheld. The culprit's life was saved ; but the story got wind, and, amid innumerable other calumnies uttered relative to this lovely and envied woman, was this, that her diamond ear-rings had been sold to Meyer, the Jew, to pay her play debts. Nor had any member of Hyett's family the candour (at least, that I ever heard) to come forward and state the simple truth. But," continued he, musingly, as he turned away towards the vestry, "this is not an isolated case. The noblesse are not cruel or hard-hearted. They are not, in the main, selfish or sordid. Far from it. They are the poor man's truest and most generous friends."

"This from you, sir," said I, "is cheering ; because I have seen books on your table in which passages like these were to be found 'the higher classes are forgetful of their Christian obligations ; they treat the poor like cattle : as for the nobility they are notoriously dead to all feelings of compassion : insolent in demeanour, and voluptuaries in practice ; they are cold and callous to the voice of humanity, and exercise over the poor man a system of heartless cruelty calculated to draw down upon them the just vengeance of heaven!'"

"Good metal, too!" cried Rafforde, smilingly, and rubbing his hands. "Nothing tells so well at an election with a mob, or on any occasion where popular feeling is to be roused as a fierce attack on the aristocracy—nothing more grateful to the masses than abuse of their superiors. It will find willing hearers to the end of time. 'Down with the Peerage!' A glorious cry! I would use it to-morrow to suit my purpose."

"Well!" cried the old guide, with a face of horror, "if this be not 'to blow hot and cold with the same breath,' if this be not to put 'bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter,' I've heard to no purpose godly and painful preachers in this church, man and boy, for a matter of fourscore years. There's no denying it—'tis the end of the world!"

CHAPTER II.

HOW TO TAMPER WITH A REGISTER.

"My perplexities and annoyances have not been few. At one period the result was doubtful. But the spectacle on the whole was cheering, that of a *knave foiled*."—LORD SIDMOUTH.

In that vestry to which Rafforde now stole with a light gingerly step sat a pale, shy, awkward-looking young man, who, we were told, was the curate *pro tempore*. His attendant satellite, the clerk, stood behind him, holding in his brawny fist a large key, which from time to time he brandished impatiently, either by way of signal to us to mend our pace, or as an assurance that he had the means of satisfying our curiosity. On him Rafforde bestowed no attention. He was intently scanning the curate; and the while there gleamed in his grey sleepy eye that expression of malignant cunning, which I had more than once remarked in it when he was meditating some act of villany.

"You wish, I understand, to search our registers," said the pallid-faced curate; he had the voice of a girl, and looked faint and exhausted: "during what year?"

"I am unable to say," was Rafforde's cautious reply; "my search may extend over a lengthened period. I require the register of the birth and death of a party named Johanna Maygarth."

"With what year will you commence?" said the clergyman, with a calm business-like air, "and with what register—that of baptisms or burials?"

"What year?—oh, with that of 1780; and the register—let me see—yes, that of burials." The volume was searched out, dusted, and handed down to him in silence.

The man of law pored over it with seeming earnestness; I could see by the flashing of the eye and the restless twitching of the muscles about the mouth that he was cogitating some *coup d'état*, and annoyed at some existing impediment which opposed its execution. Ten, twenty, forty minutes elapsed, when the clergyman said kindly to the clerk, who had been labouring for the last half hour under a paroxysm of the fidgets, dusting books, arranging papers, smoothing the surplice, and beating the devil's tattoo, first with one foot and then with the other, in a fever of anxiety to be off, "Morris, you need not remain here; I will see to this matter myself—the presence of one party will suffice."

"But the key, sir, the key!" said the weary functionary, brandishing the emblem of his office with officious importance; "them

registers be precious ; they contains the pedigrees of half the folks in Derby."

"I will lock up the iron chest," responded the curate quietly, "and see that everything is restored to it which ought to be in its custody."

Amen required no further pressing ; he "made a leg," and was off in a trice : but, on his departure, his fidgets and restlessness seemed transferred to Rafforde. That worthy searched on, but suddenly became strangely addicted to locomotion. "The draught from the window was cutting," and he moved a little to the right ; "the stone on which his feet were resting was cold and damp," and he retreated a little to the left ; soon afterwards "the odour from falling soot on an expiring fire annoyed him," and he removed stool and table to a dark recess some few paces forward ; ere long, "he found the light deficient," and retreated some half-dozen feet backward. One fact amidst all this restlessness was observable, that, shift his position as Rafforde would, and place the register and table in what light he might, the curate quietly but speedily so arranged his own arm-chair as thoroughly to command the attorney's every movement. Whether this arose from accident, from habitual vigilance, or from suspicion of his visitor's intentions, must remain matter for conjecture.

Suddenly, my principal's face lighted up with a self-satisfied leer, the nearest approach to a smile that ever brightened his designing visage ; and I felt persuaded that his scrutiny had been rewarded by some entry in the register which was favourable to him, or which he fancied he could turn to account. He drew from his pocket-book a pencil, and then, slowly and stealthily from his wristband, a diminutive double-bladed penknife—the miracles which I have seen that little implement, aided with a dash of pounce, effect in certain ill-drawn and obnoxious documents !—wrote the following words on a scrap of paper, and, folding it up closely, tossed it over to me for perusal :—

"Engage your neighbour in conversation ; take any subject, no matter what—the approaching death of the bishop—the expected vacancy in this very living : talk to him, and *make him talk to you.*"

I began, and did my best, but in vain ; the curate, for the most part, replied in monosyllables. The colour deepened in his cheek, and his eye looked still more anxious and haggard when I ventured, *on my principal's authority*, to speak of his rector's death as being hourly expected. He "had not heard," he said, "of his incumbent's being ill ; his loss would be felt in the parish." As to the "demise of the diocesan, the death of a bishop," he quietly remarked, "was not a matter which much affected *the inferior clergy.*"

But, while he spoke, his gaze was riveted on Mr. Rafforde ; he never withdrew it for an instant, and my employer, as I could see by his rising colour and angry scowl, was annoyed and controlled by it. Twilight stole on ; but, before it had rendered surrounding objects indistinct, the churchman rose, and said deliberately, "I am sorry to interrupt you, but, for to-day, your search is closed."

"Why so ?" inquired the other ; "we have some twenty minutes' twilight before us yet, and my sight is always strongest at this hour."

"An unusual advantage ; and, that you may not presume upon it unduly,"—the clergyman's tone increased in firmness—"permit me now to close the books."

"It is not dark," said the lawyer, impetuously; "nothing like dark—nothing near dark."

"I agree with you," observed his young companion; "but it is always undesirable to search registers in the 'gloaming.'"

"Humph! my object is not attained," cried the attorney fiercely and angrily; "I have done nothing."

"I know it," was the rejoinder.

The words were few and simple: no reply could well be briefer. Why did the tone and emphasis with which it was uttered startle the designing listener till his tremor became visible even in the deepening twilight?—Because his criminal intentions were present to him. O, Conscience! thou vigilant sentinel in the soul!—thou faithful and enduring witness for THE GREAT ETERNAL!—thy whispers are never wholly hushed. Of thine empire the most flagitious cannot strip thee; never dost thou wholly desert even the basest and the vilest. Man may say he can silence thee, defy thee, subdue thee. Never, never! "*A conscience without God is a tribunal without a judge.*"

CHAPTER III.

POVERTY AND PRINCIPLE.

"We should, in our dealings with men, suppose ourselves in the same particular case that they are, and act accordingly; it was well said to a malicious man once, when he looked peculiarly happy—"*has some good befallen you, or some evil befallen another?*"—CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

WHEN Rafforde had recovered a little from the rebuff which the curate's words and manner conveyed, and saw the latter calmly replacing the registers within their rusty depository, his native audacity returned, and, assuming the bully, he exclaimed sharply and fiercely—

"You are inflicting on me, sir, cruel hardship; hardship which your temporary possession of power enables you to perpetrate, but which your better judgment must condemn."

"Humph!" was the perplexing reply.

"Happily," continued Rafforde, "you are amenable to the higher powers, and rely upon it that your conduct shall be represented to the bishop."

"Boom," went the last massy register into the far depths of the iron chest: "click—click," was the merry response of the lock.

"Do as you would be done by," resumed Rafforde, bent on bullying the clergyman, and striding up to him with an insolent and menacing gesture, "is a precept often on your lips. Professional duty compels you to utter it. Why should not kindness of heart, which you are bound specially to cherish, induce you to practise it?"

"A weighty question, but which might have been more opportunely put," said the other calmly.

"You have injured me," bellowed Rafforde, "grossly and grievously; and not myself only, but those wronged and helpless ones, the widow and the orphan, for whom I seek redress. A selfish and a cruel spirit, priest, most assuredly is your's."

"In the main, your conclusion may not be wholly erroneous," said the churchman, pleasantly; "but how I can have exhibited it the present instance, puzzles me."

"Then listen. My principal object in coming to Derby was to search those registers in behalf of some oppressed parties who have been stripped of their property, and are now seeking its restoration. Certain entries in those books will at once establish or negative their claim. I believe those entries to be there existent; and it was material to me that my search should be minute, patient, prolonged, and thorough. You interrupted this."

"Only when day departed: for to-morrow name your own hour, and your appointment shall be abided by. I say to-morrow, for to any investigation of registers by candle-light I object on principle."

"To-morrow I shall be in court," was the attorney's sullen reply.

"Search early, before the court sits," suggested the churchman, in a good humoured tone; "say seven, or even six, if time be an object to you."

"Before the sitting of the court," said the man of law, pettishly, "I am compelled to be in consultation with counsel."

"The day following?"

"Will see me, I trust, far on my homeward journey."

The curate bowed. He had satisfied his own mind by urging every suggestion which had occurred to him as feasible. Each was over-ruled, and he leisurely withdrew. But not unobserved. Every movement was watched by his tempter. With rapid and Matthews-like alteration of tone and manner, he ran after the retreating clergyman, and exclaimed,—

"Forgive me, sir, one word more."

He paused,—the curate's shabby coat and napless hat had not escaped him,—and then proceeded in a more deferential tone.

"It is of great and pressing moment to me to conclude my search to-night. Would you object to trust these registers with me for an hour at my inn?"

"A likely matter truly!" was the response.

"My card," and Rafforde handed one, "will put you in possession of my name and address. I am well known in my immediate neighbourhood."

"I never permit those records to pass out of my custody," was the reply; "they are confided to my care, and I know the value of the trust."

"Undoubtedly—undoubtedly; as a general rule admirable; but all rules are occasionally relaxed," and the lawyer called up a hideous smile. "Every care shall be taken; not a leaf shall be soiled or creased; and—and—and—I am generously disposed, sir, always in matters of business, and invariably towards the clergy,"—here another hateful grin was forced up, accompanied by a singularly servile bow; "will you look at this paper, by and by, at your convenience?"

He held out, discreetly folded, a bank-note.

The churchman partially unrolled it, and then becoming aware of its nature, returned it hastily, with the query, "What do you see in me so unlike an honest man that you could suppose a bribe would be irresistible?"

"Thou full-fledged and incomprehensible fool!" muttered Rafforde as, palpably foiled, he strode away, "and poor *withal*," he added bitterly.

Wondrous the importance with which the sordid and the selfish

invest wealth, and the loathing and horror with which they regard poverty! Their book of synonyms is a strange one—means another name for excellence; and penury identical with infamy. The curate's vigilance, pertinacity, adherence to times and seasons, these might be forgiven him. His damning sin, his inexpiable transgression lay in the fact that beyond all contradiction he was poor.

For my own part, the more I reflected on the passing dialogue the more puzzled did I become. The name of Johanna Maygarth was new to me. With no document in our office could I trace its connection. No previous reference had, in my hearing, been ever made to it. And as to the flourish about "those wronged ones the widow and the orphan," that I well knew to be *bam*. My virtuous principal's creed was no secret. "Widows and orphans," ran his legal canon, "were glorious subjects for verbiage, provided they had wherewithal to fee their lawyer. But a *poor* widow, pshaw! He "would not save her from a funeral pyre, unless he was sure of his six and eight pence for taking instructions;" and "thirteen and fourpence for effecting a caption. What business, in the devil's name, had the *poor* with law?" wound up the good creature by way of inquiry.

On a sudden it flashed across me that there was in the office a case of disputed inheritance—a title which could only be bolstered up by the most dexterous roguery; and which had been brought to Rafforde for his especial nursing. Gradually a conversation recurred to me bearing on the disputed existence of some shadowy individual, and linked with certain certificates which the wily Rafforde wished to suppress; "and very properly," said Tillet, "for, if forthcoming, they would prove vastly inconvenient." Were these extant in All Saints' register? And had it been Rafforde's mission and intention to destroy them? For the life of me I could come to no other conclusion. To this hour I feel persuaded that there is a leaf in the burial register of All Saints' parish for some year immediately preceding or closely following 1777, which hangs by a *very slight integument*, and which has evidently been subjected to the unscrupulous operations of some daring spoliator.

My companion's undisguised annoyance and irritability confirmed this surmise. He checked his steps and muttered audibly to himself—his wont when foiled or contradicted. Hissingly between his ebon teeth came the words—

"Yes! it's there! yes—there—by all that's holy! cursed luck! ten minutes' more twilight would have sufficed. Well! well! know where it exists! can lay my finger on it at any hour! must be had! must be had—at any risk—at any penalty, by —"

And a ready imprecation fell from his polluted lips.

For two mortal hours did his chafed spirit fret, and fume, and vent itself in brief and passionate ejaculations. On a sudden he rallied, threw off much of his chagrin, gave profuse orders for supper, and shewed a disposition to be jovial and communicative. After repeated rounds of the bottle, and just as we were on the point of separating for the night, he said, in a frank, easy tone of admirably-assumed indifference, "By the way, Haslam, the case of Hushford's executors *versus* Smithers comes on to-morrow; I shall have to put you in the witness-box—a mere form, nothing more. You don't want me to tell you, I dare say, what you 'll have to prove when you get there?"

I was silent and aghast; for a recollection of Tillet's warnings,

and a growing suspicion as to the motive of Rafforde's sudden cordiality and profuse hospitality, beset me.

"You catch my meaning?" pursued the tempter.

"Indifferently," was the faint reply.

"Indeed! nothing more simple: it's an affair of some half dozen sentences. You'll not be in the box five minutes."

"Why at all?" said I, with unfeigned simplicity.

"Because it's necessary you should prove a fact which you cannot do other than remember," continued my virtuous principal in his blandest tones.

"What fact?"

"This: that, on Lammas-day last, in your presence, I handed over to the deceased man, Hushford, the money which his executors now seek to recover, and that he then and there accepted it."

"I recollect nothing of the kind."

"Oh, yes, you do, or, rather, will do, after a few moments' reflection," resumed Rafforde, with a sickening assumption of perfect candour and good faith; "I can easily refresh your memory—listen. Hushford came to my office by appointment; and, after some altercation relative to this matter, I tendered him, on Smithers's behalf, the sum he claimed. He took the money, recalled the offensive expressions he had used, and left me. Now you recollect all about it, eh? *You must do so: you were in the office at the time.*"

I shook my head in dissent.

"Pshaw! this is trifling; you *cannot* have forgotten the transaction. The amount claimed was sixty-five pounds, and I paid it in Bank of England notes; tens and fives: you'll say as much in the box to-morrow?"

"I cannot."

"Cannot! when you witnessed the whole affair?" and, as he spoke, the lawyer's eye began to light up with its customary malignant expression.

"You must labour under a mistake, sir, as to the party. Tillet, probably, was present; I, most unquestionably, was not."

"Tillet, on that day," remarked Rafforde with asperity—his assumed amenity of manner had, by this time, wholly disappeared—"was, as you must know perfectly well, full forty miles from home, at Tissington, on business relating to the Fitzherbert property. Had he been at the office, I should have been sure of a verdict."

"Would to heaven he had!" said I, humbly.

"He knows his duty," retorted Rafforde, angrily: "would have stood firm to his employer's interests, and not have deserted him at a pinch. *Tillet has principle—principle.*"

"Mine will not permit me to forswear myself."

I said this calmly; but it rendered my employer furious.

"Ugh!" exclaimed he, with a face expressive of unmitigated disgust,—"*ugh!* and so you persist in saying, do you, that you have no remembrance of these important circumstances—of Hushford's visit to my office, and of my paying him in your presence?"

"None whatever."

"And you refuse to go into the witness-box upon *my perfect remembrance* of these facts, and of my assurances—my repeated and solemn assurances—that such was the case; and that you may safely swear it?"

"That would not change my view of the transaction; it would still be, in my judgment, perjury."

"Indeed! and you coolly tell me this; after my relying upon you so fully; releasing you from toil; bringing you all this distance; lionizing, and feasting you?"

"And for this came I hither?" cried I, indignant in my turn, Tillet's cautions and prophecy forcibly recurring to me.

"For what other object under heaven?" was my companion's inquiry. "Do you imagine that I gave you a seat in my gig merely to look at you—to be amused by your charming conversation, or soothed by the task of replying to your sensible questions? The veriest greenhorn in Derbyshire would scout such an absurdity. But come; think better of this. Go into the box; I depend on you. Your evidence is essential. Oblige me; you shall have no cause to repent it."

"But I should—hereafter, as well as here," was my reply.

"Oh! those are your notions, are they—a puritan—eh?"

"The first I have ever had," said he, deliberately lighting his candle, and preparing to retire—"the very first! Well, well! can a saint be circumvented? We shall see."

He grinned maliciously, and left me.

GOOD NIGHT!

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUER.

DARK is the Night!

Yet stars are glimmering through the cope of heaven;
The air sighs softly through the whispering trees;
And Innocence, unstained by evil leaven,
All bright within—the outward gloom can please;
With the sweet influence of the calm hour filled,
In its clear bosom carrying its own heaven!
To all who have their day's work well fulfilled—
To them—Good Night!

Still is the Night!

All Day's loud noises wane!
Weary and tearful eyelids own the calm;
And sleep is lulling in her soft domain
The throbbing heart, with heaven's own soothing balm.
To you for whom her shades descend in vain,
Whom care keeps watching—Peace your cares disarm!
Soothed be the couch of sorrow and of pain!
To such—Good Night!

Rich is the Night!

Can man hope, here, for more
When the dark night of trouble veils him round,
Than in bright dreams to see heaven ope its store,
And each warm wish, at least by Fancy crown'd?
To you for whom Hope smiles by day no more
May her soft whispers in your sleep be found!
To you—Good Night!

Faith springs by Night!

When all the fond heart hailed
Have long beneath the lonely hillock slept—
When they—the dearly loved—the deeply wailed—
Fate's bitter flood from thy fond arms hath swept—
Think,—amid all the trials that assailed,
One eye, above the stars, its watch hath kept—
And watcheth still!—Good Night!—E.T.A.

COQUET SIDE.

A SKETCH FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY.

BY MRS. WARD,

AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS IN KAFFIRLAND," ETC.

A STORY is on record of a Highland officer, who, on being asked if he knew the name and origin of one who had lately joined his regiment, the forty-second, replied, "I'm thinking he maun be some obscure deevil frae the South, for I dinna ken him e'en by name." And even in these days of railways, the north and south of England are yet so divided, that the habits, customs, superstitions, nay, the very language of each locality, vary considerably. The scenery of the "Border" is of a different character from that of the more southern counties, and although the genius of Sir Walter Scott has brought the frontier of England into notice, his descriptions are often read as romance rather than reality. Yet there they stand, those feudal castles, shewing still a bold front, and albeit but the semblance of what they were, like the dead Cid upon the battle ground, they stand proudly on their eminences, as though by their position they gave a character to, and kept certain watch and ward over, the small hamlets lying peaceably at their feet.

Yes, these railways, unsightly as they are, have dissected our towns, laid bare their narrow streets; and old buildings which for years have been hidden by the gables and chimneys of the dark abiding places of the poor, are freed from their former thralldom.

Observe, for instance, the old Norman keep at Newcastle; the traveller has little time indeed to examine it, as he is carried in frantic haste over the Tyne, on which he looks breathlessly down from the "high level bridge" which spans it.

Rush on, screaming engine! rush on and bear us from these busy smoky streets, to the more open country! And now the train stops, we alight and pause, and gladly exchange the hurly burly, and the speed and the smoke, for a low phaeton, in which we bowl along the hawthorn lanes, towards one of the ancestral homes of England.

Enter,—welcome. The hospitality of the "North Country" is proverbial; and for comfort, behold the fire blazing in the hall; enjoy the warmth that is diffused throughout the mansion. It is to this mansion and its neighbourhood my sketch refers.

Here, in this venerable place, shrouded with ivy, and hidden from the world by waving woods, Miss Porter wrote her "Pastor's Fireside." Perhaps, in this very bay-window she sat: the ancient trees have now shut out the view of the hills beyond, but we will wander into the plantations by and bye. Let us go into the garden; it is old-fashioned and stately, like those who walked and talked here long ago. Opposite the terrace stands an aged larch; it will die soon; the upper boughs look gaunt and wan, but it must not be cut down, for he who planted it fell at New Orleans. It hath a dignity even in its faded state, and stretcheth out its fostering arms towards the other trees and shrubs, which flourish in graceful contrast with the dying sovereign of the lawn. The grave

cypresses close by her, look like the solemn maids of honour of Queen Elizabeth's day, in prim attendance to the last.

What a charming *allée verte*! screened by hedges of impervious yew and hornbeam, and sheltered further by a magnificent row of horse-chestnuts, which keep out the eastern breezes from the sea. Here we may walk in quietude. We have reached the upper step of the terrace. Hark! there is a distant clatter! Look down the vista, through the archway cut in the plantations, and between these solemn woods and the far hills on which the sun is shining, the long railway train rattles by, looking like a toy. It has passed, and there would be utter silence, but for the busy rooks which are keeping up their wonted talk, far up among the oaks and beeches.

On the boles of these said oaks and beeches, many initials are carved. Ah, how many tales do hang thereby! One of those who wandered in her youth among these green aisles, died but a year ago, aged nearly one hundred years. I had the good fortune to see this, mine ancient kinswoman, when, at the age of eighty-six, she visited us in Scotland. Very erect, and of a most stately presence, was the Lady Frances. Her short conversation was of a nature to impress a girl's mind, and I have often recalled it. She travelled without her lady's maid, and when she was asked if she was not greatly inconvenienced by the want of assistance at her toilette, she replied, "My dear, I can button my ain gown; and they'll no the less write the gude name I bear upon my tombstone when I am dead, because I didna want help like a fine leddy." But more than all, do I remember her asking to see the picture of the lover of her youth, long since dead.

True, she had been the kind and faithful wife of another, but this first love had been the dream of her existence, "the date to which she referred everything." He had been a soldier, had gone abroad when young, and it was said had soon forgotten all that had passed upon the banks of Coquet.

The picture was brought to her. She held it a long time in her hand, and gazed silently upon the very handsome portrait of her "fause, fause love." The features of the aged lady were not handsome, but very expressive; the eyes, like Mrs. Opie's at the present day, had in them the light of youth, and her complexion was fair and smooth. Down those faded cheeks the tears stole slowly; she wiped them not away, but looking through them on the face of her cousin (for near relationship had brought the pair together in their early days), she said quickly, "Ah, Frank, Frank! ye were a bonny, bonny lad!" As she put it beside her on the couch, she looked round upon the group of sisters, among whom she sat, and addressing one of us, asked, "An' you lassie, are *you* gaun to marry a soldier?" There was little in what she said, but much, very much in her manner of receiving the reply in the affirmative; in her subsequent earnest gaze, her re-examination of the picture, and the heavy, heavy sigh with which she put aside the image of her first love,—her soldier cousin,—then and for ever!

She came to us from Edinburgh, a place she had not visited for years. "I had a mind," said she, "to see the mansion of the family, and had to seek it among the thronged streets of the auld town. I stood and looked at it wi' a sair, sair heart. It's filled

wi' a miserable crowd o' beings, women and children, and ill-favoured looking men, and I couldna bear to think on a' the pleasant days o' my youth, when it was a noble house !”

We could fancy her in her proud sorrow, standing alone in the noisy thoroughfare, and gazing up towards the home of her girlish days, while squalid children, and reckless men, and wretched women, crowded past her ; and we could see her turning away “ wi' a sair, sair heart.”

Through the wood, through the wood ; down by the banks of Coquet ; down to the mill where dwelleth one who *was* the “ Rose of Coquet,” but now resembleth more the fading lily ; where the restless wheel is perpetually casting up its diamond jets of spray. What a noisy island between us and the opposite moor ! noisy with rooks, for here they are again, busy things. Up the lane now, where the pretty children meet in “ coming frae the well.” The North certainly beats the South in the beauty of the lower classes. Here is a fine sweep of the river, and the rabbits are so tame on the moor, that they come out of the whin bushes and look composedly at us. Cunning things ! they understand the line of defence between them and us, the glittering river Coquet, which some suppose received her name from the French, from the coquettish, flirty way in which she turns, now this way, now that ; sometimes hiding herself beneath the alders, and sometimes dancing merrily over the stones ; now leaping like a romping girl from rock to rock, and now gliding on as demurely and sily as if it were her peculiar way to go through the world as quietly as she does at the edge of the wood just here. These glades remind one of cathedral aisles ; and the ivy wreaths round the smooth columns of these ash-trees offer a new idea in ornamental architecture. Here is a grove shadowed by oaks and mistletoe-boughs. Voices in the wood, busy voices of workmen ; and lo ! a noble viaduct, one hundred and fifty feet high, spans the stream. High in air hangs a platform, with two men standing on it : it makes one dizzy to look at it. There is some difficulty in passing under this archway, from the heaps of brick and mortar which desecrate the green banks of the shaded river Coquet. But there is a long vista before us, and the path looks almost untrodden, for the ground-ivy and the periwinkle are *streeting* across it. We shall come at last upon a sunlit patch, a miniature prairie, with a shooting-lodge, where have been held most pleasant pic-nics by day, and where dark battles have been fought by night with poachers.

We have passed the prairie ; we are in the depths of the woods again ; they grow dimmer at every step. What utter solitude !

That shriek ! that terrific shriek ! like the cry of some great creature in its agony. We fly from the stillness of the woods to the open banks of the river, and the nature of the shriek is manifested by the stir of “ many chariot-wheels ” whirling over the viaduct. The hush of night succeeds, and we retrace our steps, for the sun is dipping behind the hills, and the wind blows cold and chill up the stream. Again we pass beneath the arch ; the men are still at work upon the platform ; how strange their voices sound up in the air ! They laugh, the laugh echoes along the banks, but—there is a crash ! a shout from the parapet above, a hurried tread of feet, a gathering

along the bank, cries of women, and the earnest words of men. The platform we observed suspended in mid-air has given way and fallen, and the two young labourers whose merry voices and cheerful whistle made the old woods musical all day, lie dead, mutilated, crushed to pieces on the stones below!

"Have they any friends here?" we asked.

"No; their people are very poor, and wrote lately to beg they would go back to Scotland and work among them, to help them. One of them was engaged to be married, and the girl is here, almost mad."

And then the speakers turned aside carelessly, in spite of the picture presented of the "very poor parents," and the miserable girl "engaged to be married" there, and half mad!

We had a walk in prospect a day or two afterwards, for the beautiful *remains* of Warkworth Castle, stern in their resistance of decay, were perpetually before us in our drives and saunterings. We climbed the steep on which the castle stands, and turning to look on the Coquet, which here flows placidly along, saw the funeral procession of the unfortunate labourers winding beneath. Nothing could be more picturesque. The woods rising on each side of the stream were in all the glow and beauty of autumn in her prime. The tints of the northern forests are marvellously lovely; here crimson and gold, and every shade of brown, and the deep green of the holly, and the coral berries of the mountain ash, and the paler tints of fading willows, and the rich hues of the copper beeches, were blended together by a pervading atmosphere of purple. We waited till the little procession, with its one coffin, containing the mangled limbs of the youthful dead, had passed under the castle steep, and then walked beneath the overhanging branches, to the spot opposite the Hermitage.

The Hermitage? Yes; Doctor Percy's charming ballad has immortalized *this* hermitage of England especially.

Here, in "this sweet sequestered vale," the heart-stricken Sir Bertram chose his rest; the "noble friend" from whom he held his tenure was a Percy, and the lady was most probably a Widdrington, for the castle of Widdrington stands about five miles distant from the spot; nay we can imagine the lady leaning from her palfrey, listening to her true knight's vows, and descending "oft beside that murmuring stream," to stroll along its green margin. Mayhap it was beneath these very rocks she gave him the helmet he wore in the Scottish wars.

Doubtless, the "bold Sir Bertram" performed bitter penance for his crime; but the hermits or monks who succeeded him, and who were successively maintained by the Percys, most probably built the good warm kitchen at the foot of the rock.

We examined the interior of the hermitage closely; but whoever reads the "Percy ballad" now, must no longer expect to find "a kneeling angel fairly carved," hovering over the figure of the lady, nor "the weeping warrior at her feet," nor "near to these her crest." All is defaced, or, at least, scarcely traceable at this time; but the ballad is left, and for that the lovers of antiquity and border *reliques* must be thankful.

Much more might be written of this pleasant locality, "Coquet

Side," and of Warkworth Castle, which the Percys received from Edward II. in 1310, and many other places on the border, and of the genuine hospitality of the old families still living "thereaway" in sequestered and cosy corners; but there is only space left for "something about Alnwick."* One reads grave descriptions of such places; but, when we visit them, new ideas strike us, founded on anecdotes or traditions told on the spot, and dwelt upon with affectionate delight by those who, in spite of the new spirit of locomotion, and the advantages of steam, are content to remain where true-born borderers are happiest—at home.

We need not go back to the date of Alnwick Castle's first rise. Chronology is a stupid study at best; but we may just touch upon the incident of King Malcolm's death, who, seeing an armed soldier ride forth from the castle gates, with the keys thereof swinging at the end of his glittering spear, advanced to meet him, thinking he was coming to surrender; then the soldier smote King Malcolm down in the face of his assembled army, and, turning from the dead monarch with a scornful shout, put spurs to his gallant charger, and swam the swollen river Aln before the Scottish soldiers had time to recover from their rage and consternation.

Seen from the street, Alnwick Castle presents a singular appearance, from the circumstance of the battlements being crowded with figures, who look like living men of various degrees and character suddenly summoned from their occupations. Knights and esquires, grooms and falconers, belted earls, gentlemen in sylvan suits, nay, the very cooks, with their aprons girded round their waists, have stepped out upon the roof, and are strangely contrasted with the bowmen and the stalwart porters with monstrous stones in their hands. One of these over a gateway, a ferocious looking giant, almost appals the visitor at first, but one soon gets accustomed to his attitude and its rigidity.

In the great court-yard certain chivalrous feelings are called up at once at the sight of "Hotspur's chair." One cannot fancy him given to meditation; but here he sat, and probably marshalled his forces, or, perhaps, in the pauses between his many fights, he and his father settled various "plans of operations" against Henry IV. Here, mayhap, he twitted the old earl with having proposed to raise that king to the throne, whom he now resolved to displace; we can fancy Harry Percy's bitter laugh against this "fawning greyhound," this "kind cozener;" and, at Warkworth, when the "Lady Percy," "Kate," strove to guide his thoughts from "fields, and blows, and groans," to gentler aims, he, much more intent upon his "crop-eared roan" than her, would bid her "come and see him ride."

Hill and valley, forest, glade, and ford, are all at peace now; and, as we gaze from these silent ramparts, we rejoice in the quietude of this once restless border; nevertheless, our sympathies are enlisted for the old earl mourning his "dead Harry Hotspur," his "brave Percy." Miserable and solitary, we follow him to the retirement of his castle at Warkworth, and back again from that, when he learns the secret of the scheme to surrender him a prisoner to the royalist forces. Then the stout old earl buckles on his armour, and once more summons his bold vassals round him; once more the din of arms resounds through the quadrangle, and at last the unquiet spirit

* *Aln*, a river,—*Wick*, Saxon name for town.

of Earl Percy is laid at rest, and shame, shame on the barbarous feeling of those days! his whitened head bleaches on a pole for the city crowd of London to gaze at.

Farewell, old Alnwick! one look back from the gateway in spite of the giant above, with his mass of rock—one look back upon the green court-yard of the castle and its unpeopled walls, bearing no sign of past stormy ages save one space, marked by its repairs of later date. The people of Alnwick point out to the tourist this mark in the ramparts, and speak low when they say "there was a great battle fought there long ago. It was a dreadful day, for many fell in the struggle to beat down the walls, and hence that spot has ever since been known by the name of the 'Bloody Gap.'"^{*}

Home again to our ancestral mansion. Pause a few minutes, and look into the churchyard at the monument of Archdeacon Singleton. Methinks I hear him reading one of Sidney Smith's most witty pamphlets addressed to Mr. Singleton himself. We must not linger in the church, although there is much to interest us there, but tread lightly through the mazes of these many graves. Behold the broken shaft! fit emblem of the Duke of Northumberland's regrets at the loss of his *friend*: we have not space for the inscription. How few noblemen are fortunate in their friendships, how few would acknowledge what they owe to friends whose position in life is, conventionally speaking, inferior to their own!

Home—past Alan Water—what green banks! another viaduct here—the shriek of the railway engine is heard hourly "on the banks of Alan Water." Home over the bridge and past the mill. Coquet Island lies in shade, and Warkworth Castle rises again before us, reminding us of Earl Percy, and Sir Bertram, and his lady love, and of those stormy days when men for pastime sang,—

"Now cock up your bonnets, and cock 'em full sprush,
We 'll over the border and gi' them a brush:
There 's somebody there wants keeping in order,
So on wi' your bonnets and over the border."

OLD MUSIC AND PICTURES.

THIS old-world music sounds to-night, within the dear familiar room,
As a haunting strain of memory weaving shadows 'mid the gloom;
The pictures hang upon the walls, well-known from early childhood's day,
Ah! could they mirror forth the past what changeful scenes they might display.

Of mirthful hours and careless hearts, of fair young faces they would tell,
And of the gentle mother's love presiding o'er with kindly spell;
And they would breathe of death and woe—within the self-same chamber sped
Life's fleeting hours—and here reposed her honoured coffined head.

Old pictures! ye have seen far more than mortal ken may ever know,
Of agony and dark despair—and days, and weeks, and months of woe;
And when this simple music weaves sweet melodies of other years,
The heart is far too full for words—and thought is far too deep for tears.

Beloved ones were listening then, cheered by the well-known homely strain—
Fond hearts throbbed that never more may clasp me to their own again;
Old pictures gaze! as ye were wont in the careless days of yore—
But alas! for the melody of heart which has fled for evermore.

C. A. M. W.

^{*} Another tradition of the "Bloody Gap" relates, that the soldier who carried the keys on his spear cajoled Malcolm as far as the portcullis, and that, as the King came beneath it, it dropped, and braining him, cut his horse in twain. The portcullis was never used again, and the wall was built up.

HANS MICHEL;

OR,

A FEW OLD GERMAN PROVERBS APPLIED TO NEW GERMAN POLITICS.

BY THE FLÂNEUR.

SINCE of proverbs there is to be question, the *Flâneur* will start off with one at once. "It is an ill turn to pelt a man with his own nuts." There *is*, perhaps, a want of generosity and delicacy of feeling in collecting from your host's table such innocent after-dinner pastime-food which, with innocent complacency, he may have been comfortably cracking over his wine, and flinging them at his head; and the *Flâneur* might have some scruples of conscience in committing so ungrateful an act towards a host, who has shewn him many kindnesses, had not that host himself evinced a disposition to fling all his nuts to the ground as mere pig-sty diet, unfit for the refined delicacy of a stomach which, upon a new system, he crams with daintier and more piquant *bouillons à la Française*. Be the feeling what it may, however, the *Flâneur* owns himself to be maliciously pricked on to pick up a few of the poor despised fruits that "mine host" at one time considered not only dainties, but most wholesome and nutritious food, and try if he cannot so aim them as to give "mine host" a fillip on the nose—a *nasenstüber*, as his German host himself would call it.

Proverbs were formerly considered as nuts somewhat hard to crack, so as to get at the true taste of the kernel, but very excellent diet when properly chewed and well-digested, although sometimes rather bitter withal. There may be differences of opinion as to the entire and infallible truth of such a supposition; some people have been known to condemn such diet altogether, not only as unrefined in taste, but even as indigestible and deleterious. This utter rejection of them from the table of life appears rather too exclusive a measure: some of these old dried fruits of the social storeroom may have become shrivelled, so as to be mere hard, dry, tasteless morsels, unfitted for any palate now-a-days; some of them, and perhaps not a few, may have been rotten, even from the first gathering; but there is a large store of them which people might still swallow, old-fashioned food as they are, and find them sweet, palatable, and nutritious. And, certainly, there was a time, when no Spaniard was more proud of the dish of proverbs, which he laid before the world, than was the German of his own long-collected store: he was a veritable Sancho Panza, and not a whit the worse for his resemblance, in simplicity and true-heartedness, to this doughty type of "the people's wisdom," although he may somewhat lack the spice of malice and cunning which formed an underground current in the character of the Spanish serving-man. "Proverbs," as the German himself declared, "are the popular expressions of the wisdom and experience gathered from the public, private, moral, religious, and political life of men. They are the result, the national treasure, so to say, of the observation and understanding of men and nations. Every people, as every man, has its own genius; and this genius is re-

presented in its collected store of proverbs." How far the Germans in their new revolutionary mania, caught up like a new last fashion, and put on all awry, have interpreted this "wisdom and experience," or what sort of form this "genius," thus represented, may now wear, may be partially gleaned, perhaps, from the application to themselves of a few of their own proverbs.

The *Flâneur* again asks pardon for what may appear only a "conceit" in thus, upon the Phalarus-bull-principle, shutting a nation up in a portion of its own "wisdom and experience," and thus "roasting" it; or, in other words, taking up, as it were, a man's homely family plasters, and applying them as blisters to his own back: but, with the tumultuous events of modern Germany passing around him—with the banner of disunion, under the pretext of "Unity," flaring before his eyes—with the thunder of the musket and cannon, morally, at least, deafening his ears—and with the sight of blood gushing thick and warm before his eyes, when he has sought repose in a quiet, heavy, good-tempered-looking book before him, filled with upwards of seven thousand specimens of the "wisdom and experience" of a people, he has been unable not to feel the contrast painfully between its new deeds and its old words: he has been unable to resist the impulse of just gently trying the touchstone of the words upon the deeds. Perhaps, the truest apology he should offer ought to be for trying this touchstone, in playful spirit, upon a painful and serious wound. But, in these matters, *Flâneurs* have their privilege bestowed upon them by their very nature.

It is, in truth, "an ill turn to pelt a man with his own nuts." But when he will have none of them—what then? Proverbs have an essentially conservative nature in them, in spite of the half-sulky, half-scolding air of reformers that they will put on, like an angry old father in an old comedy of the *Old Dornton* and *Sir Anthony Absolute* school, not a whit the more inclined to root their misbehaving children altogether from their hearts because they knit their brows, flourish their canes, and stamp their feet: no! proverbs have conservative tendencies about them, and, in general, a patient, relying, smoothly and moderately-progressing spirit, in their very essence; and your good old German proverb possesses, perhaps, more of this character than those of most other nations. No wonder, then, that with such old-fashioned ways about them, they should be torn off by young Germany—so eager to don its new revolutionary garb—and thrust out of sight, as unfit for any sprightly youth's attire in modern days. But that is no reason why the rags they have made of the stout old homely stuff, which, by the way, was not without its gold-lace interwoven in the web, should not be held up in their faces, and the question gently asked, whether the old garb did, after all, become them so ill, or might not still be turned to advantage, or, at least, made to fit in with effect among the patches of the harlequin jacket that young Germany now wears? If this be not allowed, the *Flâneur* will be doing no more than calling "Old Clo'!" that are only fit to be thrown on the dunghill, and might as well put his *conchetto* in his pocket.

Let the German, however, be condemned out of his own mouth. He has told us himself that "proverbs contain the most useful and applicable lessons," that "they teach the most practical philosophy of life, not fundamentally, or in any connected system, like a book of lessons, but clearly and intelligibly like a good old friend, always present and

thoroughly grounded in the principles of truth, who, without flashing hither or thither, strikes the nail directly upon the head, and bestows upon many points information which neither learned men nor learned books can give." If he turns his back upon his trusty "old friend," then he should surely take it kindly if the "old friend" should condescend to send him a visiting-card to let him know that the "old friend" still exists. If the nail of good sense is to be struck, let it be struck home: so much the worse for him if he flinches under the operation. If yesterday the proverbs contained "useful and applicable lessons," surely events cannot have so thoroughly "transmogrified" them as to deprive them to-day, of all application and use.

The German may say that, in truth, mere social and domestic maxims, such as is the usual doctrine taught by the "old friend," will bear neither their old application to new political events nor retain their useful virtues. Politics, it is true, are not, in a direct sense, very sympathetic to proverbs—at least, the politics of diplomacy and of state-wisdom; but yet proverbs have a diplomatic tact of circuitous inuendo of their own also, all direct and "knock-down"—the word and the blow together—as they may generally be; and they are not without the "wisdom of the serpent," although the wisdom be directed against the serpent itself, upon the homœopathic principle of curing the poisonous bite of the reptile by the antidote in its own body. But "wisdom and experience" there are amongst them also, applicable as well to political as social matters; and now that social and political considerations are so designedly mixed up in the "affairs of men," and so confounded in the universal hurly-burly, the nail very frequently cannot be struck on the head without darting through the superficies of the social system to run into politics, or rending a hole in political devices to make its impress upon the social state of man: give it a smart blow, and it will be almost always sure now-a-days to pin the two together. Proverbs, too, as perhaps they were always meant to do, hit with a double-edged weapon. Direct as they are, they are no less vague and mysterious oftentimes in their sense, as much as any of those oracles of old from which, as by divine right, they affect to have deduced their origin. "Who made our proverbs?" says the German again. "Sages, patriarchs, kings, sybils, prophets, poets," personages much out of fashion now-a-days, it is true, and whose words are no longer considered oracles, unless it be the latter, and *that* only when, instead of venturing upon vague oracles and mysterious dicta of wisdom, they flatter and caress the new would-be rulers of the day and their ideas, and bestow all their vagueness upon vain vague words such as "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the sense of which men's eyes once fancied they perceived, but which have latterly clouded themselves in the thickest mist of misapprehension redly tinged, not with the beams of the rising sun that shall dissipate it, but with the reflected glare of blood. The more vague, the more obscure, the more ambiguous the oracles, whose nature is claimed by proverbs, may be, the more sympathetically and typically may they be applied, perhaps, to those vague, obscure, and ambiguous theories called "new German politics."

Weber, a witty, satirical, cynical, and not over-decent German author, who succeeded, perhaps, better than most of his countrymen in affecting the Voltairian dress, without pushing it utterly to caricature, and putting coarse, tawdry, second-hand tinsel in the place of its ori-

ginal dangerous glitter, has attributed what he calls the perverse slowness of his countrymen, their incorrigible heaviness, and their unwillingness to march forward in the progress of enlightened ideas, entirely to their attachment to their "inane proverbs" of a retardatory nature, such as "*Eile mit Weile*," borrowed of the more ancient "*Festina lente*," "*Kommt Zeit kommt Rath*"—with time comes counsel, "*Mit Geduld pflückt man Rosen*"—patience gathers the budding rose,—and others of the same nature, of which he laments the quantity in the German tongue, and enumerates some thirty or forty. Had he lived, how he might have now rubbed his hands with satisfaction at seeing his fellow-countrymen rushing eagerly with full heaps of such poor old proverbs in their arms to burn them as heretical to the spirit of the times, and blasphemous towards a people's impatient will, upon the blazing pile of revolution. They have shovelled all such tiresome old influence away in as wholesale a manner as he could have desired: or rather, to do his memory honour, they have turned the poor proverbs, martyr-like, with their heads uppermost before burning, until an utter recantation of their old heresies, and an avowal of diametrically opposite principles has been wrung out of them. Poor Saint "*Eile mit Weile*," spite of the antiquity of his Roman, and perhaps more ancient origin, has been made to cry "Gallop! gallop! on! on! on! Plunge forward without looking to right or to left! heed not if there be a precipice before you!" "*Kommt Zeit kommt Rath*" has been converted into "Do! and let counsel come when it will!" and as to the "roses" promised by unhappy "*Geduld*," they have been snatched in their first buds out of her hand and placed in the feverish grasp of impatience, covered with nettles, wherewith men may lash and sting each other's faces.

How delighted Weber might have been to see his countrymen, after the *auto-da-fé* of their obstinate "retrograde and reactionary" proverbs, acting to the life those fables which he has forgotten to include in the condemnation, dancing, much after the fashion of the bull in the china-shop, amidst the fragments of laws, customs, principles, creeds, and hopes, of past, present, and future,—striving to imitate, like the ass, the gambols of the French lap-dog—blood-hound might be the better term—in frisking upon the lap of revolution, and performing thereby such heavy and insensate antics, that men know not whether they should laugh at the burlesque sight or cry for fear of every kick of the asinine hoofs,—cutting up their newly-obtained constitution-geese to get at its golden eggs before it can have time to lay,—taking the machinery of the watch to pieces, like the spoiled boy, to see how it goes, or even to make it go better, with clumsy fingers, and then abusing the watchmaker when he finds it run down with a whiz and go no more,—and—for to the truth of these proverbs, after all, they must come at last—flourishing about their edged tools regardlessly, slashing their own faces and cutting their own inexperienced hands thereby.

The time is not long since gone by, however, when the German still clung to his old conceits, regarding them instinctively, as it were, as the ballast that kept the social vessel steady in the storm. Politically speaking, there was much to be amended,—perhaps much old rubbish to be swept away and a few stains to be washed out; but none dreamt then of praying for the Ganges of revolution with all its attendant crocodiles, to sweep through the house and sweep it all away to its foundations, as such a flood threatens to do, by way of a purification:

men knew that political housewives must and would be forced to do the work by degrees; and, in truth, as Weber said, they instinctively also relied upon the talismanic proverbs, whose *auto-da-fé* has been just commemorated, for the realisation of what really was desirable. Socially speaking, they "bided their time" also for the changes which civilisation brought, slowly, it is true, but inevitably; and they grumbled not at the good-tempered nicknames which they gave themselves. "*Der Deutsche Hans*" and "*der Deutsche Michel*," and sometimes the combination of the two names into that of "*Hans-Michel*," were then terms of good-natured banter and not of opprobrium, as they have since been taught by their emancipated, aspiring, conceited, revolutionary *Frei-Geist*. What might we expect at home, if we were to fling aside, as unworthy of our regeneration-mood, the good old name of "John Bull?" We might as well take up at once that of "Jacques-Wolf," like some of our neighbours. To our praise be it said, we may still glory in the name—all heavy, headstrong, blundering nickname as it may be: we may still glory in the sturdiness, the solidity, ay! and even the obstinacy of the title, and pick it up as a wreath of laurel, when our envious neighbours may fling it in our faces like an old whisp of straw. "*Der Deutsche Hans*,"—German Jack—bore, formerly, some analogy to "John Bull," although, perhaps, the name was more directly applied to the peasant than the well-thriving, sturdy farmer, and bore a somewhat heavier sense than that attached to our straightforward, clumsy, grumbling, but more enlightened "John." But even superstition attached a certain spell of protection, well-being, and peace to the title. In the Middle Ages in Germany there was never a family without a Hans among its sons: there were sometimes even as many as three, distinguished as *Grosz-Hans*, *Mittel-Hans*, and *Klein-Hans*, or Great-Jack, Middle-Jack, and Little-Jack. In fact, there could not be too many Jacks in a family circle, popular superstition having taken up the fancy that the lightning would never strike a roof beneath which the sacred name was sheltered. To be sure, when houses were struck by lightning in spite of their multiplicity of Hanses, the superstition fell into discredit, and the name of Hans into disrepute: it was even degenerated, sometimes, into a term of reproach, and "*Sauf-Hans*," Drunken-Jack, "*Prahl-Hans*," Boasting-Jack, and even "*Hans-wurst*," which term we also possess, freely translated, in the word "Jack-Pudding," became, among many others, names of opprobrium and derision. "*Der Deutsche Hans*," however, was, for all that, as sterling, genuine, and hearty a designation as a nation might, in its true interpretation, be proud to be nicknamed by; and Germany, over-susceptible as the German may notoriously be, smiled quietly at its own name until *Frei-Geist* came, like an evil Fairy of Disorder, disordering men's minds, and, by holding up a false, distorted looking-glass to its face, making it ashamed of the physiognomy it saw there, and of the name it bore.

"*Der Deutsche Hans*" was no longer the talismanic spell it had been deemed in men's minds: the lightning struck the roof beneath which it had so long sheltered itself in peace; and then *Frei-Geist* pointed to the ruin and conflagration resulting from the storm, which it had itself conjured up on the political and social horizon of Germany, and the fire which it had brought down upon the German roof, just new-thatched with layers of constitutions, and mockingly said, "Look ye! that comes of being nothing better than a foolish, superstitious, con-

fidling 'Deutcher Hans.' And Hans grew ashamed of his name, and called himself, with an affectation of Frenchified manners, "Jacques," forgetting, however, to take at the same time the old-fashioned French addition of "Bon-homme," which the French, to be sure, had also shuffled off from them for some time past,—just as the *Flâneur* has known simple Anns, who have answered to no other name than "Annette," and plain Janes who have re-baptized themselves "Jeanette." But Hans may put on what French affectations he pleases, he remains Hans for all that, and is a far clumsier Hans than ever,—tripping with a gait which he has ill learnt, knocking his heavy head—still heavier now, since he is drunken with deep draughts of French revolutionary spirits—against every pillar and post in his way, and in danger of falling, as he trips on with his nose aloft, into the precipice towards which he is staggering, and beneath which lies a slough of blood and rottenness. He is still Hans, and he may pick among the many Hanses of his old proverbial designations of mockery for the true meaning of that name, which he would vainly throw aside, or may even take them all at random:—"Hans Allerlei," Jack-what-you-will; for he takes up every revolutionary fashion that tailor *Frei-Geist* offers him—"Hans in allen Gassen," Jack-in-every-street; for he takes every road that his new guide *Frei-Geist* points out to him, however muddy, however full of ruin and destruction it may be—"Hans von der Luft," Jack-of-the-air, "who lives under the open sky of roofless houses," as the German nickname explains itself; for he is working hard to pull his old roof down upon his head, without ever thinking beforehand how he is to build a new one to cover him—"Hans Rühr' auf," Jack Stir-up; for he is stirring up, with the restless character of idiotism, every muddy slough he can put his hands into, regardless of the pestilential stench with which such "stirring-up" proverbially offends his nostrils and endangers his health—"Hans ohne Sorge," Jack Careless, "who," as the phrase continues, "lives with wild-geese and eats of their dung;" for he follows a "wild-geese chase" after a phantom, thereby "eating dirt" to a marvellous amount of quantity, which *Frei-Geist* crams into his mouth—"Hans mit der Latte," Jack-with-the-lath, as the fellow was called who, in an old German game, struck, with bandaged eyes and a lath in his hand, at a pot, to try whether he would hit or miss; for, verily, with designedly blinded eyes, he goes smiting to the right and to the left, before and behind, careless whether he hits or misses, or what he may smash, and if he hits, breaking his pot to shivers with his blow.

Up, now, with a few of his old own nuts, *Flâneur!* and give him a gentle fillip on the nose as he is thus employed. "Hans," sounds one, as it whisks by, "*lerne nicht zu viel; du musst sonst zu viel thun.*" What is in the kernel, when it is cracked? "Hans, learn not too much of what you are told is political knowledge; or you may do, indeed, a bit too much afterwards"—ay! and repent it, too. What whispers another as it flies? "*Was Hänschen nicht lehrt, lehrt Hans nimmer,*"—what little Jack does not learn, big Jack will never know. Ay! and, in truth, if "little Jack," in his false school of revolution, has not already learnt a lesson of painful experience, "great Jack" will not learn it, or will learn it too late to his cost. Another still: "*Wer weisz wo Hans ist, wenn 's Gras wächst?*"—who knows where Hans will be when the grass grows? Yes! who can tell when the grass of quietude and prosperity, trampled down by revolutionary feet to

rotteness and bareness, may grow again? and where will Hans be then? Prostrate on the bare earth, or revelling in the drunkenness of blood. Yet another. "*Hans kommt durch seine Dummheit fort*"—Jack's own stupidity will make him blunder through. Blunder through? Whither? When stupidity is genuine and honest, it may blunder through much confusion and find a resting-place at last; but when the stupidity decks its head with the peacock's plumes of conceit and presumption, and the affectation of a wisdom of which it has no sane idea,—when it is pushed on by the treacherous instigation of designing men, who take Jack's paws to thrust them between the bars, and make them draw the chestnuts out of the fire,—when it prances, and reels, and wears white *sombreros* on its head stuck full of revolution-typifying red feathers,—when it puts on a garb to act a part, and thinks, like a bad actor, that it acts to the life because it wears the dress,—when it staggers along streets, howling for "Liberty," but meaning "License,"—when it cries "Death to the reactionary," without knowing what it cries, but thinking thereby to cut the throat of somebody or something, according to the already-mentioned golden-goose fashion,—when it becomes frantic, furious, bloody-minded, and is no longer stupidity, but madness, whither, indeed, will it blunder on? Poor *Deutscher Hans!* to what a pitch of folly have you come since you repudiated your name, as gross and heavy and unworthy of your regeneration!

But a word has still to be said of "Michel"—Jack's cousin—"Vetter Michel," as he is sometimes called. "*Der Deutsche Michel*" is of a rather higher social condition than Hans: he has less of the peasant or plebs, and more of the trading middle classes in him; and, in this respect, although he is more given to city commercial than land agricultural pursuits, he bears, perhaps, a greater affinity to honest, well-thriving John Bull,—although, by-the-way, Hans was not otherwise formerly than in a very thriving condition also. And Michel was a very good fellow in his way, ready-handed, soft-hearted, loyal, and even enthusiastic and inclined to *Schwärmerci*. Poor Michel, however, long ago had an active enemy, who, if he did him no greater harm than tripping him up in the dark, borrowing his money without repaying it, and kissing his daughter, at all events, worried out his soul by turning him into ridicule. This enemy was the Student,—the latent essence of the *Frei-Geistereci*,—who treated Michel as the type of his favourite object of aversion, oburgation, and scorn—the *Philisterthum*, or *Bürger-spirit*.

Some years ago, *der Deutsche Michel*, in a somewhat more extended sense, was shewn up in a book—at that time prohibited by the strict laws respecting the press, and only circulated under-hand—as having helped the German sovereigns, who were crying for the loss of their crowns during the wars of Napoleon, through their Slough of Despond, by having put his shoulder to the wheel of their cart—as pushed on to bellow through a muzzle put upon him by his master, at the alarmed Frenchman, when the latter began to raise a new short-lived clamour about the Rhine-limits—but then, not content with the reward he did not get for his bellowing, as looking very foolish at his own good-tempered zeal, and finally walking up to the old German emperor, who had slept in a magic grotto, until his beard had grown through a stone table. This allegorical effusion was one of the first, or, at least, one of the best known, that raised the new watchword of "German Unity in a German Empire," and thus put forward the revolutionary pretext of

to-day. With the seeming utter impracticability of this Unity, which has been advertised as a panacea for all evils, and which has produced as yet nothing but further disunion, and increasing confusion, the *Flâneur* has nothing to do here. He cites the book as an instance of the attempts made to lead good Michel to believe that he had in truth a muzzle on his mouth, that he was cheated and deceived, and that to make a stir, even with such a pretext, as only waking up the old German Kaiser from his lethargy, was a great and meritorious deed. When *Frei-Geist*, which as yet had only lived as an ugly imp along with the student, whispering all sorts of insane freaks and frolics of fancied conspiracy in his ear, suddenly, at the revolution-trumpet-call of France, sprang up a powerful demon, and now loudly shouted to the student, that he, with a rabble's aid, might be the master of Germany, and dictate his laws, and make barricades, and destroy, and murder as he listed, the student at first thought it good policy to make up his quarrels with Michel, and offer Michel his hand, that they might shout "Down with tyrants! long live German unity!" together. And Michel, flattered perchance and much bewildered, shouted with his new ally, and made barricades too, and revolutions. Then he wanted to stop short, however, when he came a little to his senses, and found that the student was, at the bottom of his heart, as much his enemy as ever: and he declared himself as loyal in truth as before, and protested that he wanted nothing more than his German unity, which he knew not himself how to define, and a German parliament to settle the unity as best it would, and, above all, a red, black, and gold cockade in his cap, as a sign that he was for the "new old German empire." But then the student dragged him along with the threat that he would hang him to the lamp-post as "reactionary" if he would not "on with him," and upset everything with the last new French cry, inspired by *Frei-Geist*, "*à bas tout le monde*." And Michel got alarmed, and utterly lost his wits, and when he looked round for his cousin Hans of the people, found that he was bitten by *Frei-Geist*, and was delirious, and with a hydrophobic aversion to any clear water of peace and quiet, was drinking huge tankards full of revolutionary brandy. And Michel, who had cried for unity of nations and of castes, and wanted to make one cause with Hans, and have, in fact, only one wonderfully beautiful Hans-Michel family between them, was treated as a "retrograde," and yet could not get rid of Hans about his neck. Well may men hold up their hands and sing the old German song, "*Hans-Michel, Hans-Michel, wo gehst du denn hin?*" Hans-Michel, Hans-Michel, ah! where art thou going?

Where is Hans-Michel going to? In a vague way some truths on this matter might be expounded to him out of his national "Book of Proverbs:" and as he has never been much out of the path of the "Vague," and is now threading the misty tract more confusedly than ever, perhaps such a vague exposition might suit him best. The *Flâneur* opens the book almost at random. What does the Book of Proverbs tell Hans-Michel upon the subject of freedom? "*Zu frei bringt Reue*."—too free, woe to thee! and again, "*Je mehr Freiheit, je mehr Muthwille*,"—the more freedom, the more recklessness—and again, "*Freiheit ist von Gott, Freiheiten vom Teufel*"—freedom comes from God, licence from the devil. Hans-Michel allowed the evil spirit of revolution, the child of *Frei-Geist*, to ad—

ad—he has even invited him to come over from France

as a pleasant guest—he has clapped his hands at his approach—and now that the evil spirit turns and rends him, ought he to be surprised? Had he not kicked his “Book of Proverbs” into a dust-hole as old waste-paper, he might have learnt from it the warning that, “*Wer den Teufel geladen, musz ihm auch Werk schaffen.*” —the devil’s host must give him his own work to do: he might have read, with a foreboding shudder, that “*Wenn man den Teufel lässt in die Kirche kommen, will er gar auf den Altar*” — let the devil into the church, and he’ll be upon the altar. And truly, the sanctuary of all that was formerly respected and holy has been opened, by careless hands, to the evil spirit; and it has sprung upon the altar of all old faith to shatter it to ruin. In the last unhappy events of Vienna (October 1848), has not the prophetic proverb been literally fulfilled? The evil spirit has raged in the sanctified shrine of St. Stephen’s—blood has been shed upon the very “Holy of holies.” Hans-Michel would retreat now, and would try, too late, to muzzle the wild-beast he has permitted to break forth. Too late! he shut his eyes to the very first verse of the first chapter of his popular oracles, that says, “*Sieh vor dich, dasz Reue nicht beisset dich*” — look before thee, lest repentance bite thee. He looked not before him at world-known consequences; and now repentance may well bite him, suck his very life’s blood, devour his very marrow. It is useless now to make wry faces. He should know that, “*Thut dir’s Kratzen wohl, so lasz dich nachher das Beissen nicht verdriessen*”—is scratching to your taste, so grumble not at biting. He laughed at the scratching: let him not wonder that the biting should follow; let him be prepared to be called “reactionary,” when he flinches at the bite. “*Das Kalb musz der Kuh folgen*”—the calf must follow the cow. He has accepted the parentage of *Frei-Geist*; poor calf! bleat as he may, he must follow in the steps of the roaring bull, or be trod to death beneath its hoof. When he followed so readily in the dance led by French revolutionists, he should not have forgotten that, “*Reiset die Katze nach Frankreich, so kommt ein Mausfänger wieder*”—if the cat goes to France, she is sure to come back a mouse-catcher. He has let his cat go to France to school: can he be surprised that she should put her claws on every trembling mouse within her reach, lick up all the cream of prosperity in the national dairy, and break every pot and pan, nay, every well-stored treasure and relic, in her frantic friskings? When Hans-Michel abjured his name, foolishly thinking to arrive at some ideal good by clamouring, as he was taught, for “the people’s sovereignty,” he was not prepared to be sure to be told afterwards that this “people” consisted of the tumultuous lower classes, and their friends, the hot-brained, extravagant, insensate students, alone; but he might have had a presentiment, had he looked into his “Proverb-book,” that, “*Wer dem Pöbel dient hat einen schlimmen Herrn,*” that, he who serves the people serves but a bad master—that, “*Wenn die Herrn bauern, und die Bauern herren, so giebt es Lumpen,*” that, when the master acts the man, and the man the master, both are no better than raggamuffins—that “*Dem Pöbel weich’, thu’s aber ihm nicht gleich*”—give way before the people, but follow it not—were words containing a wholesome lesson to be studied: for that “*Dem Pöbel weicht auch der Teufel*”—even the devil himself is not match for it. Poor Hans-Michel! he dreamt of “new orders of things,” new constitutions, new rights, new empires—new—the *Flâneur*

knows not what; but he kicked his old shoes off his feet, or allowed them to be most villanously trod down at heel, before he knew where to get new ones, much less what a price he should have to pay for them, and with a chance of not getting them after all: he forgot the warning, "*Wirf die alten Schuhe nicht weg bis du neue hast.*" He made a vast hue-and-cry about his new national Unity Parliament, with sovereign attributes, without thinking that "*Es ist nicht gut, wenn viele regieren*"—there's little weal when many rule—that "*Es ist schlimm reden bei denen, die einen zu Tode reden*"—it is ill talking with those, who talk one to death, as the fantastic parliament does—and that "*Grosz Geprahl, schmaler Bissen*"—great boast, small roast,—as the same good parliament has most excellently exemplified. To be sure this same parliament of Hans-Michel's has shewn itself, in its majority, moderate, and conservative in a revolutionary sense—if sense there be in such a bull: the evil spirit has not got quite the upper hand in it yet.

However, the *Flâneur* will not venture to offer to Hans-Michel, on this subject, an old proverb that might seem *apropos*, "*Wo der Teufel nicht hin kann, da schickt er ein alt' Weib*"—where the devil cannot get in, there he sends an old woman,—lest he should be thought to suggest an unseemly allusion to the poor old *Reichswerweser*, the Archduke John of Austria. Hans-Michel now, however, is off on his dangerous career; and if, in the darkness of the path in which he stumbles drunkenly forwards, he thinks ever to set up a guiding light to lighten his ways,—if he ever manages to hold one aloft at all, that is not extinguished at once by the storm,—let him not forget that,—

*“Setzt man das Licht zu hoch, so löscht es der Wind;
Setzt man es zu niedrig, so löscht es das Kind.”*

“If he fix his light too high, every wind 'll puff out the flame:
If he fix his light too low, each mad child may do the same.”

At all events, Hans-Michel can only blame himself if his light be utterly extinguished. "*Wie das Gespinnnt, so das Gewinnnt*"—as the web is woven, so the winning's won—in other words, "As he sows, so he must reap," many tares and little wheat,—as it will, to all appearance, prove. Poor Hans-Michel! "*Viel rutschen macht schlechte Hosen*"—fidgetty bases make holes in breeches. Poor Hans-Michel! he has been fidgetting about upon his new revolutionary seat, until he has already worn sad and most unseemly holes in his national inexpressibles: if he fidget thus much longer, he may find himself soon sitting bare—a veritable *sans-culotte*—upon a most uneasy stool of repentance. At all events, whatever measures he may take to cook up that fabulous dish of National Unity, in stirring up the broth of which so many cooks are engaged, regardless again of all proverbs about "many cooks," let him reflect well each time before he stirs the fire, and whether he apply not the heat too fast. "*Gebrannt ist nicht gebraten*"—burnt meat is no roast meat. The "new order of things," for which Hans-Michel still clamours, may be turned round at the revolutionary fire; but it will be no sound healthful food for all that. But now the *Flâneur* finds it high time to shut up his "Book of Proverbs," and bid adieu to his host and friend Hans-Michel, with the warning song, "*Hans-Michel! Hans-Michel, wo gehst du denn hin?*" and with the wish that he might duly crack the nuts flung at his head, and digest them nutritiously.

QUEEN'S BENCH SKETCHES.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

"The law of arrest for debt, is a permission to commit greater oppression and inhumanity than are to be met in slavery itself—to tear the father from his weeping children—the husband from his distracted wife—to satiate the demoniac vengeance of some worthless creditor."—*Lord Eldon's Speech on the Slave Trade.*

SKETCH IV.

"Miss H— was married when sixteen to a man on the wrong side of forty. In arranging her union her parents treated her like a child, regulated the settlement, and told her when called upon to sign the deed for the first time, the name of the happy man to whom her hand had been legally assigned, and with as little ceremony as a horse is knocked down at Tattersall's to the best and highest bidder. Her liege lord was of the *Borean* school, rude, noisy, and swore, as antiquated troopers used to swear. A slash of a cutlass across the cheek does not add much to personal beauty, and although a wooden leg is a very honourable substitute for a flesh one, still among boarding-school girls, the prejudice is strong in favour of the latter supporter. Sir Hannibal regulated his household as he did his ship; he was, in truth, what is termed 'a taut hand;' at the sound of his stump, cook and housemaid held their peace,

* Dreading the deep damnation of his 'Bah!'

while his lady wife scarcely dared to bless herself without permission.

"When promoted to his flag and a command, the martinet habits pursued for a dozen years in his domicile and ship, underwent no change, and the laws of Medes and Persians were never more absolute than the port-regulations of the single-legged commander. One grave offence in the eyes of Sir Hannibal was, a youngster appearing on shore, unless he were 'in full fig,' and wo unto the unhappy reefer, upon whom the rear admiral could pounce in mufti.

"In a sea-port, like an inland village, scandal will occur; and, as in earlier life, the West Indies had been the scene of his exploits, it was maliciously whispered that he had there committed an amatory *escapade*, and when 'Bacchi plenus,' had married a woman of colour. Report further stated that, tired of his black beauty, the admiral had drawn the splice, allotting to the lady of his former love a small annuity to support herself and one youthful pledge of mutual affection.

"Late one fine afternoon, Sir Hannibal was taking a digestive stroll after an early tiffen, when, on rounding the corner of a street, he ran against an unhappy midshipman who had ventured on shore in a round hat.

"'Hallo, youngster, what ship do you belong to?' roared the commander.

"'To the *Penelope*,' stammered the reefer.

"'What is your name, eh?'

"'Patt Macnamara.'

"'You have no cocked hat, it would appear, eh? Well, we'll try and find you one.'

"And taking the victim by the arm, he crossed the street, and entered an outfitter's shop.

" 'This young gentleman requires a cocked hat,' said the admiral; 'supply him with what he wants, and I will see you paid.'

" 'And with a grin of satisfaction, he bade the alarmed midshipman 'Good morning,' and toddled down the street. Mr. Macnamara watched him until he had stumped round the corner, and then turning coolly to the counter, he selected a handsome *chapeau*.

" 'How devilish particular my father is,' said the reefer, as he examined his person with great satisfaction in the pier-glass.

" 'Your father, sir,' returned the astonished hatter.

" 'Yes,' said the unblushing midshipman. 'The thing's not generally known, for my step-mother is so infernally jealous, that if she discovered Sir Hannibal had a successor to his estates, there would be the devil to pay and no pitch hot.'

" 'Now Mr. Gubbins, the outfitter, had heard the West Indian story whispered quietly at his counter, and Mr. Macnamara, being exceedingly swarthy, he concluded him to be the half-caste heir of the wooden-legged commander, and great was his civility accordingly.

" 'Was there any other article he could shew him?' and stocks, shirts, and pocket-handkerchiefs, were rapidly paraded. Mr. Macnamara thought he might as well complete his outfit at once, settled himself on a chair, and most generously encouraged trade by an extensive selection. The articles were to be directly sent to the sally-port where the boat was waiting from him, and Mr. Macnamara was ceremoniously bowed out of the shop, he having given the outfitter a monitory hint, that he was to take care when he handed the bill to his papa, that his step-mother was not present.

" 'Three days passed; the admiral was taking his usual stroll, and perceiving Mr. Gubbins disengaged, he stumped into the shop, and took a chair beside the counter.

" 'He, he, he! Gubbins, brought you a customer t'other day; that yellow chap, you recollect.'

" 'He is a leetle dark, Sir Hannibal; but lord! he's a fine off-handed young gentleman. I assure your honour, when he told me of the relationship, that I supplied him with the best articles, and charged the lowest figure.'

" 'The relationship!' exclaimed the admiral. 'Why, who the devil is he related to?'

" 'I never,' said Mr. Gubbins, in reply, and simpering as he bowed, 'name anything entrusted to me in confidence, but I never saw a stronger likeness to a father in my life. Lord! Sir Hannibal, had the young gentleman not mentioned it himself, I should have guessed it in a moment.'

" 'Guessed what?' roared the admiral.

" 'That I had the honour to supply your son.'

" 'Whose son?'

" 'Yours, Sir Hannibal.'

" 'Hell and furies!' shouted the infuriated commander. 'I have no son.'

" 'Not, as the young gentleman explained to me, by her present ladyship, but by a black gentlewoman in Jamaica. Indeed, he considerably mentioned, that I was not on any account to hand you his little bill in the presence of his stepmother, for that she was a regular white sergeant, and you dare not buckle on your leg without permission.'

"Sir Hannibal stared; his eyes dilated,

"Until each strained ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head."

"Heavens and earth! it was quite evident that he had been humbugged; but that he, before whose wrath a whole ship's company trembled, and to whose order the pertest spider-brusher dared not offer a reply, that he should be represented as rough-ridden by his wife, and debarred from using his wooden substitute, without obtaining feminine permission before he strapped it on! Why a saint, laden heavily with psalm-books, could not listen to the charge with common patience!

"You did not let the young scoundrel take away the hat?' inquired the old gentleman, suspiciously.

"The hat!" exclaimed the astonished tradesman. 'Ay, and six-and twenty pounds' worth of general out-fittings besides. Why, on your respected guarantee, he might have carried off the shop, contents and all.'

"The admiral, dreaming of nothing short than the annihilation of this young and nefarious delinquent, stumped out of the shop, and, bent on speedy vengeance, headed to the pier. His barge was promptly on the water, and the crew of the Penelope were marvellously surprised to see the dreaded functionary, at this unusual hour, pulling directly to the frigate.

"What the devil drives old timber-toe this way, and at this time?' inquired one idler from another, as standing on a carronade, he scrutinized the approaching boat through his telescope.

"No friendly errand, you may depend upon it. I can even now remark that there is a cockle in his wig. But here comes the schipper.'

"And as the captain came on deck, the youngsters moved away.

"Ten minutes brought Sir Hannibal alongside, and an honourable reception placed him and his wooden supporter in safety on the frigate's quarter-deck. The unusual and unexpected evening call had excited a general curiosity over the ship, and hundreds were listening anxiously to learn what might be the cause of this mysterious visit. The admiral was no whisperer—and all doubt as to the object of his coming was speedily put to rest.

"Muster your midshipmen,' roared the single-legged commander. 'You have, Captain Blackwood, a d—d scamp among the lot.'

"If you made the number half a dozen, Sir Hannibal, you would come nearer to the mark. May I inquire the name of the *mauvais sujet* after whom you so particularly inquire?'

"He calls himself Macnamara.'

"No such name upon our muster-roll. Describe him, if you can, personally.'

"A tall, wiry, devil-may-care-looking chap, dark eyes and hair, and yellow as a kite's claw.'

"Nothing in the Penelope that answers this description. But I see the youngsters laugh. Possibly, from some of them we may find a clue to Mr. Macnamara. Hotham," and he beckoned to one of the reefers, who immediately came forward; 'do you know anything—'

"Of a scoundrel who did Huggins out of thirty pounds, and swore that I was his father?' shouted the admiral.

"Captain Blackwood turned his head aside, as he felt some difficulty to preserve a proper gravity.

"I am pretty sure, sir, that I know the young gentleman.'

being snapped up by some *militaire*, to whom a change of linen and a few sovereigns would be agreeable surprises, is miraculous. She did, however, come home a widow—but escaped that matrimonial Charybdis, a *sous lieutenant*, only to fall into Scylla, in the shape of a London solicitor.

“Mr. Jones Sweepall was a west end practitioner, borrowed money for the Blues, put in appearances for the Life Guards, drew settlements for single gentlemen and their wives, and would not lay pen on parchment for any client who could not plead gentility. He was a man largely imbued with law, and, as Doctor Ollapod says, ‘full of honour as a corps of cavalry.’ He had chambers in the Albany, and a house on Hampstead Heath. His lady drove a smartish brougham—but Mr. Sweepall, for the sake of exercise and health, preferred making his diurnal migrations, in and out of town, on horseback.

“Lady — made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jones Sweepall at Madame Cremeline’s *Magazin des modes*, a *modiste* of unquestionable *ton*, to whom Lady — had been favoured with a letter of introduction, by a Parisian corset-maker. The ladies being in quest of a duck of a bonnet, the taste of both was mutually interchanged in effecting the selection. Sir Hannibal, being two months dead, it was full time for his relict, as Bob Acres did ‘his leathers,’ to render her crape ‘incapable;’ while Mrs. Sweepall required something smart and sea-greenish, wherewith to open the summer campaign at Worthing. In German romances, ladies and gentlemen exchange eternal fidelity over a stoup of Rhenish—and why should not enduring friendship be registered across a counter?

“In one brief week, Mrs. Jones Sweepall regarded Lady — with a protective feeling amounting to maternal, she being at least three years older than the adopted one. On all matters of importance, such as millinery orders and contributions to pic-nics, Mrs. Jones Sweepall was more anxious in directing Lady —’s operations, even than a bad stepmother—and hence the migrations to sea-coast, spa, or town, were invariably made in company, the admiral’s relict paying of course her portion of the expenses.

“When ladies are confidential, much private matter will pop out—and Lady — casually mentioned that she had three thousand pounds in government securities. Mrs. Jones Sweepall started at the confession, and politely inquired whether ‘she were mad?’ Mad she was not, for Sir Hannibal, of wooden-legged memory, had often asserted, and, as was ‘his wont,’ verified the same on oath, that he, the commander, would not trust any bank save that of England, with the custody of a sovereign. What were Coutts, Smith, Payne, Jones, Lloyd, and such light craft as these? Why, when he was master’s mate in the *Amphion*, had not Shakerleys, the quaker bankers, failed at Portsmouth, for twenty thousand pounds?

“Mr. Jones Sweepall just then happened to toddle in, listened graciously to the subject in dispute, and gently elevated his shoulders.

“‘Good heavens! Lady —, have you been so ill advised as to leave money in the funds? Oh! had I known it but two days ago! but we must bow to the decrees of fate.’

“‘Really I do not understand you,’ observed the pretty mourner.

“‘Well, to be intelligent, since your departed husband was a master’s mate (I take that event in round numbers, to reach back to half a century), the world, my dear lady, has been re-created. We hold

an era some dozen years back to be coexistent with what schoolmen term the dark ages. But, good Lord!—and Mr. Jones Sweepall turned his eyes upwards, even to the cornice—‘ what must have been the state of things when your lamented husband was a master’s mate? Men ignorantly considered then that, with good security, four per cent. was an excellent return for money sunk; and I heard my father mention the lamentable case of a country gentleman who became hopelessly deranged from having lent out five thousand pounds at five. We turn, however, our cash to better account now-a-days. The week before last I invested twenty thousand pounds for Lady Twankey, the widow of the great tea merchant, in the Bally-smashall Grand Junction with the Great Connemara; and I pledge my honour as a gentleman—and he placed a hand crippled with jewellery across his breast—‘ that her ladyship, within a couple of years, is as likely to receive from the investment five-and-twenty per cent. as she is five!’

“ Now Mr. Jones Sweepall spoke the truth; for the one event was just as probable as the other.

“ Lady —— sighed, and thought what luck a woman had who married into the tea trade.

“ The conversation was renewed. Had Mr. Jones Sweepall entertained the remotest suspicion that his unsuspecting friend had been swindled into the funds, even a fortnight since he could have remedied the grievance. But it was too late—not a share in the ‘ Bally-smashall ’ was procurable for love or money,—ay, or at any price.

“ ‘ What will not woman when she loves?’ as the song says—but what will not woman when she has bestowed her friendship on another? Mrs. Jones Sweepall was very pretty, and Mr. Jones Sweepall was very proud of possessing beauty and affection united. Mrs. Sweepall put her arms round his neck—used such diminutives as wives use when soliciting the thing supposed ungrantable—called him her darling ‘ Joney,’ and declared that she would never release him from his sweet bondage until he, the darling ‘ Joney,’ would promise, on the honour of a solicitor, to exchange three thousand pounds’ worth of Bally-smashalls for as much rubbish in the three per cents!

“ Men are all weak. Marc Antony lost the world for ‘ a queen of fifty’—and Mrs. Sweepall was but thirty-five. Now what chance had the unfortunate man of law? Like John Gilpin, he kissed his ‘ dearest dear,’ and next day exchanged three thousand ‘ Bally-smashalls ’ for the pretty widows’ three per cents. *There* was a proof of self-devotion in a solicitor!

“ A lady with four hundred a-year, ‘ without incumbrance,’ may live particularly well; but take the medium return of the ‘ Bally-smashalls ’ at fifteen per cent., why, it would not require Joe Hume to demonstrate that the relict of Sir Hannibal had a clear eight hundred at her disposal. Should she remain at Portsea, or Portsmouth, or any other port? No. Why ‘ waste her sweetness on the desert air?’ Town was the place. Mrs. Jones Sweepall assured Lady —— of the fact, and Mr. Jones Sweepall confirmed the assertion.

“ Lady —— accordingly cut her unfashionable locality, and removed her household gods to No. 121, Maddox Street.

“ An unsuspecting man may manage to escape the machinations of a rogue; but a woman, ignorant of the world, has no security against the artifices of her own sex. Mrs. Sweepall, to specious manners united consummate cunning,—Mr. Sweepall. was as unprincipled as any scoundrel

in the profession; and a brace of greyhounds never coursed a hare in company with more ability and fixity of determination to run her down. Lady — was vain, thoughtless, and confiding—and Mrs. Sweepall led her into debt. Mr. Sweepall induced the wretched fool to accept bills for him, and extensively; and so perfectly was the victim deluded, that the morning on which she was arrested in Regent Street, and driven to Mr. Levi's select establishment, she fancied she was worth ten thousand pounds, at the moment when she was irretrievably ruined. She was actually *en route* at the time to inquire for Mrs. Sweepall, whom she had not seen—strange occurrence!—for two days.

“For hours she sate in the apartment of a sponging-house, gazing listlessly through the barred windows, until the dream-like vision which flitted across her unsettled mind assumed the fixed character of sad reality. What was to be done? She rang the bell,—asked for the bailiff's chief official,—and inquired the course she should pursue.

“‘Send for your solicitor, marm,’ was the reply. ‘I’ll git ye a messenger. Who is he?’

“‘Mr. Jones Sweepall.’

“‘Lord! how queer! Why, he would be a smart chap wot would find him, I guess. He’s done brown, and has cut his lucky. I’ll see if I can’t git the paper as contains the particklars.’

“In a few minutes he returned with the ‘Times,’ and Lady — read the following paragraph:—

“‘The Bally-smashall bubble, as had been long since foretold, has burst at last; and of all the swindles of the day, this seems the most atrocious. The projector, a scoundrel well known among the black sheep of the law, has succeeded in ruining hundreds of the unsuspecting—and, as it now appears, credulous women were not ‘few and far between’ in the roll of his victims. His lady was an admirable ally—and while the worthy chairman levanted to the Continent with, as report states, ‘ten thousand,’ Mrs. Sweepall contrived, in two brief days, to denude the Hampstead establishment of everything convertible into cash, leaving of the erstwhile sweetly appointed villa scarcely ‘a wreck behind.’

“To pourtray the extent of misery into which that half-maddened woman had been plunged, requires no sketching. She, left in affluence, in one short year was beggared.—She will soon be fatuous,—she is even now half-imbecile—and if she ever change her place of bondage, the chances are, the exchange will be for a lunatic asylum.”

I shuddered at the picture that the two-legged gentleman had drawn. “And could not that poor, weak, wretched woman, even by her sheer simplicity, exact some small compassion from her victimizers?” “Oh! no. The Scotch say, that ‘hawks dina pike oot hawks een.’ The real beast of prey is human,—the brute respects his kind, but man never spares his fellow!”

How long I might have moralized is uncertain, had not a hand been laid upon my shoulder, and a voice exclaimed close to my ear, that he “would sleep me against anything, barring a watchman, for a thousand” I awoke. The little demon, as he appeared to the student of Madrid, vanished in a cloud of smoke,—the Bench, with its dark walls and motley population, melted into air; for, as honest John Bunyan says—“Lo! it was a vision.”

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND;

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

The Excursion.—A Morning Ride.—Langton Wold.—The "Trial."—White Wall Corner.—Our "Household Gods."

THE dewdrops yet trembled unbroken on the neatly trimmed hedges of the farm, and brightly flooded the large fields of red clover, wheat, and trefoil, through whose vernal beauties a bridle-path, crossed at intervals by white hand-gates, led to the so-called high-road, by which route, before breaking my fast, I purposed to gain a small market-town on the Wolds, situated some score of miles inland from my present half-rural, half-marine habitation.

It was in the blush of spring, and an hour or two before sunrise, when I mounted "Hildebrand," bent on a fortnight's excursion to the south'ard, actuated by the hope of finding a friend at his cottage on the Wharfe, who from his *business-like* connexion with the turf might safely be termed a racing-man, and whom, I had no doubt, of inducing to adopt my mode of travelling, and then to accompany me as far as Newmarket, whither I knew he would be on the point of starting for the first Spring Meeting.

An autumn and winter had passed away since I returned to old England, and had sufficed by aid of my veteran campaigning recipe for hatching comfort—by ruminating on scenes in contrast—to see me fairly shaken down in my rustic quarters; and, moreover, I was *content* with my arrangements, for in *this* lies the secret.

During this period of comparative inertion, I struck off my reminiscence of old Ebor, and now purposed beating up a friend, for whose character I entertained as sincere a respect, from its displaying, as it did, the *true gentleman under difficulties*, when this test of tests was in due course applied, as I had a relish for his society, manner, and sterling tone of mind.

This "racing-man," at the time I write of, and to whose cottage I was wending so pleasantly on the sweet, hazy morn of an East Riding spring, was by name George Dallas, the son of an old and highly meritorious officer of the commissariat department, at whose death before he had well arrived at manhood, he had acquired a fortune exceeding 40,000*l.*, with complete control over purse and person.

The elder Dallas had married late in life, and after a few years passed as a widower, died before his two children, the one already named, and a single daughter, several years the junior of her brother, had arrived at an age when their loss could be adequately comprehended.

The intelligent old commissary, during a prolonged career on active service, aided by the many opportunities occurring for profitable investment, had succeeded in increasing his originally small

patrimony, so as to bequeath to his only son the handsome amount specified, and about a moiety of the same to his daughter.

The brother and sister were deeply attached to each other, and had resided so long under the same roof ministering to each other's comforts and pleasures, that the idea of matrimony and separation, and a total change of life in consequence, was about the last that entered their thoughts, and had scarcely for a moment been seriously contemplated as a probable contingency by either.

Thus, when the writer departed abroad, his young orphan friends were settled in their paternal dwelling, a comfortable cottage-mansion, girt by a few rich fields of swarth, with ample grounds and gardens that met the sweet waters of the Wharfe in one of the most exquisite of that lovely river's graceful turnings.

And now it was, after the brightest years of life had passed, when youth and its aspirations had sped, and little less than a passive participation in the pleasures of life remains,—for who can repair the broken chain so as to leave no sign of the missing links, or disguise the newness of their substitutes?—that I mounted my good steed and trotted, apparently gaily as of yore, over the short, spangled sward that invariably skirts the lane-sides in the peculiarly pastoral district over which I was crossing in my journey towards the Wharfe.

At intervals my route lay across large pastures, all but unenclosed, partaking the features of the Down and Prairie, studded here and there with ancient copses of thorn and holly, under whose welcome shade and shelter the numerous flocks and herds retired during the heat of day. Deep belts of fir, dripping in dew, with an occasional covert of flowering gorse, flanked the lanes which led and diverged from these meadow scenes, whilst the keeper's lodge, covered with trophies of his trap and gun, and a solitary farm-house thrown far back on the landscape, were for many miles the only abodes of men encountered by the eye; and from these scarcely a wreath of smoke yet curled.

The sun had not yet risen, and all, save the warblers of the woods, was still. Not a ploughman, nor even a shepherd was a-foot to humanise or disturb the slumbering scene. The cattle and ewes with lamb still reclined drowsily on their night-lairs, such a start had I taken of the early rising world.

The joyous serenity of mind incidental to this supremely soothing, and at the same time refreshing scene and mode of travelling, was exhilarated into a thrill of delight, as I debouched on Langton Wold from a narrow lane overhung with blooming hawthorn, and was instantaneously crossed by a gallant team of race-horses at full gallop, before I had the least warning, beyond the sudden snort and bounding hoof, of their proximity. There were at least a dozen taking a bursting four-mile-spin in their clothes, led by old Hetman Platoff, pulling Jack Holmes double—probably as stirring an incident as could well break in upon a man's reverie before sunrise.

Early as it was, the "touts"—those indefatigable turf-spies—had got scent of a trial that had come off between two of Scott's Derby horses—one engaged and heavily backed in the approaching "Two Thousand Guineas." They had been put on the *qui vive* by the fact of Bill having been gazetted as having arrived from York over night,—a circumstance sufficiently *suspicious*, in their opinion, to induce a lynx-eyed vigilance over every part of the wold.

That there had been a "mate" I was fully convinced when I got a sight of Bill Scott, with his carefully gunged saddle, on which he had doubtlessly ridden the young'un, strapped to his back, and returning to White Wall, under the lee of the hedge bordering the lane which led to the stables.

Harry Edwards—perhaps, the most accomplished finisher of a race—and, in fact, one of the finest horsemen ever seen, was then engaged for Scott, and rode the trial-horse, Bill needing all his eye and expressive vocabulary in command to insure the "schoolmaster" being properly ridden, so that the merits of the case did not escape him, as well as all his consummate talent to disguise the quality of his own animal from the acute, dangerous jock, cutting out the work in the trial.

This he did by discharging volleys of oaths at Harry to "send him along!" and "to look straight before him;" as well as by, many a time, carrying a few pounds overweight, unknown to any one but himself—not barring the trainer! When he wished a trial to be seen by the racing-quacks, who he knew were on all hands of him, he simply won or lost as he liked, though the performance was so artfully managed as to mystify every one alike. Bill was a *nonpareil* at this game. Harry Edwards, as he was called, could not go straight! and soon had to quit Scott's employ, at a time when he could barely get a mount from "selling" Bill in person, most audaciously, on "Epirus" at Wolverhampton. He would not try to get through his horses—as Bill, riding the favourite, saw from the rear, having no intention himself to be elsewhere!—though the "outsider" from the "lot" was heavily backed by the "colonel" for the "party."

This Harry cared nothing for, and unscrupulously threw over the "whole family," tempted, it was believed, at starting by some paltry sum from one of the many atrocious "legs" and ruffians with whom he was ever in league. He would rather "nobble" for a "pony" than get a hundred by other means; he so enjoyed doing a bit on the quiet on his own account, and by putting the "double dodge" on the "swells," as he expressed himself. Yet was he truly a magnificent horseman, though he had only one eye. Harry lived at this time at Carlisle; and latterly, when become *too unparliamentary* for the English turf, at Nantes, in La Vendee, where he trained, rode, and "nobbled," *à la Française*, in a small way.

To return to Scott's lot of race-horses on the especial morning we are describing. A complete squadron of these docile, elegant creatures, of various ages, was on the ground. Some were walking in single-file; others were undergoing the operation of rubbing after a sweat; all of which the intelligent chief of the establishment—seated on his hack—was superintending with eye and voice, ordering his forces about the field in the "preparation" they were undergoing, and personally prescribing the needful, discriminating treatment applied to each animal entrusted to his charge.

The Wold was alive with man and horse; for, besides John Scott's splendid "lot," at least eighty strong, there were the teams of other smaller trainers on the ground, though it was sufficiently large to accommodate them and more, without the chance of clashing or unpleasant proximity.

Langton Wold is surely the abiding-place of health and longevity, and as a training-ground in all essentials, especially in moist

weather, is unequalled. It belongs to Colonel Norcliff, who makes a pretty addition to his income by letting these noble downs to the trainers, whose residences and stables lie on the outskirts of Malton. The view from the summit of the Wold embraces a magnificent rural and picturesque *coup d'œil*. Highly cultivated lands, fox coverts, wooded heights, fair meadows, mansions, and village spires, lie in sweet *mêlée* at your feet.

The house of Mr. John Scott, the trainer, is situated snugly under the brow of the downs, and is, nearly at all times, open to the sporting wayfarer, and the multifarious claims of hospitality. Anything more substantial, liberal, yet strictly in unpretending keeping with an establishment devoted to training, could not be well imagined than the then economy of "White-Wall Corner."

Stable-time, dinner-time, hours of exercise, and for a plentiful enjoyment of the good things of life, were regulated by clock-work; and it was quite immaterial—or rather, the same thing—to John Scott whether Lord Chesterfield drove up at "grub-time" in his britchska, or the "Old Vicar" (of Wakefield), the jock, shuffled up on his asthmatic pony. Both were equally welcome to a seat at his well-filled table, at which you neither saw high places, nor heard excuses. Though Scott was an *employé*, he was in his own castle, and manfully deported himself as its master; whilst, for the good-natured nobleman alluded to, it is only fair to say that if there *was* pride on either his or the "Vicar's" side, the "Parson-Jock" had it, and not the "Prince of Derbyshire!"

No man could dispense a gracious affability, or put his inferiors more completely at their ease in these chance *rencontres* over the stable-flags, or trainer's mahogany, than Lord Chesterfield; nor was any colour seen in the van, or fortunate number beheld signalled as winner, with more sincere satisfaction by the majority of spectators than were those of the jolly, handsome owner of "Don John," and Bretby Park.

Malton has long been famed as a breeding-place, as well as nursery for race-horses: Mr. Allen, of the "Lodge," a fine specimen of an ancient English country-mansion, *well tenanted*, having bred many noted winners, though the horses mostly got into other hands before they ran as three-year-olds. Amongst these may be mentioned "Turraw," "Fitzallen," "Belle Dame," "Rockingham," and others, who found their way into the stables of Mr. Watt, of Bishop Burton, also another very successful competitor about this time on the turf.

Mr. Watt had Barefoot, Memnon, Old Tramp, Whalebone, and many other first-rate animals.

Of late years he has been out of luck, the last horse I remember of his being a wretch called "Voltri," a black, tiring, four-legged impostor, that they managed nevertheless to make into a great favourite for the Derby at one time of the year, less than ten to one being greedily taken. Since this, I have scarcely seen Mr. Watt's name in print.

After leaving Langton Wold and the town of Malton to my right hand, I arrived, after an hour's smart riding, at our place of baiting, when, having seen my "noble friend" well groomed, clothed, and bandaged, given him myself his water and half-peck of oats, and handful of old beans,—the latter to act as his *petit verre*, or "*chasse*," to speak more in accordance with his sympathies,—we locked the

door of his loose box, put the key in our pocket to insure an hour or two's undisturbed repose, and straightway attacked our eggs and rasher like a very wolf.

Into what a snug, consoling little room was I inducted! yet how humble in its garniture and arrangements. It belonged so thoroughly to the country, was so clean and English in its features, that I experienced all the old appeal made by our household gods, after any considerable absence from their rites, and felt more home-won at the sight of the old highly burnished yew chair, and well-remembered adjuncts of a countrified hostel, recalling "old familiar faces," than I could have thought credible, after having been so long a stranger to them. Believe me, the insignificant items in daily use, and viewed as part and parcel of our home and home-thoughts since childhood, have not assumed the title of deities without possessing some of the god-like attributes by which our chastened temperaments and sympathies are involuntarily touched to a greater extent than we rough pioneers of life would willingly allow.

But it is by these small, yet gushing streams of fancy, that the wild-flowers of the heart are irrigated and kept in bloom; whilst, by their ever-trifling agency, the deep pool of affection which we bear towards our father-land,—in spite of absence and the most luxurious contrast,—and to the spot of our birth beyond all, is kept brimfull of life and freshness! This most pleasing sadness ever accompanies the twilight of the mind, when the gentle dew of retrospect falls soothingly on our senses, and infuses on well-regulated temperaments a tranquil enjoyment and repose, to which the most boisterous happiness of youth cannot be compared. It, moreover, in no respect prevented our discussing a hearty repast at the "White Hart," in the small town wherein we had stopped to bait; on the contrary, it rather increased the sober relish with which I viewed all and everything around me, doubly enforcing the entreaty of hope, that I might never again be compelled to cross the Channel whilst I retained the mortal coil, whose material was grown and spun upon lands so broad and fair.

"Hildebrand," bright as a star, and equally refreshed with his master, with his stirrups tucked up in due accordance with accomplished groom-craft, and playing with his snaffle, is walking before the windows, held by a true type of the curry-comb, evidently impatient to be off to the excellent quarters in store for him at Thorp Arch, once a sweet village, now overbuilt and deformed into a town.

Here we intend passing the night, and, as we would not willingly pirate from Paterson or other learned compiler of our public ways, we shall beg the reader to imagine us to have dined, slept, and breakfasted at our genuine host Farrar's, to have strolled through his well-known garden, and by the banks of the fair river, every shallow, pool, and overhanging bluff of whose beauteous course we equally know and love! and to suppose us again *en route* to the dwelling of our friend Dallas, stirred into a sling gallop by the anticipated pleasure in store for us.

A HOLIDAY AT BERLIN IN ANCIENT TIMES.

FROM about the end of the sixteenth century, or, perhaps, rather before, one of the most popular holidays of the most holiday-loving people of Berlin has been what is called the "Fishing of Stralow," which takes place on the 24th of August.

Now, concerning this village of Stralow, we can state that it is situated within a moderate drive of the Prussian capital, on the banks of the river bearing the rather jovial-sounding appellation of *the Spree*; and that, more than a thousand years ago, there abode in that same spot a certain Slavonic tribe of Wends (the Wends, not the fishes), who subsisted upon the dainty fishes to be found thereabouts, until they were driven away by the Margrave of Brandenburg, agreeably known as Albert the Bear.

More would we gladly tell concerning its history and antiquities, but for one reason—namely, that that is all we know.

Well, then, as we were saying, or about to say, on the morning of the 24th of August business goes on very briskly in the streets of Berlin, and the jobs that workmen have been loitering over for weeks past are now finished and brought home in a great hurry, in the hope of laying in a smaller or larger stock of that which makes the sinews of pleasure-taking no less than of war. The good folks of Berlin are famous, as our readers perhaps know, for catching at the smallest excuse for a holiday, and never suffering business to stand in the way of pleasure. They are exemplary Christians to the extent of "taking no thought for the morrow," when they have a chance of enjoying themselves for to-day. Look at that group—that's a shoemaker with three children, who hasn't paid his rent, and who has an excellent chance of having his furniture seized within a week. Well, what of that? as he says, "Can he help it, if to-morrow's the fishing of Stralow?" he cheers up his wife with the promise that *the day after* he and his apprentice will work away like good ones, "as if the whole world was barefoot, and he had to make its boots." "Do you, Latta, put into your market-basket some ham and sausages, and bread and butter, and a drop of something to drink—just what we can't do without—and the boy shall carry it; and then you can take little 'Gusta, and I'll carry Fritz, and Karl can run by the side of us."

But it is two o'clock in the afternoon, and the whole population of Berlin appears to be streaming out of the gate that leads in the direction of Stralow. As far as the eye can reach stretches an endless line of vehicles of all descriptions, and the road on either side is filled by a moving mass of pedestrians in their gayest attire. The doctor has left his patients, the lawyer his clients, the painter his canvas, all "the trades" of the city have united in one grand procession, and nobody is left at home who has either legs to carry him, or money to pay for being carried, to the point of attraction. There is the young carpenter, who has taken the modest little needlewoman under his arm, but who, truth to tell, is fully as much occupied with his new boots and his yellow waistcoat; there is the journeyman tailor, still more elegantly attired; there is the soldier, three years ago as awkward a lout as you might see on a summer's day, now a figure distracting to the peace of half the cooks in the neigh-

bourhood. He has one now under his protection, with a high cap with crimson ribbons, and a foot that I defy you to overlook, and which the warrior is much perplexed to keep step with; but on the arm of this fair creature hangs (can he have perceived it?) a basket, containing a large portion of the mortal remains of a fine calf and a stately ox, to say nothing of a well-filled bottle, of the contents of which it is not impossible he may have some suspicion.

Last night, when she was talking to him with the street door ajar, he tenderly reproached her with her coldness, and she replied, in language dark as that of the Delphic oracle, "To-morrow, thank goodness, is the fishing of Stralow!" But those words have shed a ray of hope into the fine and well-padded chest of the hero.

Close to Stralow, on a rich meadow between the Berlin road and the river, the innumerable equipages stand ranged side by side, for none are allowed to enter the village; and the coachmen, while enjoying on their lofty seats the *otium cum dignitate*, do not disdain to interchange sallies of playful wit with the lower orders, who are moving about among them, and offering various eatables and drinkables. It may be observed, however, that the private coachman, though he will say nothing to hurt the feelings of the driver of the hackney, by alluding to his inferior station in society, is still aware of what is due to himself, and to the order to which he belongs.

Another distinction of rank is perceptible, also, between the driver of the regular *fiacre* plying within the city, who is under strict superintendence, and is a member of a recognised profession, and the irregular practitioner, who takes his chance for his fares outside the gates. The former has a fixed salary, and has already calculated to a nicety the average amount of the *Trinkgeld*, the presents, over and above the fare, which he is likely to receive from passengers. The world has little more to interest him, and he exhibits symptoms of becoming *blasé* and misanthropical. The driver "without the pale," on the contrary, who has to scramble for a livelihood, and whose outward man has much more of the ragamuffin, sees life under a different aspect. It has in it enough of uncertainty to afford him the excitement of hope and fear; he is alert and merry, always ready for either a job or a joke, let him be ever so tired. But let us enter Stralow, and make our way through the noisy crowd to the green island on which stands the old romantic-looking church. To the right we see a line of taverns and tea-gardens, running down to the brim of the Spree, all full to overflowing. The kitchens lie next the road, and there boiling, and roasting, and frying, and other culinary operations are going on at a great rate, and the clatter and jingle of cups and glasses forms a pleasing *ad libitum* accompaniment to the horns, violins, harps, and trumpets that are working away for dear life in the gardens. The August sun shines down with dazzling brightness on the broad river, and, sheltered by the boughs in leafy arbours appear thousands upon thousands of happy-looking faces, whose owners, it might be supposed, had not a care in the world.

The river is covered with boats and gondolas, adorned with flags and streamers of all the colours of the rainbow, many of them employed in crossing and recrossing incessantly to convey passengers to and from Treptow on the opposite bank, which exhibits a picture so exactly resembling Stralow that it might be taken for its reflection in the water. In one large gondola, which has a flag bearing the black Prussian eagle,

and the rowers of which are clad in Turkish dresses, sit the princes and princesses of the royal family.

We have reached, at length, a field behind the church, which may be considered the central point of the *fête*, and its wide surface exhibits a multitudinous assemblage of pic-nic parties. Men and women, boys and girls, are sitting or lying about in groups on the grass, with white napkins spread upon the bright green carpet, and surrounded by bags and baskets of all sorts and sizes, from which they have drawn forth knives, and forks, and spoons, and plates, and cold roast meat, and sausages, and cheese, and such creature comforts, to say nothing of a sufficient, or more than sufficient, quantity of wine and liquors. Here and there huge fires are flaming beneath kettles and frying-pans, and women and girls, with their gowns tucked up, are on active service supplying the vast quantities of eatables in demand, notwithstanding the stores furnished by private foresight.

Pedestrians of all classes, high as well as low, are moving about amongst the throng, or stopping to watch the turns of fortune in the booths, where various games are going on; and, elbowing their way with little ceremony, come boys with boxes of cigars and a lighted match, bawling out, somewhat pleonastically, "Cigars, *mit * avec du feu!*" and dealers in pickled cucumbers are calling attention to the favourite dainty with the incessant cry of "Gentlemen, sour cucumbers! gentlemen, sour cucumbers!" which occasionally they vary into, "sour, gentlemen, cucumbers!" contending for a hearing with the dealers in cakes and fruit, and the hawkers of medals struck in commemoration of this year's *Fishing*. Here an honest burgher is running about with a cloak and umbrella, complaining that he has lost his wife, and another bids him take comfort, and only wishes he had any chance of losing his; and there is his wife, a pretty, smart young woman, who has happened to miss him by walking on before with his friend, the handsome serjeant, while he was paying for the boat from Treptow.

A little further on, we spy among the groups on the grass our former acquaintance, the shoemaker, with his wife and children, enjoying himself none the less because his wife's wedding-ring and his own (in Germany it is customary for both parties to wear rings) have this morning found their way to the pawnbroker's to furnish the means of this day's jollity. We own, however, we cannot look at this group with perfect satisfaction, although we are glad to see that the father is stuffing the children with sandwiches, and urging the mother to make herself comfortable.

"Look there!" says one of two elegant-looking men who are passing by; "the people are always complaining of poverty, and see how they're revelling here and throwing away their money, and yet, all the while, grudging their superiors the enjoyments of their station."

"You smooth-faced dandy!" says the shoemaker, who has overheard him, springing up in a towering passion, "why, you spend as much upon your dogs in one day as would keep me and my wife and children for a week! I have to work from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night, and I have to pay as much a pound for my meat as you do for yours; and yet you can't see me here, trying to forget my troubles, but you must come making your remarks upon me."

We fear there are faults on both sides here. We could wish our shoemaker, for his own sake, more prudence and forethought, and to the

* "*Mit*" is the German word for "with."

gentleman who censures him somewhat more consideration for those whose pleasures are, after all, so much fewer than his own.

"Now comes still evening on," but she has by no means clad all things in her sober livery; indeed, sobriety of any sort is not so universal as we could wish. Although the sun has set, most of the higher classes of the company have not yet left the dinner-tables in the various *Guest-Houses*; but the people are crowding through the gardens into the little wood beyond, where lights are soon beginning to sparkle in all directions, and dancing and flirtation is going on very briskly. Colour after colour fades from the sky—the wide fields around send up their evening incense—the water assumes a darker, colder tint—the woods on the other side of Stralow loom forth huge and black—and Berlin in the distance looks like a gloomy prison; while the tall old church-tower, rising above the leafy crowns of the highest trees, looks down upon the scene with its pale face, like the spirit of ages past.

Lights are now glittering over the broad surface of the Spree, and song and music resound from far and near. Many of the revellers have obviously made up their minds that they "wont go home till morning," which we are sorry for, for we think they would retain pleasanter remembrances of the Stralow fishing if they would join us and the greater part of the company, who are now getting into various equipages and preparing to return quietly home. We must, nevertheless, confess that this our quiet proceeding does begin with a most distracting hubbub. Masters are calling to their servants, hackney-coachmen to their fares; the drivers of public conveyances are imploring pedestrians not to get under but rather into their vehicles. Husbands are searching for their wives; wives screaming for their children; young men for their companions; damsels for their sweethearts; while the police and the *gens d'armes* are bending all the energies of their souls to prevent the carriages from quitting the line. It is quite dark, and there is of course great confusion. "Where are you?" "Here!" "Where?" "Oh! goodness gracious me, I've broke my toe over the stump of a tree."

"It's no use saying anything about it; the stump don't care.—Don't run against me, you stupid ass—you're tipsy."

"How so?—tipsy!" is the answer in a somewhat thick utterance. "Why, you know—you know nothing about natural history, you don't; you've had no university—you haven't. How can you suppose that an ass is tipsy? No ass gets tipsy; man gets tipsy—the ass keeps sober. Every ass is sober, and every one that's sober's an ass." Whether any one is inclined to dispute the truth of this proposition, we know not, for the voice is immediately drowned in the simultaneous shouting of many different songs; *Freut euch des Lebens*, (Life let us cherish.) "Upon a mossy bank;" "Wreath the brimming bowl;" "The Pope he leads a jolly life," and other popular favourites.

As we move on, and ultimately enter the gates of Berlin, we see houses of public entertainment brilliantly lighted up; pair after pair of waltzers whirl rapidly past the windows, and then, like the Gods of Olympus, are hidden by clouds from mortal sight (videlicet,—clouds of tobacco smoke), billiard balls roll along green tables, and white foaming ale glides down ever-thirsty throats; but long before the Fishing of Stralow is concluded—which is not till the sun of a new day has brightened the eastern clouds, philosophical observers like yourself, dear reader, have betaken themselves home to bed.

THE RAMBLES OF DEATH.

From the German.

HARK, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell * calls !
 It rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 The summons hath come to the mighty and great—
 'Tis a ruler—a sovereign—who yields to his fate ;
 He descends from his throne, though reluctant he be—
 And bows to a mightier monarch—in me !

Hark, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell calls !
 It rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 Hence, hence to the tomb, a young maiden must hie,
 With her long flowing locks, rosy cheek, and bright eye.
 All gaily she blossoms, in love and in light—
 But the fairest of flow'rs I'm the swiftest to blight.
 Yet I blight to revive !—“ Thy fair hand, lovely maid !
 Lo, I guide to a land where the flow'rs never fade !”

Hark, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell calls !
 It rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 A merchant it summons—keen bargains who n : c e,
 And heaped up vast riches by barter and trade.
 To Mammon devoted, he bought and he sold,
 And loved the bright shine of the silver and gold,
 But his term-time is fixed—'tis his reckoning day—
 With his life he must now that last reckoning pay.

Hark, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell calls !
 It rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 Upon the dark journey a mother must hie,
 While weeping and wailing her children stand by.
 But their tears and their sighs cannot purchase delay—
 The doom is gone forth—“ Come away—come away !
 The Father, who dwells where the stars had their birth,
 Forgets not the orphans you leave on the earth !”

Hark, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell calls !
 It rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 Hence, hence, from his studies, it summons a sage,
 The boast of his country, the light of his age.
 But on one hidden myst'ry the wisest are dark ;
 Nor learning, nor science, can strike out a spark.
 “ Close, close then, thy folios !—thy studies are o'er—
 In vain would the deepest my secrets explore.
 Lo ! a mightier volume unveiled to thine eyes—
 It hangs o'er the stars in the depths of the skies !”

Hark, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell calls !
 It rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 A skilful artificer yields to his fate,
 Who laboured unceasingly, early and late.
 As pupil, and partner, and master, at length,
 He gave to his calling his skill and his strength ;
 But his sinews relax—all his busy thoughts stilled—
 His calling has ceased—his career is fulfilled.

* In the original, “ the little bell ” (Glocklein) which is rung before the priests when they go to administer extreme unction to the dying, a sound constantly recurring in Roman Catholic cities.

Hark, hark !—'Tis no bell—it is *thunder* that calls !
That rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 'Tis the *thunder of war* !—'tis a hero must die—
 All calm is his mien, and undaunted his eye.
 The blood gushing swiftly that dyes his bold breast,
 With his face to the foe he sinks down to his rest.
 On a prayer for his country he spends his last breath,
 And yields to the conqueror's conqueror—Death !
 " Now welcome !—thy hand !—What ! thou flinchest not *now* ?
 Quick, quick—let the laurel be twined round thy brow ! "

Hark, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell calls !
 It rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 'Tis a pale sickly child that endures the last strife—
 " Ah, little hast *thou* been indebted to Life !
 Nought, nought of this earth hast thou known but its pains—
 But a better for thee, in her lap yet remains.
 Haste, haste to thy *mother* !—thou smilest, poor child—
 Thou shalt rise thence an angel, thou sufferer mild ! "

Hark, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell calls !
 It rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 It calls to new glories—ah ! not undesired—
 A rapturous minstrel—a poet inspired !
 Who, in soul-thrilling tones, sang of virtue and truth,
 For the Muses had marked him from earliest youth.
 He seemed as descended from some higher sphere—
 Though hunger and poverty waited him here.
 " Come away—come away !—Lo, the change is not great—
 To the heaven whence you sprang, I again but translate ! "

Hark, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell calls !
 It rests not—still peopling my desolate halls.
 'Tis a beggar, whom Death does not blush to relieve—
He cannot be scorned whom his God will receive.
 " Not in vain to bear up against fate you have striven,
 Your master hath spread you a table in heaven ;
 Take heart, hapless victim, of undeserv'd woe—
 'Tis not to a grave—to a palace you go ! "

Hark, hark !—Lo, again, 'tis the passing-bell calls !
 It leaves me no rest in my desolate halls.
 Hence, hence to his doom a poor sinner must haste,
 Who the red cup of wrath for his dark deeds must taste ;
 Who reaps of his sowing the fatal reward—
 Whom the hangman awaiteth, while dangles the cord !
 Yet he seems his deep burden of guilt to lament.
 " Repent, thou poor perishing sinner—repent !
 And grace may bestow on thee yet a new birth—
 And thy sins lie atoned in the bosom of earth ! "

And ever, and ever, the passing-bell calls !
 It leaves me no rest in my desolate halls.
 I must run without ceasing the wide earth around,
 And brandish my keen scythe where'er Life is found.

When the summons thou hearest, then think thou of me—
 And watch for the hour when it cometh to thee !

LIFE: — A GOSSIP.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LIFE is a farce made up of a great number of ridiculous acts. So say the old and the cynical when their performance approaches the epilogue, and the curtain is rung down by the prompter Time.

Life is only a dream, in which it is very necessary to keep one's eyes open.

Life is a continual struggle, after that which we cannot take with us, riches; which seem given to us, as the nurse gives the child a pretty ornament or shell, from the mantle-piece, to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, when it drops from its helpless hands and is replaced, to please other babies in their turn.

Life is a thing which most people seem in a deuce of a hurry to get rid of, if we may judge by the number of fast people now-a-days, who use themselves up, with the greatest apparent self-satisfaction.

Life is a permission from death to be half-awake, sleep being the homage and acknowledgment to him, that you are his bounden slave, and awaits his summons.

Life is a pleasant piece of self-deceit, where we always lay our faults upon the shoulders of others, and positively consider ourselves the injured parties. If this fact could be more generally acknowledged, how little cause we should have for courts of law, where the weak-minded congregate to pay dearly, for the judgment of others, because they have none of their own.

Life for one, is a subscription from many, for, from the smallest to the largest created, the death of others is necessary to their lives.

Life is a voyage, upon which we too often foolishly allow others to guide the helm, and are shipwrecked accordingly.

The sum of life is one of most difficult arithmetic, in which we all figure away—full of false calculations and mistakes, which we only find out when we go to strike the balance, and blush to own ourselves obliged to put down, "errors excepted."

Life is one long bill, which we accept, and are continually paying off, with a doctor as the drawer and last endorser.

Life is a long lesson, which dame Nature sets us, and which we are never able to learn, although we are continually chastised for not knowing it when we are called upon.

Life is only a beginning, therefore, never can be perfect. It is abused by most people, who believe, in their folly, that their wisdom is shewn by their contempt for that, which is themselves.

Life, after all, what is it? we do not know, with most it appears a motley coat, in which they play the fool for a given time, and get applauded by those whom they pay.

I dare say all this is said, has been said, and will be said, about Life—notwithstanding which, I think life a most charming thing. Flowers grow on every side, if we will condescend to pluck them and enjoy their fragrance. The man is worse than foolish who gathers nothing but weeds, and exclaims, "See what the world produces!"

This world is a good world, and I will maintain it! and I hope, in return, it will maintain me—for one good turn deserves another; and,

if we believe in astronomy, it does give us all a good turn every twenty-four hours.

The lingering deeply philosophical thoughts arose in my mind after a visit from a rich old bachelor, who was profoundly sentimental upon the folly of others enjoying those things which his age forbade him to indulge in. He lagged himself in the firm conviction that he was a minute of wisdom in the discovery that there was nothing in anything.

He had grumbled me into an alarmingly ascetic mood, when a sharp "rat-rat" drew me back again from the very depths of despair, into which his horrid creaking had cast me.

A light step ascended the stairs, and a merry face peeped into the room, which positively enlightened it. The dark fiend vanished upon the chimney, as I grasped the hand of my welcome friend Tom Thornton. His rosy face glowed again with delight, as he continued to hold my hand in his, and shake my arm nearly out by the shoulder, with the force of a young giant.

If there are not pleasures in life I'll eat my hat.

Tom was a married man,—don't sneer, ye bachelors, or doubt, ye benevolents,—he was the happiest man on the face of the earth, he had a collection of rosy-cheeked, stalwart children. How many I forget, and so did he, for they sprung up around him so imperceptibly, that he frequently mixed up the new baby with the last one, and always felt puzzled when asked how many he had.

He had had a great many birth-days on his own account, since our first acquaintance; but, strange to say, he was not one year older. He had, in some strange way, got possession of the ancient mystery of the Elixir of Life, for his cheek kept as ruddy, and his eyes as bright as they were on the first day of our meeting. I have no idea of his age, and I am positive that he has not.

This care-killer, I say, rushed into my room, with his face rosy from a forty-mile ride; so complete a picture of a true philosopher, that he kicked into oblivion with the greatest ease, the load of misery left me by my cynical friend, and I found myself laughing, very like a man who had found some enjoyment of life.

He came with a ruthless determination of taking me back to his farm, to spend the Christmas with his considerable family circle. I felt that there was no escape, no excuse, for he was very capable of packing my things himself, and upon the least show of disinclination on my part, to have crammed me into the midst, in the place of a hair-brush, and carried the lot off in triumph!

I consented, nothing loth, and we spent that evening together. The healthy tone of happy joyousness rang in my old friend's voice, as he painted, unconsciously, pictures of poetic brightness; for his were the simple thankful feelings of simplicity and gratitude, for the many gifts he was blest with.

Tom was certainly a man who had lost his shadow, but he, unlike the German, had sold his for the benefit of his friends.

The next morning peeped out in all the magic of the first fall of snow. Sly old Winter had arrived, noiselessly, during the night, and wedded the earth with his usual license, so that on our rising we beheld the sun, red in the face, withdrawing the misty veil, and shewing the bride in her robes of dazzling white.

In fact, it had been snowing pretty considerably. I was glad to see

it! From my earliest childhood I loved the snow. In my schooldays it spoke of home and Christmas boxes. In my youth it whispered of mistletoe and romps. In my age it speaks most cheerfully of the constantly enlarging circle that is busy in joining hands, to be as one, at the Christmas gathering—where the new-born infant sleeps, for the first time, in the lap of its aged granddame—when you see the mysterious boundless love of the first and third generation. The end and the beginning—children both!

We started like a couple of very boys, feeling inclined to nod at everybody, and joined most heartily in the cheers of a chaise full of young urchins going home for the holidays, and even smiled at some lively rogues who saluted us with snowballs, although we felt them slowly dissolving into our ears and neck. It was the privilege of the season,—everybody knows you carry your very best temper about with you at such seasons of universal jollity and good fellowship.

Tom knew everybody down the road; it appeared so many miles of good feeling and friendship. One old woman brought him out a comforter, knitted by herself, and at the same time returned an empty hamper, which no doubt had been left by my good friend full, in the journey up. At a gate, we found a boy waiting for us with some splendid birds from the great house, and the squire's kind regards, and numerous other little acts of kindness and consideration met us at every turn, bespeaking the estimation he was held in by the poor and the rich. Let us do, then, as Tom Thornton did, and we shall be rewarded by the aged and the poor, bringing us their *great* offerings, and the rich sending us their *little* gifts. When apparently receiving from others, we but give to ourselves, it is our good feeling returned to us.

When within a mile or so of his house Tom pulled up his willing horse—who seemed to know his master's humour well—at a roadside little public-house. Out tumbled a seedling ostler, with a grin from ear to ear at the sight of my friend. The little bay-window of the bar showed a row of smiling faces amidst the decorating Christmas, as if we were some exquisite piece of itinerant drollery, instead of two stout, middle-aged gentlemen, in want of a glass of warm something, with sugar. I observed Tom was always afflicted with a sudden drought whenever he approached this little picturesque caravanserai, although ten minutes would take him to his own door, and his own unrivalled cellar. Tom's father's old butler was the landlord—that was the secret; and the fine old man was always glad to see "the gay young rascal," as he still considered my friend; who, in a most incredibly short space of time had emptied his capacious pockets of ribands for the landlord's blushing daughters, and in no time added to that, had levied more kisses from them than ought to fall to the share of one man. 'Twas very silly not to think of a few gay ribands myself. But Tom always had got the better of me, even from the very earliest days of marbles and hard-bake.

Next came the welcome home. Old boxes, belonging to old friends, stood in the hall, of a size that promised a long stay from their owners. The shake of the hand he gave the aforesaid jolly owners spoke in a language not to be misunderstood, that he would willingly have had them double the size. The younger children nearly smothered me with their embraces; for I assure you I was then stock-master of the revels, and did such astonishing things when I did come out, that they were sometimes in doubt as to the strict propriety of my character.

For, if I were not the old gentleman himself, they gave me credit for being, at the very least, his reformed and reclaimed first cousin. Such a child do children make me, and I am very much obliged to them for it; for I never feel so wise as when I am committing some folly for their amusement. Wisdom and experience are fine things to possess; but the price is frightful for such possession. Want of wisdom is the folly of believing all the people in the world are as good and true as your unscathed heart wishes them. Experience is the master of the ceremonies to wisdom, and beware of him; for, although he opens your eyes, he closes your heart, and if he fills your head, he leaves your heart empty. There was once a philosopher, who was so clever and searching that he became disgusted with himself, and forthwith threw himself into the sea. Many, in searching to unriddle the meaning and end of life, find out too late that they have neglected the uses of it.

I would have given a round sum for my cynic to have been placed within the charmed circle that smiled around my joyous friend on Christmas-eve, and seen the happy faces that grew ruddy under the bright gleams bursting from the ponderous log upon the capacious hearth, that seemed to expand, like my friend's generous heart, to bestow its warmth upon everybody. Old and feeble voices essayed the songs of their youth, and touched the heart with more force, from their very feebleness. Timid infant voices carolled, with silver sweetness, the little ballads taught by their young mothers, whose occasional prompting voices mingled not less sweetly with their faltering notes. And bold manly voices trolled forth the praises of beautiful Nature, for the gifts with which she rewarded their perseverance and industry.

Talk of the magic circles drawn by the magi of old to protect them against evil! What were they to a circle like this, which protects you not only against evil, but against yourself, should you be inclined to doubt that this is a beautiful world, and that life is a blessing.

But, hold. I am gossiping on, and stopping my friend Tom from speaking. On Christmas-eve he always had his story. He did not sit up all night, like the lady in the Arabian Nights; but I firmly believe he knew as many stories. After clearing his voice, Tom began

The Man who was suspicious.

"You all know the sheep-sheds in our lower croft, by Windy Gap," said he. "Before I built those sheds, when it first came into my possession, I had often endeavoured to reclaim it; but after many vain attempts I gave the obstinate bit up in despair, and put it to its present use. It is a desolate-looking nook, and in its appearance carries out to a miracle the scenes of unhappiness enacted upon its site.

"William Mawby was born there, of parents well to do in the world, with everything about their farm in a thriving state. As a mere child, he was of a peevish, solitary nature. This I have heard from good authority; for I only became acquainted with him as I entered my first school, and he was just on the point of leaving it.

"Consequently, when I returned home for good to my parents' roof he was a grown man, and I a mere stripling. As so short a distance divided his father's farm from our's, I soon fell over him, and renewed our acquaintance. His occupation was a foreshadowing of his miserable character; he was diligently inspecting a hedge that divided a close

from the main road. He thought that he had discovered evident traces of some one having passed into the field through the said hedge.

"I laughed at his wise and serious face, drawn into a look of profound wisdom for so trifling an occasion.

"My young friend," said he, "men are ruined by trifles; it is not the broken hedge I value; but I suspect the trespasser passed through that gap upon some unlawful purpose: but I'll be even with them now my suspicions are aroused.

"With that he tapped the side of his nose, and went on his way most suspiciously uncomfortable.

"The next day, to the amusement of the village, a large board appeared staring over the hedge, with the announcement of all sorts of penalties and spring-guns to the unwary trespassers. His old father was a merry-hearted, plain old man, who never put himself under the infliction of doubts; for he believed that men were all pretty considerably honest, as the world went, and he had not the slightest idea that he was better than anybody else: consequently, he smoked his pipe in calm contentment, and let the world wag.

"His suspicious son soon disturbed his blissful equanimity; for, much to his annoyance, he found padlocks placed upon things that had hitherto been open to all. His neighbour had to wait for his glass of ale while he found his son, and his son found the key; for he, the contriver, was not always sure where he had hidden it.

"Poor William's principal torment was his suspicion of his own father. His lynx eyes soon fathomed the soft, easy temper of his parent, and saw a thousand ways wherein his disposition might be turned to account by the cunning dealers on market-days, when the ale was uppermost at their simple friendly dinners, in which the old man delighted, and which it would have been difficult to wean him from; as, although yielding and good-natured, he was too tough and independent to be dictated to by anybody. Another painful thorn in his side was an aged aunt, to whom the old man took a well-stored weekly basket. She lived on a small stipend in the market-town. She had two daughters. The old man often took his sobering cup of tea with them on his return. He might leave them something comfortable. The thought was tormenting.

"His suspicion carried him every market-day to dodge his father, with the show of the most sincere affection; which the unsuspecting old man, with his heart glad, reported to his plain, simple dame, who rejoiced with him over their imagined treasure.

"He was at this time about eight-and-twenty, and, dodge as he would, he could not escape a pair of bright eyes and rosy cheeks that caught him in the before-mentioned market-town on one of his suspicious visits.

"He soon scraped an acquaintance, after having by great assiduity found out that her father was a retired miller, of good fortune, and that she was an only child. He thought this a safe investment. His position and appearance soon gained him permission to continue his visits; which were, in fact, continual, for he was always under the apprehension that when the cat is away the mice will play, and that some other might snap up his valuable mouse. He did not feel quite assured as to the old man's positive possessions, so made it his business in a thousand tortuous ways to make inquiries.

"This could not go on so quietly but it at last reached the old miller's ears, who good-naturedly put it down to the young man's pru-

dent foresight; but, on inquiry, he discovered that it proceeded from a doubt of his respectability and veracity. This miller was a shrewd old man, and determined, before it was too late, to find out whether the young suitor might not be wanting in some of the qualities he thought necessary for his girl's happiness.

"The old banker was a chum of the miller's; through whose instrumentality he had invested large sums in excellent mortgages. He allowed himself to be pumped by Mawby, with the connivance of the miller; and, consequently, by winking replies to his eager inquiries, made out the miller to be little less than insolvent.

"William's affection sank down to zero, although it had for months been burning, according to his own account, like two or three Etnas combined. His suspicions, then, were true. What an escape! thought he. So it was for the fortunate girl. He proceeded to his intended-one's house. It being dark, he crept over the garden-palings, and sneaked up towards the shutter. Here he vainly attempted to peep through the crevices. Here, whilst endeavouring to make out a murmured conversation, in which he thought he heard his own name mentioned, he was pinned by the miller's dog; who, poor brute! was cursed with the youth's fault of suspicion, and suspecting that he was a thief, had seized him accordingly. Here was rather an awkward *dénouement*, and he had no right there; the path to the door lay another way. In his anxiety he had trampled down the flower-bed. He stammered out some excuse upon his release, and departed home crest-fallen, hoping that they did not suspect his suspicions.

"The next morning he received a polite note from the miller, begging him 'not to repeat his visits, as the dog appeared to have taken a sudden dislike to him, in which he was joined by himself and his daughter. At the same time to ease his mind as to the state of their affairs, he begged to say that any respectable young man, who pleased his daughter's taste, might have ten thousand down on the wedding-day, and as much more at his death.'

"For once William suspected right, viz. that he had made a sad fool of himself.

"Not many months after this, he lost his simple-minded mother. Her death gave him plenty of exercise for his miserable fault. For he was continually laying traps for the servants, as if they had been so many mice, to catch them out in their little peculations, until his espionage made all around him so uncomfortable that many of the old domestics left the farm in disgust.

Whenever he met me he was full of some deeply laid plan to find out some miserable suspected one, and often in the midst of his self-sufficient tale, he would start off on a sudden without any apology, because a suspicion had flashed across his mind that he had not locked some corn-bin or preserve-cupboard before he left home.

"His whole occupation seemed to be to find out things that would make him uncomfortable. The food preserved for his own table he constantly dotted or nicked that he might see, upon their being brought to table again, whether anyone had ventured to purloin the smallest particle.

"He had a habit of laying straws in key-holes that would be displaced upon the slightest attempt to insert a key, and discover the intended thief. I have known him walk to a considerable distance, and then return and push the door, to assure himself that the lock had shot.

"He once got caught in his own trap. One night late he had an en-

gagement to go to some neighbouring dance, so he sent all the servants to bed and locked the back and front door, and to make all secure, hid the ponderous key. On his return he could not for the life of him think of the hiding-place; he therefore had some hours to walk up and down in the night air before day-dawn, when the imprisoned servants discovered him feeling about in hencoops and under thatches for the missing key. At last his hiding-place struck his memory, and he had the mortification of withdrawing it before the tittering servants, who thus discovered his suspicions, and the retribution on himself in his long night-watch.

“His father, who had now grown too aged to attend to the farm, left it entirely under his control. Here his suspicions had nearly finished him off; for he suspected, during his harvest, that his shocks were pulled and robbed in the night. He therefore hired a clown to sit up as a watchman, armed with an old double-barrelled gun loaded with slugs. The first night his suspicions would not let him sleep. This watchman might be bribed to connivance, and he got laughed at. He was soon dressed, and creeping along the hedge, where his suspicions were verified by hearing low murmuring voices. He crawled close in their vicinity, and there discovered that it was the poor fellow's wife who had brought him something comfortable for his supper. He crept back cautiously, but, stumbling over the root of a tree, roused the attention of the watchman, who challenged him immediately. He lay still for a moment, hoping he should escape observation in the darkness of the night, but upon his first attempt to raise himself, he received about a dozen slugs in his arm and back, for his watchman was a better shot than he suspected. The picking out of these by the village surgeon, was a positive satisfaction to the many to whom his character had become pretty well known.

“Thus he went on, until his father's death left him entirely alone, for his suspicious mind never allowed him to form a friendship, which can only be true and valuable where there is a mutual confidence and an openness of character. He, by his suspicious nature, had locked himself within himself, which is the most fearful of imprisonments.

“His father's wealth enabled him to please his fancy; so, to set his mind at ease, he sold the farm that he might, as he thought, be freed from a host of pilferers. He built himself a house, in the croft I mentioned at the beginning of the tale, the very prototype of himself. It had a most suspicious look, it had but one door, but windows were placed so that he could see all that was going on, on every side.

“He had only one domestic, an old cripple without relation, who was too lame to go out, and of course had no visitors. It was well known in the neighbourhood that he had withdrawn large sums from the different country bankers, where it had been invested by his father, and it was strongly believed that he kept it in the house, as he suspected that these speculative gentlemen might one fine morning turn out to be insolvent. His walks were confined to within sight of his solitary mansion, the precincts of which he was never known to leave as age crept on him, but wandered about like an unquiet spirit around his self-imposed tomb.

“In course of time his old domestic was conveyed to the village churchyard, much less solitary than the abode which she had left.

“For a moment the old man stood and gazed after the bearers, his white hair blown about by the cold wintry wind, and his shrivelled

hand shading his eyes. He turned slowly from the sight and closed the door.

"Many were the kind offers from the simple people of the village. But all offers of service he resolutely declined, as he suspected that his age and wealth were calculated upon to a nicety, and a thumping legacy looked forward to, as the reward of some trifling attention. Distant relations began to hover round him and make tender inquiries. These he always met on the door-step, which was his only audience-chamber for such callers.

"That solitary old man sat, as long as the daylight lasted, at a window overlooking the high road; here he passed his life in reading and watching; the same window shewed a light burning during the hours of darkness, for he always appeared on his guard, as upon any person approaching nearer than usual to the premises, his ears were saluted by the deep growl of his dog, which never left the house any more than his master.

"About two years after the decease of his housekeeper, the nightly light was missed from the window, for it had become quite a guide to many coming to the village. This of course caused some of the more curious to approach the house in the daylight, and reconnoitre. But there sat the solitary, apparently deeply occupied with his book, and also the dog peering through the glass; this satisfied them, and they departed.

"A week had elapsed, and the village was alarmed by the appearance of Mawby's dog careering in a wild manner through the village. Upon being noticed, he sped back to the croft; many followed him, and upon approaching the house and looking up at the window, they perceived the old man still sitting unmoved, although the glass and frame had been smashed by the dog's exit. After repeated calls, which met with no attention, they forced their way into the house.

"Everything in the chamber was neat and comfortable. There sat the poor old man in his large armchair, dead and alone. Of what value were those riches now which had closed his heart against all the pleasures of this beautiful world, against the possession of wife, children, kindred, friends. There was no will, for he suspected the moment he made it in anyone's favour, that would be his last moment of security. It therefore spread itself for more evil, and was split up into forty law-suits, for the benefit of everyone but the rightful heirs.

"This," said Tom Thornton, "is a leaf out of the large volume supplied by that circulating library, the world, out of which we can all read, if we are not fools, and it teaches us to value such a circle as now sits about us, and to bless the happy Christmas, which links us all together after our scatterings through the rest of the year, to gather in riches bestowed upon us by the bountiful earth.

"Suspect none but yourself, for if you have firmness enough to be true to yourself, you will, nine times out of ten, find that you have rightly suspected."

As honest Tom was proceeding, a large bowl was placed upon the table, of such a charming and engrossing odour, that it cut him short, in that which I dare say would have been most erudite; and an apple-faced old gentleman roared out with a remnant of a bass voice, "Drown it in the bowl!" which we accordingly did.

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

XVII.—THE RANCE.

THE little passage from St. Malo to Dinan up the river Rance, a distance of about fifteen miles, is performed by a light steam-boat, which, owing to the navigation, is compelled to proceed at a leisurely rate through some of the most picturesque scenery of France. The vessel is always obliged to wait for the tide, and can seldom accomplish the trip up and down in one day more than three times a week. Such is the shallowness of the bed of the river, that the stream is artificially sustained near Dinan by the help of a lock.

The banks of the Rance may be compared to a variety of pretty pastoral spots, mixed up with wild rocks, picked out of Switzerland and looked at through the wrong end of an opera-glass. You can here fancy everything, to the very breath of the steeps, to have come freshly from Interlaken and twenty other such places in the recesses of the mountains, taken in the height of their summer beauty, and dropped like showers of roses over the margins of this stream. The variety is endless: all upon a small scale, but, by force of contrast, occasionally assuming a character of sublimity. Sometimes the river runs into little bays and creeks, and sometimes it closes up and forms inland lakes, sheltered on all sides by hills covered with verdure to the summit; in some places a château crowns a well-wooded height, or gleams out through the green depths of a valley; then a village grows up before you, its white *façades* creeping along the side of a cliff, or disappearing in a ravine as the steamer sails past. As you approach the port of Dinan (for so the French call the little quay that juts out here) you see the spires of several churches glistening above dense masses of foliage on the tops of the pretty miniature mountains, and now and then you get a glimpse of the old grey walls of the fortifications, with the dark outline of a mighty town standing on the heights with an air of tyrannic strength. A clatter of little boys and passengers from the town come down to convey back sundry purchases conveyed by the steam-boat,—an odd caricature or two of a sailor hanging, like a lizard, to the wall,—some half-dozen idlers, such as are to be found at every place in the known world where a boat touches,—and, perhaps, three or four English visitors sauntering about, and glad of an incident to break the sleepy routine of the day,—are, upon the average, the first signs of life you may expect to encounter upon landing at the port of Dinan.

The town itself stands on the top of the hill, to which you must make your way up a narrow, precipitous street, practicable only for goats, very properly called "*le plus vilaine rue de Dinan.*" This street is nearly perpendicular; it scales the face of the hill, and conducts you into the town through a picturesque old gate sunk in the centre of a stupendous tower. Your passage to this point will

cost you some wind and some wonder, between the steepness of the ascent, the stalwart character of the architecture, and the jargon of the peasantry of this quarter, who, although Dinan does not belong to Lower Brittany, being included in that portion of the province which is called Middle-Brittany, bear a close resemblance in manners and appearance to the Bas Bretons.

The choice of accommodation in Dinan lies between the *Hôtel de Commerce*, private lodgings, or an English boarding-house outside the gates on the crest of the hill. The hotel is small, smoky, and resident of odours, which cannot be honestly recommended in the hot weather; there are two other hotels, the *Poste* and the *Bretagne*, but they are worse, and quite out of the question for people travelling for pleasure, who may be supposed to have been somewhat delicately nurtured. Private lodgings, like clandestine wedlock, are entirely a matter of taste, the comfort or discomfort of which will be found to depend greatly on the "circumstances of the case." Weighing these points maturely, I resolved to establish myself at the boarding-house, and in the sequel had no reason to regret my determination.

The house was kept by an Englishwoman, Madame Barrs, and occupied an airy situation, commanding a fine open view of the country from the back windows. The arrangements of the establishment were for the most part in the English style, the apartments were well-furnished, and kept in excellent condition, and there was nothing wanted to satisfy one's British scruples except tea and tranquillity. These, it must be confessed, were serious defects; but it was not in the power of good Madame Barrs to remedy them. Tea proper never enters into the social scheme of French life; and, although it was always provided here with unflinching regularity morning and evening, it had a flavour of unknown herbs which led to much discussion and desertion in favour of coffee. But there was no escape from the uproar of the establishment. It began at five o'clock in the morning, when the French servants usually commenced operations about the house, scrubbing, washing, moving the furniture, and screaming from the top of the stairs to the bottom, like an aviary of parrots. In the midst of these discordant noises a school-girl would burst into the drawing-room, and fall to thumping upon the piano with frightful energy and freshness of hand. Then a troop of children, just up out of bed, would hunt each other in and out of the rooms overhead, and out on the balconies, and down the stairs and up again, and so over the whole house, flying at last out of doors to finish the chase in the fields. Now you hope for a little repose, and are beginning to enjoy it too, when suddenly a low growling sound, something like the rumbling of distant thunder, creeps up the walls, and slowly fills the room. You have not the slightest conception from whence or how this sound proceeds, and your surprise is increased rather than diminished when you are told that it is caused by the process of grinding coffee for breakfast. Madame Barrs would do well to get rid of these terrible noises, and to exclude children. Boarding-houses are not fit places for children. They are in everybody's way, and everybody is in their way. If they scamper about, as children with bright brains and healthy spirits ought to do, they are certain to provoke ill-natured complaints, and to bring their friends into contests and scrapes; and, if they are pent up in rooms

to spare the nerves of their elders, it will be at the cost of tears and ill-humours, which their elders have no right to inflict. Then, the companionships of boarding-houses are not always the most advisable for children. It reveals to them views of human nature which cannot improve their hearts or their understandings; gives them a premature taste for personal gossip and small talk; lifts them too soon out of their hoops, and tops, and dolls, to sit up at table and take an interest in scandal; and sets them the example of turning the seamy side of society out, a pleasant exercise of spite and malice, which their young, quick faculties are ready enough to seize and imitate. The company at Madame Barrs' was as unfit for children as children were unfit for them. But good, hospitable Madame Barrs, who thought of nothing all day long but going to market, and providing for the creature comforts and housing of her guests, never troubled herself with matters of this kind. If a remonstrance were made against the noises, she would promise to do her best, which she would do, and which amounted to — nothing. She could not herself comprehend how the noises or the children could be objectionable, for her benevolence was so universal that she would have reconciled, if she could, the most obstinate antipathies; and, in strict justice to her it must be said that, however impossible or contradictory might be the petitions of her guests, she always returned the most satisfactory answers to them. And this satisfaction, which the real goodness of Madame Barrs inspired, made people waive all further objections, and put up with petty vexations for the sake of Madame Barrs herself. Fortunately there was little to put up with, for the house was liberally supplied, and the charges were remarkably moderate, two recommendations which, combined with air and cleanliness, ought to content even the most splenetic Englishman.

XVIII.—BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

Of all towns in Brittany Dinan gives you the most complete realization of the mediæval character. The forms, colour, physiognomy of the Middle Ages are here to be seen in perfect preservation. Every thing in and about Dinan is of that half-way antiquity, especially the architecture; the streets and little squares are nearly all shut up in Gothic houses of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. There is nothing apparently changed since the days of the Thirty, except the costume of the people, and you might readily imagine yourself living in the feudal times if it were not for a round hat, which you occasionally see moving up and down the passages and dark arcades. Ah, that round hat! type of the unpicturesque dreariness of the modern world; how astonishingly it dispels all such illusions!

It is impossible to walk through Dinan without tumbling at every step over fragments of history: the towers, walls, promenades, are all historical. Du Guesclin is the hero of Dinan, and is presented to you at every corner; there is a statue of him in the Grand Place, a picture of him in the *Mairie*, his heart is preserved in the church of St. Sauveur. If you are very curious about him, you can get a peep at some of his relics, and there is scarcely a shop in the town where they do not retail his life and adventures in a hundred old story-books, ballads, and chronicles. Let nobody grudge him the distinctions, he is better entitled to it than ninety-nine in a hundred of your

French celebrities. He won it by absolute fighting, by a great capacity for giving and receiving hard knocks; and I know of nothing upon which posterity places so high a value. Moreover, he defended the town against the English, fought a duel with Thomas of Canterbury for kidnapping his brother, and afterwards gave a banquet to his vanquished enemies—incidents which are remembered here with a freshness of feeling that obliterates an interval of some hundreds of years. It was in Dinan, too, he fell in love, and was married; and the house is still an object of interest where the beautiful *Scythian*, looking out of a window at his famous duel, predicted his success, and was rewarded with his devotion. Such a man could not be suffered to escape glorification in France, where every town has its worthy in arts, arms, or letters, something out of the way of the mere mercantile spirit, and shewing a tendency towards higher aims, however wide the disproportion between the object and its commemoration. In England we set ourselves against this sort of thing, and endeavour to keep clear of the *genius loci*. The people are too much occupied with the haggard necessities of the Present to have leisure or inclination to cultivate the useless; and if you want any information about the distinguished men who have been born in our country towns, you must find it out for yourself, as well as you can, in books. Even then it is ten to one if you find what you want, for our local histories are the most meagre of all printed authorities.

If the picture at Amami be a likeness, Du Guesclin was a very ugly compact man, with a powerfully built figure and an expression of face, rugged, bold, and full of condensed energy, which matched it to a miracle. We can understand with what force he wielded an axe, and how his blow came down like the fall of a sledge-hammer. It is for these qualities he is worshipped. He was a great fighter, a man of stern physical courage, tough in limb, and as daring as a hungry lion. Curious it is, that such merits should excite so much admiration; while gentleness, incalculably stronger than strength, so often passes away into sheer oblivion. Even the most useful manual exertions, with a seed of permanent civilization in them, have no chance in the race for glory with these slaughtering powers. The man who makes a road, or sinks a well, or drains a town, has rendered a hundred-fold more important and lasting benefits to his country than the man who has destroyed towns, sunk ships, and slain tens of thousands of human beings; but the fighting man runs away with all the honours. Most of these heroes of the Middle Ages whom we find everywhere sculptured on tombs or reared upon pedestals, were fighting men, and nothing more; herculean, hirsute fellows, ready for all occasions, with a contempt for life which, freeing them from all moral anxieties, enabled them to make the most of their muscles. The best things about them, or connected with them, are the ballads and chronicles which they supplied with material. We have reason to be obliged to them for having lived such lives as Froissart has written. It was an achievement to be remembered, and to be grateful for; but, at the same time, it is quite well to know how to value it properly, and to be able to distinguish the true from the false heroism which has had so many statues set to it, and has had its head turned into such numberless busts

Du Guesclin was one of the best specimens of that animal energy which has lifted so many constables and crusaders into the niches of history. His fight with Thomas of Canterbury is as exciting (which is saying quite enough for it) as the encounter of St. George and the unknown giant,—

“ Towards Christendom he made his flight,
But met a giant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight,
Most valiantly a summer's day.”

And, mixed up with this relishing valour, was a touch of tenderness in the character of Du Guesclin which makes an effective appeal to the imagination, from being found in association with such brawny vigour. Fidelity in a lover was no great merit in an age when it was enforced by vows, and regarded as a point of honour as well as faith. Virtue was not half so fearfully tried in those days as it is at the present moment; the soldier never incurred such risks in his round of sieges and campaigns as the flattered *roué* in the perilous run of a London season. But it is not for the truth of his devotion to the fair *Stéphanie* that Du Guesclin's memory is held in such favour, but for the romantic way in which he published it to posterity. *Stéphanie* was his first wife (Du Guesclin's love for her not interfering with a second marriage), and his attachment for her outlived the attractions of her successor. It has been said that there is no second growth of the affections, a dogma which may be successfully disputed by the bulk of mankind; although, in the case of the renowned Bertrand du Guesclin, it seems to have held good in the end, for, in his last moments, he recurred to the dead love of his youth as if the intervening years of his life, during which her place was filled by another, had had no existence. On his death-bed he made a testamentary disposition of his heart, desiring that it should be carried to Dinan, and buried in the church of the Jacobins close to the tomb of his beloved *Stéphanie*. His wish was religiously executed; and, when the church of the Jacobins was demolished in 1809, the heroic heart was found in an excellent state of preservation, and after being embalmed and enclosed in a heart of lead, was placed upon a mural tablet in the Church of St. Sauveur, with the following inscription:—“ *Ci gist le Cœur de Messire Bertrand jour gueaqui en son vivant conestable de France qui trespasa le XIII. Du de juillet l'an mil III^{cc}. IIII^{xx}. dont son corps repose avec ceux des Rois à Saint Denys en France.*”

The statue of our great man, which stands in the Place du Guesclin (looking up sturdily at the dormitory windows), was defaced a few years ago, a part of it having been broken off in the night-time, to the infinite consternation of the inhabitants. When the profanation was discovered the next day, you might have supposed that a fire had broken out, or that the town was in a state of siege, so full of alarm was the hurrying to and fro, the crowding, and talking, and agitation of masses of people through the streets. A regular French scene was immediately got up with all due pomp and preparation. The mayor and the municipal authorities, having first gravely deliberated upon the matter with closed doors, advanced in solemn procession to the Place, where they examined the statue, and took a *procès verbal* of the injuries it had sustained, for the pur-

possibility of prosecuting the requisite legal measures against the unknown delinquents. The grand display, however, went off in smoke, for the perpetrators were never discovered. At that moment there happened to be a very uneasy feeling towards our countrymen on the part of the French, and timid people on both sides of the water daily anticipated nothing less than a war; nobody, therefore, was much surprised at a report which attributed the outrage to the English. The calumny was resented with interest by a counter-report, which asserted that the French had committed the indignity themselves, for the sole purpose of changing it upon the English. Leaving that matter to be sifted in the confessional, where, doubtless, the truth was detected long ago, we may conclude with a safe conscience that, whatever their motive or want of motive may have been, the sacrilegious hands that chipped the statue had Gallic blood in them. The probability is that it was a practical joke; for, notwithstanding their love of statues and their exuberant nationality, the French are quite capable of comprehending and ridiculing their own vulnerable points, as they have sufficiently testified in the humours they have frequently played off upon this very statue. On one occasion they embellished it with a pair of fanning moustachios and fiery-red whiskers, finishing the jest by clapping a cocked-hat upon its head. Indescribable was the astonishment and dismay of the good people of Dinan on waking up and finding their grand constable tricked out in such a drunken disguise.

XIX.—THE RUINS OF LA GARAYE AND THE PRIORY OF LESOX.

Antiquities are treated negligently enough in all parts of France, but worse in Dinan than in most other places. The old *châteaux* are all going fast to decay: even the modern one of La Garaye is already little better than a heap of stones overgrown with ivy and parasites. The *salle de bal*, where some of the most beautiful women in France enjoyed the riotous hospitalities of this celebrated scene, and the theatre where Racine was illustrated with the richest taste and splendour, can no longer be distinguished from the stable or the kitchen. The whole place is choked with weeds, and the tottering walls are hastened in their fall by the farming boors of the neighbourhood, who, whenever they want stones for any purpose, pluck out the nearest at hand,—perhaps a corner of a mullioned window or a fragment of a column. The consequence is, that, as these stones are generally taken from the lower part of the building, the upper becomes more and more insecure, and every high wind that sweeps over it brings down a crush of masonry.

Hardly anything remains of the once exquisite *château* of La Garaye except a naked and imperfect outline. A few beautiful windows may yet be seen, and a fragment of a spiral staircase ascending to a tower; but the windows are dreadfully shattered, and the lower part of the staircase is gone. If you have any curiosity to explore the place, you must be content to walk about amongst the *débris*, through which stalwart trees have sprung up, making the household desolation all the more wretched by their gay verdure. To get up to the top of the walls is a feat not only of difficulty, but danger. Towards the centre a broken screen separates

the largest apartment of the whole from some smaller one, and the remains of a capacious fire-place may yet be seen suspended in mid-air and jutting out over the wall. The depths below are inscrutable. Embedded in rank weeds and mosses, and infested by a numerous population of owls and reptiles, the experiment of a descent is not to be entertained. Nor are there any means of descent, nor anything to see even if these dismal caverns could be entered with safety. Now, all these obstacles could be cleared away at a trifling expense, and the place could be rendered accessible in every part without displacing a single stone, or removing a fibre of that picturesque vegetation which gives it such an air of antiquity. But circumstances have rendered the people indifferent to the conservation of their great houses. The first Revolution threw most of these properties into new hands. They were sold to meet the exigencies of the provisional government, and the persons who obtained possession of them in this way, being always apprehensive of the return of the Bourbons,—an event which would have the immediate effect of restoring all confiscated estates to their original owners, felt no anxiety to bestow any cost upon their preservation. On the contrary, it was rather their interest to let them go to decay; for the *châteaux* were everywhere landmarks of personal rights, and in many cases the claims of families depended entirely on the *château* and a small patrimony immediately surrounding it; so that the possessors by purchase were not unwilling to let the houses crumble away as quickly as possible, giving a sly impetus to the work of ruin every now and then for the sake of diminishing the future value of the property, and destroying as far as they could the evidence upon which the rights of the owners in some instances depended.

La Garaye in this manner fell into the hands of some hard, horn-handed farmer. In one fell swoop he turned all the elegancies of the establishment into the rudest utilities, and trampled out all memorials of the legend of the *château*. The outbuildings, formerly the stables of the magnificent *roué* who built the place, standing under the shadow of the trees, close to the bridge where the Lady of La Garaye received that dreadful fall which is said to have converted her rake-helly husband into a founder of hospitals, are now transformed into a range of barns. What metamorphoses in detail they may have undergone in the process it is now impossible to tell; but their present aspect presents a strange contradiction to the desolate ruins of the mouldering *château* which gleam upon you so mournfully through the trees. There are yet standing beside the bridge two handsome columns, which formerly belonged to the gate, which the visitor may be recommended to examine from the interior. They are in excellent preservation, and covered with ivy to the top. The prints of the *château* which are to be found in the books of modern tourists are not to be trusted. The artists usually put in an imaginary foreground for the sake of making a picture, and all these engravings are chargeable with at least one story too much.

The legend of La Garaye is equally suspicious. If you consult the authorities, written and unwritten, which are available on this subject, you will get into a maze of irreconcilable absurdities. The simple truth, as well as it can be extricated from a network of con-

traditions and improbabilities, seems to have been that the *château* was built by a young man of enormous fortune, who was cursed with an unbounded love of pleasure, which we may take for granted was not much checked by the possession of ample means for its gratification. He married a beautiful woman, who, nothing loth, plunged recklessly with him into his wild orgies and violent excesses. They kept the *château* full of company; had large parties down from Paris; used to act private plays, and dance and revel till long past midnight. When the surrounding country was buried in repose, then the towers of La Garaye, blazing with lights, and rocked with music, would flame out over the still valleys, and shouts of merriment and wasting tapers would outlast the stars, until the rising sun, extinguishing the glare, would send the mad *débauchés* to their chambers. According to one version of the story, the lady of La Garaye was killed at her gate by a fall from her horse as she was going out to hunt on a Sunday; the spot where the accident happened has undergone very little alteration, except that the balustrades of the bridge have rotted into the dyke, which, instead of being enlivened by a clear stream of running water, is dried up and choked with weeds and brambles. According to other versions, the lady was not killed, but sustained a violent injury, which, annihilating the prospect of issue, had such an effect upon her husband, that it suddenly gave a new direction to the current of his life. It was the fashion of the age, when a man was struck with remorse, or had a serious impression made upon him, to rush at once into sackcloth and ashes. The more extreme the transition, the easier the reconciliation with heaven and the church,—a doctrine which the clergy were not slow to urge upon the conscience-stricken penitent. La Garaye acted up to it in full. He abandoned pleasures of all sorts, cast away his fine garments, and clothed himself in the coarsest clothes; turned his *château* into an hospital, and his theatre into a dispensary, and, after studying surgery and medicine in Paris for two years, he dedicated the rest of his life to the pious office of attending upon the ailments of the poor. The time was full of superstition—and what time is not to the ignorant and weak?—and this remarkable conversion of La Garaye was ascribed in the neighbourhood to supernatural interference. The life of the convert was published some years ago in two volumes; but it has long been out of print.

The priory of Lehon is another picturesque ruin in this quarter, in a still worse state of preservation, if that be possible, than La Garaye. This priory is said to have been built by one of the kings of Brittany about a thousand years ago, a strong fortress having been afterwards erected for its defence. Scarcely a vestige remains of either, except the cloisters, which are tolerably perfect, although the wretched people who live in them are daily doing all they can to destroy not merely their beauty, but their actual existence. The wretched crone who keeps watch in the place emerges as you approach, like an apparition, from a dark oozy chamber, not unlike a cavern in the bowels of a mine. When you enter the cloisters, dilapidated as they are, you cannot fail to be moved by the simplicity of the architecture, and by that tone of tranquillity so consonant with such scenes, but now so horribly broken up by a clatter of noises. Two or three swarthy, sweltering youths, who might have sat to

Salvator Rosa for some of his brigands, are occupied in the quadrangle sawing and smashing wood. These brawny savages bear no more sense of the spiritual charm of the place than if they were buried in a coal-pit, and in their violent operations think as little of chipping off pieces of granite from the columns or walls, if they happen to be in their way, as if they were breaking stones on the high-road. On the opposite side of the cloisters from that on which we entered we heard a constant succession of cringing, wheezing sounds, which suggested some disagreeable associations, and considerably interfered with our enjoyment of the otherwise intense solitude of this monastic retreat. Peeping through the dingy window, to ascertain the cause of the sounds, we discovered a horde of cotton-spinners at work, the whole place, wherever there was a sheltered nook in or about the priory, being appropriated to some servile labour or handicraft; just as if there were not ample room on the banks of the river, or under the hills, or up in the village, for a hundred times the work, a hundred times the number of hands employed in this den would accomplish.

A further examination of the ruins satisfied us that the final extinction of this splendid fragment of antiquity must have been deliberately resolved upon by the Vandals of this miserable village. In pursuance of this design, they have built a brewery straight up against the front wall of the abbey, close to the entrance, whose charming details are lost under its grim shadow. This brewery falls back upon the cloisters; and, should the increasing demand for sour beer (which Heaven forbid! on all accounts) require increased space, there is no doubt that the cloisters will be pulled down, without hesitation, to make way for more vats and cylinders.

At last we got into the body of the abbey; but, what a scene was there!—all ruin from the base to the top. The roof was gone altogether; the walls in some places were shockingly dilapidated and disfigured; the turret-stairs, which had been standing only a few years before, and by which you might have reached the top of the walls, at that time capable of being trodden by any adventurous visitor with a clear head, had disappeared; a few windows yet exhibited scraps of their rich designs, and here and there we were able to detect upon the walls some traces of the ruddy tints which formerly shed such a flood of warm colour over the interior. But the depredations committed upon the building had been so considerable, that our enthusiasm was put to a severe trial. Sunk in deep recesses in the wall were two gorgeous tombs of some unknown knight and lady. A few years before both tombs were there; now one of them was gone. That which remained was quite perfect, and had evidently been erected to the memory of some person of distinction. The floor of the abbey was covered with wrecks and fragments, smothered up in long grass; and in one corner, to thrust the sacrilege more prominently into the faces of visitors, a shed had been erected for the purpose of cleaning flax!

We next went into the private chapel, where two or three prostrate tombs had been stowed away for safety. One of these is supposed to be the effigy of Jehan de Beaumanoir, the son of the hero of the Combat of the Thirty—a stout fellow, with a short beard and a churlish face. The chapel was in such a filthy condition, that we picked our way through it with feelings of aversion. The roof had

either fallen in, or been dismantled; the walls were perfectly plain, and the only object to compensate for the annoyances we suffered at every step was a beautiful window, looking out on a vegetable garden that runs down to the banks of the river, interspersed with willows and fruit-trees; but the Goths who hold the place, as if they were malignantly resolved to deprive the world of the pleasure of examining this window, had built a huge boiler for manufacturing or domestic purposes close under it, and issued an edict prohibiting visitors from entering the garden, from whence a view of it might be obtained from the outside. This prohibition, however, did not prevent us from crossing the picturesque little bridge, which enabled us to see the window to great advantage from the opposite bank of the river. The entire ruin renders a charming picture from the heights above the town; but the village of Lehon is execrable. The houses are crumbling into the gutter; the streets are narrow almost to darkness, and ankle-deep in mud, and the population look as if they had been just emptied out of a subterranean pit, and pitched up suddenly into the daylight. Above the village, on the summit of a hill, stand the ruins of the old fortress, supposed to have belonged to the Beaumanoirs. The tradition is doubtful; but it is certain that the stronghold was intended as an outwork to defend the town and priory; that it was once inhabited by Anne of Bretayne, and taken, after an obstinate defence, by Henry II. of England. There is now nothing to be seen but the shells of two towers, filled up to the brim with waving corn. The table-land, which bears these skeleton reliques of the old *château*, is covered over with corn-fields.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

“My grandmother left the management of her household affairs to her sister. She dined as early as eleven o'clock every day, then took a *siesta* which lasted till one, and afterwards was carried out to the foot of the garden-terrace, and placed under the willows near the fountain; here she sat knitting, surrounded by her children, her grandchildren, and her sister. In those days old age was borne with dignity, but now it frequently appears to be only a burden. At four o'clock my grandmother was removed from the terrace into the drawing-room, her servant, Pierre, regularly placed a card-table; Mademoiselle de Boisteilleul struck the back of the chimney with the tongs, and a very few minutes after this signal three old maids from the next house came into the room. These three sisters were called Vildéneux; they were daughters of a poor gentleman, and had never been separated, nor had they ever quitted their native village: instead of dividing their scanty fortune, they enjoyed it together. From their childhood they had been intimate with my grandmother, and as they lived next door to her, came to play at quadrille with her every day at the appointed signal. As the game proceeded the old ladies began to quarrel, though their tempers were never known to be ruffled at any other time; but this, perhaps, was a little excitement in their usually monotonous life.

Supper, which was always brought in at eight, soon restored their good-humour. My uncle, De Bedée, with his son and daughters, would often join the party at this meal, which was always enlivened by stories of the olden time. My uncle would describe the battle of Fontenoy at full length (for he had fought in it), and those adventures in which he was more particularly engaged were slightly coloured by the brilliancy of his imagination: he generally finished the evening by relating a few anecdotes by no means of the most refined description, but which caused the good old ladies to shake their sides with laughter. Supper was removed at nine, the servants came in, and everybody knelt down while Mademoiselle de Bois-teilleul read prayers. At ten o'clock stillness reigned throughout the house, and all were in bed except my grandmother, who always sat up till one with her maid, who read to her from some favourite author.

“These happy little meetings, where I received my first impressions of society, were soon broken in upon by death,—that happy and peaceful abode was made desolate by its inroads,—chamber after chamber became uninhabited. I saw my grandmother by degrees compelled to forego her favourite game of quadrille,—her most intimate friends gradually removed from this world, for she survived them all,—till I beheld her at length follow them to the tomb. She and her sister felt that they could not live without each other, and it seemed true; for Madame de Bedée died a few months after her. Perhaps I was the only person who was much interested about their existence. How many times has this since occurred to my mind, and how often has it since been my lot to witness the dispersion of friends with whom I have spent many happy hours! The fragility of all human ties has often warned me against attaching myself too closely to any object. Of what consequence is it that a strange hand administers the cup of water in sickness? Let us only pray that it may not become too dear to us; for how is it possible readily to forget those for whom we have once conceived a strong affection, those whom we would wish to have always near our heart?

“The *château* of the Comte de Bedée, which was rather more than a mile from Plancouët, was beautifully situated on rising ground; the atmosphere itself seemed to breathe enjoyment. My uncle's good-humour and love of fun were inexhaustible. He had three daughters, Caroline, Marie, and Flore, and one son, the Comte de la Bouétardais, member of parliament, who inherited his father's jovial disposition. Monchoix had ever with him his friends and relations who happened to be near him: there was music and dancing, hunting and driving, and merry doings from morning till night. My aunt, Madame de Bedée, seeing that my uncle was likely to run through his fortune in a very short time, very justly endeavoured to remonstrate with him, but it was all in vain, and her consequent ill-temper seemed only to increase the hilarity of her husband and family; and her whims, for she had some, afforded them all considerable amusement. She had always a large, ugly, snappish pointer seated upon her lap, and a tamed boar by her side, which disturbed the house with its grunts. When I left my father's quiet roof on a visit to my uncle, in whose *château* nothing but feasting and merriment went forward, the contrast struck me

forcibly ; to exchange Combourg for Monchoix was like quitting a donjon for the villa of a Roman prince.

“ On Ascension-day, 1775, I left my grandmother’s, and proceeded with my mother, my aunt De Boisteilleul, my uncle De Bedée, his children, and my nurse and foster-brother to Notre Dame de Nazareth. I was dressed in a sort of white surplice, and my shoes, gloves, and hat were white, though I wore a blue sash. We went to the abbey at ten o’clock in the morning. The convent, which was situated near the roadside, was rendered venerable by rows of elm-trees planted in the time of John V. of Bretagne. After passing through the elm-trees you entered the cemetery ; the christian was obliged to walk some distance amidst tombs before he reached the church,—for is it not by death that we enter God’s presence ? The monks were already in their stalls, the altar was lighted up with a profusion of wax-candles, lamps were suspended from the various arches of the roof. In all gothic edifices there is a series of backgrounds, a succession of horizons.

“ The mace-bearers came to meet me in due form at the door, and conducted me to the choir where three seats were placed. I sat in the middle, my nurse was on my left, and my foster-brother on my right. Mass began ; in the offertory, the priest who officiated, turned towards me, and read the prayers ; after which my white dress was removed, and fastened as *ex voto* to the base of an image of the virgin. They then clothed me in a little violet-coloured coat. The prior afterwards gave us a long discourse upon the efficacy of vows ; he alluded to the history of the Baron de Chateaubriand ; he said that perhaps, like him, I might visit Palestine, the holy virgin of Nazareth, to whom I owed the preservation of my life through the intercession of the prayers of the poor, which are always acceptable to God. The monk who related to me the history of my family, as Dante’s grandfather related to him the history of his forefathers, might, like Cacciaguida, have added the prediction of my exile,

“ Tu proverai sì come sà di sale
Il pane altrui, e come è duro calle
Lo scendere e’l salir per l’altrui scale.
E quel che più ti graverà le spalle,
Sarà la compagnia malvagia e scempia,
Con la qual tu cadrai in questa valle ;
Che tutta ingrata, tutta matta ed empia
Si farà contra te
Di sua bestialitate il suo processo
Sarà la pruova ; si ch’ a te fia bello
Averti fatta parte, per se stesso.” *

“ After the monk’s exhortation, I began seriously to contemplate making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem when I should be old enough ; this I at length had the pleasure of accomplishing.

“ I was taken back to Saint Malo ; my future profession was already chosen for me, so that I was permitted to pass my childhood in indolence. A smattering of drawing, of the English language, hydro-

* “ You will know how bitter tastes the bread of others ; and to what degree it is painful to go up and down another’s staircase. And what will weigh still more heavily on your shoulders will be the bad and foolish company into which you will be thrown, and which, utterly ungrateful, frivolous and impious, will turn against you.

“ Its conduct will be the proof of its stupidity ; while you will shine in striking out for yourself a separate path.”

graphy, and mathematics was considered quite sufficient education for an awkward boy who was destined to lead the rough life of a sailor; consequently I grew up in the most blissful state of ignorance. We no longer inhabited the house where I was born; my mother lived in an hotel, Place Saint Vincent, nearly opposite the door which communicated with the Lillon. The commonest boys of the town became my most intimate friends; the court-yard and staircases of the house were filled with these choice companions. I copied them in everything; I spoke their language, and acquired their coarse habits and slovenly gait; my dress soon became like theirs, my clothes were half-buttoned and torn, and my shirts in perfect tatters. I never by any chance wore a pair of stockings which were without large holes; I shuffled along with my miserable shoes down at heel, which slipped off my feet at every step I took; my hat was never to be found, and I frequently lost my jacket. My face was generally besmeared with dirt, scratched and bleeding, and my hands were as black as a sweep's. My whole appearance was so extraordinary, that even my mother in the midst of her anger could not help laughing, while she exclaimed, 'How ugly he is!' In spite of this wretched description I have given of myself, I infinitely preferred being clean and neat. At night I endeavoured to mend my rags and tatters; my good Villeneuve and my dear Lucille assisted me in repairing my garments, in order to save me from lectures and penance, but the patches which they were obliged to make only served to make my dress look more ridiculous. I was more especially annoyed when the children, with whom I played, were decked out in new clothes, to be obliged to appear in rags.

"On certain days of the year the country people as well as the towns-people met at fairs which were sometimes held in the isles, and sometimes in the forts surrounding Saint Malo; when it was low water the visitors came on foot, but they were obliged to come in boats when it was high water. The number of sailors and peasants, the covered carts, the different conveyances drawn by horses, donkeys, or mules, the tents planted on the seashore, the processions of monks with their banners and crosses winding their way through the crowd, the many boats and vessels entering the port, the salvos of artillery, and the ringing of the church-bells occasioned much variety and excitement in these merry doings. I was perhaps the only person present at these *fêtes*, who did not participate in the general amusement. I could not buy playthings and cakes, because I had no money. In order to escape the ridicule which always attends ill-luck, I withdrew from the crowd, and seated myself near those pools of water which are formed by the sea in the hollow of the rocks. There I amused myself in watching the flight of the sea-gulls; in gazing dreamily on the blue horizon; in picking up shells; and in listening to the musical murmurings of the waves. When I went home in the evening I was not much happier. I had a particular dislike to some dishes; but they always compelled me to take a portion of them. I looked at La France imploringly to remove my plate while my father's head was turned away. The same severity was exercised towards me in keeping me from the fire,—I was never permitted to approach the chimney-piece. How differently are the spoiled children of the present day treated! But, if I had many troubles which are unknown to infancy in the present day, I had also many pleasures of which it is equally ignorant.

"Those solemn religious and family observances are not now so common. Then the whole country, and the God of that country, appeared to rejoice. Christmas, New Year's-day, Twelfth-night, Easter, Pentecost, St. John's day, were extraordinarily happy days to me. At these festivals I was taken, with my sisters, to the different sanctuaries of the town, to the chapel of Saint Aaron, to the Convent de la Victoire. The soft voices of women whom I could not see sounded deliciously on my ear; the harmony of the hymns which they sang blended melodiously with the roaring of the waves.

"On Christmas-eve the cathedral was sure to be filled; there were numbers of old sailors devoutly kneeling; young mothers and children praying fervently, with little wax-candles in their *heures*, and at the moment when the benediction was given, all who were present joined in chorus in the *Tantum ergo*. In the interval of these chants the winter wind might be heard whistling through the large windows of the basilic, till it shook the very arches of the nave, that rang also with the deep, sonorous tones of Jacques Cartier and Dugnay Tronin. The whole scene strongly impressed me with a feeling of religious awe. There was no necessity for La Villeneuve to desire me to join my hands in prayer. In imagination I beheld the heavens opened, and the angels offering up our incense and our vows, and I bent my head with emotion; at that time it was not weighed down by those cares which in after-life have often nearly overwhelmed me, and have tempted me to pray when I have been kneeling that it might never be raised again from the earth.

"As I was consecrated to the Virgin, I loved, and was acquainted with the glorious attributes of my protectress, whom I confounded with my guardian angel. Her image had cost my good Villeneuve a halfpenny, and was fastened to the head of my bed with four pins. I ought to have lived in the times when Mary was spoken of as 'Doulce Dame du ciel et de la terre, mère de pitié, fontaine de tous biens, qui portastes Jésus Christ en vos précieus flancz, belle très doulce Dame, je vous merceye et vous pryé.'*

"The first thing that I learnt to repeat was a sailor's hymn, which began thus:—

"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours;
Servez moi de défense,
Prenez soin de mes jours;
Et quand ma dernière heure
Viendra finir mon sort,
Obtenez que je meure
De la plus sainte mort."†

"I have since heard that hymn sung in a shipwreck. Even now I feel as much pleasure in repeating these indifferent rhymes as in reciting the finest verses of Homer. A Virgin, adorned with a Gothic crown, dressed in a blue silk gown, trimmed with silver fringe, inspires me with as much devotion as the most beautiful Madonna of Raphael."

* "Gentle Lady of heaven and earth, mother of pity, fountain of all goodness, who bore Jesus Christ in your precious womb, beautiful and most gentle Lady, I give you thanks, and pray to you."

† "I place my entire confidence in your succour, most Holy Virgin: serve me as a shield, preserve my life, and when my last hour shall arrive, intercede for me, that I may die the death of a saint."

POSITION OF SIR JAMES BROOKE IN THE
INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,
AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF
ANCIENT GREECE," ETC.

WITH A PORTRAIT BY FRANCIS GRANT, A.R.A.

A GREAT deal has lately been written on the progress of events in the Indian Archipelago, on the position of the English and the Dutch, and on that vast system of piracy which obstructs the movements of commerce. The adversaries of Sir James Brooke are of course interested in underrating the force of the buccaneers, because, should the plan of operations he recommends prove successful, they will be able to disparage his efforts, by maintaining he had no very formidable obstacles to overcome. There is another class of persons deeply interested in extenuating or concealing the dangers incurred by those who navigate the Eastern seas; the projectors, I mean, of trading schemes, who, though they owe all their chances of success to the presence of Sir James Brooke in the Archipelago, would be glad to see his services forgotten, and the objects of his legitimate ambition completely frustrated.

Here at home, a majority of people must always look upon the events which take place in the Archipelago rather with curiosity than with any deeper feeling. They love to hear or read of the exploring of new regions, of perilous adventures, of expeditions by sea or land. How the unobtrusive merchant may fare they pause not to inquire. Consequently, if you would arrest their attention and compel them to sympathise with the representatives of British civilisation in that remote and comparatively little known portion of the globe, you must be able to shew that the situation which our countrymen there occupy is encompassed with difficulties and dangers. The amount of these will be estimated differently by different men. Some, enveloped in complete selfishness, can appreciate no peril to which they are not themselves exposed; others have a natural disposition to diminish whatever is distant; while others conceive it to be philosophical to affect indifference in all matters of this kind and to mask their real opinions beneath the language of moderation and reserve.

According to a certain class of writers there is not much left for Great Britain to accomplish in that part of Asia. The Dutch and the Spaniards, they say, divide all the islands between them, the latter possessing half, and the former claiming more than the remainder; but Brooke is not of this opinion. He finds, and the authorities here at home would seem to agree with him, that large portions of the Archipelago are still independent, and that an immense field consequently exists for the extension of British commerce and enterprise. But properly to lay open this field is a task far from easy. Doubtless no obstacle impedes the settlement of such matters on paper, when the writer makes what he pleases of facts, distorts everything to suit his own convenience, annihilates millions by a

stroke of the pen, converts fertile plains into deserts, mountains into morasses, and envelopes tribes and nations in the close meshes of a diplomacy which exists nowhere but in his own fancy. Practically, however, very serious embarrassments are found to exist; and if the Rajah of Sarawak succeed, as I have every reason to believe he will, in completely removing them, the country will owe him a deep debt of gratitude, and history will record with satisfaction his sagacity, his courage and perseverance, and the honours which must inevitably be their reward.

I formerly, with the aid of the Rajah's own early journals, drew a rapid sketch of his career up to his arrival in this country in the autumn of 1847. During his short stay what honours were paid him, what admiration he excited, what hopes and aspirations he kindled in the breast of thousands most persons will remember. On the 1st of February last, he again quitted England in order once more to establish himself on the scene of his former achievements, and reached Singapore early in May. There he and the other members of the government of Labuan were received with enthusiasm, and treated with the utmost distinction. Whatever may be the case here in Europe, Sir James Brooke is properly appreciated beyond the Straits of Malacca, where neither envy nor jealousy can deny the wisdom of the projects he has originated for the honour of his country, and the redemption of millions of his fellow-creatures from cruelty, tyranny, oppression, and the grossest possible slavery both of body and mind. Among naval and military men he has always been held in high admiration. Adventurous themselves, they know how to estimate the spirit of adventure in him, and, very much to their credit, they have always been willing to recognise his merits and to do justice to his distinguished services.

While the Rajah remained at Singapore several steps were taken towards converting the island of Labuan into a proper receptacle for civilised men. The jungle was cleared away in the neighbourhood of the site of the projected city; vessels thronged to the port; labourers passed over from the main island, and every thing proceeded with rapidity and success. Some symptoms of sickness were said to have made their appearance, but these were not considered formidable and excited no particular alarm. Meanwhile, signs of extraordinary uneasiness were visible in the Netherland authorities throughout the Archipelago where their paramount influence was evidently about to slip from their hands. Secretly, no doubt, they attribute the disasters which have recently befallen them to our unwelcome presence in their vicinity; and it is more than probable that both the Balinese and people of Sulu have been encouraged to treat them with contempt, by reliance—whether ill or well founded—on our countenance and protection. However this may be, it is quite certain that the arms of Holland have lately been unable to make any impression on the people of Bali, who, animated by the spirit of independence, and confiding in the justice of their cause, have boldly met the Dutch in the field and driven them ignominiously from their island. How far it may suit the views of England to interfere in that part of the Archipelago I cannot pretend to determine, but so far as appears at present the Dutch are mere intruders in Bali, on which they have no more genuine claims than on Luçon or Magindanao.

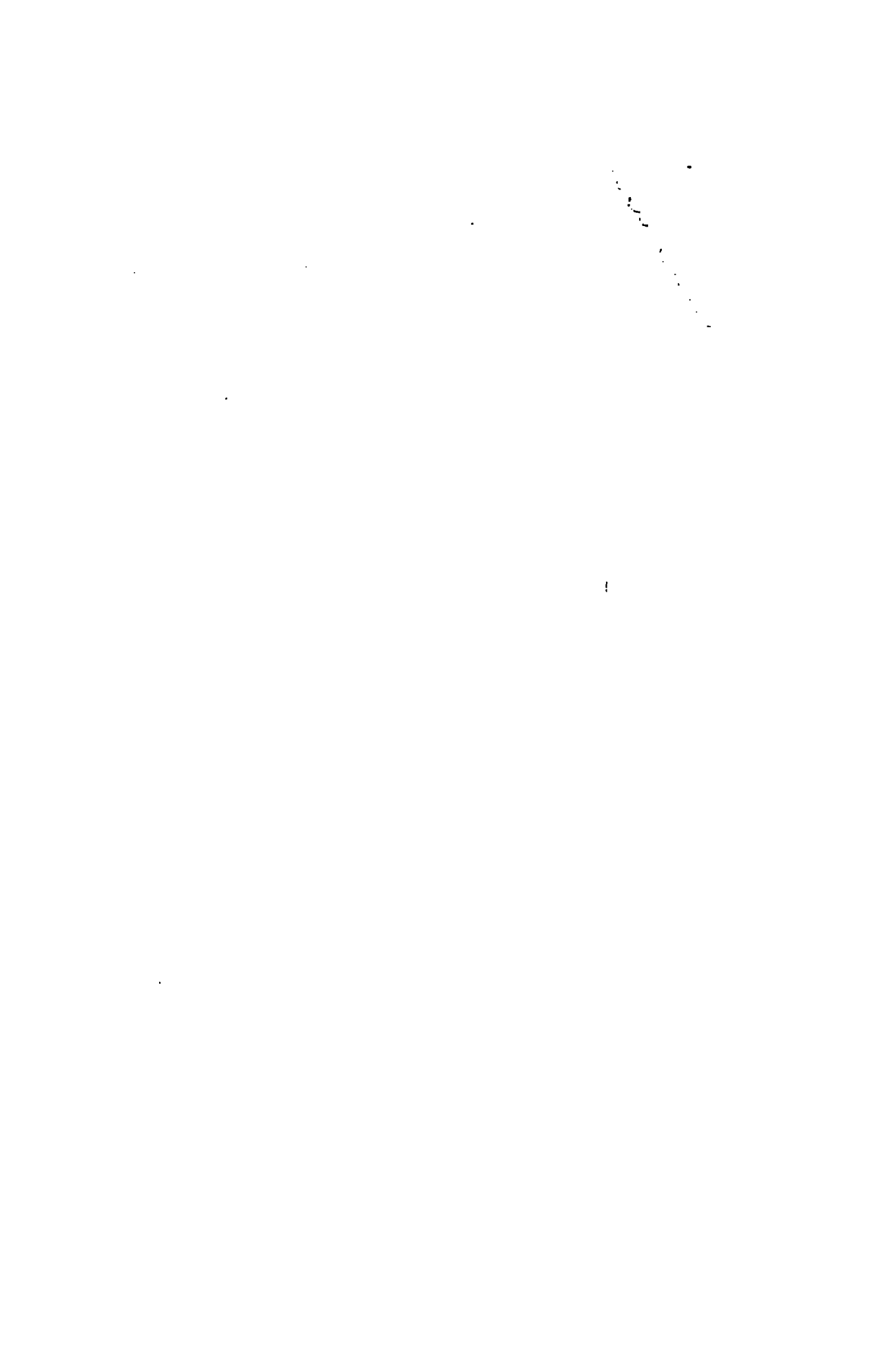


The Rajah of Sarawak.

Sincerely yours

Brooke

From the Original Portrait by Francis Grant, Esq. A.R.A.



But Holland obviously imagines that so far from home there is no necessity for practising justice, or paying any attention to the stipulation of treaties. Everything, it conceives, is to be effected by arms. Accordingly it has subjugated the Padris in Sumatra, the Malays and Dyaks in Southern Borneo, and is now engaged in carrying out the same system against the Bugis in Celebes, and the Papuans in New Guinea. The mission, therefore, of the English in the Archipelago is obviously twofold: first, to check the encroachments of the Dutch, who, if suffered to accomplish their designs, would reduce the whole of that part of the world to slavery; and second, to destroy that system of piracy, the strength and widely-spread ramifications of which it requires some intrepidity and more knowledge to credit. Pedantic ignorance is apt to be sceptical respecting that which it does not understand; and therefore we often see called in question the very existence of that formidable organisation, to counteract and extirpate which is one of the chief objects of the Rajah of Sarawak.

All who had watched the career of this sagacious statesman in the Archipelago regarded with uneasiness the situation of his principality during his absence in Europe. Many persons have, in semi-barbarous countries, acquired power for themselves which, so long as they could exert it personally, they have been enabled to maintain unimpaired; but any attempt at handing over the reins of government to a substitute or successor, has generally proved fatal to the new dynasty, if I may so express myself. It was, therefore, feared by the friends and well-wishers of Brooke that the moment he quitted Sarawak, and left his Raj under the management of others, the natives would rise against the delegated authority and scatter it to the wind. Nor did this apprehension appear altogether unreasonable even to those who were best informed. A handful of Englishmen, stationed on the corner of a vast island, with nothing worthy to be regarded as a military force, and governing, by the mere influence of a name, a considerable province, must always appear to be a political phenomenon even when all the circumstances of the case have been taken into account. But the spell of Brooke's reputation preserved them. The Dyaks sincerely loved the man from the West; and though he had departed from them for a season, they felt confident he would return to complete their deliverance and to elevate them to that condition towards which the longings of all men, savage or civilised, invariably tend. In considering this fact however, we must not lose sight of one circumstance, that there was all the while an English squadron in the neighbourhood, not often visible indeed to the Malays or Dyaks, but known to be there nevertheless, chiefly by the immunity it insured from the visitations of piracy. The ravages formerly caused by this scourge throughout the sultanate of Borneo, and in most other divisions of Kalamantan, Brooke himself has described. The fleets of the Illanuns and Balanini swept periodically along the coast, landing wherever there was any promise of booty, and carrying off the peaceful inhabitants, men, women, and children, into slavery, after first gratifying their savage propensities by the profuse shedding of blood and the perpetration of all those horrors which the most ignoble of the human race are inclined to commit against weakness and innocence.

But they who have watched the growth of the system of slavery

on the western coast of Africa, and considered how difficult it is, even by the employment of immense fleets of ships and steamers, to check, and how utterly hopeless to suppress it, by operations wholly carried on at sea, will easily comprehend the impracticability of effecting a similar purpose by similar means in the Archipelago. Ships of war are necessary there, and steamers are still more necessary. But they will not suffice of themselves to extirpate piracy, which may be regarded as the foundation on which slavery in that part of the world reposes. Yet no great progress is to be made until the entire freedom of the sea has been by some means or other established. It is true that a large native trade is at present carried on, which increases with the increase of safety occasioned by the presence of our ships of war. But neither commerce nor civilization can be properly developed until the evil shall have been entirely rooted out. This is the unalterable conviction of Sir James Brooke, and to accomplish it he is now in the Archipelago.

Persons interested in spreading false information have lately been labouring insidiously to throw discredit on him and his plans, and to prove the uselessness of that support which has at length been given him by government. But if the piracy of the Indian Archipelago be not formidable, Captain Keppel's services on the rivers and in the interior of Sarawak were of no significance, and Sir Thomas Cochrane and the other officers, who razed to the ground the great pirate haunts of Northern Borneo, were equally undeserving of commendation. Indeed I see not upon what pretext England has unfurled her banner in those seas, if it be true that the buccaneers are there little to be dreaded even by traders so timid and inexpert as the Chinese. Experience, however, proves the very reverse to be the fact. It would of course be useless to look into Crawford or any other of the older writers for a complete picture of the piratical system. It was not, when they published, thought of sufficient consequence to command the attention of the country. Other ideas occupied their minds; disquisitions on language and literature, on traditions and superstitions, on physiology and imperfect ethnography. It is only now in the midst of the nineteenth century that we are beginning to form a just conception of the long existing impediments to commerce, so widely scattered through the Eastern seas.

To calculate our chances of success we ought carefully to observe the effects which have been already produced upon the native tribes with which we have come in contact. This we can best study in Sarawak where the Dyaks, though subjected to the government of an Englishman, are sufficiently conscious of their strength to speak and act as voluntary agents. Let us, therefore, take up Sir James Brooke on his way from Singapore to his principality, and observe the reception that awaited him on his return to his little capital. The narrative is extracted from the journal of one who accompanied him, and witnessed and shared the pleasure which the Rajah experienced on standing once more in the midst of his Dyak subjects, whom he treats very much like his own children.

"August 29th, Tuesday. Left Singapore with mingled feelings and a little regret, but more joy to overbalance it.

"Wednesday. A party landed on Banu island and shot birds.

"On Thursday signalled Borneo, our long wished-for destination.

I felt pleased, but experienced no wild enthusiasm. I regarded the scene with a calm delight. The wind died away, and here on Sunday, the 3rd, we are lying off the mouth of the Sarawak river. Our progress is too slow. The scenery along the coast is beautiful. Before stretches a fine prospect of hill and dale clothed to the summit with dark rich jungle. A boat left yesterday to row up to Sarawak to give notice of our arrival. After dinner we went on shore pulling to a pretty creek between the two entrances of the Sarawak river. It is a deep nook. At the end just above the sand are the graves of several Englishmen. It is melancholy to die so far from home, but it is our lot. It is a quiet resting place. The men now tried to catch some fish, but were not very successful, while we amused ourselves on the sand searching for fresh water at the edges of the jungle, and jumping and stepping over a natural rope, a species of ivy. The Rajah joined us in the fun, and getting tired we waded through the water to where our clothes were left. Then lying down on the sand, we conversed about the scenery of the country, and truly that before us was very beautiful.

"Sept. 4th. About ten o'clock in the morning native war-boats commenced issuing from the Morotabas entrance and sailed towards us. These were the Sarawak people come to welcome back their Rajah to the country of his adoption. They were long light prahus with tapering masts, and 'butterfly' sails ornamented with flags and streamers, and all on board were dressed in gala costume. The pangerans and datus came on board and greeted their chief with heartfelt gladness, while outside they kept up a continual beating of tomtoms and gongs. Some of our visitors were rather fine men, but on the whole their outward appearance was somewhat insignificant. Their jackets, however, were beautifully ornamented with gold lace, and clustered together they looked quite picturesque. About one, we left the Mæander under a royal salute, the sailors manning the yards. It was well done of Keppel to treat the Rajah as a sovereign prince, a compliment to which he is justly entitled, and some day I feel convinced he will be in a far higher and prouder position. Manning the yards has a singular effect, the whole of the spars covered with men, in their clean white dresses, standing, apparently, hand in hand, and all of a height. When the last echoes of the salute had died away, the blue jackets gave three hearty cheers and then swarmed like bees down the rigging. The war-prahus around, particularly the 'Black Eagle,' kept up a constant firing of guns, much to our own and their amusement. I was gratified, highly gratified; I hope the Rajah was so too. The pull up the river was a long one, but the appearance of the country compensated for the little *ennui*, for though near us the scene was ever the same, in the distance the fine outline of the mountains afforded a striking contrast to the low jungle around us; occasionally we passed fishing-huts and boats, and once a small Chinese junk fired a royal salute *en passant*. This pleased me as much as anything. As we drew near the town the shades of evening came over us, not however before a most brilliant sunset. The prahus sailing up irregularly behind us, and two Dyak boats near us, kept up a continual firing of guns and beating of tomtoms. The whole scene was wild and picturesque. On rounding the last bend of the river we were astonished to find the whole town illuminated; along either bank the houses presented a mass of light, resembling

to my Landing-association the Thames at night. We were welcomed at the Mangrove by the European inhabitants, and soon found ourselves at home. We were very tired; a dinner, however, set us to rights, and the native chiefs came swarming into the room, while every window presented a crowd of anxious gazers. There is a genuine feeling for the Rajah, and I could perceive a glow of satisfaction beaming over his face gradually settling down into a look of perfect happiness; and his observation proved his condition, 'I feel more happy here, S—, than anywhere else in the world; this is my home.'

"Sept. 5th. The natives swarming as usual. The datus and panglima examining the Rajah's sword and wardrobe. We went across the river to visit the missionaries, and heard the news they had to communicate. They appear to be progressing; patience and they will succeed. We went to the fort, a clean well ordered building with six guns and several small ones on pivots with twenty-five disciplined men and plenty of arms. I had the young son of Mada Hassim with me, a nice little boy about seven. We managed to understand each other by means of our imperfect Malay and signs. We visited the King's ham, flourishing, and several other parts of the town, which ran irregularly along the river. The Rajah gave me a seat in his boat; we pulled up; it is rapidly increasing, and must contain at least ten thousand inhabitants, the rest of the country some twenty or thirty thousand more.

"Sept. 6th. Went to visit the datus's wife; we started about one. People were collected at nearly every door, and stopped to gaze on the Rajah as the boat rapidly paddled up the river. There was every preparation for receiving us in state. Men were assembled with matches near the guns, and as we approached the place of debarkation, a continued salute was kept up. From the landing place to the house a white cloth was spread for us to walk on, and as we moved in we were greeted with a shower of rice. Passing through the outer room we entered the hall of audience, as I may call it, a large apartment without any ornament on its bare plaster-walls, except an old pistol. The floor was covered with mats, and on one side was arranged a double file of chairs facing each other for the various European guests. At the end was another chair with a piece of cloth of gold thrown over it for the Rajah; at his feet was similar brocade, while all around were spread the finest mats. On the Rajah's right hand sat Numa, who welcomed us with much native elegance and, with some others, threw yellow rice over us. She then slightly rubbed a golden ring on a peculiar kind of rasp, and gently pressed it on our foreheads. Gold-dust having been brought in, our hair was sprinkled with it by the assembled dames. These greetings being over, I had leisure to look around the room, and examine the crowd. Behind me sat the women and girls, many of the younger tolerably good-looking, and some for native; handsome; but in general they are neither one nor the other. The rest of the room was crowded with men and boys, some of the latter naked, others half-dressed, while a few of the men had tolerable clothes; but here, as elsewhere, we must not judge of rank by habiliments. Numa sat, as I before said, on the right hand of the Rajah, and entered into conversation with him. One of her remarks is well worth preserving.

The Rajah paid a compliment to her neat house, when she an-

swered, 'Ah, Tuan, were it not for you I should not have had this house. It is yours, for we never could build such places as this before you came among us.' Her voice is occasionally very sweet. She is pleasant in her manners, and rather agreeable in her appearance, with mild dark eyes, and is extremely quiet. She is about twenty-eight, but looks older. She was dressed in black, with heavy gold buttons to her native robe. The other women were but slightly dressed. Presently a white cloth was spread between a pile of chairs, and covered with sweetmeats and cakes. Some sat *à la Turque*, others reclined with pillows under their arms. I tasted a few of the dainties, one not unlike sponge-cake in appearance, but made of sugar, others tolerable, but not very tasty. After a little conversation we withdrew, shaking hands with the ladies. There was one nice-looking child, a daughter of the datu by his other wife, adopted by Numa as she is childless. The datu lives with his wives alternate quarters."

Englishmen all the world over employ the intervals of business or study in the sports of the field, to which the Rajah of Sarawak is strongly addicted. The larger kinds of game, however, are unknown in Kalamantan, if we except, perhaps, the rhinoceros, which is supposed to exist in the recesses of the forests, and in certain districts on the eastern coast. But the chase of the *Mias pappan*, common in Sarawak, is extremely exciting, though the resemblance of the animal to man in appearance and habits infuses into it a painful interest, something like that which would be experienced in hunting down a savage, or a ferocious buccaneer. Of this latter kind of chase an example lately occurred on a small island in the sea which bounds the Archipelago towards the north. Most persons have heard of the massacre on board the "General Wood." The Chinese convicts, after they had perpetrated the crime, dispersed themselves in various directions; some making towards the Celestial empire itself, while others sought other places of shelter, and among these sixty took refuge on Pulo Oby, a small island at the entrance to the Gulf of Siam. This island, of granitic formation, rises in jagged peaks, and is thickly covered with jungle. It contains one small village, consisting of a few mat-huts and a joss-house, or temple of Buddha, with another similar structure on the opposite side. The original inhabitants were few in number, and harmless; and these, when the convict pirates landed, took to the woods. By degrees, however, they were induced to return to their dwellings, while their ferocious visitors, who at first, as we have said, amounted to sixty, took up their residence among them. The object of the buccaneers in seizing on this position was to escape the pursuit of the English; to remain until they had fed and lived so well that, to use their own expression, none save God should know them, no, not even their own mothers and sisters, and then retire, with all the booty they could collect, to their homes; or else take once more to piracy, and enjoy the pleasure of committing all kinds of excesses, and shedding abundance of blood.

On this remote outskirts of the buccaneering system it may possibly be supposed the prizes would be rare, and the victims few. Not so, however. According to the testimony of the natives of Pulo Oby not less than seventy trading-vessels were captured during the year 1847, within sight of the island; while the wretched inhabitants

themselves, whose poverty would seem to constitute a sufficient protection, are habitually compelled to hide whatever they possess under the earth, that it may not be taken from them by the marauders. Granting that in the round number seventy there may have been some exaggeration, we may still infer, from the account of these people, that the destruction of property throughout the Archipelago by piracy is very great. Indeed, the large hordes of those who live by plunder prove at once the value of the trade, and the necessity of extending adequate protection to it.

For some time the pirates remained undisturbed on Pulo Oby, eating, drinking, and carousing. It had been agreed on landing that the whole body should keep together for self-protection, and that when the time came for separating, they should effect this operation in the manner best calculated to promote the welfare of all. But there is no honour among thieves. As soon as an opportunity presented itself, twelve of their number, forgetting the oath they had taken, made off in the large boat which contained their common treasure; and of the remainder several effected their escape by different means. The smaller boat, in which they had arrived at Oby, was still in their possession; but, on the appearance in the offing of the English ship, "Celerity," they sunk it, in the hope of thus avoiding discovery. The fact, however, that the pirates were on the island transpired, in spite of all their precautions, and on the arrival of the "Celerity" at Singapore, it was determined to dispatch the "Phlegethon" steamer, well manned and armed, and furnished with a month's provisions, for the chase and capture of these reckless desperadoes.

The "Phlegethon" whilst steaming towards Pulo Oby enjoyed magnificent weather; but as soon as it neared the island heavy rain came on. All felt they were engaged in an exciting adventure, and were impatient to enter on the chase of the pirates. The mate of the "Celerity" had undertaken to act as their guide; but, as afterwards appeared, possessed a very slight acquaintance with the localities. No one precisely knew the number of the enemy; whether or not they had been joined by fresh allies since their arrival on the island; in what fastnesses they might have taken up their retreat, or what means of defence were in their power. This uncertainty considerably added to the excitement experienced by the crew of the "Phlegethon," who, while rowing along the shore in rain and darkness,—for it had been judged expedient to precede the steamer in boats,—pictured to themselves, each according to the liveliness of his fancy, the novel kind of contest they anticipated.

Early the following morning they with much difficulty effected a landing over rocks rendered slippery by the rain, and making a rush upon the village, succeeded in capturing there a number of the pirates. The rest, slipping out between the mats of which the huts were constructed, escaped to the jungle. Then took place a series of manœuvres and pursuits, on the one hand, and of dexterous stratagems and escapes on the other, which greatly protracted the operations of this curious little campaign. Oby, as has been said, is thickly clothed with woods and thickets, abounds with precipices and caverns, and opposes numerous other obstructions to an exploring party. It consequently appeared almost hopeless to capture the miscreants after whom search was now made. They dispersed them-

selves; they hid in caves; they plunged into the depths of the jungle; but the necessity of obtaining food compelled them from time to time to issue forth in quest of it. Besides, the various articles of property which had been carried off from the "General Wood," ships-carriages, bayonets, time-pieces, English boat's rudder, masts, and sails, ladies' work-boxes, card-cases, &c., which were from time to time discovered, put the pursuers on the track of the fugitives, who were gradually captured in detail. Nevertheless, the process was so slow, that the commander of the "Phlegethon" became impatient. Both officers and men, moreover, were suffering greatly from fatigue; many had caught the jungle fever, while the clothes of all were nearly torn from their bodies by the thorny shrubs abounding in the thickets.

The idea now suggested itself of departing with the steamer for Cambodia for provisions, which were beginning to run low, leaving strong parties concealed in the village, which, upon the appearance of any of the malefactors, might turn out and secure them. The incidents of the "Phlegethon's" visit to the river Kamoo may serve to illustrate the position we now occupy in those seas. A certain degree of respect was paid to the British flag, and the Cochin-Chinese governor exhibited unequivocal tokens of uneasiness when, on his shewing reluctance to comply with the wishes of our countrymen, he was told that his conduct would be represented to the Queen of England. Still, it is obvious that the impression we have made on the minds of those people is not yet sufficiently deep; for, though his excellency made many promises, he fulfilled none of them. The commander of the "Phlegethon," therefore, who had claimed the assistance of a body of natives, was constrained, in proceeding with the chase, to rely entirely upon his own resources. His success, however, was almost complete, for out of thirty-five pirates he captured thirty; with whom he departed for Singapore. Even now the prisoners were far from relinquishing hope. They were overheard plotting the seizure of the steamer; and when they saw their design frustrated, several of them attempted self-destruction, and of these one succeeded; for, leaping overboard, he was struck dead by the paddle-wheel.

Were I to repeat the narratives of the native traders, and describe minutely the sufferings to which they are exposed, I should fill volumes. No part of the Archipelago, or of the continental countries, which lie to the north or north-west of it, is exempt from periodical ravages. It might, no doubt, be supposed, and the supposition would be perfectly natural, that at least those islands which are ruled by European authority, and protected by European arms, must escape such visitations. But this is very far from being the case. The pirates constantly make descents even on the Island of Penang, and carry off the inhabitants into slavery.* No surprise can

* "The islands less favoured by nature, or under the influence of particular historical circumstances, have become the seats of great piratical communities, which periodically send forth large fleets to sweep the seas, and lurk along the shores of the Archipelago; despoiling the seafaring trader of the fruits of his industry and his personal liberty, and carrying off from their very homes the wives and children of the villagers. From the creeks and rivers of Borneo and Johore, from the numerous islands between Singapore and Banka, and from other parts of the Archipelago, piratical expeditions, less formidable than those of the Camens of Sulu, are, year after year, fitted out. No coast is so thickly peopled, and no harbour so

therefore be felt that similar disasters should befall the Dutch settlements, which it may be presumed, from the apathetic character of the Hollanders, are less vigilantly guarded. At any rate numbers of Javanese, are often found among the persons reduced to slavery by the buccaneers, and sometimes, though rarely, a stray Dutchman is compelled to taste of those hardships from which his government will not be at the pains to protect its native subjects.

A touching story is told of a Dutch officer, who, after the capture of his ship, was taken prisoner and sold into slavery, in which condition he endured all the hardships to which men so circumstanced are habitually exposed. Compelled to perform the meanest and most degrading drudgery, he was passed from owner to owner, everywhere treated with hardships and severity, and constantly sinking from bad to worse. At length he got into the hands of the Sultan of Linga, where his story became known to a Chinese merchant trading to Java. The worthy celestial having some faith in regal generosity, entreated the sultan to release Mynheer Stokbrow, partly for the pleasure of performing a good action, and partly also with the view of ingratiating himself with the authorities of Java; but the disciple of Buddha made his appeal in vain;—with the Sultan of Linga nothing but good hard dollars would produce conviction. Tan Leansing therefore, resolved to perfect his good work, paid down the ransom of Stokbrow, and taking him on board his ship treated him with the greatest hospitality, and conveyed him safe and sound to Samarang. Nor does the romance of the story end here. The friends of Mynheer Stokbrow and the governor of the place, Monsieur Nikolaus Engelhard, immediately offered to reimburse the Chinese merchant the sum he had expended for the deliverance of their countryman; but he refused to accept anything, saying, “he was satisfied with the consciousness of having performed a good action.” M. Stokbrow was a man of property, and having been restored to his family, experienced all the emotions of a grateful heart, and entreated the Chinese, if he would not accept repayment of the ransom, at least to make his house his home during his annual visit to Samarang. This invitation Tan Leansing readily accepted, and every year on his arrival at Samarang, M. Stokbrow drove down to the beach in his carriage, conveyed the Chinese merchant back to his house, and during the fortnight he usually remained, every day was a holiday. The whole family, with all its numerous friends, vied with each other as to who should shew most respect to Tan Leansing, who at length almost became transformed into a Dutchman. This agreeable intercourse continued till about four years ago, when M. Stokbrow died, though I believe the honest

well protected, as to be secure from all molestation, for where open force would be useless, recourse is had to stealth and stratagem. Men had been kidnapped in broad day in the harbour of Penang and Singapore. Several inhabitants of Province Wellesley, who had been carried away from their houses through the harbour of Penang, and down the Straits of Malacca to the southward, were recently discovered by the Dutch authorities and restored to their homes. But the ordinary abodes of the pirates themselves are not always at a distance from the European settlements. As the Thug of Bengal is only known in his own village as a peaceful peasant, so the pirate, when not abroad on an expedition, appears in the river and along the shores of Singapore as an honest boatman or fisherman.”
—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago*, i. 15.

Buddhist still survives, and is probably made as welcome as ever at Samarang by the relatives of his deceased friend.

The readers of Sir James Brooke's Journals will no doubt remember that the crews of two English ships wrecked off the coast of Borneo, were taken prisoners and reduced to slavery by the natives; and that after having endured many hardships, they were ransomed and restored to their friends by the white Rajah. The Bugis and Malays, when the same calamity befalls them, seldom find any one generous enough to pay their ransom; and, accordingly, unless fortunate enough to effect their own deliverance by craft or courage, usually wear away their lives in the service of cruel task-masters. The depositions made before the magistrates at Singapore supply very striking illustrations of the wide-spread disastrous influence of the piratical system which embraces within the circle of its operation the whole extent of the Archipelago, from Acheen and Penang, to the Ladrões and New Guinea.

No advantage would possibly accrue from entering into further details, because I think it must be obvious from what has already been said, that the commerce of Insular Asia can never be properly developed till piracy shall have been suppressed. They who think lightly of its evils can have been at little pains to inform themselves of the facts. The trade of Singapore and Penang suffers severely from the operations of this cause, and Labuan will languish under the same influence, unless decisive measures be at once adopted for entirely emancipating those seas.

What Sir James Brooke's plans may be, further than he has developed them in his published journals, it is not for me to explain, but he will probably be of opinion that possession as soon as possible should be taken of the principal Sulu Islands, and of such other parts of the Archipelago as are adapted for commercial emporiums, coal stations, or settlements. It is mere absurdity to pretend that all the islands are already occupied by other European Powers. We know the exact limits of the Spanish possessions in that part of the world, and if the claims of the Dutch be more indefinite, they are not all-engrossing. On the contrary, it is acknowledged by the Netherlands that an extremely large field still remains open to English enterprise, and our neighbours affect at least to think we should be doing good service to civilisation by hoisting our flag in several groups, to which they do not even pretend to the shadow of a right. It may be hoped, moreover, that circumstances will shortly lead us to undertake a mission to Japan on a suitable scale of magnificence. The government of that country only awaits the application of a gentle pressure from without to terminate that exclusive system which has already lasted much too long for the honour of the civilized world. Holland, which appears to profit by the continuance of this exclusive system, is in reality as much concerned as we are to put an end to it. Her miserable settlement on Dessima, in the harbour of Nangdsaki, is perpetually exposed to a series of contumelies and insults, which no other nation in Europe would endure; and after all, the advantages she reaps from this contemptible sacrifice of national honour, are scarcely deserving to be enumerated among the gains of a great commercial people. Even the English themselves are often treated by mistake or otherwise with much less respect than we are elsewhere apt to claim for our

flag. This may sometimes be attributed to us as a fault, sometimes may be regarded as a misfortune. Numerous as are our ships, extensive as is our trade upon the whole, there are yet many countries in the world whose natives are unable to distinguish between an Englishman and a Frenchman, and who scarcely perceive any difference between the flags of Great Britain and France. Occasionally it seems probable that the insolence of the barbarians induces them to exaggerate their own ignorance, that it may, in case of necessity, help to screen them from punishment.

An example of this seems to have occurred recently on the coast of Cochin China. Victor Howes, one of those adventurous Englishmen who appear, according to the Arab proverb, "to carry their eyes in their hands," undertook to navigate a junk, with a Chinese crew, from Singapore to Hong Kong. On his way, however, across the Gulf of Tonquin, he encountered the north-east monsoon, and was driven back before the tempest, many degrees towards the west. He now experienced more difficulty in combating with the Celestials than with the elements. They drove him from the helm, they steered the junk themselves, and, deaf to all his warnings, madly persisted in driving her upon a lee-shore. Here she soon found herself among the breakers, the mast went by the board, and in the course of an hour she went to pieces, and her scattered fragments were seen floating upon the waves. Some few seamen were drowned, but Howes, with the rest, made his way safe to land, where our countryman, suspected of being a Frenchman, was made prisoner, threatened with death, and treated with extraordinary harshness and severity during upwards of five months. At the end of that period, Commander Gordon arrived at Turon harbour in the "Royalist," formerly Sir James Brooke's yacht, and demanded and obtained the release of Howes, whom he conveyed to Singapore.

This outline of a story, which Howes himself tells with the most ingenuous simplicity, may be thought to possess little interest, but it at least serves to shew the necessity of our appearing more frequently on those shores, that we may familiarize the natives with our flag, and teach them to dread the consequences of setting it at defiance. In a trading point of view, the possession of Singapore is highly important, and our new settlement on Labuan will in all likelihood prove equally valuable. But we must not pause there, since nothing short of our studding the archipelago with settlements will effect the purposes we have in view. Against this scheme some have objected, on account of what they consider its enormous expense. But expense is relative. If we reckon what Singapore costs us, for example, we must set against it our commercial gains, and it will then be found that in reality it costs us nothing. The same thing will prove true of every other settlement in the Archipelago judiciously made. It is the height of absurdity, therefore, to found any objection against such settlements on the expenditure of the occasion, provided the profit derived from them in commercial returns exceed the outlay.

It may appear premature to speculate on the establishment of new commercial emporiums, before the settlement of Labuan has been completed. But the wants of commerce have now become pressing, and so long as we persist in our false notions of economy, and restrict ourselves to one or two points on that wide area, the system

of piracy will continue to flourish, and the cost of the naval armaments necessary to keep it in check, will greatly exceed that of all the new stations and emporiums which circumstances require us to establish.

These observations I have made in anticipation of the plan which I suspect Sir James Brooke will recommend, because it may be useful to enlist public opinion as far as possible on the side of his comprehensive views. Besides, there are some writers who seek to alarm the country by false representations, pretending we have no right to fix ourselves in any part of the Archipelago, which, according to them, belongs exclusively to other European States, and that we should derive very little advantage from such settlements as are contemplated, if we had really made them. These representations, however, are deserving of no respect, being either made in complete ignorance of the actual state of the Archipelago, or in wilful defiance of the knowledge and judgment of the writers. No expense can be more wisely incurred than that which we enter into for the advancement of commerce. We require new outlets for our manufactures; the inhabitants of the Archipelago are ready to become our customers, and, besides, possess the means of paying handsomely for what they require. It only remains for us to establish a sufficient number of marts in their vicinity, which, by discovering to them their wants, and awakening their desires, could not fail to impel them into the career of civilization.

THE CELLINI CUP.

BY SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

CHAPTER VI.

On the day following the transaction recorded in the last chapter, George Silverthong was summoned to attend his father on business to the city—arrived at the office of the broker who had purchased the stock, he requested his attendance to the bank. The broker understood the object, and attended him immediately—he bustled before them through the motley crowd, was well known, and instantly attended to, at the counter; the receipts displayed, and the book laid open for signature, as if by silent machinery.

“Here, sir,” said the broker, “you will sign your name,” pointing to the spot to which the bank-clerk had himself pointed.

“Here, George,” you will sign your name,” said the father, pointing to the spot to which the broker had pointed.

“I, sir?” said the son, to whom the whole movement was matter of novelty and surprise!

“Certainly you,” replied the father, “you never hesitated to obey me yet, nor will you now.”

The young man wondered what all this meant, but instantly took the pen, and signed the name of George Silverthong. All being concluded, the broker made his bow, and the father and son returned to their homes.

Our young sculptor as yet knew little of the world, but still less of business—but he could not shut his eyes to the fact that he had just left

the Bank of England, in which he had signed his name for some purpose or other, and that purpose he concluded must be connected with the mighty money concerns transacted there; with great *naïveté*, he inquired of his father for what purpose his name could be necessary.

"I will explain it in few words," replied the parent, "and let those few words be remembered when I am at last happy in my grave. You have signed your acceptance of a considerable stock in the 3 per cent. consols. You are at this moment the sole proprietor of that sum, but it is not without large drawbacks; while I live you must support me, and above all you must appropriate a becoming portion to my other dear and beloved child—your as dear and beloved sister. I might have arranged this otherwise, but I owe you a long reparation for your neglected education, though when I mark your generous and manly virtues, together with your already distinguished talents, I cannot but believe that my course, though compelled, has been attended with the blessing of divine providence; a far happier result, my son, than might have been produced by the utmost exertion of human wisdom and precautionary calculation. You will naturally ask me why, with the apparent prospect of some years of life before me, I have taken this decisive step at the present moment.

"Frankly I answer. I could not have accepted that stock, or ever received a dividend upon it without a consciousness of dishonour; without feeling that I was committing an act similar to that which has brought me, in mid-life, to a premature old age,—which has destroyed my happiness—my social existence, and almost overturned my mind!

"I should have committed forgery!

"Not so with you,—to drop a name is not to assume one. You are still as truly and legally entitled to the name of George Silverthong, as you once were to another. When I executed the deeds which severed us for ever from our ancestral property, I signed that name for the last time, as I trust you did also, and I never will sign another. From this day you are to consider yourself the head of your family; and as such it behoves you to start at once in your new and honourable calling. You have at your command an abundant capital, and though you commence your career as a stranger, those seldom want friends who are known not to want them. Your talents and integrity will insure you success. I need not bid you to cherish a sister whom you already so tenderly love; but, even were she less deserving your affection, I should plead for your heart's devotion to her, were it alone for the wonderful resemblance she displays (a resemblance becoming more and more striking from year to year) in form, in features, in expression, as well as in mind, and disposition, to the departed angel who gave her birth."

He paused here as if to repress his strong emotion.

"But surely, dear father, we shall continue to live together? You do not think of leaving us?" said George.

"Not altogether, certainly," replied the father; "but for a time I feel that I require solitude in order to restore me to myself; and rest assured that nothing on earth can promote that object so effectually as witnessing your gradual elevation in your new rank of life—a rank, which when assisted by talents, and, above all, when supported by rectitude, in this great commercial country may proudly assert its independence amidst the highest of the high."

By this time they had reached their lodgings, and no time was lost in carrying the father's wishes into execution, and the settlement of George

Silverthong in the shop in Bond Street where we first became acquainted with him.

While these matters were proceeding in London, Sir John Mantell had returned to Devonshire. On his arrival he was told that a strange man had been in the neighbourhood, who had in his possession a still stranger dog, and had inquired for the Oldmixon family; that as no one could give him any account of them, some one had at last referred him for information to him, Sir John.

In these personages the reader has already recognised John Torrid and Mufti (if by chance he has not altogether forgotten them); and, not many hours after the banker's return, John, who had no other business in the world but to watch for him, was in attendance.

The story we have already heard was minutely and circumstantially delivered. It carried, of course, the same conviction to the mind of Sir John Mantell that it must have carried to that of the reader, that Gilbert Oldmixon and the Mr. Bearcroft of Bengal were one and the same person. If not so, for what purpose could so complicated and artificial a tale have been put together? There was no doubting the plain, straightforward evidence of John Torrid; and the worthy banker ended his cross-questionings, and doubts, and reflections, by giving his friend's address under his new appellation, with the assurance that from him he would learn all he wished to ascertain, and the offer of money, which was civilly declined.

By the time John Torrid, with his fellow foot-traveller, arrived in London, the father of the family had left it. He lost no time, however, in proceeding to his son in Bond Street to whom he once more recited his clear but extraordinary tale. The young silversmith was equally struck with the manners, the appearance, and the language of the man; and had any doubt of the veracity and integrity of the traveller crossed his mind it would have been removed when he was desired to read the inscription on the massive and strongly riveted silver collar round the dog's throat, which nothing but the long and laborious application of a smith's file could have displaced. The inscription ran thus—

“As a watchful guard, and faithful friend,
Alike distinguished for courage, gentleness, and sagacity,
This dog, Mufti, is presented to
Cecilia Oldmixon (formerly Silverthong)
of Oldmixon Hall, Devonshire.
By one whose life he has already saved,
By one who envies him his destined station,
And once aspired to perform its duties.”

The reader, if not before, has now at least a pretty accurate inkling respecting the identity of the middle-aged stranger who cut so conspicuous a figure in our early pages, but he, poor man, remains, until we choose to enlighten him, in a state of the most perplexing bewilderment as to the name of Silverthong, and the locality of the well-remembered cup, and the old high-backed ebony chair, while all the other parties (himself excepted) are equally puzzled to account for his intimate acquaintance with the mysterious dog.

The tale has already extended beyond all reasonable bounds, but the whole must be explained; and the courteous reader will therefore be pleased to stretch his patience a little longer.

The events which have been recorded since we quitted the shop in Bond Street, must be considered as a sort of parenthetical relation, or if

the classical reader pleases, as a kind of episode, to which the beginning and ending in the residence of our young silversmith may be considered as the ancient chorus; and thus it will appear that we have not altogether neglected the rules of art in our simple story, whether we refer to those prescribed by Horace, or to his master Aristotle.

We left John Silverthong and his lovely, and, as some called her, invisible sister, *tête-à-tête* after their long audience of John Torrid, who now (strange taste), had resorted to the Italian Opera House. But the ballet was founded on an Indian story, and that was quite sufficient to account, amongst many other similar vagaries, for the peculiar propensity of the familiar dependent.

"An extraordinary person that," said Silverthong, as John Torrid left the room; "as I have often noticed, there is something so peculiar in his manner, and language, and sentiments, at certain moments when his energies, or some particular emotions are awakened, that I, at times, am tempted to believe he has once belonged to a different class from that in which he has made himself known to us."

"That is very true," replied Cecilia; "and I have often noticed in his address to me a something which, though never wanting in respect, has carried with it the air of a monitor rather than that of a dependant."

The subject of this discourse had not left the house many minutes before the family were startled by a hurried knock at the street-door, which, at that hour of the evening, appeared to their solitary habits rather a phenomenon. The lad, who was hastening to answer the summons, was audibly cautioned from the head of the stairs to "put up the chain," and by no means to admit any stranger; at the same time the young master descended to superintend the precaution.

The door having been thus partially and inhospitably opened, a voice from without inquired for Mr. Silverthong.

"What name shall I say?" was the reply.

"Say the gentleman who visited him this morning, and who once was the owner of his dog, on whose collar is inscribed the name of Mrs. Oldmixon, earnestly requests the favour of a few minutes' conversation."

"Open the door, Charles," cried Mr. Silverthong, and the stranger was admitted.

Not a thought of apprehension or imposture now crossed the mind of the young artist. Natural and ardent curiosity, coupled with the certain conviction that the mysterious stranger was in some way connected with his family, removed at once hesitation and doubt. He therefore welcomed his new acquaintance with the easy courtesy of a gentleman, and begged him to walk up-stairs.

"Are you alone?" said the stranger.

"My sister only, sir—"

"Good," replied the visitor.

At this moment the loud sound of the dog sniffing the air under the door which led through the partition that separated the private entrance from the shop, attracted the attention of all—a whine, and next a scratching at the lock was heard. "What, Mufti! are you there again, old truepenny?—lie still, good dog, I'll talk to you anon—lie still, Mufti," said the stranger. The dog was silent instantly, and the stranger followed young Silverthong to the drawing-room.

Cecilia, who had partaken of the surprise at so unusually timed a visit, partook also of her brother's curiosity, and had listened to what passed *slow, until*, hearing the first upward movement, she retired to the cham-

ber, where she had just reached the side of the table, from which the lights fell directly on her face and figure, as the gentlemen entered the room.

The stranger had advanced only a few paces, bowing to the object before him, when he suddenly started back with an ejaculation indicative either of extreme surprise or terror.

His hat and cane fell from his hands, which in another moment were clasped together, while he stood for a few seconds transfixed like a statue, and gazing with intense inquiry on the beautiful object before him. At length, after heaving a deep and long-drawn breath, he ejaculated in a smothered tone, "Yes, yes! by G.!" and dropped into a chair, where he covered his face with his handkerchief, and gave way to a burst of powerful emotion.

"The gentleman is ill!" exclaimed Cecilia, and flew towards the bell, as if to call for restoratives.

"Not so, not so!" hastily replied her brother, who now, for the first time, began to entertain some indistinct vision of the truth, "he will recover presently."

And so he did: and the first sign of his recovery was to seize the hand of George Silverthong, and to utter, though still in broken accents, the following words, "I ask your pardon—both your pardons for this intrusion, and above all for this display of weakness; but all is now explained. I could not rest in my doubts and surmises even till to-morrow. I came to announce myself to you in undisguised truth—I came to seek for explanations which now are no longer needed. The unerring hand of nature inscribes her records in language so universal that the whole earth can read them; and in facts so clear that none but the mentally, or wilfully blind, can fail to understand them;" then rising from his chair he added, "if the Almighty stamps his works by a legible mark, and that mark has not been subtly forged by nature, that young lady is the daughter of Cecilia Oldmixon (formerly Silverthong), and you are both her children."

There was no denying a fact thus solemnly asserted—there was no acknowledging it without breaking their pledge to their father. Amidst astonishment, not unmixed with awe, they both continued silent, and the stranger resumed,

"You are both, no doubt amazed, and wondering who I am. You have probably heard of a madman—an infatuated boy—a young scoundrel who merited the discipline of a horsewhip, who caused much sorrow to—and, indeed, once endangered the life of your sainted mother. You have heard the name of Charles Rivers?"

"I have, indeed, sir," quickly replied Silverthong. "I have heard of him, but not as you report him. I have heard of a wild enthusiast of that name, of whom my mother always spoke with kindness, and even with affection, as of a younger brother. She spoke, indeed, of his boyish follies, but ever ended with a tribute to his noble excellence when reason assumed the possession of his mind, and induced him to sacrifice his country and connections in order to insure her happiness and tranquillity."

"Yes! Yes, by G., sir; she was ever noble, generous, and forgiving, and far more so to me than I ever deserved, after the frantic follies with which I persecuted her."

"You, then, are that —"

"Charles Rivers! only wiser and better, I hope, by some twenty years odd, than when I last beheld that angel upon earth, whose perfect counterpart I see before me."

THE LITERARY CAREER OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.*

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

IT is not our purpose in the brief notice we are about to present of the distinguished man whose name stands at the head of this article, to enter into an examination of his religious character and doctrines, neither is it in our power to do more than glance at the effect his writings are likely to produce upon English literature, and what is perhaps better—upon the moral and social well-being of his country and of our own.

In the year 1826, Channing first came before the world as an author, by the publication of an "Essay on the Character and Writings of Milton." This performance was soon followed by an "Essay on the Life and Character of Napoleon Buonaparte," which was shortly succeeded by an "Essay on the Character and Writings of Fenelon."

These three works found their way to England, and were highly admired by the men of judgment and reflection into whose hands they happened to fall, not only for their elegance of style, but for the elevated tone and noble spirit that pervaded them. It was seen that no common man had arisen to adorn literature, and to instruct and benefit mankind.

We do not know whether it was before or after the able and highly laudatory notice of Channing appeared in the "Westminster," that the attack upon him by Hazlitt was published in the "Edinburgh." That attack we did not see at the time; and we have not since given ourselves the pain of reading it. Channing calls it "abuse," and we should have thought it likely to be so, if we had not had his word for it. Hazlitt created two or three idols during his life—Buonaparte being one; and he hated and reviled every man who would not bow down to them and worship them, partly because such denial was, as he conceived, an insult to the said idols, and partly because the denier presumed to differ in opinion with William Hazlitt. However this be, beyond the article in the "Westminster," we believe that no deliberate criticism of Channing's works had appeared in an influential review in 1830, or for some years afterwards, calculated to establish or even to extend the reputation of this author.

Meanwhile, his reputation was extending in spite of the indifference or passive hostility of the English critics. His published lectures on the "Importance and Means of a National Literature," on "Temperance," on "Self-culture," on the "Elevation of the Working Classes," on "Self-denial," and on "War," and his letters to Mr. Clay, on the Annexation of Texas in 1837, were imported into England, reprinted for a wider circulation, and read with avidity by thousands, not of the higher and the middle classes alone, but of the mass of the people. And well may the working men of America and of England be grateful to Channing for his exertions towards their moral and intellectual elevation; for an attentive perusal of his works—especially of such as

* Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts. 3 vols. London: Chapman, 1848.

are addressed to them, will do more to effect that object than the writings put together of all the men that have published in the English tongue during the present century.

The spirit in which he wrote may be gathered from these words, extracted from a letter to a friend. "I honour those who write *for* the multitude, in the true sense of the word, and should value little the highest labours of genius, did I not believe that the *mass*, the race, were to be the wiser and better for them."

We need hardly observe that a man who writes with this noble object ever in his view, is sure to make enemies, especially amongst those who regard literature as something that ought to be directed exclusively to the recreation or delight of a certain class, or that ought to subserve the interests of a certain party, whether that be done by nominally enlisting under its banner, or by book or pamphlet advocacy of its doctrines.

Accordingly, we find the Edinburgh Review, in 1839, making a second attack upon Channing, in an article purporting to be a review of an essay published twenty-three years before, namely, the Essay on the Character and Writings of Milton. It is true, this effusion professes merely to criticise the author's style, and to denounce his bad taste; but the evident design is to bring Channing's literary character into contempt.

It is curious to observe sometimes how malignity defeats its own object, either by too great an eagerness to rush, however unprepared, into the conflict, or by causing another to do so, who is still less prepared. We must cast a glance upon this article.

The reviewer says: "Not content with describing Milton as a profound scholar, and a man of vast compass of thought, and imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, Dr. Channing must add for effect, and in order to say something out of the ordinary way, that he was 'able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power his great and varied acquisitions.' Now, this is saying not only something out of the ordinary way, but something beyond ordinary comprehension. A man may master, and he may mould by his intellectual power,—but what is he to master? Dr. Channing says 'his own acquisitions!'—as if he had said, "this man is so wealthy that he is about to buy his own estate."

No, if Dr. Channing had said that, he would have said nonsense, which it was left to the reviewer to write. A man's acquisitions are the things he acquires, and who does not know that they may be moulded and mastered? Acquire a pig of lead, and it may be moulded; acquire an estate and you are its master. The truth is, a man by his intellectual power can mould *nothing but* his acquisitions.

Let us take another specimen. The reviewer asks, "Can anything be more useless, and less precise, or even comprehensible, than ambitious writing like the following description of Milton's power over language? 'It belongs not to the musical ear, but to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius,' (as if a man should say, 'that pound you gave me or spent for me, which is quite the same thing,') "which has power to impress itself upon whatever it touches, (so that genius has been turned from a giver and an exerciser, into a die or mould.)"

What idleness is this? Channing uses the word 'gift,' in one of its acknowledged significations, namely, that of a quality conferred

upon a man; and may it not with propriety be said that the quality of genius, or the exercise of it, has power to impress itself? Does not the reviewer himself tell us further on, that 'the admiration of ages has been stamped' upon Milton's poetry? As to the flippancy about the 'die or mould,' that is worse than the other, for a die or mould has not the power of itself to impress itself upon anything.

But, surely, the man who is so mightily intolerant of bad taste in composition, has taken very good care that he shall not be caught tripping? We shall see.

Speaking of bad writers, whom he cannot abide, the reviewer says, that they utter such a base gibberish, that "really, Swift or Addison, should they COME ALIVE," would not understand them. Here we see 'either' converted in a trice into 'both,' and the two 'come alive.' We have heard of 'gone dead,' but 'come alive' is new to us. They are equally elegant.

The reviewer says of these bad writers, that, "Once persuade them that clearness and distinctness is not an essential requisite of diction," &c., and of their style, that "simplicity and nature in the ideas is sacrificed to far-fetched conceits." Speaking of examples of simple energy of language, he remarks that "the writings of the Greek orators and Greek tragedians, as well as the finest passages of both Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy, are full of similar instances."

Mrs. Malaprop thought Cerberus three gentlemen at once, but here are three venerable gentlemen turned into two.

"The scientific writings of later years," says this denouncer of bad taste and broken metaphor, "have been debased by the vicious taste, the foolish vanity of running after ornaments that deny themselves to the ornamental."

One more example and we have done. Shewing us how he can write of Milton, he says: "His picture of Death—by Milton first made awful and horrid without any mean or low association—because by him first removed from the picture of a skeleton, and involved in impenetrable and terrible obscurity, which, for that very reason, we may add in passing, Fuseli never should have committed the gross blunder of endeavouring to paint."

Here we have a man making one picture by severing it from another, and involving it in impenetrable and terrible obscurity, which is a reason why a second man should not paint a third picture.

So much for this denouncer of false taste in composition. After this, no wonder Channing could write to his friend in London:—

"As to the review of my writings which you refer to, I do not need much solace under it. I wish I could ascribe my indifference about such matters to philosophy or religion. I suppose it has grown in part out of my exposure for years to like attacks. But there is a deeper cause. My nature inclines me to keep out of the world, and to interest myself in subjects more than in persons. This tendency I have to resist, as injurious to the affections and to Christian sympathies. But one effect of it is that what is said of me makes little or no impression. Indeed, I forget it in a few days. There are some who can 'forgive, but not forget.' The difficulty with me is, that I forgive because I so soon forget. I have so many subjects pressing than my opponent, that he is crowded out of mind. There is no virtue, but much comfort."

A WINTER'S NIGHT WITH MY OLD BOOKS, CHIEFLY
CONCERNING GHOSTS AND PRODIGIES.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

Now that the weather is cold and the evenings at their longest—when the day closes in at half past three, and one dines early because one does not know what else to do; and afterwards piles up such a fire, that, no matter how many candles are lighted, the flashing glow on the ceiling, and glass, and picture-frames overcomes them—at this cozy season I sometimes have a small party. My visitors are not numerous. They come at the minute I wish for them, and depart with equally agreeable rapidity. They do not cost me anything to entertain. They are not “fast” up-to-the-time fellows; but grave, and even shabby in their appearance; such as many would not like to be seen in their rooms. We have, however, been friends for many years; and they have, in times of vexation and fretting, given me more consolation than several others upon whom I might, with more plausibility, have reckoned. In a word, they are a few favourite red-edged, round-cornered, musty old books.

I have not many. Bibliomania is an expensive passion to indulge in, and will affect a large income; but where that income is fished with a steel pen from the bottom of an inkstand, with the same slippery incertitude that attends the spearing of eels in a muddy pond, the taste is, of necessity, entirely kept down. And so I am content with a very few that have come to me as heir-looms, rather than purchases, awaiting patiently, with the resignation of the Flying Dutchman's wife, the time when the long expected ship shall come in that contains my fortune.

It so happens that the few old books I have, treat almost entirely either of ghosts or prodigies. How our good ancestors contrived to live in full possession of their wits, in those old haunted-looking houses, with so many accredited instances in their popular literature of unearthly visitors calling upon them at all times is, in itself, a marvel. How they ever found themselves alone in their tall ghastly beds, with the moon shining through the mullioned windows upon the tapestry, as she rose over the yew-trees of the adjoining churchyard, without dying with fright, then and there, is matter for serious discussion. Now, it is true, ghosts have somewhat declined in position; not but that I still devoutly believe in them; but circumstances are not so favourable to their appearance. In the country they would shun spots where the gleam and scream of the mail-train might disturb their importance; and in London they would hate the gas-light shining through the bedroom blinds; the rattling of the cabs going home with late roysterers; and, at this their own season, the waits playing the Eclipse Polka, as well as the cornet-à-pistons in the cold, can imitate the great fluttering solo of König, Arban, or Macfarlane. Ghosts have never been in force in London. I can't tell what you might see if you were shut up all night by yourself in Westminster Abbey; but certainly they eschew the squares, and have a horror of hotels. To be in a cellar at midnight might formerly have been considered a favourable position for meeting one.

Imagine the chance a spectre would have at 12 P.M. in the Cyder Cellars! But to our subject more directly.

The smallest of my books, looking like a little withered old gentleman, is entitled "*Miscellanies, collected by J. Aubrey, Esq.*" Its title-page of contents, amongst which we find "Apparitions," "Omens," "Voices," "Knockings," "Corpse Candles," and other "shudderish" subjects, bespeaks its tendency. It is, I think, the only published work of the author.

Aubrey must have been on excellent terms with ghosts generally. It is somewhat strange, considering the high respect in which he held them, that none ever paid him a visit. He has, however, no story of his own to recount; but he evidently believes in all the narrations as though he had been the hero of them; and it was on this account that Gifford, somewhat ill-naturedly, called him "a credulous fool." One of his notes, under the head of *Magick*, will cause a smile. It runs as follows:—

"In *Herefordshire*, and other parts, they do put a cold iron bar upon their barrels, to preserve their beer from being soured by thunder. This is a common practice in *Kent*."

Modern science has attributed this remedy to other causes than "magick;" indeed, "progress" has sadly upset the wizards. Mephistophiles himself, when he tapped the table to bring forth wine for the students, would have been quenched altogether by Robert Houdin and his inexhaustible bottle. Take another:—

"There was in *Scotland* one — (an Obsessus) carried in the air several times in the view of several persons, his fellow-soldiers. Major *Henton* hath seen him carry'd away from the guard in *Scotland* sometimes a mile or two. Sundry persons are living now (1671) that can attest this story. I had it from Sir *Robert Harley* (the son), who married Major *Henton's* widow; as also from *E. T. D.D.*"

And next to it:—

"A gentleman of my acquaintance, Mr. —M. was in *Portugal*, Anno 1655, when one was burnt by the Inquisition for being brought thither from *Goa* in *East India*, in the air, in an incredible short time."

Wonderful as these events must have been at the time, a shilling will procure us a similar spectacle on fine summer Monday afternoons at Cremorne Gardens, when Mr. Green not only carries away one, but a dozen with him in the air. And certainly no Essex Inquisition would now think of condemning to be burnt all "intrepid aeronauts," who came in fifteen minutes from Chelsea to Chelmsford, for which latter neighbourhood descending balloons appear to have a great predilection.

Following up the "*Magick*," we have a less satisfactory receipt than that for the thunder.

"*To Cure the Thrush.*"

"Take a living Frog, and hold it in a cloth, that it does not go down into the child's mouth; and put the head into the child's mouth till it is dead."

It is not here clearly explained whether the death of the child or the frog puts an end to the thrush. The following is more simple, and at all events harmless.

“ To Cure the Toothache.

“ Take a new nail and make the gum bleed with it, and then drive it into an *oak*. This did cure *William Neal*, Sir *William Neal's* son, a very stout gentleman, when he was almost mad with the pain, and had a mind to have pistoll'd himself.”

The cure that an inflamed gum might receive from this rude lancing, is not hinted at. Going on, we find it clearly shewn why the steel horse-shoe now hangs from the glittering *Chatelaine* at the side of our most fashionable west-end *belles*, to which enviable position, it will be seen, they have been promoted from the door-steps.

“ It is a thing very common to nail horse-shoes on the thresholds of doors; which is to hinder the power of witches that enter into the house. Most houses of the west-end of *London* have the horse-shoe on the threshold. It should be a horse-shoe one finds. In the *Bermudas* they use to put an iron into the fire when a witch comes in.”

We do the latter thing in *England*, on the entrance of a friend, to give him a cheerful blaze. The next receipt, I think I may safely affirm, is no longer practised.

“ At *Paris* when it begins to thunder and lighten, they do presently ring out the great bell at the *Abbey of St. German*, which they do believe makes it cease. The like was wont to be done heretofore in *Wiltshire*; when it thundered and lightened, they did ring *St. Adelm's* bell at *Malsbury Abbey*. The curious do say that the ringing of bells exceedingly disturbs spirits.”

It certainly exceedingly disturbed mine when I once lived opposite to a country church where the “youths” were wont to ring “triple-major-bobs,” or whatever they called them, twice a-week. The subject is, however, worth deep investigation. Perhaps by it, may be accounted for, how it happens always to be such serene and lovely weather on the *Queen's* festival days: and a new fact in meteorology opened to us.

As regards matrimony, *Aubrey* had collected many secrets. “The last summer,” he says, “on the Day of *St. John Baptist* (1694), I accidentally was walking in the pasture behind *Montague-House*, it was XII a clock. I saw there about two or three and twenty young women, most of them well habited, on their knees very busie, as if they had been weeding. I could now presently learn what the matter was; at least a young man told me that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands: it was to be found that day, and hour.”

Again:—“*To know whom one shall marry*, you must be in another county, and knit the left garter about the right legg'd stockin (let the other garter and stockin alone), and as you rehearse these following verses, at every comma, knit a knot.

*This Knot I knit,
To know the thing I know not yet,
That I may see
The man (woman) that shall my husband (wife) be,
How he goes, and what he wears,
And what he does all the days.*

“ Accordingly, in your dream you will see him; if a musitian, with a

lute or other instrument; if a scholar, with a book, &c. A gentlewoman that I knew, confessed in my hearing, that she used this method and dreamt of her husband whom she had never seen: about two or three years after, as she was on *Sunday* at church, up pops a young *Oxonian* in the pulpit: she cries out presently to her sister, 'This is the very face of the man that I saw in my dream.' Sir *William Somes* lady did the like."

Under the head of *Apparitions*, is the following paragraph, which is, perhaps, better known than most of *Aubrey's* collection:—

"Anno 1670, not far from *Cyrencester*, was an Apparition: being demanded whether a good spirit, or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume, and most melodious twang. *Mr. W. Lilly* believes it was a *Farie*."

This is certainly unsatisfactory—the locality is hazily defined, and the detail not well filled up. But the fact that "*Mr. W. Lilly*" believed it, to be a "*Farie*," was quite sufficient. Hitherto we have selected the most ridiculous of *Aubrey's* miscellanies, but we now come to some which, at all events, are well authenticated. And first, under the head of *Dreams*:—

"Sir *Christopher Wren*, being at his father's house, Anno 1651, at *Knahil* in *Wilts* (a young *Oxford* scholar), dreamt that he saw a fight in a great market-place, which he knew not: where some were flying and others pursuing: and among those that fled, he saw a kinsman of his who went into *Scotland* to the King's army. They heard in the country that the King was come into England, but whereabouts he was they could not tell. The next night his kinsman came to his father at *Knahill*, and was the first that brought the news of the fight at *Worcester*."

Sir *Christopher*, in all probability, told this story himself to *Aubrey*: at all events he lived twenty years after the publication of the book. The chronicler also received the following, nearly first-hand. There is, however, little that is supernatural in it: but its quaintness is most diverting:—

"Dr. — *Twiss*, minister of the new church at *Westminster*, told me that his father (Dr. *Twiss*, Prolocutor of the Assembly of Divines, and author of *Vindicie*), when he was a school-boy at *Winchester*, saw the *Phantome* of a school-fellow of his deceased (a *Rakehell*), who said to him *I am damned*. This was the occasion of Dr. *Twiss* (the Father's) conversion, who had been before that time (as he told his son) a very wicked boy. (He was hypochondriacal.)"

The one or two more stories, that we shall steal from *Aubrey*, are of a serious character—really "ghost stories"—well attested and inexplicable. "Anno 1647," he says, "the Lord *Mohun's* son and heir (a gallant gentleman, valiant, and a great master of fencing and horsemanship) had a quarrel with Prince *Griffin*; there was a challenge, and they were to fight on horse-back in *Chelsey-fields*, in the morning; Mr. *Mohun* went accordingly to meet him; but about *Ebury-Farm*, he was met by some who quarrell'd with him and pistol'd him; it was believed by the order of Prince *Griffin*; for he was sure that Mr. *Mohun*, being so much the better horseman, &c., would have killed him, had they fought. In *James-street* in *Covent-garden* did then lodge a gentlewoman, who was Mr. *Mohun's* sweet-

heart. Mr. *Mohun* was murdered about ten a-clock in the morning; and at that very time, his mistress being in bed, saw Mr. *Mohun* come to her bed-side, drew the curtain, looked upon her and went away: she called after him, but no answer: she knocked for her maid, ask'd her for Mr. *Mohun*; she said, she did not see him, and had the key of her chamber-door in her pocket. This account my friend, aforesaid, had from the gentlewoman's own mouth, and her maids. A parallel story to this, is, that Mr. *Brown*, (brother-in-law to Lord *Coningsby*,) discovered his being murdered to several. His Phantome appear'd to his sister and her maid in Fleet-street, about the time he was killed in *Herefordshire*, which was about a year since, 1693."

In the following is ground for a good romance:—

"Sir *Walter Long*, of Draycot (grandfather of Sir *James Long*) had two wives; the first a daughter of Sir — *Packinton* in *Worcestershire*; by whom he had a son: his second wife was a daughter of Sir *John Thinne* of *Longleat*; by whom he had several sons and daughters. The second wife did use much artifice to render the son by the first wife, (who had not much Promethean fire,) odious to his father; she would get her acquaintance to make him drunk; and then expose him, in that condition to his father; in fine, she never left off her attempts, till she got Sir *Walter* to disinherit him. She laid the scene for the doing this, at *Bath*, at the assizes, where was her brother Sir *Egrimond Thinne*, an eminent serjeant-at-law, who drew the writing; and his clerk was to set up all night to engross it; as he was writing, he perceived a shadow on the parchment from the candle; he look'd up, and there appear'd a hand, which immediately vanished; he was startled at it, but thought it might be only his fancy, being sleepy: so he writ on; by and by, a fine white-hand interposed between the writing and the candle (he could discern it was a woman's hand) but vanish'd as before: I have forgot, it appeared a third time; but with that the clerk threw down the pen, and would engross no more, but goes and tells his master of it, and absolutely refused to do it. But it was done by somebody, and Sir *Walter Long* prevailed with to seal and sign it. He lived not long after; and his body did not go quiet to the grave, it being arrested at the church-porch by the trustees of the first lady. The heir's relations took his part, and commenced a suit against Sir *Walter* (the second son) and compell'd him to accept of a moiety of the estate; so the eldest son kept *South-Wranchester*, and Sir *Walter*, the second son, *Dracot*, *Cernes*, &c. This was about the middle of the reign of King *James* the First."

With one more we shall lay *Aubrey* aside: this is the more interesting, as it has relation to a well-known event in our history:—

"One Mr. *Towes*, who had been schoolfellow with Sir *George Villers*, the father of the first Duke of *Buckingham*, (and was his friend and neighbour,) as he lay in his bed awake (and it was daylight), came into his chamber the phantome of his dear friend Sir *George Villers*. Said Mr. *Towes* to him, 'Why, you are dead; what make you here?' Said the knight, 'I am dead, but cannot rest in peace for the wickedness and abomination of my son *George* at court. I do appear to you to tell him of it, and to advise and exhort him from his evil ways.' Said Mr. *Towes*, 'The duke will not believe me, but will say that I am mad, or doat.' Said Sir *George*, 'Go to him from me, and tell him by such a

token (some mole) that he had which none but himself knew of.' Accordingly Mr. *Towes* went to the duke, who laughed at his message. At his return home, the phantome appeared again, and told him that 'the duke would be stabbed (he drew out a dagger) a quarter of a year after; and you shall outlive him half a year. And the warning that you shall have of your death will be, that your nose will fall a-bleeding: all which accordingly fell out so. This account I have had (in the main) from two or three; but Sir *William Dugdale* affirms what I have here taken from him to be true, and that the apparition told him of several things to come, which proved true; e.g., of a prisoner in the *Tower* that should be honourably delivered. This Mr. *Towes* had so often the ghost of his old friend appear to him, that it was not at all terrible to him. He was surveyor of the works at *Windsor* (by favour of the duke.) Being then sitting in the hall, he cried out, 'The Duke of *Buckingham* is stabbed!' He was stabbed that very moment."

Next to *Aubrey* on my shelves—of the same octavo form, but far stouter in appearance, so that the two books look like an alderman and a genius side by side—is *Glanvil's Seducismus Triumphatus*. It differs from *Aubrey's* work, inasmuch as the former is merely a string of collected anecdotes, imperfectly arranged, and printed one after the other; whereas *Glanvil* devotes half his book to metaphysical arguments upon the possibility of apparitions: and in his collection of relations, to each of them he adds some comments. It is a regular, downright hair-erecting ghost book; one only to be read, except by strong-minded persons, in the day-time, and in company; and even then with the prospect of a bed-fellow. I was a child when I first read it, and at that time it was the most entrancing book I ever came upon. But I paid dearly for the interest it excited. For a long season I used to lie trembling in bed for hours, as I pondered on the awful stories it contained. They are mostly too long to extract here; but I remember the relation of the chest with the three locks, which opened one after another at the foot of Mr. *Bourne's* bed, just before he died; and also how the Earl of *Donegal's* steward, *Taverner*, riding home, was passed at night, on the high road, by the likeness of *James Haddock*, who had been dead five years, and who was now mounted on a horse that made no noise; how this spectre wished him to set a will case to rights; and how it haunted him night and day, alone and in company, until he did. There was also a fearful tale of the gashed and bleeding likeness of old Mr. *Bowes*, of *Guildford*, appearing to a criminal in prison, which led to the apprehension of the real murderers, as related by Mr. *Onslow*, a justice of the peace in the neighbourhood. And another ghost (also at *Guildford*, of which place, by the way, I shall have to recite my own ghost story presently,) who got back some land to the rightful people by appearing to the usurper at a stile, over which he had to pass one evening, going across a field. This last haunted me out of doors as well as within. There was a wooden bridge, with a stile in the middle of it, over a bourne, in the middle of the long, lonely fields between *Chertsey* and *Thorpe*, which I always associated with the apparition; and when, as sometimes chanced, I was sent with medicine for some urgent case at the latter village, and it was growing dusk on my return, my heart absolutely quaked within me as I got near the stile. I always expected to see a grey, transparent dead man opposing my passage; and this feeling grew upon me so, that at last I preferred to go round the

long road-way, even skirting the dark fir copses of St. Anne's Hill in preference; for one might meet a donkey-cart there by chance, or haply the postman: but in Thorpe Fields, except on Saturday night, when the people came to our town to buy things, the solitude was awful. In the latter case they mostly went home "jolly;" and the walk on such an evening then became a matter of great glory to me. My nightly fears, through reading Glanvil, were equally acute, and they lasted over a longer space of time. The only occasions on which I slept calmly were when the people came to brew; and then the clanking of the pails, the chopping of wood, and the poking of fires, kept up all night long, made it very pleasant.

One of the most fearful stories in Glanvil's book is not in his narrations, but in a prefatory letter by Dr. H. More, who edited the work; and it is well told as follows:—

"About the year of our Lord 1632, near unto Chester in the Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman-man of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman that kept his house, who was by the neighbours suspected to be about to become a mother, and was towards the dark of the evening one night sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a Collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blakeburn-hundred in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and no noise or little was made about it. In the winter-time after, one James Graham, or Grime, (for so in that country they call them,) being a Miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late at the mill grinding corn; and as, about twelve or one o'clock at night, he came down the stairs from having been putting corn in the hopper, the mill-doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about her head, hanging down and all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless him, and at last asked her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, 'I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker; and he promised to send me to a place where I should be well lookt to until I should come again and keep his house. And accordingly,' said the apparition, 'I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a Moor (naming a place that the miller knew), slew me with a pick (such as men dig coals with), and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank; and his shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash; but, seeing the blood would not wash forth, he hid them there.' And the apparition further told the miller, that he must be the man to reveal it, or else that she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but endeavoured as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition. But, notwithstanding, one night, when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue, and haunt him. Yet, for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas's-ere before Christmas, when being soon after sunset walking on in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened him, and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

"In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter

known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick, and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller. Whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the Assizes following (I think it was at Durham), they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear that they confessed the fact. There were some that reported that the apparition did appear to the Judge or the Foreman of the Jury, (who were alive in Chester in the Street about ten years ago, as I have been credibly informed,) but of that I know no certainty.

"There are many persons yet alive that can remember this strange murder and the discovery of it; for it was, and sometimes yet is, as much discoursed of in the North country, as any thing that almost hath ever been heard of, and the relation printed, though now not to be gotten. I relate this with the greatest confidence (though I may fail in some of the circumstances) because I saw and read the letter that was sent to Serjeant Hutton, who then lived at Goldsbrugh, in Yorkshire, from the judge before whom Walker and Mark Sharp were tried, and by whom they were condemned; and had a copy of it until about the year 1658, when I had it and many other books and papers taken from me. And this I confess to be one of the most convincing stories, (being of undoubted verity,) that ever I read, heard, or knew of, and carrieth with it the most evident force to make the most incredulous spirit to be satisfied that there are really sometimes such things as apparitions."

This horrible story is corroborated further by two of the witnesses on the trial, men of credit, before Judge Davenport. One of them deposed, on oath, that he saw the likeness of a child stand on Walker's shoulders during the time of the trial, at which time the judge was very much troubled, and passed sentence that night—a thing never the custom in Durham before. Those who have paid any attention to these matters may remember, in our own time, that the body of Maria Martin was discovered in the Red Barn, at Polstead, in consequence of her appearing to her parents in a dream. Of course this was not mentioned at the trial of her murderer, Corder; but it was known to have been the case. There appears something more than nervous fancy or coincidence in this.

The greater part of Glanvil's book is taken up with accounts of the doings of witches, and of the disturbances in haunted houses; but they are mostly very silly. As regards the first, Lady Duff Gordon's admirable translation of "The Amber Witch" is far more interesting; and, for the second, the most circumstantial detail does not impress you with one-hundredth part of the mysterious terror that Hoon's "Haunted House" called forth.*

* In that fine poem were some half dozen lines singularly descriptive of the scene, which, sometime afterwards, the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin, impressed so forcibly on the public mind. I do not think the coincidence was ever noticed. They ran—

"The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted.

"Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—
Oh, what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement!

One more scrap from Glanvil before we leave him. Dr. More says he was accustomed to have an argument on the immortality of the soul with "an old gentleman in the countrey, an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of a mathematician; but what kind of philosopher he was, you may understand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me on my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this:—

" *Ens* is nothing till sense finds it out:
Sense ends in nothing, so nought goes about ;"

which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that at the reciting of the second verse, the old gentleman turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round in the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind." And with this quaint anecdote we put Glanvil by.

And from him we turn to a large folio of 1649, teeming with excellent wood-cuts, whereof all the personages look as if they were ready dressed to perform in "The Huguenots," and in which the "figures," or "effigies" of the elephant and whale appear as wonders, although the well-defined tables of the human blood-vessels would scarcely disgrace the ablest anatomical demonstrator of the present day. This large book contains the works of Ambrose Paré, who was successively the bold and successful surgeon to the French kings, Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.—who dressed the wounds of the unfortunate Coligni at the time of the terrible Bartholomew's Eve; and who, on the night before the massacre was locked up by Charles in his own chamber, that he might not be murdered, albeit he was a Protestant. He says little about ghosts, for a believer in the supernatural; but his "*Prodigies*" are of the wildest order. He gives pictures of all of them, which I regret cannot here be reproduced; and he has these illustrated from the slightest descriptions. What he would have made of the sea-serpent is difficult to tell. But Pontoppidan had not then been born, nor had the *Dædalus* been launched: otherwise, in his chapter devoted to "the wondrous nature of some marine things," we might have expected an account as long as its object. One thing, however, is worthy of serious remark, in his general "*prodigies*." Many of them, classed on a level with the rest in point of the marvellous, have had their fellows in our own time. He pictures a case parallel to that of the Siamese twins; and has also an account of a child with two heads, similar to the infant that died in Paris in 1829. He moreover pourtrays a baby with four arms, four legs, and one head, a companion to which died in Westminster in 1838, and an account of it appears in *The Times* of Sept. 17 in that year. Now, if it is possible for such monsters—which take high rank amongst his prodigies—to exist, may not the majority of the rest be also matters of likelihood?

But to his *marvels*: and out of compliment to the marine monster quoted above, who has made a little stir of late, we will commence with

" What human creature in the dead of night
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance!
Had sought the door, the window in the flight,
Striving for dear existence ?

" What shrieking spirit in that bloody room,
Its mortal frame had violently quitted ?"

some of Ambrose Paré's ocean wonders. And first, of two ecclesiastical prodigies. "In our times, saith *Rondeletius*, in *Norway*, was a monster taken in a tempestuous sea, the which as manie as saw it, presently termed a monk, and *Anno Dom.* 1531, there was seen a sea-monster in the habit of a bishop." He also authenticates a sea-monster, with the head of a bear, and feet and hands of an ape: another, with a lion's head and man's voice: and one like a man, "with his countenance composed to gravity, and his hair yellow," but a fish from the waist downwards, who came one fine morning out of the Nile. Others are spoken of as "with the head, mane, and breast of a horse:" and others seventy feet long, with heads like swine's.

But in another story he is more plausible. "Whilest in my vineyard," he says, "that is at *Meudon*, I caused certain huge stones to bee broken to pieces, a toad was found in the mid'st of one of them. When as I much admired thereat, because there was no space wherein this creature could bee generated, increas, or live; the Stone-cutter wished me not to marvel thereat, for it was a common thing: and that hee saw it almost everie daie. Certainly it may com to pass, that from the more moist portion of stones, contained in places moist and underground, and the celestial heat mixing and diffusing it self over the whole mass of the world, the matters may bee animated for the generation of these creatures."

Reporters who live upon enormous gooseberries and showers of frogs, might have amassed large incomes in his time; for he speaks of "great and thick bars of iron which fell from heaven, and presently turned into swords and rapiers;" and also of a stone that tumbled from the skies in Hungary, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. And we find, at three separate periods in Italy, it has rained flesh, corn, and milk and oil. If any turn in the weather would bring about a like series of showers in Ireland just at present, what a great thing it would be!

Ambrose Paré's system of surgery and medicine was wonderfully sensible for the time in which he lived: much of his treatment would hold good at the present day. Occasionally, however, we may put less trust in him. He says, "If one tell an ass in his ear that hee is stung by a scorpion, they saie that the danger is immediately over." But, he adds, "oft times there is no small superstition in things that are outwardly applied, such as to make pills of one hanged, against the bitings of a mad dog: for any one to bee free'd from the cough who shall spit in the mouth of a toad, letting her go away alive; or the halter wherein one hath been hanged, put about the temples to help the headache." He very properly deems all these as "superstitious fictions," albeit the devil will sometimes make them prosper, to keep the workers ensnared to his service. There are very many other marvellous histories in Ambrose Paré, but as they are better suited to the medical than the general ear, they may be passed over.

Finally, I mentioned that I had a ghost-story, hitherto unpublished, to tell about Guildford. About ten years ago my brother was a pupil at the Grammar-School in that town. The boys had been sitting up all night in their bedroom for a frolic, and, in the early morning, one of them, young K——, of Godalming, cried out, "Why! I'll swear there's the likeness of our old huntsman on his grey horse going across the whitewashed wall!" The rest of the boys told him he was a fool, and that they had all better think about going to sleep. After breakfast, a servant came over from K——'s family to say, "that their old

huntsman had been thrown from his horse and killed, early that morning, whilst airing the hounds."

Leaving the reader to explain this strange story, which may be relied upon, I put my old books back on their shelves, and lay aside my pen. For it is very late: the clock is ticking with a ghostly sound, as if it was about to talk, and the furniture appears positively to be growing alive, whilst I cannot help thinking that whole hosts of spectres are behind the window curtains. The candles, too, are burning with a most uncomfortable glare, and altogether I expect, if I do not get to bed whilst I can hear somebody moving in the house, the first thing that I see when I open the door to go, will be some dreadful apparition standing on the mat at the bottom of the staircase.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.—MACAULAY'S JAMES THE SECOND. *

It is now upwards of twenty years—we should be justified in saying a clear quarter of a century—since the English public were first charmed and dazzled by Mr. Macaulay's articles in the "Edinburgh Review." The new style, so crisp, so brilliant, struck everybody with surprise and delight. Even the more thoughtful critics, who refused to be blinded by the glitter of the manner, acknowledged the fulness to redundancy, of the knowledge displayed in these papers, and the happy art with which the writer drew in from various and distant sources his rife stores of illustrative matter. The prominent peculiarity of Macaulay's prose cannot be more accurately expressed than in the very words in which he has himself described the leading characteristics of Milton's poetry. "The most striking characteristics of the poetry of Milton" [we are quoting from the "Edinburgh Review," of 1825], "is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests, not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. *He electrifies the mind through conductors.*

This is, or was, exactly Mr. Macaulay's prose. He, too, electrified the mind through conductors, and in a much more startling and overwhelming way than Milton. With the poet there was a certain weight and formality, a grave and scholastic dignity in the learning with which he lighted up his theme, and in the way in which he made use of it: with the essayist, it shot up out of the darkness like a rocket, and fell over his page in showers of many-coloured light. The vivacity, variety, and frequency of Macaulay's illustrations leave all comparison in that respect at an immeasurable distance behind. He talks and writes a sort of flower language, full of symbols and images, and familiar as well as remote associations which seem to drop from him by an elementary condition of his genius. The moment he opens his mouth or puts his pen on the paper, pearls begin to flow.

A style so lively and effective was admirably adapted for the purposes of the Essayist, whose province it was to bring out the salient points of a subject rapidly, to place them in a strong light, and to concentrate and vivify, rather than develop his details. The question which instantly occurred to everybody's mind on the announcement of Mr. Macaulay's History of England, was, how will this illumi-

* The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Vols. I. and II. London. Longman and Co.

nated manner of writing fulfil the demands of that serious and rigorous muse who is traditionally described as Philosophy teaching by example?

The first two volumes of the work are before us, and they answer the question with a completeness which leaves nothing more to be said or doubted about Mr. Macaulay's qualifications for the responsible task he has undertaken. Our space, unfortunately, is very restricted; and we must content ourselves with simply indicating the main points on which the permanent fascination of this new History of England (new in many and in the most important senses) will be found to rest.

It possesses all throughout the charm of perfect clearness. The road is lighted up so brightly that, however quickly we journey on, we see into every nook and cranny. This lucid treatment of historical topics is of infinite value to the reader, who is not always well qualified to solve obscurities, or to supply defects. It has also this advantage, that, instead of keeping history in an upper region of cold and lifeless forms, it brings it down to the level of our experience and our sympathies. The book is full of colour and movement. It awakens an intelligence in the reader which lies dormant throughout most other modes of history, composed as they usually are of facts and skeletons of systems, instead of large and appreciable truths and humanities. This is the great distinction between this history and other histories, and it deserves special notice and consideration.

History has hitherto been treated as a map of lifeless outlines. The best of all historians hardly breathed a living population over the surface. Cities, plains, and mountains, sieges, battles, and councils were merely the landmarks of events, and realized to the imagination no definite ideas of the vital struggle, the human interest that rose and fell through the long ages of toil and suffering, sacrifice and intrigue, progress and decay, represented on the arid canvas. In Mr. Macaulay's history, politics and the warfare of nations, domestic and external, are not dealt with as theoretical abstractions, or the white bones of extinct species, or the dead items of an old almanac. They are called up into the life, and shewn to us warm and pulsing, surrounded by the costumes, circumstances, and atmosphere from whence they derived heat, shape, and character. It may be thought that all this picturesque combination of contemporary incidents, this grouping of heads and dresses, this carrying of the reader into the streets and making him take part in the popular processions of the last century, or the hurrying him away to the camp at Hounslow, amongst the monks, pedlars, and orange-girls, or the bringing him into the houses of people whose names have hitherto represented little else to his mind than stiff axioms or solemn offices,—it may be thought that all these, and many other equally close familiarities, which Mr. Macaulay takes with the austere muse, are, to use the trite phrase, below the dignity of history. But before we allow anybody's right even to dispute the assertion, it is indispensable that there should be established a clear understanding of what is meant by historical dignity. If it mean the shutting out of the life of the age depicted, the manners, arts, and traditions, the motives as well as the acts, the domestic and secret as well as the public and visible influences, the personal as well as the party elements,—then we have only to say, that the sooner this historical dignity is shut out itself the better it will be for the instruction of the world.

The style of the book—reverting to the point from which we started—is adapted with singular success to the variety of subjects embraced. In the onward narrative Mr. Macaulay has judiciously reduced his brilliancy to the quiet and sober nature of his materials; and it is only when he comes to draw a portrait or to paint a scene that he assumes the vivid eloquence and oriental splendour of imagery and diction for which his critical essays are so remarkable. We thus get the light and shade, the agitation and repose, so essential to the maintenance of the interest over a survey of events which, it is anticipated, will occupy no less than seven volumes.

The period embraced in the present volumes (opening with a sketch of our early history too brief to be satisfactory) carries us from the Restoration to the Coronation of William and Mary. Fortunately it includes that reign which, above all other reigns in our annals, Mr. Macaulay might be expected to treat with eloquence and power,—the reign which succeeded to the Commonwealth, and which, he had already described as a time “never to be recalled without a blush,—the days of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love; of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave.” We were curious to ascertain how far the extension of the horizon which he looks out upon from this more ambitious undertaking, had led him to confirm or modify his original views; and we find that, without abandoning his general indictment against the vices of the court and the general depravity of the age, he mitigates his opinion of Charles II. He thinks he was a better king, although a worse man, than his father; and out of his very

indifference to arbitrary power, except as a means of helping him to an unrestricted sweep of libertinism, his aversion to business, his love of pleasure, and the facilities of his disposition, he extracts excuses for placing him in a tolerably favourable light. This is an historical dilemma which, in the nature of things, must always remain open to debate. The monarch whose palace at Whitehall "the naked Venus first revealed," and whose profligate example corrupted the whole mass of the people, must always be regarded as the worst of kings by those who discern in the morals of a nation the best guarantees of its security and happiness; while there will ever be found a large class of politicians ready to maintain that the highest crime which a monarch can commit is to trample on liberty of conscience and popular rights, and who will hold up Charles I. to the execration of posterity, as the greatest of all royal delinquents. Mr. Macaulay's view of the case appears to be that which, in progress of time, will be most likely to gather the largest number of adherents. As we become more and more instructed in the value of rational freedom and representative institutions, we must see more clearly the obligations we are under to the Parliament, and the miseries to which we should have been doomed, had Charles I. succeeded.

The sketches of men and manners in these volumes are amongst the happiest of Mr. Macaulay's writings. He here appears in quite a new and unexpected character; neither as a critic, nor as an historian, nor as a political advocate; but as a painter of street scenes and interiors, a reviver of old costumes, and a gatherer of curious traditions concerning the habits and ways of life of our great-grandmothers. The chapter in which he describes the state of England in 1685, upon the accession of James, is one of the pleasantest pieces of wise antiquarian gossip we have for a long time fallen in with. And it is something better than pleasant—it gives us a back ground to the historical picture which is of the utmost value in assisting us to a correct view of the actual condition of the people. It was hardly necessary to apologize for interleaving the history of events with occasional glimpses of the theatre on which they were acted; and it was scarcely necessary to urge the necessity of looking at such events, not through the medium of present circumstances and associations, but through the actual state of things in the midst of which they occurred. Yet Mr. Macaulay modestly explains why he considered it desirable to step in this way out of the beaten and bounded high-road. "If we would study with profit," he observes, "the history of our ancestors, we must be constantly on our guard against that delusion which the well-known names of families, places, and offices naturally produce, and must never forget that the country of which we read was a very different country from that in which we live." He illustrates this a little farther on. "Could the England of 1685 be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred, or one building in ten thousand. The country gentleman would not recognize his own fields. The inhabitant of the town would not recognize his own street. * * * Many thousands of square miles which are now rich corn land and meadow, intersected by green hedgerows, and dotted with villages and pleasant country seats, would appear as moors overgrown with furze, or fens abandoned to wild ducks. We should see straggling huts, built of wood and covered with thatch, where we now see manufacturing towns and seaports renowned to the farthest ends of the world. The capital itself would shrink to dimensions not much exceeding those of its present suburb on the south of the Thames. Not less strange to us would be the garb and manners of the people, the furniture and the equipages, the interior of the shops and dwellings. Such a change in the state of a nation seems to be, at least, as well entitled to the notice of an historian as any change of the dynasty or of the ministry." The way in which Mr. Macaulay vindicates this new but very important department of history, will be esteemed amongst his most successful literary efforts. His sketches of country towns, watering places, stage-coaches, education, manufactures, the arts, &c. bring the England of the latter end of the seventeenth century before us in a series of outlines which cannot be exceeded in graphic power and fidelity. His portraits are equally remarkable for breadth and distinctness.

But we must not run into details. If the remainder of this work sustain, as no doubt it will, the promise of the commencement, no publication of its class has ever acquired the popularity which this History cannot fail to secure. To high descriptive talents it unites sound sense and profound learning; and we should fall infinitely short of its merits, were we to say that it is as fascinating as a fairy tale. Its interest is loftier and more absorbing. The poetical lures of the most exciting romance are not half so seductive as the realities of this new "History of England."

POPULAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Nasology; or, Hints towards a Classification of Noses. By Edwin Warwick. London. Richard Bentley.

Coleridge used to tell a story, that when he was a young man, and a red-hot republican, a spy was set upon his actions. Seated in a field one day with a friend, he began to discourse upon the doctrines of Spinoza, when the government agent, behind a contiguous tree, who was furnished with an immense nasal promontory, thought that the poet on every repetition of the name of the philosopher, said, "I spy nose," and accordingly took away himself and his treacherous member with precipitation.

It strikes us that this story must have dwelt in the mind of Mr. Warwick till philosophy and noses seemed to him no such absurd conjunction, and that the one might very fitly be illustrated by the other.

However this may be, he has given us a work of so much whim and humour and serious and ingenious speculation, and on such a theme, that it is one of the most original books that ever fell under our observation. Laughing, when he would have us it is impossible to resist; but sometimes, when he would not have us do so, we feel in the predicament described by the poet—

"To laugh were want of decency and grace,
But to be grave exceeds all power of face."

Let the reader just imagine the drift of a chapter, entitled "How to get a cogitative nose." He would not guess it in "a month of Sundays," neither shall we enlighten him. Only this we will say,—if, after meditating upon that matter for a considerable period, he looks in the glass and does not find the feature he prides himself upon considerably altered for the better or worse, there is no truth in our author's theory. We could wish to have seen amongst the portraits with which Mr. Warwick has adorned his work, a profile of Ovid. That poet, we all know, rejoiced in a remarkable nose, and it would have been a curious speculation, whether his poetical cogitations did not materially affect the shape and size of it—whether, in other words, that fact—could it be proved one—would not be the most extraordinary of Ovid's metamorphoses. Again, since Cervantes constantly writes in a philosophical spirit, and has a purpose in what appear to be the merest trifles—what sort of a nose was it (we speak not of its length) worn by the squire of the Bachelor Sampson Carasco, which so terrified Sancho Panza?

But to be serious—if seriousness can be maintained when speaking of this work—it is one of the pleasantest "attempts at classification" we ever read. The fun of the thing is capital; but there are matters in it to suggest reflection and even to incite to inquiry.

Forty Days in the Desert on the Track of the Israelites. London. Hall and Co.

This is one of the most beautiful books we have seen for a long time. The plates are exquisite, and the "getting up" is superb.

Let the author say a few words for himself. "The East must ever be the land of the imagination, being, as it is, the seat of early fable and history; the birth-place of art, science, and poetry; the cradle of our religion; and there also, to add to its interest, still survive unchanged, after the lapse of ages, manners, feelings, and usages, such as are described in our very earliest records."

The object of the author has been to present distinct and graphic pen and pencil sketches of the route of the Israelites from Egypt to Mount Sinai, dwelling particularly upon the beautiful oasis of Wady Feiran, and the neighbouring mountain, the Serbal, which has been confidently pronounced by Lepsius, and other learned men, to be the real Sinai. The work also embraces notions of the convent of St. Catherine, Mount Hor, and that extraordinary city of the Edomites, Petra.

In no irreverent spirit did our author enter upon his journey; and the sacred land through which he passed evidently so impressed his imagination, and entered into his soul, that his descriptions are as picturesque as the beautiful illustrations that accompany them. And for pictorial effect, what scenes could be more interesting,

or more various? Well is it said,—“The halting places of the Israelites, the mountain of the law-giving, the coasts of the Red Sea, the wonderful rock scenery and excavated temples and tombs of Petra, combine to present a wild and singular variety for illustration.”

At the conclusion of the volume the author gives a description of Cairo which, we think, is the liveliest that has yet been presented. The work, in all respects, is entitled to no common share of praise.

A Three Years' Cruize in the Mozambique Channel for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. By Lieutenant Barnard. London. Richard Bentley.

Lord Denman may write his pamphlet to Lord Brougham, and fondly contend that the British government (for it is little aided by the other contracting powers) will at length abolish the Slave-trade; but there is too much reason to believe that no small amount of the national money, and a great many lives of our countrymen are annually sacrificed in the philanthropic experiment. If the Slave-trade has been somewhat diminished, the horrors of the middle passage have been frightfully aggravated. Lieutenant Barnard does not discuss, nay, he scarcely enters upon the question; but he lays before us such facts as

“Go together with the other proofs,
And do demonstrate thickly.”

But his work is not made up of these frightful revelations. The book is the life of a sailor for three years under very peculiar and exciting circumstances, and is written in true, honest, sailor-like fashion, so that it is as interesting as our best naval romances. Having true things to tell, and often, things that, however told, must rivet attention, he sometimes rises into a natural eloquence. For instance, in the passage of the breakers—“There was a crash, a cry, and in an instant we were struggling with the breakers, and never were men rescued from a more hopeless situation. . . . All eyes were fixed on the barge close to us, and approaching rapidly, but every now and then hid by the overhanging crest of a wave which engulfed us a second afterwards. She was almost within our reach, when a furious breaker swept her past us with the speed of lightning, and buried us for some seconds. *How plainly I saw the faces of all in the barge, as they passed us, pale as death, their eyes straining with eager anxiety!*”

We have seldom seen a book more full of adventure; for the author is not a philosopher, a sentimentalist, or a twaddler; but tells us what he has seen, and known and felt, like a good, honest, manly, and withal gentlemanly fellow.

The Arts of Painting in Oil, Miniature, Mosaic, and on Glass; of Gilding, Dyeing, and the Preparation of Colours and Artificial Gems. By Mrs. Merrifield. Two Vols. London. John Murray.

In the autumn of 1845, Mrs. Merrifield was commissioned by the Government to proceed to the North of Italy, for the purpose of collecting MSS. relative to the technical part of painting, with a view principally of ascertaining the processes and methods of oil-painting adopted by the Italians. The authoress was also instructed generally to endeavour to procure traditional and practical information on this subject from other sources.

The duties of this commission were entered upon by Mrs. Merrifield with the utmost zeal, for the occupation was one of all others the most congenial to her inclinations, and the result is the publication of several MSS.—Latin, Italian, and French (all of which are translated)—of the utmost practical value and importance.

This is a work that may most profitably be studied, not only by the aspirant to the triumphs of high art, but by him who diligently pursues the inferior branches of painting, and of all who are engaged in dyeing, gilding, and the manufacture of artificial gems.

Nor is this all. There is a great deal of most curious matter, which will be interesting to everybody, and suggest or incite to further inquiries. This our readers will at once believe, when we remind them that the work is the production of a lady, and when we tell them that it was the well-known addiction of Mrs. Merrifield to such inquiries that prompted Sir Robert Peel to offer her the commission.

Clara Fane. By Louisa Stuart Costello. London. Richard Bentley.

A new novel from the pen of Miss Costello is sure to be welcomed by that large class of readers, the lovers of works of fiction. "Clara Fane" is certainly the most successful production of this accomplished authoress, combining, as it does, nearly all the requisite properties of this delightful branch of literature—a well-managed plot, truthful portraiture of character, sprightliness of dialogue, romantic situations, and the inculcation of a wholesome moral.

It is refreshing to turn from the sentimental kind of novel, or the more questionable pictures of society to be found in some recent publications, to a book which happily blends profitable reading with amusement of no mean order. A slight degree of improbability in some few of the incidents, and an occasional appearance of haste, may invite critical censoriousness; but, after all, these are venial errors which do not affect the story as a whole. The varied fortunes of the heroine afforded opportunities of depicting the phases of life, both grave and gay. These have not been lost upon the ingenuity of the authoress, who alternates touches of pathos and traits of humour, with admirable effect. The occasional shifting of the scenery to Paris and the old German towns contributes also to diversify the story. The faithfulness of the pictures of Parisian life bespeaks the travelled English lady. We could scarcely desire, at this season of the year, a pleasanter fireside-book than "Clara Fane."

Outlines of English Literature. By Thomas B. Shaw, B.A. London. John Murray.

Mr. Shaw has the credit of supplying a deficiency in our literature, which, in these times of general education, it is surprising should have so long continued to exist. As Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Alexander Lyceum of St. Petersburg, he for some years felt the want of a concise, but comprehensive manual of English Literature, describing "the causes, instruments, and nature of those great revolutions in taste, which form what are termed 'Schools of Writing.'" Mr. Shaw has treated his subject under a twofold point of view. Firstly, the great names in our literature are considered as "glorified types and noble expressions of the religious, social, and intellectual physiognomy of their times; and, secondly, in their own individuality."

The great scope of a work embracing the history of a nation's literature, rendered it a matter of difficulty to confine the materials within the compass of a volume; but Mr. Shaw has accomplished the *multum in parvo* with skill and judgment. Condensation generally being a much more arduous task than dilatation, Mr. Shaw is entitled to great praise for the manner in which he has completed the survey of our literature from the days of Chaucer to our own. His book will be the almost indispensable *casu-mecum* of the student, while the subject has at the same time great attractions for the general reader.

Memoir of Montague Stanley, A.R.S.A. By the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond. London. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Mr. Stanley was born at Dundee in 1809. Early in life he entered the theatrical profession, which, as recently as 1838, he quitted from conscientious motives. He then devoted himself to teaching elocution, but more particularly to painting, for which he had in youth indicated talents; and he attained some excellence in landscape painting.

He has left behind him a few literary effusions, though of no very high order, most of which are contained in the present volume. Mr. Stanley did not long survive the change in his career. His private worth seems to have been very great. The reverend author had access to all the requisite materials for his work—to private diaries and letters. His biography, however, does not possess any share of public importance: indeed, but for the circumstance of Mr. Stanley having abandoned the stage as an unrighteous pursuit, it is probable that this memoir would never have been published. This has afforded scope for remarks which, however well intended, will, at least to the irreverent, savour of prosiness.

The Lancashire Witches: a Romance of Pendle Forest. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. Three Vols. Colburn.

Silent for some time, Mr. Ainsworth has again appeared in the realms of fiction, giving satisfactory proof, in the freshness and vigour of the present work, that nothing of his former skill is abated. We find, on the contrary, in "The Lancashire Witches," the same stirring interest, the same powerful delineation of character, and the same glowing beauty of description, with which we have been charmed in his best productions. "Rookwood" contains nothing more startling, "Crichton" nothing more picturesque, "Jack Sheppard" nothing more dramatic, than this romance of Pendle Forest. Mr. Ainsworth's treatment of the subject is as masterly as his conception of it is bold and original. He grapples at once with the great difficulty which presented itself to whoever would choose such a theme, and unfalteringly achieves his end. The successful employment of preternatural agency is of all tasks the most difficult to the writer of fiction; but that Mr. Ainsworth has succeeded, "The Lancashire Witches" triumphantly witnesses. For the illustration of his purpose, he has selected two periods, the first the necessary forerunner of the one that follows. These periods are the times of Henry the Eighth and James the First; the former, wild and gloomy as the annals of that bloody reign,—the latter a chequered scene of pleasure and pain, of holiday mirth and superstitious cruelty, of May-day games and forest sports, of witches, sabbats, the stake, and the inevitable flames. The memorable religious insurrection of 1536, known in history as "The Pilgrimage of Grace," which, amongst other events, led to the execution of Abbot Paslew and the suppression of Whalley Abbey, furnish the groundwork of the introduction to "The Lancashire Witches;" while the violent feeling which was kindled throughout the country against witchcraft, by the royal and pedantic author of the "Demonologie," supplied the motive which pervades the main body of the romance. It would be beside our purpose, as it would exceed our limits, to give even a brief analysis of the story; neither should we be doing justice to Mr. Ainsworth to indicate by a faint outline the picture which he has composed with so much skill, filled in so carefully, and painted in such vivid colours. Some peculiarities, however, we may notice, and these are, the fidelity of his local descriptions, his historical and antiquarian accuracy, and the singular facility with which he has rendered himself master of a dialect as new to us as the occasional employment of it is serviceable in marking the difference of grades. Like the dialect of Chaucer, or that which Scott made familiar to the English public, the difficulty it presents is only to the eye, while the use of it is eminently picturesque, and imparts an air of truth, which a more refined style would have failed to produce. Another point we must touch upon, and that is the variety that abounds in these pages; at one moment exciting laughter by the breadth of humour of its comedy; at another calling up tears at the pathos and beauty of the tender passages; and again awakening emotions of terror at the fearful interest with which the tragic actors in the drama are surrounded. It is frequently said of a clever novel that "it is impossible, once having begun it, to lay it down;" with respect to "The Lancashire Witches," our own impression is that he who has once taken it up will suffer no interruption in reading it, from title-page to colophon.

Martin Toutrond, a Frenchman in London in 1831. Bentley.

This amusing volume, the appearance of which at this cheerful season is so *à propos*, exhibits with considerable graphic power those whimsical traits of national character distinctive of the two countries, which come out in broad and ludicrous relief when associated and contrasted together. From the skill with which this double mirror is applied, we think we can detect the quiet humour of an author who has long enjoyed with the public a high reputation in this kind of literature. But whoever he may be, he has narrated in these pages with exquisite relish the odd mistakes and droll disasters incident to a Frenchman's first visit to England; and this he has done in a spirit of fairness and truth that must be useful to all his readers. There is a species of mild insanity, called "blue devils," the only true cure for which ("none other is genuine") is the stimulant of laughter. Let all who are labouring under this affliction procure "Martin Toutrond," and if he does not speedily exorcise the foul fiend, we are no prophet. We should add, that the humorous points of the book, both in character and incident, are well sustained by the illustrations.

The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History.
London. Chapman and Hall. 1848-9.

These are the first two volumes of a work which, the author tells us, will probably be completed in six: and, judging from what is already before us, it will be strange if it prove not to be one of the most popular books that have been published for a very long time. The subject, as Mr. Craik remarks, is an abundantly rich one, and it may be said to be almost unbroken ground.

Our ancient and illustrious families have their annals, a great portion of which is accessible to the student who knows where to seek for them, and the history of the peerage is full of romance, which has been, as yet, but slightly resorted to by the writer of fiction, and which, therefore, is very little known. "And," says the author, "for one thing, the real must ever be, to a certain extent, both the standard and source of the ideal. The more that the former, then, is studied and known, the better for the latter. And, after all, with whatever deficiencies it may be chargeable, there is that in the Truth which is never to be found in Fiction. There is something in it which holds even the imagination with a more forceful grasp." As an instance of the justness of this, let us refer to Mr. Craik's first volume, which contains the history of Lettice Knollys; her marriages and her descendants; and of the Earldom of Banbury.

Lettice Knollys, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, had for her first husband, Walter, first Earl of Essex, whose history is scarcely less romantic than that of his son, the celebrated favourite of Elizabeth. On the death of her husband (he was supposed to have been poisoned by the infamous Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester) she married that miscreant, and on his death (there was good reason to believe that he was poisoned by her) she married Sir Christopher Blount, Leicester's Master of Horse. Now, her daughter, by Walter Earl of Essex, the Lady Penelope Devereux, was the first-love of Sir Philip Sidney, but married Lord Rich, from whom she got a divorce, and, without obtaining a dissolving Act of Parliament, espoused Charles, Lord Montjoy, Queen Elizabeth's last favourite, afterwards made Earl of Devonshire, by James I., but soon disgraced by him, and who died, his wife surviving him only a short time.

Meanwhile, the son of Lettice Knollys, and brother of Lady Rich, Robert second Earl of Essex, had married the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, by this union making two women, once rivals, sisters. All the world knows that the Earl and his second step-father Sir Christopher Blount, were beheaded for their rash rising against Queen Elizabeth.

The son of the favourite, Robert third Earl of Essex, before he came to man's estate, was married to the Lady Frances Howard, who, succeeding in obtaining a divorce from him, married Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favourite of James I., and concocted with her husband the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; was tried and convicted upon that charge, and lived on in a kind of imprisonment in the country, hating and hated by the man she had lost her reputation to wed, and whom she had instigated to murder.

Further, Sir William Knollys, first Earl of Banbury, the brother of Lettice Knollys, married a sister of the infamous wife of Somerset. The Countess of Banbury possessed as little virtue as the Countess of Somerset, and almost immediately after the death of her lord, married Lord Vaux.

Now, Lettice Knollys survived all these events. Her first husband, gravely suspected of being poisoned by her second, whom she herself is supposed to have poisoned; her third husband and her son dying under the hands of the executioner; her daughter, Lady Rich, having loved Sir Philip Sidney, making accusations (only too true) against herself, to get released from her husband, that she might marry Montjoy, who died within three months afterwards; her grandson shamefully wronged by a woman convicted of murder; her brother's marriage with the sister of her *quondam* grand-daughter—all these circumstances had Lettice Knollys to reflect upon. Had she lived a few years longer, the Banbury case, one of the strangest that was ever made public, might have been added to her meditations.

This volume contains occurrences and combinations of so extraordinary a character, that the most daring experimenter on fiction would shrink from portraying their e. The second volume is not inferior to the first in interest of a similar kind, we await the other volumes in anxious expectation, for no man is better versed in this sort of knowledge than Mr. Craik, and very few are able to present it in a e form.

We must find a little fault, after all. Mr. Craik knows perfectly well, and tells us fully, what a wretch was Leicester; but the reading of his will affects him, and he exclaims, "*Poor Leicester!* it is impossible to read what he has thus written without deep pity for him after all. Whatever he had done, whatever he had been, here was at last the end come to all his greatness, and to all the craft or crime whereby he had climbed or flown so high, and so long kept his pride of place He was at the worst, like every other human being, far from being all bad. If he had committed all or any of the darker deeds that have been laid to his charge, *he had the heavier burden to bear!*"

Now, an indulgence in this excess of human charity would go far at last to make us all confound the distinction between good and evil. "*Poor Leicester!*" Unfortunate Thurtell! Unhappy Mrs. Brownrigg! Mistaken Corder!

Mr. Craik tells us that when the famous revels of Kenilworth took place, in July 1575, Leicester had conceived a stronger hope than ever of marrying Queen Elizabeth, although a connexion between him and Lady Essex subsisted at that time, and scandal had begun to talk of his intimacy with Lady Sheffield. Our author then goes on to say, "Let poetry of matchless and immortal beauty shew forth what ensued:—

"That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west,
And loosed a love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shafts
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white; now purple with Love's wound,
And maidens call it *Love in Idleness.*"

"No reader, I will venture say, who shall come to the perusal of Mr. Halpin's most ingenious essay, '*Oberon's Vision in the Midsummer Night's Dream,*' illustrated by a comparison with Lylie's '*Endymion,*' with a mind free from prepossession, and a knowledge of the time sufficiently familiar to enable him to follow the deduction with a full understanding and recollection of its several parts, and of their bearing upon one another, will retain any doubt that the secret meaning of those lines has now been discovered—that Cupid is Leicester, that the Moon and the Vestal typify Elizabeth, that the Earth is the Lady Sheffield, and the little Western Flower the Countess of Essex."

We should be glad to read Mr. Halpin's ingenious essay, "printed for the Shakspeare Society, 1843," as Mr. Craik tells us in a note. It is a curiosity worthy of preservation by that Society, for the Kenilworth revels, the sentimental passages in which are asserted to have been thus commemorated by the poet, took place when he was *eleven years and three months old!* Shakspeare having been born in April, 1564.

Half-an-hour's research—for dates are important in these matters—would have saved Mr. Halpin some trouble. His only consolation under the sense of his mistake is, that Shakspeare was not, as he would have made him out to be, such a goose as to have framed the stupid allegory he attributes to him.

The Czar, his Court and People; a Narrative of Travels in Russia, Norway, and Sweden in 1846-7. By John S. Maxwell.

Mr. Maxwell has here presented us with an unpretending volume, full of information (brought down to a recent period) of the Russian Empire, interspersed with entertaining anecdote and incidents by the way. The pictures of St. Petersburg and Moscow, of Kazan and Nischnei-Novogorod, are very interesting. While our traveller was at Kazan, a terrific fire took place, which he has very graphically described; and he places vividly before us the motley assembly at the fair at Nischnei-Novogorod. Nor ought the sketches of Norway and Sweden to be passed over without remark, nor the melancholy picture of Poland. The work is especially valuable, as containing the latest account of the important Empire of the Czar. It forms the fifth Number of "*Bentley's Cabinet Library.*"

The Island of Sicily, comprising Pictures of the Manners and Customs of the Sicilians. By J. Warre Tyndale, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. London. Bentley. 1849.

Although so near us, the island of Sicily has been less explored than any other part of Europe. Hervey observes, "We are less acquainted with it than with *Andalus or Calabria*;" but it contains much to interest us, when we consider its history, antiquities, its manners and customs. Mr. Tyndale's narrative of travel conducted through a country, in fact, abounding in interest for all readers. To the antiquary a most curious subject of investigation is presented in the *Nuraghe* and the *Sepulture des Gigantes*, the mystery regarding which has hitherto baffled research. Mr. Tyndale's work has been prepared with great care, and deserves a place among the most valuable works lately published.

Dalmatia and Montenegro. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson. London. John Murray. 1848.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson is, doubtless, well known to many of our readers as the author of an admirable and elaborate work on the private life, manners, and customs of the ancient Egyptians, a book that has perhaps effected more towards making us familiarly acquainted with that wonderful people, than any preceding work. We need hardly, therefore, recommend a second performance from such a pen. And yet, since it is impossible to furnish a clear notion of so remarkable a work as the present without giving abundant extracts, we are constrained to ask the public to take our word for it, that the same intelligence has been employed on this, as on the former publication.

Dalmatia, Montenegro, and Herzegovina, are countries comparatively little known, because they are seldom visited; yet their history (which Sir Gardner Wilkinson has given in full) is in the highest degree romantic and interesting; their scenery grand and picturesque, and their antiquities most curious. The manners and customs of the people are peculiar, and many of them have a remote origin.

All the members of the great Slavonic race, indeed, deserve the attention, not only of the student, but of the general reader; and the present work is especially well-timed, since it will abundantly satisfy all the curiosity that will be felt regarding those populations, whenever—and it must be soon—the affairs of Germany present such an aspect as will enable us to regard it, whatever it be, with distinctness.

Whether the Slavonic populations will ever succeed in uniting, and form a distinct nation, is a question we cannot discuss here, although it is most interesting. From the present Pan-Slavic movement what will result we know not, and none can tell; but Sir Gardner Wilkinson's most instructive and pleasant book must be read before an opinion can be formed either way, founded on a knowledge of all the bearings of the question.

Notes of a Two Years' Residence in Italy. By Hamilton Geale, Esq. James M'Glashan. Dublin.

How many more books on Italy? Every gentleman who travels to that glorious country, with classic lore in his head, can no more help writing a book upon it than he can unlearn his Latin or forget Childe Harold. It so happens, however, that a work on Italy never falls within one's reach, but one feels a desire to look into it. Different men have different ways of viewing things,—and everything an Italian traveller must see is so interesting that custom cannot stale it, nor repetition endless of its glory or its beauties, pall upon the mind. Now, were we to say that Mr. Geale has told us much about Italy that we did not know before, we should not, perhaps, speak the exact truth; but he is a man of taste and feeling, a gentleman and a scholar: he thinks for himself, and has his own expression of his thoughts; and when he agrees with former tourists,—which of course he frequently does—it is not a repetition, but a confirmation of what his predecessors have observed.

We cordially recommend this work, which may be read with pleasure after, or at time with, his countryman, Mr. Whiteside's recent volumes.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

JANUARY, 1849.

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NOTE TO "WAYSIDE PICTURES."

* * We have been favoured with a letter from Jersey, in which the writer, W. H., undertakes to correct some errors which he says he has detected in the last number of "Wayside Pictures." The author of those sketches must decline the gentleman's humor, and restrict himself to his facts.

W. H. says, that the flood-gates and dykes round Mont Dol in Brittany, and their local administration and guardianship, described in "Wayside Pictures," are "purely creatures of the writer's imagination." In the "Guide Pittoresque," a work got up with great care and elaboration, there is the following account of these imaginary dykes:—"C'est à Château-Richeux que commencent les digues de Dol qui s'étendent depuis Château-Richeux jusqu'au pas au Bœuf, en Ras-sur-Cone-non, c'est-à-dire sur espace d'environ 26 à 27 kilomètres. Ces digues ont été faites dans l'intention de préserver les propriétés contenues dans un certain rayon, que l'on appelle enclave, des inondations qui pourraient avoir lieu à certaines époques de l'année et lors de quelques fortes marées. Elles sont la propriété et l'ouvrage de tous ceux qui possèdent dans l'enclave, lesquels ont été autorisés par le gouvernement à se réunir en association et à former un petit état à part relativement à l'administration, et aux réglemens qu'ils jugeraient à propos de faire dans l'intérêt de tous. Les marais enclavés s'étendent depuis Château-neuf jusqu'au près de Pontorson. Dol se trouve être le point central, et l'assemblée des digues s'y réunit une fois par an, à l'effet de voter le budget de l'année, d'accepter ou de rejeter l'exécution des travaux proposés dans l'intérêt général." The same authority, after speaking of the bridges over the dykes, thus refers to the flood-gates:—"L'on a pratiqué sous les voûtes de ces ponts des portes faites de manière à ce que le mer, en arrivant, les ferme et oppose ainsi à elle-même un obstacle qu'elle ne peut franchir; lorsqu'elle est retirée, la force de l'eau douce, retenu derrière, les oblige de s'ouvrir et de lui livrer un passage sur la grève."

Mont Dol, says W. H., "is not at any time of the year either literally or figuratively cut off from the mainland and converted into an island; in fact, the sea-shore is some miles distant from it."

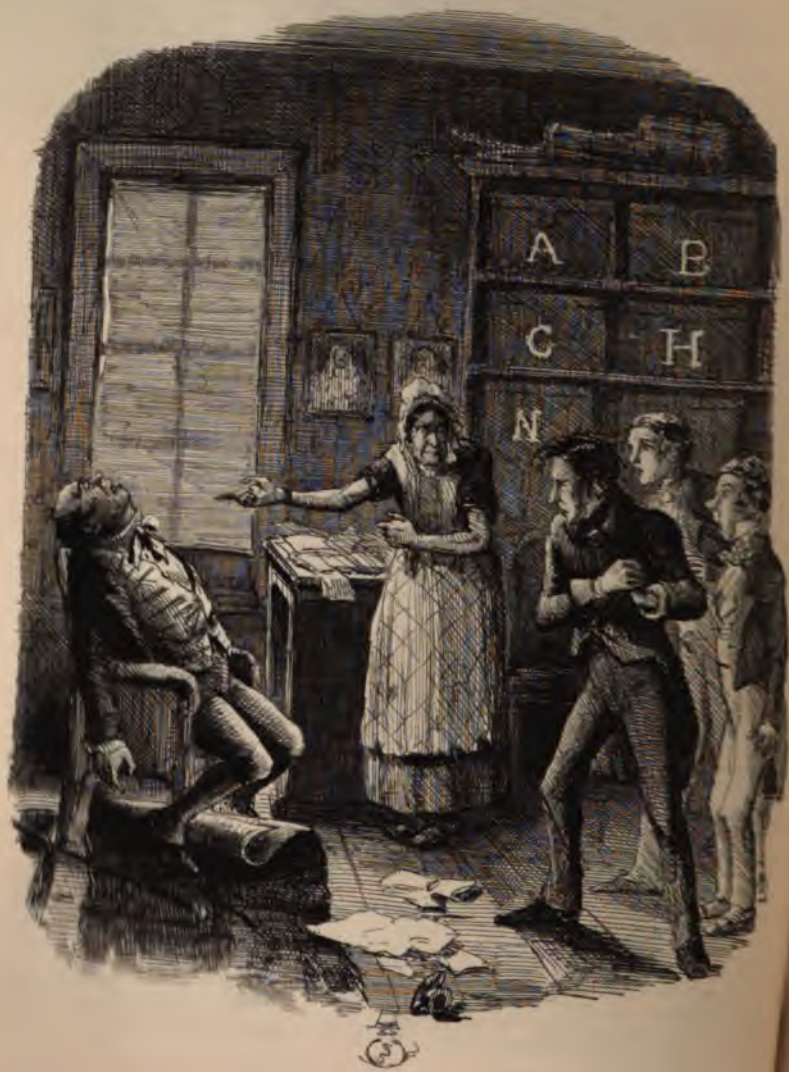
"Le Mont Dol," says the "Guide Pittoresque," "domine le marais, et s'élève à une hauteur considérable; il a environ une demi-lieue de tour à la base, et formait une île pendant que dura l'invasion de la mer."

"The only building on Mont Dol," says W. H., "is the telegraph; it is otherwise perfectly bare." "A church crowns the rock," says Miss Costello, "which is all that remains of the once celebrated monastery." "Mont Dol," says the "Guide Pittoresque," "is a bourg of one thousand eight-hundred and fifty-four inhabitants."

W. H. thinks that an indignity has been cast upon St. Servan, in speaking of it as a faubourg of St. Malo. "Faubourg indeed!" says W. H. "Saint Servan," says the "Guide Pittoresque," "est la partie continentale d'une ville dont Saint Malo est la partie insulaire. La première a pendant long-temps été regardée comme un faubourg de la seconde," &c. "St. Servan," says M'Culloch in his "Geographical Dictionary," "is a town and seaport immediately behind St. Malo, of which town it may be considered the continental suburb, though comprised in a distinct commune."

The floating dock or basin at St. Malo, of which W. H. appears never to have heard, was undertaken under a resolution of the French Chamber in 1836. W. H. is surprised that, residing many years on the spot, he should be unacquainted with the local facts stated in the "Wayside Pictures." He need not be surprised. His case is not an uncommon one. Every intelligent traveller has observed the extraordinary ignorance sometimes exhibited by English residents abroad of things actually transpiring and shaping themselves into facts under their very eyes.

For permission to use the accompanying engraved portrait of Sir James Brooke, we are indebted to Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, to whom the plate belongs, and to Mr. G. R. Ward, the eminent mezzotint engraver, who is proprietor of the copyright. Mr. Ward will shortly publish a mezzotint engraving of this on a larger scale.



The Recovery of Rufford's body

THE CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

CHAPTER IV.

NOT A DROP MORE, GOOD GENTLEMEN.

"Poor, dear, worthy man, his astounding and ir retrievable *étouderies* were his ruin!"—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

It was long before I could sleep. The wine I had drank, the scene I had gone through, and the painful insight I had obtained into my employer's principles combined to keep me wakeful. Again and again I deplored my connection with him; and resolved that it should terminate speedily if not amicably. At three I dozed off; slept heavily and uneasily; and only awoke to my horror a few minutes before twelve. Rapidly as I dressed, mid-day had passed before I could reach the coffee-room. I inquired for my companion, and was told that he was gone!

"Has he left any note or message for me?"

"None whatever."

All the information given in reply to my agitated inquiries amounted to this—that the gentlemen in No. 7 had called for his bill; settled it; ordered his gig, and driven off at least three hours ago; where,—was not for the landlady to say.

A pleasant position mine! seventy miles from home; a perfect stranger in Derby; without a friend or acquaintance of any kind to repair to, or consult; and *with seven pence halfpenny in my pocket!*

Why I was turned adrift I readily understood. But not an atom of regret assailed me for the decision I had adopted. "No success can dignify falsehood," whispered conscience. "Onward! some path will open among the hills" suggested memory. While the highest and holiest of all sources of consolation breathed soothingly, "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely."

After a stout battle with pride—that parasite who leaves us only with our last breath!—I sent for the landlord, and confided to him my position. Boniface listened with averted eye, and replied in ungracious tone:

"Folks whose pockets are light, leastwise such as have no money at all in their pusses, shouldn't go, according to my idee, a travelling! Want no such customers to cross my threshold! I'm oblidgged to pay *my* way; always have; hope I always shall; other folks mun do the same. The heavens above can tell—I can't—who you are, and what you are. Never was much of a scholar; many who were came to no good *inding*. Read, for my share, nothing but 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Derby Mercury.' As for advancing money to pay coach-hire home, 'cod, that is wholly agen reason. It can't be done, no how, by no means. As for stopping, and having the run of the house, till you've heerd from home,—why parents sometimes are not agreeable to pay landlord's charges. You may

have respectable frinds;—never came across a fellow who hadn't leastwise when *he was at a non-plush!* A walk won't harm ye. The distance is summat of a stritch; but you needn't hurry yoursen. Upshot of all is, an old bird like I a'nt to be cotched with thy water. I wish ye good morning."

The man's manner, look, tone were so extraordinary that hazarded the question whether Rafforde, previous to his departure had not made him some communication respecting me.

"Iss," was the reply.

"What was its nature?"

"He kindly cautioned me, cautioned me as a father, and said that thou like other lads wert very ready to run up scores with landlords, but uncommon slack at discharging them; and that as for thy frinds, one and all had at various times been supported at county charge. Do'st take me?"

"Both which lying statements he shall unsay," said I fiercely.

"If thou get him to sing or say anything in thy favor, lad, thou art more keen-witted than I judge thee," said Boniface as he withdrew.

I prepared for my departure; but before quitting Derby ran up to the court-house and asked a sallow, half-starved, clerkling whether the case of "Hushford versus Smithers" had come off, and in what it had issued.

"A compromise," was the reply; "the court was tired; the bar was tired; the jury were tired; and so the proposed arrangement met with general acquiescence. But the knowing ones thought that Rafforde's client (Smithers) had the greatest reason to concur in it."

Sadly I turned away. "Again triumphant! How adroitly," I thought, "*in this life Mammon shields and shelters his own!*"

I was a pedestrian! And my bent homewards! A pedestrian! With what opposite and conflicting associations is that term linked in different minds! With some it is identical with freedom, adventure, merriment. With others privation, weariness, and suffering. With some it is all sunshine; with others all gloom. What more inspiring than the joyous start in early morning, the gay carol of the birds, the fragrance of the hedge row, the luscious scent of the bean-field! What more gladdening than the wild burst of youthful spirits; the eager expectation of adventure; the search after novelty, the companionship of kindred spirits on the breezy moor, or on the springy heather? What prizes in after life are hailed more joyously than those finny ones made on the fishing excursion, or those feathered ones surprised during the fowling match? What sketch more treasured in after days than that of the mouldering arch, or toppling tower, or ivy crowned gateway, dashed off at mid-day when the knapsack was hastily laid aside; or at sunrise when a merry day's march was hopefully commenced? And with all this a feeling of thorough independence and security suggested by the presence of a quiet but assailing friend in the breast-pocket in the guise of a cleverly concealed and unobtrusively stored note-case. Reverse the picture. To maintain the gait and labour of the pedestrian, weary, anxious, foot-sore, and dispirited—smarting under a sense of injustice; faint from exhaustion, unsteady on nearly so; utterly uncertain where to rest or how requisite refreshment can be procured—is bitter pastime

God help the poor way-farer whose necessities compel him to indulge in it!

I had accomplished about a fourth of my distance—the last mile of the fifteen, at a very halting, unequal, staggering pace,—when on a sudden I felt myself dead beat. I fell; and found on rising that I could walk no further. I was compelled to give in. Nature craved a respite. Her day's toil she deemed over. I stretched myself beneath a hedge-row, spent and exhausted; but yet resigned. An hour thus rolled away—an anxious, weary, melancholy hour. No passenger approached; and yet the hum of busy life was borne fitfully on the breeze. A snug halting-place was unquestionably within earshot. At a little distance rose the village church, with its tapering spire ever pointing to the Unseen, and the Approaching, and the Enduring. And around it—plainly visible here and there through the low and fragile fence,—were thinly-scattered tombstones, themselves gray with years, and hastening to decay, frail memorials of those who were calmly slumbering below. I listened. The clock with feeble and hesitating blow struck the hour: and anon the chimes rung out clearly, soothingly, and pleasantly, in the still evening air. It was an old church-melody, solemn, simple, and subduing; and as it pealed upon the ear, it awoke a thousand tender recollections—recollections of one deeply loved and early lost,—whose seraph voice I had heard so often swell the strain; now united to a deathless choir above, and joining in a nobler and ceaseless melody before the throne of God!

While pondering over the present and the past, a tall, ungainly figure, shabbily dressed in faded black, drew nigh. He was bent either with age or sorrow; but his air was that of a gentleman; and his step firm and decided. Some absorbing thought engrossed him, for he muttered to himself as he walked; and in a tone so full and strong, that as he came up I distinctly caught the words twice repeated,

‘Durate; et vosmet rebus servate secundis.’

same idea elsewhere,—yes! yes! clothed anew, thought the same,—

‘Rebus angustis animosus atque,’”

What prompted me I know not—perhaps my better genius,—but I instantly added,—

“‘Fortis appare.’”

“Ha!” said he, halting abruptly, “who are you that quote Horace from a hedge-bottom? How is this?—hey?—hey?”

In few words I explained to him my position; the scheme of my principal; and the punishment which had followed my refusal to further it; *his* flight from Derby, and my pilgrimage homewards.

“Never knew a righteous attorney yet,” was his reply. “The system bad, vicious, and stimulating; soon ripens the trembling pettifogger into the hardened rascal. Attorneys! Some term them the salt of the earth. If so,—a truly nauseous salt they constitute; for they embitter every object they approximate. Heh! As for you,—why—humph!—your looks confirm your story. May be false, for all that. May be true. Hope the latter. ONE ABOVE MUST JUDGE. At all events home with me; home, I say, at once, for refreshment and for rest.”

I rose; but walked feebly; and ere long fell.

"Ah!" cried he, "are we come to our farthest? Do we salute our mother-earth whether we will or no? Then willing aid must be sought elsewhere." He drew from his waistcoat-pocket an ivory call, blew it, and was answered by the shout, or rather yell, of "I'm here, sir!" uttered by a shaggy, stout, wild-looking retainer, who on a sudden bounced through the hedge. "Help this poor fellow to the Parsonage," was his order; and, borne along, or rather carried, by the sinewy aid of my new attendant, I speedily reached a lowly cottage which fronted the church, and which I rightly concluded to be the old man's home.

"Repose to-night, converse to-morrow," was his sole remark on welcoming me to his little homestead. The sun on the following morning had been many hours above the horizon before my kind host would allow me to be disturbed. "Rest!" was his injunction, "care, and sorrow, and conflict, are before you; rest, and forget life while you can. Nor affect surprise at my advice. Few have roughed it more severely or continuously than myself. Forty and five years ago this day did I enter the Church. My reward? a manhood of incessant struggle; wound up by an old age of imminent want. Do I regret my choice? Sometimes I fear I do," said he faintly, "when conscious of age and resistless infirmity stealing on. But I have had glimpses of preferment, too," continued he, with a merry laugh; "and one or more of them you shall hear. A Spa is in our neighbourhood; and to it repair the idle, and the dissipated, and the profligate—those who are really ill: and those who fancy themselves so. Among the latter came, some years ago, Sir Horace Grayburne. Sir Horace held a Government appointment; was a fluent speaker, enviably free from prejudice, and a special favourite with the then chancellor—Lord Loughborough. His lordship, it was understood, would always listen to Sir Horace's recommendation of some pauper clergyman for a starvation living. My parishioners learnt this, resolved to be 'up and doing' in my behalf; and in great force waited upon the diplomatist. The wary baronet received them with bland smiles; replied to their address in the most honied accents; talked of principles, piety, earnestness, and ministerial responsibility, till the tears stood in the eyes of some of his simple listeners, and took leave of them with the assurance that he would himself personally judge of the claims and abilities of their 'justly-revered pastor.' To Chilton church one fine Sunday afternoon he came in state. I had notice of his advent, but made no alteration in my sermon, its style, or its subject. All, I was resolved, should be honest and straightforward on *my* part. I preached on steadfast principles as the only ones acceptable to God, or useful to our fellow men. I thought the chancellor's crony looked rather odd and uneasy as I proceeded with my argument; but this I attributed to the earnest gaze fixed on him by the throng around him. On went I, firmly and boldly, through my service and my sermon, heartily glad when both were concluded.

"I had barely reached home when the leader of the deputation, one of my most anxious and unwearied friends, came up, with a face flushed with vexation, and eyes that sparkled with anger.

"'Well, you've done for yourself now, utterly and irretrievably, as, I presume, you intended.'"

"I looked aghast.

"It's hopeless to attempt to serve you,' continued he, mopping his brow: 'you've cut your own throat; and bleed to death you will, whether or no! What a sermon!'

"A plain and simple one,' said I; 'such I meant it to be.'

"A deuced deal too plain,' was the rejoinder; 'that was its fault; and as for its simplicity, it was superb—no mistaking it; all must understand your hits.'

"Hits!' returned I, with genuine amazement,—'what hits?'

"At Sir Horace; palpable, repeated, crushing, and each told. What demon,' he continued, 'could induce you to preach about steadfastness in the hearing of such a political weathercock? What party has he not joined and betrayed? What principles has he not advocated and repudiated? What, for a *consideration*, would he not say, or unsay? Was he not once ranked among the Prince's friends; and then, did he not veer round, and give in his adherence to the King's party? When the King was in Willis's clutches, did he not swear by the heir-apparent? And when the sovereign—God bless him!—rallied, and sent Willis adrift, did not Sir H. forget all his Carlton House professions, and avow himself the King's faithful subject and servant unto his life's end? Did he not repeatedly speak against the Union, and afterwards vote steadily for it? A Janus! Set place, or power, or pension, in the distance, and Sir Horace would vote that the devil was a virtuous character, and Absalom a pattern for all dutiful children! And before this renegade you get up and preach lustily on the beauty and value of steadfast principles! Lunacy! stark, staring lunacy! The game's up. Sir Horace would see you in a parish workhouse before he'd move his little finger to serve you. I know the man. From this day forth he washes his hands of you, and me, and the deputation altogether. You'll see that.'

"My friend's augury was correct. The baronet sent quietly for a humble member of my flock; overwhelmed him with courtesy; said that he believed me to be a worthy, well-meaning man; but that my principles belonged rather to the past than the present age; and that—*I had better remain where I was.*'

"What a cruel, cold-blooded charlatan!" was my involuntary exclamation.

"Not at all!" said the old churchman; "Sir Horace but carried out his own principles. For *once* he was consistent. I blame him not. And for myself welcome, say I, the pauper's fare in life, and the pauper's funeral in death, rather than preferment, if that be the reward of base subserviency. Youth," cried he sternly, "there are worse ills than poverty; believe an old man who says as much, and who adds, that no price is too costly for a stainless conscience."

"But independence in the evening of life is desirable?"

"If," struck in my companion,—"if attained without sacrifice of principle."

"But the aged ecclesiastic reasonably expects it."

"And sometimes misses it as inadvertently and unaccountably as I did. Will the recital of my short-comings amuse you? Let me see. Some six years since, a lady and gentleman came to Ilkley Spa, of the name of Tingcombe. They were both wealthy. *She* was an heiress: and *he* had succeeded unexpectedly to considerable

landed property. Between them they had some pretty church preferment at their disposal, donatives, and vicarages, and endowed lectureships, and other matters of that description, which, *when properly obtained*, make an easy pillow for old age. They were childless; had no near relatives; and in exercising their right of patronage acted, not unfrequently, from impulse. A quiet little vicarage, of no great value, became vacant during their sojourn at Ilkley. I believe some four or five earnest friends of mine found this out, and primed them well respecting me. They listened; and short of a direct and positive promise, held out considerable encouragement. The result was, they came over one Sunday morning to Chilton. I preached in my usual plain, homely, village style on 'The duty of moderation and the sin of excess.' Drunkenness came in for its share of reprobation; its odious consequences were adverted to; and a remark was thrown in upon the peculiar degradation and scorn to which excess exposed the female offender. I thought, as I proceeded, that Mr. Tingcombe looked sheepish and Mrs. T. savage. There was a scowl upon her ample brow which was alarming. Moreover neither she nor her better half would return my bow as they left the church; and there were sundry winks, and nods, and smiles, among my auditory as I concluded, which were most confounding. However I never heard of my stray visitors again, or of their vacant living. Of the nods, winks, coughs, and hems, I had subsequently ample explanation. Mr. and Mrs. Tingcombe were a united couple. Their tastes assimilated. Each was strongly attached to the other, and to a mutual friend, the bottle. They entertained hospitably; and visited about, among a certain class, joyously and readily. On one occasion they were returning late from some festivity, the gentleman mounted on a noble steed: the lady on a pillion behind him; for pillions were not discarded in those days; and ladies did not disdain to ride behind their husbands. Their road lay through a warren of loose, deep sand, skirted by a little, trickling stream, which in some seasons overflowed. The sitting had been long, and the party merry, and Mrs. Tingcombe much at her ease, very happy and comfortable. By some means it happened, how was never accurately ascertained, that the lady lost her seat, and slipped down from the pillion. Mr. T. by some process equally inexplicable never missed his fair charge, or was conscious of being alone. On he jogged, more indebted to the instinct of the noble animal he rode than to his own reason, and at length reached the main entrance of his mansion. An expectant groom rushed out to receive him and to assist his mistress to dismount. But she was nowhere to be seen. All the hiccopping husband could say amounted to this, that his lady, when the party broke up, had mounted behind him and that they had started together; and all that the grinning servants could repeat was the undeniable fact that their mistress was wanting. There was the pillion; but where was the lady? Lanterns were procured; horses were saddled, and grooms dispatched in various directions. The search was very speedily successful. The missing fair one was discovered uninjured on a soft bed of sand, near the margin of the little stream, the waters of which had risen, and had just reached her lips.

"Her voice guided those who were in search of her to the spot. She was repeating in the most bland and dulcet tones, 'Not a drop more! I thank you kindly, good gentlemen,—not another drop!'

"The graceless varlet who went and raised her from her recumbent position roared till his wicked sides ached, for the bewildered woman persisted in repeating the whole time he endeavoured to execute his errand,

"'You're very pressing! But I'm serious! Not a drop more, I thank you kindly, not another drop upon my solemn word!'

"No wonder," concluded the old clergyman, "that my dry homily on the duty of moderation, and the sin of excess, produced so many wry, and so many merry faces, at Chilton. What more unpalatable to *thirsty* souls!"

CHAPTER V.

LUXURY; AND A CHURCHMAN!

"It is a good remark of Mr. Riland's, in his Estimate of the Religion of the Times, that men quarrel with the Decalogue rather than with the Creed. But the quarrel that begins with one, generally extends to the other."

DR. DOVE of Doncaster.

ANOTHER day elapsed ere my host would permit me to hint at departure.

"I make no apology," said he, "for my simple fare; that I will alter for no man; for debt I will not incur. Such as it is, share it; and to-morrow I will speed you on your way."

The following morning at eight, a light dog-cart, battered somewhat by wear and tear, and a "fast poney," decidedly advanced in years, both lent by a parishioner, stood at the gate. It was to convey me two-and-twenty miles by various short cuts and cross roads towards my home; and drop me at Swiftstream, whence a walk of eleven miles would bring me within sight of my own dwelling.

"No thanks," said the venerable ecclesiastic as I tendered my acknowledgments. "No thanks. You will find in the dog-cart luncheon, which I enjoin you to take at mid-day. No man can step out well, fasting. No thanks. But if you are bent on gratifying me, promise never to malign the Church! Her ministers have a perpetual conflict to undergo; daily and wearisome self-denial to sustain; wanton and wilful misrepresentation to live down. Recal, when you find them assailed, the old clergyman at Chilton; and when you hear them taxed with indolence, selfishness, apathy, and unmerited opulence, think of the old man who sheltered and succoured you, and who is cheerfully wearing away his days on *blacksmith's wages*. Not another word! Farewell!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE END OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

"The man had, indeed, no claim on earth to be considered above the pauper who sweeps the crossings, except that command of money which Providence so often bestows upon the worthless, to teach good men how much it ought to be despised in comparison with virtue."—*Anonymous*.

WHAT projects of ample revenge for real or supposed injuries do the young often indulge! What scathing language do they intend to use! What bitter comparisons do they purpose to apply! Their imagination teems with invective and reproach. As I neared my home, faint and foot-sore, I had arranged an elaborate arraignment

of the kind and considerate Rafforde. It was perfect. All it required was opportunity, and a fitting audience. I rose the last hill. The village came in view. I limped towards my dwelling: and the while mentally rehearsed some of the choice flowers of rhetoric with which I resolved to demolish my oppressor. Alas! for the next three weeks I was laid prostrate by rheumatic fever; rose at length from my sick-couch, feeble as a child; and had forgotten ill-treatment, invective, and accusation, alike. Memory was a blank. All I retained was a vague and dreamy horror of the past. A month elapsed, and I crawled down to the office. There sat Mr. Rafforde, cool, impassible, indastrious as usual: opposite him the pale, emaciated, and chilly Tillet. I seemed to have parted from them as of yesterday. Neither spoke; neither noticed me. A slight and passing wave of the hand from my principal alone indicated his consciousness of my presence. He never alluded to my illness; never asked me if I was recovered; never adverted to our parting at Derby; never inquired the cause of my absence. After a brief interval he flung on my desk some papers, with this pencilled memorandum appended,—“to be copied, in duplicate, before post-time.” Further instruction, inquiry, commiseration, there was none. Tillet was somewhat more communicative. He seized a disengaged moment to whisper, “Your excursion to Derby was, I trust, productive of as much pleasure as you anticipated? A jaunt from home with an agreeable companion is an event in a clerk’s life.”

Feeble as I was, I could have choked the fellow!

Other feelings were destined ere long to arise towards him. Over the office in which the clerks wrote, and approachable only by a steep, narrow staircase, was the *sanctum* of Mr. Rafforde. It was a room of considerable dimensions, but gloomy,—having only one very narrow window, which looked into a small paved courtyard. Round this *sanctum* were hung some coloured engravings of worthies in whom Rafforde peculiarly delighted. There was one of Garrow—Old Bailey Garrow—an admirable “felons’ counsel;” another of Sir Vicary Gibbs; the *amiability of his temper* made him a special favourite with my venerated master; a third bore the name of Mr. Serjeant Topping—“an irascible but most persevering counsel;” I quote Rafforde’s description; a fourth was a coloured drawing of Mr. Serjeant Cockle. This latter learned gentleman was depicted accidentally or designedly with a droll cast in his eye: the whole expression of countenance, in fact, was what is termed “knowing,”—and in one light, when you gazed at this masterpiece of art, the very comical-looking serjeant seemed actually winking at you. All else was sad and dreary. The room was never, even in the longest and brightest days of summer, visited by a stray sunbeam; very rarely cleaned; and filled with dust: but, for its purpose, appropriate enough. In it what nefarious transactions had been suggested, carried out, and consummated! *There*, how many an unsuspecting clodpole had been ruined! What fraudulent bankruptcies had there been arranged! What convenient transfers of property had, on the eve of insolvency, been decided on. Could those walls have spoken, what precious details of villainy, fraud, and perjury, would they not disclosed! What singular revelations had those legal worthies: wall listened to—the winking gentleman included,—he might look so knowing. In this *sanctum*, and surrounded by these

eminent individuals, it was Rafforde's custom to immure himself when any *coup-de-grâce* was concocting.

The description of this den of villainy would be incomplete if no mention were made of a long tube, or trumpet, in one corner, which communicated with the clerk's room, and through which Mr. Rafforde could issue his commands to his satellites below, and receive their replies, without moving from his chair.

One Thursday morning, a fortnight after my return to the duties of the office, I found that a fire had been lighted in the principal's private room, and that he was momentarily expected there. The weather was bitterly cold; and, whether from that circumstance, or from recent illness, I felt so cramped and chilled that I could with difficulty hold my pen, or maintain an upright position at my desk,

Mr. Rafforde's heavy step was heard. He came, passed by the office-door without looking in, as was his wont, and mounted the steep stairs to his room. Tillett followed: *when*, I am unable to say; for with pain, and cold, and weakness, I became drowsy, and gathering myself up into a corner, and resting my aching limbs as well as I was able upon a rude wooden bench, I fell,—not much against my inclination,—into an uneasy slumber. The first thing that roused me was the door being sharply opened, and a hurried survey taken of the room by Rafforde, who, not observing my position, and imagining the office to be empty, locked the door sharply *on the outside*, and again mounted to the upper regions. Next came words of strange import,—threats on one side, met by entreaties on the other,—from the room above. The funnel, near to which both speakers must have been standing, and which ran down close by the bench on which I lay, conveyed to me each expression, with painful accuracy. Averse thus to become privy to their secrets, my first impulse was to spring, or try to spring, upon my feet. I was powerless. My former malady had returned, and again held me in bondage; I was a cripple, hand and foot. As a last resource, and by way of fair-play, I whistled, then called Tillett by name, then shouted as loudly as pain and faintness would allow me. I might have spared myself the twinges which these exertions caused: the parties in the room above were too occupied and too exasperated to attend to me.

"So! you will not complete this document in the minute way that I describe?" said Rafforde, in his deep, stern tones.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot!" rejoined Tillett, helplessly. "Every hour I dread detection. Life is a burden to me: yes, a bitter burden. Daily do I loathe and abhor myself for past villainies: ask me not to add to them."

"Coward!" observed Rafforde, contemptuously: "do as I command you; place the late Mr. Roger Ottiwell Alleyne's signature in full to that parchment, and mind how you fling off the light flourish to the y, and hit—for you can do it—the nice rounding of the O, and the freedom of the capital R. Old Alleyne wrote legibly to the last."

There was a pause, and then Tillett exclaimed huskily, "I cannot; I will not add this to former for—"

"Mind what you say, young man!" interrupted Rafforde; "be cautious!"

"Oh that I had been so in days gone by!" shrieked, rather than

said, the other. "Would to God that I had never placed myself in your power!"

"That wish is uttered, is it not, somewhat late in the day?" rejoined the elder gentleman, with a sneer. "But come, time presses; that ink in the metal standish you will find to be the thing; it closely assimilates in hue with that used years ago in engrossing the mortgage; dismiss all fear on that head, the match is perfect; hasten; the light will fail us shortly: let me see that your hand has not lost its cunning: sign."

"Never," said my fellow-clerk firmly; "never!"

"Indeed! so determined!" said his master, with a hollow, mocking laugh. Then, in a lower and graver tone, "You forget, I presume, that I can hang you; that in this desk there are documents carefully treasured which would place you on the drop. A pleasant sight truly would that prove to your aged mother."

"Name her not!" cried Tillett, in a tone of frenzy.

"And an agreeable recollection for the surviving members of your family; your sisters, for example," pursued the other, composedly.

Tillett was silent.

"Your destiny, and you know it, is in my hands," resumed Ralforde: "provoke me, and you perish."

"I must deliberate awhile on this matter," was Tillett's muffled rejoinder; and before his master could interpose, quitted in haste the apartment.

Hour after hour rolled away. At length the dim twilight came stealing in; and as I lay, helpless and almost motionless, fancy, ever busy, peopled the gloom with the images of those who, in days gone by, had stood, and begged, and wept, and implored in that darkened and inquisitorial chamber. Foremost came the widow, pale with protracted vigil and quenchless sorrow, who, pointing to her fatherless ones, seemed, with frantic gestures, to entreat, that, for *their sakes*, some little indulgence, some slight favour, might be shewn her. A stern voice thundered "No." Next, from amidst a shrinking band of suppliants, stepped a grey-haired, tremulous old man, who owned that his "little inheritance" was in pledge to some covetous Ahab; repeated, over and over again, in shrill and childish accents, that "*it was but a garden of herbs*, but precious to him, as being the bequest of his father;" that he "was loth to part from it;" begged humbly for further time, and some little abatement, and forgiveness of the law charges, which were "heavy and hard to bear." A mocking laugh interrupted the earnest pleader. "Foreclosed," was the sole but significant reply. The old man bent submissively his hoary head, and feebly wringing his thin and wrinkled hands, tottered slowly away. There, too, amid the gloom, stood the young heir with flushed and feverish mien, and features, once fair and noble, but now marred with dissipation and excess; and there, with care-worn air, the fatherless and motherless girl, with noble portion, on which the law had already fixed its firm and unrelaxing talons; and there the just and honest dealer, surprised by sudden calamity, who vehemently and vainly sought "the boon of a few days", and but a few days' delay" and the "postponement for the present of summary measures," which would engulf him and his in swift and certain ruin. Vain! vain! Sneers and scoffs were the response. Oh, how harshly did they

echo and re-cho in that chamber of denial, and rebuke, and suffering, and woe.

The phantoms raised by fancy were still weeping, and imploring, and struggling, and promising, when the shrewd and sharp-tongued beldame who had charge of the chambers burst in :—

“ Found at last, eh ! A weary search has there been for you.— What ! set fast by the rheumatiz, eh ? Rheumatiz clerks won't do here, that I can tell 'ee, they don't pay, can neither tell lies nor write 'em. Master allows illness in none of his people. Man, woman, and child, all must work ; ay, work, work, work, or *tramp* ; that's Rafforde's rule. Yes, yes ! See how it is, regularly sewn up ; home 's the place, and home 's the word.”

And the huge beldame, with the help of another, and both using language anything but complimentary, soon bore me to my dwelling.

Another six weeks' confinement reminded me of the pleasant results attendant on my trip to Derby. Tillet's assurance was prophetic, that “ I should have ample cause long to remember it.”

Again did I crawl down to the office and encounter the gratified gaze of my malignant master. God forgive me if I misjudged him. But if ever I saw pleasure beam in his malevolent eye, it was when he saw me limp into his presence, and, feeble and emaciated, cling to my desk for support, while I endeavoured to execute his orders.

During my illness, Oldrich, a Suffolk lad from “ Hoseley ” (Hollisley), had been added to the office. His abilities were not brilliant and his blunders neither “ few nor far between.” But inasmuch as his bewildered parents had been mulcted of a respectable amount of premium, his short-comings were forgiven ; and Rafforde warmly commended him to Tillet's good offices, and bade him, with a grin, forthwith mend his manners and his spelling. Both, unquestionably, were susceptible of improvement. As for Tillet, his demeanour seemed to have undergone an entire change. The previous quietude and self-possession of his manner had vanished ; and he had suddenly become impatient of all contradiction, waspish, irritable, morose. He held no intercourse with human being save that which the business of the office rendered unavoidably necessary ; was in a general way moody and reserved ; but upon the slightest opposition to his wishes or opinions there lit up a fierce glare in his eye bordering on frenzy. More than once was an attempt made to approach the subject of Mr. Alleyne's signature, and to inquire how that infamous proposal had been put aside. But his moody manner repelled my advances ; and at length I chimed in with his unsocial habits. Our intercourse, strange to say, was fast drawing to a close.

One memorable Friday morning, Rafforde came down to the office as usual, and, vexed at a long array of blunders which Oldrich had committed in transcribing some tedious affidavit in chancery, fired off a volley of abuse at the offender, and then sharply censured Tillet for permitting papers so slovenly written and so inaccurately spelt to leave the office. Tillet replied with all humility, that he “ was no schoolmaster ; and though he would endeavour to give Oldrich an inkling of law, he would not undertake to teach him his letters ; spell he never would while he'd breath.”

Perhaps the Hoseley boy was a *Phonist* ! Unquestionably his notions were peculiar. He would write occasion with two ks ;

happy without a y; and whom without an h, and then finish it up with a b. No living soul could ever persuade him that "air," "hair," and "are," were different terms; *ayr* in his judgment sufficed for each and all. But this by the way. Rafforde's wrath was not appeased by his clerk's reply; some harsh epithets escaped him; and he wound up his tirade by observing that the papers in their present form were a disgrace to the office.

"There are other matters," suggested Tillett, with marked and quiet emphasis, "which disgrace it still more."

Rafforde's eyes sparkled, and some scorching rejoinder hovered on his lips, when the entrance of a client diverted his attention, and in a few moments withdrew him from the office.

When left to ourselves, the Suffolk youth vented his amazement at the scene.

"We hear no such language as that," said he, "in Hoseley-bay! I'm surprised, I'm *wholly* surprised. Bully and row in that fashion! Why," continued he, in Suffolk phrase, "this Rafforde is wholly wonderful; he's a wonder!"

"You'll think him something else before long," added Tillett, in a low clear tone.

Saturday drew on. Rafforde did not appear at the office. Clients came and asked for him. Tillett readily answered, that he presumed his principal to be from home, as he had not seen him. He himself, methought, on that day looked nervous and ill at ease. An odd scratch was visible above the right eye, as if he had received a blow; and I fancied he wrote with difficulty, as though his right hand pained him. Sunday passed over. Monday came. No tidings of our principal. There was an accumulation of letters, which none of us dare open, much more reply to. A week, ten days, nearly a fortnight elapsed: and then Pleasant Ellis, the old beldame before referred to,—what a hag she was, despite of her name!—set public conjecture at work by affirming that "her dear master would never be seen again alive, that she was sure and certain" of! She "had dreamed as much," and she "would like to know when had her dreams deceived her?" His private room was now approached. The blind was drawn down, and *the door locked inside*. His study at his dwelling-house was next examined. All was in perfect order. His papers were methodically arranged. Nothing had been, apparently, abstracted. Who had last seen or spoken to him? This proved to be that acute young gentleman, Mr. Orford Oldrich. He had been with his employer at six on that memorable Friday evening: and had left him "*wholly surprised!*" Rafforde had then insisted on his buying a spelling-book, and learning daily "whole columns of spelling!" and had finished the interview by observing to the incensed Mr. Orford that he "had not left behind him a greater fool than himself in the whole county of Suffolk." Mr. Orford's indignation was so great in describing this interview, that the parties who listened to him were in doubt whether to assent or dissent from Rafforde's conclusion.

The next morning, unsummoned and unexpected, pleasant Ellis strode into the office. She walked up and down it more than once, slowly and deliberately, sniffing the air, and peering into every nook and corner,—then marching up to the desk where Tillett, with blanched features and quivering lip, was writing, she, bending her

arms a-kimbo, and approaching her face so closely to his that she could look into his eyes, and watch their wondering and alarmed expression, said, in low and quiet tones,—“Death is here. I feel his presence! I cannot be deceived. I have seen him arrive too often. He waves his wings over this threshold. Search the room above.”

“Why,” faltered Tillett: his knees smote together as he spoke.

“Because,” returned the strange being, “the King of Terrors is there.”

Tillett hesitated.

“Burst the door, and you will find whom you seek.”

We did as she advised. The process was not an easy one, for the door was heavy and massive. At length it was torn from its hinges. There, leaning back in his chair, discoloured, and strangely marked, lay the merciless Rafforde. Surgeons were summoned and came. But life had been many days extinct. One leech affirmed that the deceased had “died of apoplexy.” Another “apprehended that the cause of death was water in the chest.” A third averred that “Rafforde for years had been a gouty subject, and that gout in the stomach might possibly have been the fatal malady.”

Pleasant Ellis shook her head in dissent; and as each doctor delivered his dictum, commenced anew an examination of the dead. Pausing, at length, in her task, she thus addressed the members of the faculty:—

“You say, sirs, do ye, that he met his death fairly? I say he did not. Look here,” and she beckoned to her side some of the horror-stricken spectators,—“don’t shrink from the dead. *They* cannot harm ye. Be *’war* of the *living*. ’Tis *them* that betray, and sting, and ruin. Look here!—observe well that broad blue line deep, deep, around the neck. Do ye catch the meaning of that mark?” None spoke. “Then let an ignorant woman tell ye.” There was a strange and revolting air of triumph in her eye and manner, ill-suited to the hour, and which all seemed to feel and shrink from. “Ay, let *ignorance*, for once, speak and be heard. This chamber has been the scene of murder. He died under the hand of another. Let those deny it whom it suits. *Mr. Rafforde has been STRANGLED!*”

THE SPIRIT'S WHISPER.

HASTE, haste away from the haunts of man to the desert wild and free,
 Oh, fly the world, its toils and strife, thou child of misery!
 I'll bear thee far on the wings of air to a place of joy and love,
 Where the sunbeams play through the livelong day from the azure skies above;
 We'll recline on a bank with flow'rets gemmed, in the shade of the forest wide,
 By some rippling stream, with its silver gleam, as it hastes to its ocean bride;
 From the earliest dawn till evening-tide all nature hushed shall be,
 Save the ringdove's note, as she sits remote, in the waving linden-tree,
 Or the balmy breeze as it fans the air in the peaceful realms on high,
 Like a passing sprite, and seems to breathe for man a gentle sigh,
 And when soft twilight's mellow shades enwrapped around shall be,
 We'll whisper vows enduring aye, of love and constancy,
 The frowning night appall'd shall fly before the morn's cold light,
 Which bathes the mountain and the plain in floods of silver bright:
 There Philomel no rival fears, but pours unceasingly
 The hallowed music of the night, the earth's soft lullaby.
 Oh, haste, then, haste from the haunts of man to the desert wild and free,
 Oh, fly the world, its toils and strife, thou child of misery!

FRANK HAMILTON;

OR,

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ONLY SON.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

" *Malvolio*. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune."*Twelfth Night.*" *Bassanio*. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled my estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance."*Merchant of Venice.*

I AM by birth an Irishman, and descended from an ancient family. I lay no claim to any connexion with Brian Boru, or Malichi of the crown of gold, a gentleman who, notwithstanding the poetical authority of Tom Moore, we have some reason to believe during his long and illustrious reign was never master of a crown sterling. My ancestor was Colonel Hamilton, as stout a Cromwellian as ever led a squadron of Noll's Ironsides to a charge. If my education was not of the first order, it was for no lack of instructors. My father, a half-pay dragoon, had me on the pig-skin before my legs were long enough to reach the saddle-skirt; the keeper, in proper time, taught me to shoot: a retired gentleman, *olim*, of the Welsh fusileers, with a single leg and sixty pounds per annum, paid quarterly by Greenwood and Cox, indoctrinated me in the mystery of tying a fly, and casting the same correctly. The curate—the least successful of the lot, poor man, did his best to communicate Greek and Latin, and my cousin Constance gave me my first lessons in the art of love. All were able professors in their way, but cousin Constance was infinitely the most agreeable.

I am by accident an only son. My mother, in two years after she had sworn obedience at the altar, presented her liege lord with a couple of pledges of connubial love, and the gender of both was masculine. Twelve years elapsed and no addition was made to the Hamiltons; when lo! upon a fine spring morning a little Benjamin was ushered into existence, and I was the God-send. My father never could be persuaded that there was a gentlemanly profession in the world but one, and that was the trade of arms. My brothers, as they grew up, entirely coincided with him in opinion, and both would be soldiers. William died sword in hand, crowning the great breach at Rodrigo; and Henry, after demolishing three or four cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, found his last resting-place on "red Waterloo." When they were named, my father's eye would kindle, and my mother's be suffused with tears. He played a fictitious part, enacted the Roman, and would persuade you that he exulted in their deaths; but my mother played the true one, the woman's.

It was an autumnal evening, just when you smell the first indica-

tion of winter in a rarified atmosphere, and see it in the clear curling of the smoke, as its woolly flakes rise from the cottage chimney, and gradually are lost in the clear blue sky. Although not a cold evening, a log-wood fire was extremely welcome. My father, Heaven rest him! had a slight touch in the toe of what finished him afterwards in the stomach, namely, gout.

"James," said my lady mother, "it is time we came to some decision regarding what we have been talking of for the last twelve months. Frank will be eighteen next Wednesday."

"Faith! it is time, my dear Mary; the premises are true, but the difficulty is to come at the conclusion."

"You know, my love, that only for your pension and half-pay, from the tremendous depreciation in agricultural property since the peace, we should be obliged to lay down the old carriage, as you had to part with the harriers the year after Waterloo."

That to my father was a heavy hit. "It was a devil of a sacrifice, Mary,"—and he sighed, "to give up the sweetest pack that ever man rode to; one, that for a mile's run you could have covered with a blanket—heigh-ho! God's will be done;" and after that pious adjuration, my father turned down his tumbler No. 3, to the bottom. The memory of the lost harriers was always a painful recollection, and brought its silent evidence that the fortunes of the Hamiltons were not what they were a hundred years ago.

"With all my care," continued my mother, "and, as you know, I economise to the best of my judgment, and after all is done that can be done, our income barely will defray the outlay of our household."

"Or, as we used to say when I was dragooning thirty years ago, 'the tongue will scarcely meet the buckle,'" responded the colonel.

"I have been thinking," said my mother, timidly, "that Frank might go to the bar."

"I would rather that he went direct to the devil," roared the commander, who hated lawyers, and whose great toe had at the moment undergone a disagreeable visitation.

"Do not lose temper, dear James," and she laid down her knitting to replace the hassock that he had kicked away under the painful irritation of a disease that a stoic could not stand with patience, and, as they would say in Ireland, would fully justify a Quaker if "he kicked his mother."

"Curse the bar!" but he acknowledged his lady wife's kind offices by tapping her affectionately on the cheek. "When I was a boy, Mary, a lawyer and a gentleman were identified. Like the army—and, thank God! that is still intact, none but a man of decent pretensions claimed a gown, no more than a linendraper's apprentice now would aspire to an epaulet. Is there a low fellow who has saved a few hundreds by retailing whiskey by the naggin, who will not have his son 'Mister Counsellor O'Whack, or 'Mister Barrister O'Finigan?' No, no, if you must have Frank bred to a local profession, make him an apothecary; a twenty pound note will find drawers, drugs, and bottles. Occasionally he may be useful; pound honestly at his mortar, salve a broken head, carry the country news about, and lie down at night with a tolerably quiet conscience. He may have hastened a patient to his account by a trifling over-dose; but he has not hurried men into villanous litigation, that will eventuate in their ruin. His worst offence against the community shall be a mistaking

of tooth-ache for tic-douloureux, and lumbago for gout,—oh, d—n the gout!"—for at that portion of his speech the poor colonel had sustained an awful twinge.

"Well," continued the dame, "would you feel inclined to let him enter the University, and take orders?"

"Become a churchman?" and away, with a furious kick, again went the hassock. "You should say, in simple English, make him a curate for the term of natural life. The church in Ireland, Mary, is like the bar, it once was tenanted by gentlemen who had birth, worth, piety, learning, or all united to recommend them to promotion. Now it is an arena where impure influence tilts against unblushing hypocrisy. The race is between some shuffling old lawyer, or a canting saint. One has reached the woolsack by political thimble rigging, which means, starting patriot, and turning, when the price is offered, a ministerial hack. He forks a drunken dean, his son, into a Father-in-Godship with all the trifling temporalities attendant on the same. Well, the other fellow is a 'regular go-a-head,' denounces popery, calculates the millenium, alarms thereby elderly women of both sexes, edifies old maids, who retire to their closets in the evening with the Bible in one hand, and a brandy-bottle in the other; and what he likes best, spiritualizes with the younger ones."

"Stop, dear James." The emphasis on the word *spiritualize* had alarmed my mother, who, to tell the truth, had a slight touch of the prevailing malady, and, but for the counteracting influence of the commander, might have been deluded into saintship by degrees.

The great toe was, however, again awfully invaded, and my father's spiritual state of mind not at all improved by the second twinge, which was a heavy one.

"Why, damn it—"

"Don't curse, dear James."

"Curse! I will; for if you had the gout, you would swear like a trooper."

"Indeed I would not."

"Ah, Mary," replied my father, "between twinges, if you knew the comfort of a curse or two—it relieves one so."

"That, indeed, James must be but sorry consolation, as Mr. Cantwell said—"

"Oh! d—n Cantwell," roared my father, "a fellow that will tell you that there is but one path to heaven, and that he has discovered it. Pish! dear Mary, the grand route is open as the mail-coach road, and Papist and Protestant, Quaker and Anabaptist, may jog along at even pace. I'm not altogether sure about Jews and Methodists. One bearded vagabond at Portsmouth charged me, when I was going to the Peninsula, ten shillings a pound for exchanging bank notes for specie, and every guinea the circumcised scoundrel gave me was a light one. He'll fry—or has fried already—and my poor bewildered old aunt, under the skilful management of the Methodist preachers, who, for a dozen years in their rambles, had made her house an inn, left the three thousand five per cents. which I expected, to blow the gospel-trumpet, either in California or the Cape—for, God knows, I never particularly inquired in which country the trumpeter was to sound 'boot and saddle,' after I had ascertained that the dotting fool had made a legal testament quite sufficient for the purposes of the holy knaves who humbugged her. Cantwell is one of the same crew, a specious hypocrite."

I would attend to the fellow no more than to that red-headed rector—every priest is a rector now—who often held my horse at his father's forge, when I happened to throw a shoe, hunting,—and would half break his back in bowing, if I handed him now and then a sixpence. Would I believe the dictum of that low-born dog, when he told me that in head-quarters,—and my father elevated his hand towards heaven—"they cared this pinch of snuff, whether upon a Friday I ate a rasher or red-herring?"

Two episodes interrupted the polemical disquisition. In character none could be more different—the one eventuated in a clean knock down—the other decided indirectly my future fortunes—and, in the next chapter, both shall be detailed.

CHAPTER II.

"Antonio. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity,
To raise a present sum."

Merchant of Venice.

THE *Bohecil Kistanaugh*, called, in plain English, the kitchen boy, had entered, not like Caliban, "bearing a log," but with a basket-full. He deposited the supply, and was directed by the commander to replenish the fire. I believe that Petereine's allegiance to my father originated in fear rather than affection. He dreaded

"the deep damnation of his 'Bah!'"

but what was a still more formidable consideration, was a black-thorn stick which the colonel had carried since he gave up the sword; it was a beauty, upon which every fellow that came for law, in or out of custody, lavished his admiration—a clean crop, with three inches of an iron ferule on the extremity. My father was, "good easy man," a true Milesian philosopher—his arguments were those impressive ones, called *ad hominem*, and after he had *grassed* his man, he explained the reason at his leisure.

Petereine (little Peter), as he was called, to distinguish him from another of that apostolic name—who was six feet two—approached the colonel in his best state of health with much alarm; but, when a fit of the gout was on—when a foot swathed in flannel, or slipped and rested on a hassock, announced the anthritic visitation, *Petereine* would hold strong doubts whether, had the choice been allowed, he should not have preferred entering one of Van Amburgh's dens, to facing the commander in the dining-room.

Petereine was nervous—he had over-heard his master blowing to the skies the Reverend George Cantwell, and the red-headed rector, Paul Macrony. If a parson and a priest were so treated what chance had he? and great was his trepidation, accordingly, when he entered the state chamber, as in duty bound.

"Why the devil did you not answer the bell? You knew well enough, you incorrigible scoundrel! that I wanted you."

Now my father's opening address was not calculated to restore *Petereine's* mental serenity—and to add to his uneasiness, he also caught sight of that infernal implement, the black-thorn, which, in treacherous repose, was resting at my father's elbow.

"On with some wood, you vagabond."

The order was obeyed—and *Petereine* conveyed a couple of billets

safely from the basket to the grate. The next essay, however, was a failure—the third log fell—and if the fall were not great, as it dropped on the fender, it certainly was very noisy. The accident was harmless—for, according to honest admeasurement, it evaded my father's foot by a full yard—but, under nervous alarm, he swore, and, as troopers will swear, that it had descended direct upon his afflicted member, and, consequently, that he was ruined for life. This was a subsequent explanation—while the unhappy youth was extended on the hearth-rug, protesting innocence, and also declaring that his jaw-bone was fractured. The fall of the billet and the boy were things simultaneous—and while my mother, in great alarm, inculcated patience under suffering, and hinted at resignation, my father, in return, swore awfully, that no man with a toe of treble its natural dimensions, and scarlet as a soldier's jacket, had ever possessed either of these Christian articles. My mother quoted the case of Job—and my father begged to inquire if there was any authority to prove that Job ever had the gout? In the meantime, the kitchen-boy had gathered himself up and departed—and as he left the presence with his hand pressed upon his cheek, loud were his lamentations. Constance and I, nobody enjoyed the ridiculous more than she did, laughed heartily, while the colonel resented this want of sympathy, by calling us a brace of fools, and expressing his settled conviction, that were he, the commander, hanged, we, the delinquents, would giggle at the foot of the gallows.

Such was the state of affairs, when the entrance of the chief butler harbingered other occurrences, and much more serious than poor Petereine's damaged jaw. Mick Kalligan had been in the "heavies" with my father, and at Salamanca, had ridden the opening charge, side by side, with him, greatly to the detriment of divers Frenchmen, and much to the satisfaction of his present master. In executing this achievement, Mick had been a considerable sufferer—his ribs having been invaded by a red-lancer of the guard—while a *chasseur-à-cheval* had inserted a lasting token of his affection across his right cheek, extremely honorable, but by no means ornamental.

Mick laid a couple of newspapers, and as many letters, on the table—but before we proceed to open either, we will favour the reader with another peep into our family history.

Manifold are the ruinous phantasies which lead unhappy mortals to pandemonium. This one has a fancy for the turf, another patronizes the last imported *choryphée*. The turf is generally a settler—the stage is also a safe road to a safe settlement, and between a race-horse and a *danseuse*, we would not give a sixpence for choice. Now, as far as horse-flesh went, my grandfather was innocent; a *pirouette* or *pas seul*, barring an Irish jig, he had never witnessed in his life—but he had discovered as good a method for settling a private gentleman. He had an inveterate fancy for electioneering. The man who would reform state abuses, deserves well of his country; there is a great deal of patriotism in Ireland; in fact, it is, like linen, a staple article generally, but still the best paymaster is safe to win; and hence, my poor grandfather generally lost the race.

My father looked very suspiciously at the letters—one had his own armorial bearing displayed in red wax—and the formal direction was at a glance detected to be that of his aunt Catherine—Catherine's missives were never agreeable—she had a rent charge on the property for a couple of thousands; and, like Moses and Son, her system was

"quick returns," and the interest was consequently expected to the day. For a few seconds my father hesitated, but he manfully broke the seal—muttering, audibly, "What can the old rattle-trap write about? Her interest-money is not due for another fortnight." He threw his eyes hastily over the contents—his colour heightened—and my aunt Catherine's epistle was flung, and most unceremoniously, upon the ground—the hope that accompanied the act, being the reverse of a benediction.

"Is there anything wrong, dear James?" inquired my mother, in her usual quiet and timid tone.

"Wrong!" thundered my father; "Frank will read this spiritual production to you. Every line breathes a deep anxiety on old Kitty's part for my soul's welfare, earthly considerations being non-important. Read, Frank, and if you will not devoutly wish that the doting fool was at the dev—"

"Stop, my dear James."

"Well—read, Frank, and say, when you hear the contents, whether you would be particularly sorry to learn that the old lady had, as sailors say, her hands well greased, and a fast hold upon the moon? Read, d—n it, man! there's no trouble in decyphering my aunt Catherine's penmanship. Her's is not what Tony Lumpkin complained of—a cursed cramp hand; all clear and unmistakable—the *t*'s accurately stroked across, and the *i*'s dotted to a nicety. Go on—read, man, read."

I obeyed the order, and thus ran the missive, my honoured father adding a running commentary at every important passage: we shall place them in italics:—

"'MY DEAR NEPHEW,'"

"*Oh, — her affection!*"

"'If, by a merciful dispensation, I shall be permitted to have a few spiritual minded friends to-morrow, at four o'clock, at dinner—'"

"*Temps militaire—they won't fail you, my old girl.*"

"'I shall then have reached an age to which few arrive—look to the psalm—namely, to eighty—'"

"*She's eighty-three—*"

"'I have, under the mercy of Providence, and the ministry of a chosen vessel, the Reverend Carter Kettlewell, and also a worshipping Christian learned in the law, namely, Mr. Selby Sly, put my earthly house in order. Would that spiritual preparations could be as easily accomplished; but yet I feel well convinced that mine is a state of grace, and Mr. Kettlewell gives me a comfortable assurance that in me the old man is crucified—'"

"*Did you ever listen to such rascally cant?*"

"'I have given instructions to Mr. Sly to make my will, and Mr. Kettlewell has kindly consented to be the trustee and executor—'"

"*Now comes the villany, no doubt.*"

"'I have devised—may the offering be graciously received!—all that I shall die possessed of to make an addition to support those devoted soldiers—not, dear nephew, soldiers in your carnal meaning of the word—but the ministers of the gospel, who labour in New Zealand. These inestimable men, whose courage is almost supernatural, and who—'"

"*Pish—what an old twaddler!*"

“Although annually eaten by converted cannibals, still press forward at the trumpet-call—”

“*I wonder what sort of a grill old Kate would make? cursed tough, I fancy.*”

“I have added my mite to a fund already established to send assistance there—”

“*Ay, to Christianise, and, in return, be carbonadoed. I wish I had charge of the gridiron; I would broil one or two of the new recruits.*”

“I have called in, under Mr. Sly’s advice, the mortgage granted to the late Sir George O’Gorman, by my ever-to-be-lamented husband, and the other portions of my property, being in state securities, are reclaimable at once. My object in writing this letter is to convey to my dear nephew my heartfelt prayers for his spiritual amendment, and also to intimate that the 2000*l.*—a rent-charge on the Kilnavaggart property—with the running quarter’s interest, shall be paid at *La Touche’s* to the order of Messrs. Kettlewell and Sly. As the blindness of the New Zealanders is deplorable, and as Mr. Kettlewell has already enlisted some gallant champions who will blow the gospel-trumpet, although they were served up to supper the same evening, I wish the object to be carried out at once.—”

“*Beautiful!*” said my poor father with a groan; “*where the devil could the money be raised? You won’t realise now for a bullock what, in war-time, you would get for a calf. Go on with the old harridan’s epistle.*”

“Having now got rid of fleshly considerations—I mean money ones—let me, my dear James, offer a word in season. Remember that it comes from an attached relation, who holds your worldly affairs as nothing—”

“*I can’t dispute that,*” said my father with a smothered groan.

“But would turn your attention to the more important considerations of our being. I would not lean too heavily upon the bruised reed, but your early life was anything but evangelical—”

Constance laughed; she could not, wild girl, avoid it.

“We must all give an account of our stewardship, *vide* St. Luke, chap. xvi.—”

“*Stop—Shakspeare’s right; when the devil quotes Scripture—but, go on—Let’s have the whole dose.*”

“When can you pay the money in? And, oh! in you, my dear nephew, may grace yet fructify, and may you be brought, even at the eleventh hour, to a slow conviction that all on this earth is vanity and vexation of spirit—drums, colours, scarlet and fine linen, hounds running after hares, women whirling round, as they tell me they do, in that invention of the evil one called a waltz, all these are but delusions of the enemy, and designed to lead sinners to destruction. I transcribe a verse from a most affecting hymn, composed by that gifted man—”

“*Oh, d—n the hymn!*” roared my father; “*on with you, Frank, and my benison light on the composer of it! Don’t stop to favour us with his name, and pass over the filthy doggrel.*”

I proceeded under orders accordingly.

“Remember, James, you are now sixty-one; repent, and, even in the eleventh hour, you may be plucked like a brand from the fire. Avoid swearing, mortify the flesh—that is, don’t take a third tumbler after dinner—”

My father could not stand it longer. "*Oh, may Cromwell's curse light upon her! I wonder how many glasses of brandy-and-water she swallows at evening exercise, as she calls it, over a chapter of Timothy?*"

"I would not recall the past, but for the purpose of wholesome admonition. The year before you married, and gave up the godless life of soldiering, can you forget that I found you, at one in the morning A. M., in Bridget Donovan's room? Your excuse was, that you had got the colic; if you had, why not come to my chamber, where you knew there was laudanum and lavender?"

Poor Constance could not stand this fresh allegation; and, while my mother looked very grave, we laughed, as Scrub says, "consumedly." My father muttered something about "cursed nonsense!" but I am inclined to think that aunt Catharine's colic charge was not without some foundation.

"I have now, James, discharged my duty: may my humble attempts to arouse you to a sense of the danger of standing on the brink of the pit of perdition be blessed! Pay the principal and interest over to *La Touche*. Mr. Selby Sly hinted that a foreclosure of the mortgage might expedite matters; and, by saving a term or two in getting in the money, two or three hundred New Zealanders would—and oh, James! how gratifying would be the reflection!—be saved from the wrath to come.

"This morning, on looking over your marriage settlement, Mr. Sly is of opinion that, if Mrs. Hamilton will renounce certain rights, he can raise the money at once, and that too only at legal interest, say six per cent.—"

Often had I witnessed a paternal explosion; but, when it was hinted that the marital rights of my poor mother were to be sacrificed, his fury amounted almost to madness.

"Damnation!" he exclaimed; "confusion light upon the letter and the letter-writer! You!—do an act to invalidate your settlement! I would see first every canting vagabond in ——" and he named a disagreeable locality. "Never, Mary! pitch that paper away: I dread that at the end of it the old lunatic will inflict her benediction. Frank, pack your traps—you must catch the mail to-night; you'll be in town by eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Be at Sly's office at nine. D—n the gout!—I should have done the job myself. Beat the scoundrel as nearly to death as you think you can conscientiously go without committing absolute murder; next, pay a morning visit to *Kettlewell*, and, if you leave him in a condition to mount the pulpit for a month, I'll never acknowledge you. Break that other seal; probably, the contents may prove as agreeable as old *Kitty's*."

There were times and moods when, in Byron's language, it was judicious to reply

"Pasha! to hear is to obey,"

and this was such a period. I broke the black wax, and the epistle proved to be from the very gentleman whom I was to be despatched per mail to qualify next morning for surgical assistance.

"Out with it!" roared my father, as I unclosed the foldings of the paper; "What is the signature? I remember that my uncle *Hector* always looked at the name attached to a letter when he unclosed the post-bag; and if the handwriting looked like an attorney's, he flung it, without reading a line, into the fire."

"This letter, sir, is subscribed 'Selby Sly.'"

"Don't burn it, Frank, read. Well, there is one comfort that Selby Sly shall have to-morrow evening a collection of aching ribs, if the Hamiltons are not degenerated: read, man," and, as usual, there was a running comment on the text.

Dublin, — March, 1818.

"COLONEL HAMILTON,—Sir,

"It is my melancholy duty to inform you—"

"That you have foreclosed the mortgage. Frank, if you don't break a bone or two, I'll never acknowledge you again."

"That my honoured and valued client and patroness, Mrs. Catherine O'Gorman, suddenly departed this life at half past six o'clock, p. m., yesterday evening, when drinking a glass of sherry, and holding sweet and spiritual converse with the Reverend Carter Kettlewell."

"It's all up, no doubt: the canting scoundrels have secured her—or, as blackguard gamblers say, have 'made all saje.'"

"She has died intestate, although a deed, that would have immortalised her memory, was engrossed, and ready for signature. Within an hour after she went to receive her reward—"

My father gave a loud hurrah! "Blessed be Heaven that the rout came before the old fool completed the New Zealand business!"

"As heir-at-law, you are in direct remainder, and the will, not being executed, is merely waste-paper: but, from the draft, the intentions of your inestimable aunt, can clearly be discovered. Although not binding in law, let me say there is such a thing as Christian equity that should guide you. The New Zealand bequest, involving a direct application of 10,000*l.* to meet the annual expenditure of gospel-soldiers—there being a constant drain upon these sacred harbingers of peace, from the native fancy of preferring a devilled missionary to a stewed kangaroo—that portion of the intended testament I would not press upon you. But the intentional behests of 500*l.* to the Rev. Carter Kettlewell, the same sum to myself, and an annuity to Miss Grace Lightbody of 50*l.* a-year, though not recoverable in law, under these circumstances should be faithfully confirmed.

"It may be gratifying to acquaint you with some particulars of the last moments of your dear relative, and one of the most devout, nay, I may use the term safely, evangelical elderly gentlewomen for whom I have had the honour to transact business."

"Stop, Frank. Pass over the detail. It might be too affecting."

"I await your directions for the funeral. My lamented friend and client had erected a catacomb in the Siloam Chapel, and in the minister's vault, and she frequently expressed a decided wish that her dust might repose with faithful servants, who, in season and out of season, fearlessly grappled with the man of sin, who is arrayed in black, and the woman who sitteth on the seven hills, dressed in scarlet."

"Hang the canting vagabond—why not call people by their proper titles; name Old Nick at once, and the lady whose sobriquet is unmentionable, but who, report says, has a town residence in Babylon."

Constance and I laughed; my mother, as usual, looking demure and dignified. Another twinge of the gout altogether demolished the commander's temper.

"Stop that scoundrel's jargon. Run your eye over the remainder, and tell me what the fellow's driving at."

I obeyed the order.

"Simply, sir, Mr. Sly desires to know whether you have any objection to old Kitty taking peaceable possession of her catacomb in the Dublin gospel-shop which she patronized, or would you prefer that she were 'pickled and sent home,' as Sir Lucius says."

"Heaven forbid that I should interfere with her expressed wishes," said my father. "I suppose there's 'snug lying' in Siloam; and there's one thing certain that the company who occupy the premises, are quite unobjectionable. Kitty will be safer there. Lord! if the gentleman in black, or the red lady of the seven hills, attempted a felonious entry on her bivouac, what a row the saintly inmates would kick up! It would be a regular 'guard, turn out!' and what chance would scarlatina and old clooty have? No, no, she'll be snug there in her sentry-box. What a blessed escape from ruin! Mary, dear, make me another tumbler, and, d—n the gout!" he had a sharp twinge. "I'll drink 'here's luck!' Frank, go pack your kit, and instead of demolishing Selby Sly, see Kitty decently sodded. Your mother, Constance, and myself will rumble after you to town by easy stages. I wonder how aunt Catherine will cut up. If she has left as much cash behind as she has lavished good advice in her parting epistle, by—' and my father did ejaculate a regular rasper—"I'll re-purchase the harriers, as I have got a whisper that poor Dick was cleaned out the last meeting at the Curragh, and the pack is in the market."

CHAPTER III.

"I have tremor cordis on me." *Winter's Tale.*

It is a queer world after all; manifold are its ups and downs, and life is but a medley of fair promise, excited hope, and bitter disappointment.

Never did a family party start for the metropolis with gayer hearts, or on a more agreeable mission. Our honoured relative (*authoritate* the Methodist Magazine) had "shuffled off" in the best marching order imaginable; before the rout had arrived, her house had been perfectly arranged, but her will, "wo worth the day," was afterwards found to be sadly informal. It was hinted that the mission to Timbuctoo, although not legally binding on the next of kin, should be considered a sacred injunction and first lien on the estates. In a religious light, according to the Reverend Mr. Sharpington, formalities were unnecessary, but, my father observed, *sotto voce*, in reply, and in the plain vernacular of the day, what in modern times would have been more figuratively expressed, namely, "Did not the gospel trumpeters wish they might get it!" The kennel, whose door for two years had not been opened, was again unlocked; whitewashing and reparations were extensively ordered; a prudent envoy was despatched to re-purchase the pack, which, *rebus egenis*, had been laid down, and the colonel, in his "mind's eye," and oblivious of cloth shoes, once more was up to his knees in leather,* and taking everything in the shape of fence and brook, just as the Lord pleased to dispose them.

A cellar census was next decided on, and by a stout exertion, and at the same time with a heavy heart, my father hobbled down the stone steps, and entered an underground repertorium, which once he took much pride in visiting. Alas! its glory had departed; the empty bins were richly fringed with cobwebbed tapestries, and silently ad-

* An Irish term for wearing jockey boots.

FRANK HAMILTON.

porter a non-accumbency by bottles for past years. The colonel signified he remembered his grandfather's parting benediction. Almost in his own magnificent career within one brief week had deprived him of his parents and a blunder in direct succession was thus created. Satisfaction from school was unexpectedly received, and although young Frank and the courier borrowed liberally from the night, it was not so very late when they reached their destination.

The old gentleman was "in articulo," or, as sailors would say, was "in the boat short," and ready to trip his anchor. "Up stairs, Frank," exclaimed the old butler to my father, "the gentleman has invited us half an hour, glory to the Virgin!"

I shall never forget my father's description of the parting scene. As the old man's words fell, the old man gasped hard for breath, but the attentiveness of his grandson appeared to rouse the dormant faculties of both mind and body; and although there were considerable pauses between each sentence, he thus delivered his valedictory address. Other than the departure of Commodore Truncheon being due to the death of the demise of my honoured relative.

Frank called the old fox-hunter to my father, "the summons was as we used to say when I was a dragoon, to 'boot and saddle I and the doctor a month ago that my wind was touched, but he will have it that I was only a whistler."

He paused for breath.

"The best horse that ever bore pig-skin on his back, won't stand to that talk—Ogh! Ogh! Ogh!"

Frank's father.

"I bless God that my conscience is tolerably clean. Widow explain I never wronged intentionally, and the heaviest item box against me overlaid is Dick Sommer's death. Well, he three daughters was proved upon the trial to the satisfaction of judge jury; and you know after that, nothing but the daisy* would do leave you for honest weight carriers, and as sweet a pack as ran into a red rascal without a check. Don't be extravagant in winks."

Another interruption in the parting address.

"A fat heifer, half a dozen sheep, and the puncheon of Rass that's in the cellar untouched, should do the thing genteely. Only a couple of nights you know, as you'll sod me the third morning. Considering that I stood two contests for the county, an action false imprisonment by a gauger, never had a lock on the ball, kept ten horses at rack and manger, and lived like a gentleman to the 5,000*l.* for which my poor father dipped the estate I have after all added 10,000*l.* more, which, as Attorney Rowland said, she that I was a capital manager. Well, you can pay both off easily."

Another fit of coughing distressed my grandfather sorely.

"Go to the waters—any place in England will answer. If you stand tallow or tobacco, you can in a month or two wipe old score the slate. Sir Roderick O'Boyl, when he was so hard pushed as to be driven over the bridge of Athlone in a coffin, to avoid the coroner didn't he, and in less than a twelvemonth too, bring over a s

* An Irish gentleman shot in a duel in *Long syne*, was poetically described having been left "quivering on a daisy."

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baker's daughter, pay off encumbrances, and live and die like a gentleman as he was every inch. I have not much to leave you but some advice, Frank dear, and after I slip my girths remember what I say. When you're likely to get into trouble, always take the bull by the horn, and when you're in for a stoup, never mix liquors or sit with your back to the fire. If you're obliged to go out, be sure to fight across the ridges, and if you can manage it, with the sun at your back. Ugh! ugh! ugh!"

"In crossing a country, choose the—"

Another coughing fit, and a long hiatus in valedictory instructions succeeded, but the old man, as they say in hunting, got second wind, and thus proceeded—

"Never fence a ditch when a gate is open—avoid late hours and attorneys—and the less you have to say to doctors, all the better—Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! When it's your misfortune to be in company with an old maid,—I mean a reputed one—Ugh! Ugh! always be on the muzzle—for in her next issue of scandal, she'll be sure to quote you as her authority. If a saint comes in your way, button your breeches' pocket, and look now and then at your watch-chain. I'm brought nearly to a fix, for bad bellows won't stand long speeches."

Here the ripple in his speech, which disturbed Commodore Truncheon so much, sorely afflicted my worthy grandfather. He muttered something that a snaffle was the safest bit a sinner could place faith in—assumed the mantle of prophecy—foretold, as it would appear, troublous times to be in rapid advent—and inculcated that faith should be placed in heaven, and powder kept very dry.

He strove to rally and reiterate his counsels for my father's guidance, but strength was wanting. The story of a life was told—he swayed on one side from the supporting pillows—and in a minute more the struggle was over. Well, peace to his ashes! We'll leave him in the family vault, and start with a party for the metropolis, who, in the demise of our honoured kinswoman, had sustained a heavy loss, but, notwithstanding, endured the visitation with Christian fortitude and marvellous resignation.

Place au dames. My lady mother had been a beauty in her day, and, for a dozen years after her marriage, had seen her name proudly and periodically recorded by George Faulkner, in the thing he called a journal, which, in size, paper, and typography, might emulate a necrologic affair cried loudly through the streets of London, "i' th' afternoon" of a hanging Monday, containing much important information, whether the defunct felon had made his last breakfast simply from tea and toast, or whether Mr. Sheriff — had kindly added mutton-chops to the *déjeuner*, while his amiable lady furnished new-laid eggs from the family corn-chandler. But to return to my mother.

Ten years had passed, and her name had not been hallooed from groom to groom on a birth-day night, while the pearl necklace, a bridal present, and emeralds, an heir-loom from her mother, remained in strict abeyance. Now and again their cases were unclosed, and a sigh accompanied the inspection—for sad were their reminiscences. *Olim*—her name was chronicled on Patrick's night, by every Castle reporter. They made, it is to be lamented, as Irish reporters will make, sad mistakes at times. The once poor injured lady had been attired in canary-coloured lute-string, and an ostrich plume, remarkable for its enormity, while she, the libelled one, had been becomingly arrayed in blue bom-

through a non-attendance by bottles for past years. The colonel sighed, and remembered his grandfather's parting benediction. Almost in infancy, his grandfather never within one brief week had deprived him of both parents, and a course in direct succession was thus created. A summons from school was unexpectedly received, and although the sailing day and the summer borrowed liberally from the night, it was just dark-*enough* when they reached their destination.

The old gentleman was "in *trick*;" or, as sailors would say, he was *ready to trip his anchor*. "Up stairs, *muscle-stalk*," exclaimed the old butler to my father, "the general will be in heaven in half an hour, *good-bye to the Virgin!*"

I shall never forget my father's description of the parting scene. Puffed by half a dozen *plumes*, the old man gasped hard for breath, but the appearance of his grandsons appeared to rouse the dormant faculties of both mind and body; and although there were considerable breaks between each sentence, he thus delivered his valedictory address. Often has the departure of Commodore Truncheon been recalled to memory by the demise of my honored relative.

"Frank," said the old fox-hunter to my father, "the summons is come, as we used to say when I was a dragoon, to 'boot and saddle.' I told the doctor a month ago that my wind was touched, but he would live in that I was only a whistler."

He paused for breath.

"The best horse that ever bore pig-skin on his back, won't stand for many calls—Ugh! ugh! ugh!"

Another pause.

"I bless God that my conscience is tolerably clean. Widow or orphan I never wronged intentionally, and the heaviest item booked against me overhead is Dick Sommer's death. Well, he threw a decanter, as was proved upon the trial to the satisfaction of judge and jury; and you know after that, nothing but the daisy* would do. I leave you four honest weight carriers, and as sweet a pack as ever ran into a red nasal without a check. Don't be extravagant in my wake."

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ney of the Wronghead family to London—if I recollect the comedy that details it correctly—was effected without the aid of any casualty beyond some dyspeptic consequences to the over-eating. Would that our migration to the metropolis was fortunately accomplished!

Started early; and on reaching the town where we were to rest and exchange our own for post-horses, found the place in excitement. A hundred anxious inquirers were collected in the market-place. Three hours beyond the usual time of the mail-coach had elapsed,—wild rumours were spread abroad,—a general insurrection in Leinster was announced,—and the non-arrival of the post had increased the alarm.

Hurried over the morning meal,—the horses were being put to,—and the dragoon rode in at speed, when the worst apprehensions we had entertained were more than justified by this fresh arrival. The mail-coach had been plundered and burned, while everywhere, north, east, and west, as it was stated, the rebels were in open insurrection,—all communication with Dublin cut off,—and any attempt to reach the metropolis would have been an act of madness.

Another express from the south came in. Matters there were even more alarming. The rebels had risen *en masse* and committed fearful devastations.

The extent of danger in attempting to reach the capital, or to return to his mansion, were thus painfully balanced; and my father, after long deliberation, decided on remaining where he was, as the best policy under all circumstances.

The incompetency of the Irish engineering staff, and a defective commissariat, at that time was most deplorable; and although the town of — was notoriously disaffected, the barrack chosen, temporarily, to accommodate the garrison—a company of militia—was a wretched building, two stories high, and perfectly commanded by the houses in front and rear. The captain in charge of the detachment knew nothing of his trade, and had been hoisted to a commission in return for the use of a few freeholders. The Irish read character quickly. They saw at a glance the marked imbecility of the devoted man; and by an imposition, from which any but an idiot would have recoiled, trapped the silly victim and, worse still, sacrificed those who had been unhappily entrusted to his direction.

That the express had ridden hard was evident from the distressed condition of his horse; and the intelligence he brought deranged my father's plans entirely. Any attempt either to proceed or to return, as it appeared, would be hazardous alike; and nothing remained but to halt where he was, until more certain information touching the rebel operations should enable him to decide which would be the safest course of action to pursue. He did not communicate the extent of his apprehensions to the family,—affected an air of indifference he did not feel,—introduced himself to the commanding officer on parade,—and returned to the inn in full assurance that, in conferring a commission on a man so utterly ignorant of the trade he had been thrust into as Captain — appeared to be, "the King's press had been abused most damnably."

The Colonel had a singular quality,—that of personal remembrance; and even at the distance of years he would recall a man to memory,

bazine, and of any plumage reported from Araby the blest, was altogether innocent.

A general family movement was decided on. My aunt's demise required my father's presence in the metropolis. My mother's wardrobe demanded an extensive addition,—for, sooth to say, her costume had become, as far as fashion went, rather antediluvian. Constance announced that a back-tooth called for professional interference. May heaven forgive her if she fibbed!—for a dental display of purer ivory never slyly solicited a lover's kiss, than what her joyous laugh exhibited. My poor mother entered a protest against the "*spes ultima gregis*," meaning myself, being left at home in times so perilous, and when all who could effect it, were hurrying into garrisoned towns, and abandoning, for crowded lodgings, homes, whose superior comforts were abated by their insecurity. The order for a general movement was consequently issued—and, on the 22nd of June, we commenced our journey to the capital.

With all the precision of a commissary-general, my father had regulated the itinerary. Here, we were to breakfast, there, dine, and this hostlerie was to be honoured with our sojourn during the night-season. Man wills, fate decrees, and, in our case, the old saw was realized.

It will be necessary to remark that a conspiracy that had been hatching for several years, from unforeseen circumstances had now been prematurely exploded. My father, with more *hardiesse* than discretion, declined following the general example of abandoning his home for the comparative safety afforded by town and city. Coming events threw their shadow before, and too unequivocally to be mistaken, but still he sported *deaf adder*. In confidential communication with Dublin Castle, all known there touching the intended movements of the disaffected was not concealed from him. He was, unfortunately, the reverse of an alarmist, proud of his popularity—read his letters—drew his inferences—and came to prompt conclusions. Through his lawyer, a house ready furnished in Leeson street was secured. His plate and portable valuables were forwarded to Dublin, and reached their destination safely. Had our hearts been where the treasure was, we should, as in prudence bound, have personally accompanied the silver spoons—but the owner, like many an abler commander, played the waiting game too long. A day sooner would have saved some trouble—but my father had carried habits of absolute action into all the occurrences of daily life. Indecision is, in character, a sad failure, but his weak point ran directly in an opposite direction. He thought, weighed matters hastily, decided in five minutes, and that decision once made, *coute qui coute*, must be carried out to the very letter. He felt all the annoyance of leaving the old roof-tree and its household gods—conflicting statements from the executive—false information from local traitors—an assurance from the priest that no immediate danger might be expected—these, united to a yearning after home, rendered his operations rather Fabian. The storm burst, however, while he still hesitated, or rather, the burning of the mail-coaches, and the insurrection, were things simultaneous—and my father afterwards discovered that he, like many a wiser man, had waited a day too long.

Whether the Colonel might have dallied still longer is mere conjecture, when a letter marked "haste" was delivered by an orderly dragoon, and in half an hour the "leathern conveniency" was rumbling down the avenue.

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The Colonel had a singular quality,—that of personal remembrance; and even at the distance of years he would recall a man to memory,

even had the former acquaintance been but casual. Passing through the inn-yard, his quick eye detected in the ostler a *quondam* stable-boy. To avoid the consequences attendant on a fair-riot which had ended, "*ut mos est*," in homicide, the ex-groom had fled the country, and, as it was reported and believed, sought an asylum in the "land of the free" beyond the Atlantic, which, privileged like the Cave of Abdullum, conveniently flings her Stripes and Stars over all that are in debt and all that are in danger. Little did the fugitive groom desire now to recall "*lang syne*," and renew a former acquaintance. But my father was otherwise determined; and stepping carelessly up, he tapped his old domestic on the shoulder, and at once addressed him by name.

The ostler turned deadly pale, but in a moment the Colonel dispelled his alarm.

"You have nothing to apprehend from me, Pat. He who struck the blow, which was generally laid to your charge, confessed when dying that he was the guilty man, and that you were innocent of all blame beyond mixing in the affray."

Down popped the suspected culprit on his knees, and in a low but earnest voice he returned thanks to heaven.

"I understood you had gone to America, or I would have endeavoured in some way to have apprised you, that a murderer by report, you were but a rioter in reality."

"I did go there, Colonel, but I could not rest. I knew that I was innocent; but who would believe my oath? I might have done well enough there; but I don't know why, the ould country was always at my heart, and I used to cry when I thought of the mornings that I whipped in the hounds, and the nights that I danced merrily in the servants' hall, when piper or fiddler came,—and none left the house without meat, drink, and money, and a blessing on the hand that gave it."

"What brought you here, so close to your former home, and so likely to be recognised?"

"To see if I couldn't clear myself, and get ye'r honour to take me back. Mark that dark man! He's owner of this horse. Go to the bottom of the garden, and I'll be with you when he returns to the house again."

My father walked carelessly away, unclosed the garden gate, and left the dark stranger with his former whipper-in. Throwing himself on a bench in a rude summer-house, he began to think over the threatening aspect of affairs, and devise, if he could, some plan to deliver his family from the danger, which on every side it became too evident was alarmingly impending.

He was speedily rejoined by his old domestic.

"Marked ye that dark man well?"

"Yes; and a devilish suspicious-looking gentleman he is."

"His looks do not belie him. No matter whatever may occur through it, you must quit the town directly. Call for post-horses, and as mine is the first turn, I'll be postilion. Don't shew fear or suspicion—and leave the rest to me. Beware of the landlord—he's a colonel of the rebels, and a bloodier-minded villain is not unchanged. Hasten in—every moment is worth gold—and when the call comes, the horses will be to the carriage in the cracking of a whip. Don't notice me, good or bad."

He spoke, hopped over the garden-hedge to reach the back of the stables unperceived, while I proceeded along the walk, and when approaching the gate, it was opened by the host in person. He started; but, with assumed indifference, observed, "What sad news the dragon has brought!"

"I don't believe the half of it. These things are always exaggerated. Landlord, I'll push on a stage or two, and the worst that can happen is to return, should the route prove dangerous. I know that here I have a safe shelter to fall back upon."

"Safe!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "All the rabble in the country would not venture within miles of where ye are; and, notwithstanding bad reports, there's not a loyaler barony in the county. Faith! Colonel, although it may look very like seeking custom, I would advise you to keep your present quarters. You know the old saying, 'Men may go farther and fare worse.' I had a lamb killed when I heard of the rising, and specially for your honour's dinner. Just look into the barn as ye pass. Upon my conscience! it's a curiosity."

He turned back with me; but before we reached the place, the dark stranger I had seen before beckoned from a back window.

"Ha! an old and worthy customer wants me."

Placing his crooked finger in his mouth, he gave a loud and piercing whistle. The *quondam* whipper appeared at a stable-door with a horse-brush in his hand.

"Pat, shew his honour that born beauty I killed for him this morning."

"Coming, Mr. Scully—I beg ye'r honour's pardon—but ye know that business must be minded," he said, and hurried off.

No man assumes the semblance of indifference, and masks his feelings more readily than an Irishman, and Pat Loftus was no exception to his countrymen. When summoned by the host's whistle, he came to the door tilting a planxty merrily,—but when he re-entered the stable, the melody ceased, and his countenance became serious.

"I hid behind the straw, yonder, Colonel, and overheard every syllable that passed, and under the canopy bigger villains are not than the two who are together now. There's no time for talking—all's ready," and he pointed to the harnessed post-horses, "Go in, keep an open eye, and close mouth, order round the carriage—all is packed—and when we're clear of the town I'll tell you more."

When my father's determination was made known, feelingly did the host indicate the danger of the attempt, and to his friendly remonstrances against wayfaring, Mr. Scully raised a warning voice. But my father was decisive—Pat Loftus trotted to the door—some light luggage was placed in the carriage, and three brace of pistols deposited in its pockets. A meaning look was interchanged between the innkeeper and his fellow-guest.

"Colonel," said the former, "I hope you will not need the tools. If you do, the fault will be all your own."

"If required," returned my father, "I'll use them to the best advantage."

The villains interchanged a smile.

"Pat," said the host to the postilion, "you know the safest road—do what I bid ye—and keep his honour out of trouble if ye can."

"Go on," shouted my father—the whip cracked smartly, and off rolled the carriage.

For half a mile we proceeded at a smart pace, until at the junction of three roads, Loftus took the one which the finger-post indicated was not the Dublin one. My father called out to stop, but the postilion hurried on, until high hedges, and a row of ash-trees at both sides, shut in the view. He pulled up suddenly.

"Am I not an undutiful servant to disobey the orders of so good a master as Mr. Dogherty? First, I have not taken the road he recommended—and, secondly, instead of driving this flint into a horse's frog, I have carried it in my pocket," and he jerked the stone away.

"Look to your pistols, Colonel. In good old times your arms, I suspect, would have been found in better order."

The weapons were examined, and every pan had been saturated with water. "Never mind, I'll clean them well at night: it's not the first time. But, see the dust yonder! I dare not turn back, and I am half afraid to go on. Ha—glory to the Virgin! dragoons, ay, and, as I see now, they are escorting Lord Arlington's coach. Have we not the luck of thousands?"

He cracked his whip, and at the junction of a cross-road fell in with and joined the travellers. My father was well known to his lordship, who expressed much pleasure that the journey to the capital should be made in company.

Protected by relays of cavalry, we reached the city in safety, not, however, without one or two hair-breadth escapes from molestation. Everything around told that the insurrection had broken out: church-bells rang, dropping shots now and then were heard, and houses, not very distant, were wrapped in flames. Safely, however, we passed through manifold alarms, and at dusk entered the fortified barrier erected on one of the canal bridges, which was jealously guarded by a company of Highlanders and two six-pounders. Brief shall be a summary of what followed. While the tempest of rebellion raged, we remained safely in the capital. Constance and I were over head and ears in love; but another passion struggled with me for mastery. Youth is always pugnacious; like Norval,

"I had heard of battles, and had longed
To follow to the field some warlike"

colonel of militia, and importuned my father to obtain a commission, and, like Laertes, "wring a slow consent." The application was made; and, soon after breakfast, the butler announced that my presence was wanted in the drawing-room. I repaired thither, and there found my father, his fair dame, and my cousin Constance.

"Well, Frank, I have kept my promise, and, in a day or two, I shall have a captain's commission for you. Before, however, I place myself under an obligation to Lord Carhampton, let me propose an alternative for your selection."

I shook my head. "And what may that be, sir?"

"A wife."

"A wife!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that is the plain offer. You shall have, however, a free liberty of election: read that letter."

I threw my eye over it hastily. It was from the Lord Lieutenant's secretary, to say that his excellency felt pleasure in placing a company the — militia, at Colonel Hamilton's disposal. "There is the road —
ame open as a turnpike trust. Come hither, Constance, and here

is the alternative." She looked at me archly, I caught her to my heart, and kissed her red lips.

"Father!"

"Well, Frank."

"You may write a polite letter to the Castle, and decline the commission."

Half a century has passed, but ninety-eight is still, by oral communications, well known to the Irish peasant; and would that its horrors carried with them salutary reminiscences! But to my own story.

Instead of fattening beeves, planting trees, clapping vagabonds "i' th' stocks," and doing all and everything that appertaineth to a country gentleman, and also, the queen's poor esquire, I might have, until the downfall of Napoleon, and the reduction of the militia, events contemporaneous, smelt powder in the Phoenix Park on field days, and like Hudibras, of pleasant memory, at the head of a charge of foot, "rode forth a coloneling." In place, however, of meddling with cold iron, I yielded to "metal more attractive," and in three months became a Benedict, and in some dozen more a papa.

In the meantime, rebellion was bloodily put down, and on my lady's recovery, my father, whose yearning for a return to the old roof-tree was irresistible, prepared for our departure from the metropolis.

Curiously enough, we passed through Prosperous, exactly on the anniversary of the day when we had so providentially effected an evasion from certain destruction. Were aught required to elicit gratitude for a fortunate escape, two objects, and both visible from the inn windows, would have been sufficient. One was a mass of blackened ruins—the scathed walls of the barrack, in which the wretched garrison had been so barbarously done to death: the other a human head impaled upon a spike on the gable of the building. That blanched skull had rested on the shoulders of our traitor host, and we, doomed to "midnight murder," were mercifully destined to witness a repulsive, but just evidence, that Providence interposes often between the villain and the victim.

I am certain that in my physical construction, were an analysis practicable, small would be the amount of heroic proportions which the most astute operator would detect. I may confess the truth, and say, that in "lang syne," any transient ebullition of military ardour vanished at a glance from Constance's black eye. The stream of time swept on, and those that were, united their dust with those that had been. In a short time my letter of readiness may be expected; and I shall, in nature's course, after the last march, as Byron says, ere long

"Take my rest."

And will the succession end with me? Tell it not to Malthus, nor whisper it to Harriet Martineau. There is no prospect of advertising for the next of kin, *i. e.* if five strapping boys and a couple of the fair sex may be considered a sufficient security.

THE ROUÉ'S CHOICE.

"And still through weeds, neglected and o'erthrown,
The blurred inscription shewed the altar-stone."

The Modern Timon.

"WHAT a confounded bore this dissolution is, driving men out of town just now!" exclaimed Lord Forsyth to Hugh Staunton, as they together entered the *coupé* of a carriage on the North Western. "Every soul in the country gone election mad. What on earth can one do with oneself till one gets on the moors?"

"For my part," replied his friend, "I only long to know my borough is safe, that I may take a little time at home to refresh myself."

"It's a capital neighbourhood about you, is it not? You've no notion what a slow set our —shire people are."

"Why, I shall feel tolerably independent of neighbours at present, as some of Emily's family are with us; then, there's that little rogue Hugh, whom I have not seen for a month, we have no end of fun together."

"It's all very well for a married fellow like you, but think of sitting down day after day, with only a series of Barons Forsyth to grin at one from the walls, and with nothing but flowers and fountains outside. I could swear they savour of the mob at a horticultural *fête*."

"A very hard case indeed," observed Staunton, laughing; "but if marriage makes everything *couleur de rose* why have you not turned Benedict long ago, as all the world says you *ought* to have done?"

"I sometimes, do you know, ask myself the same question; but after fooling so long with the girls, upon my life I should not know how to make them believe me in earnest! unless, indeed, I were spooney myself, and that I have not been since —. Do you remember poor Margaret? She is gone, and I have been told, but I hope it is not true, that she spoke of me as she was going. If I had thought that she really cared so much for me, I would have had her, I would indeed. What a fool I was to be bullied out of it!"

Grave thoughts had chased his reckless mood, and his friend left him for a while to his own reflections, remembering the aphorism of Rousseau, "*Que dans les sévères afflictions la tristesse et le silence le sont vrai langage de l'amitié.*"

A fortnight had elapsed since the above conversation took place, England's worthy representatives had canvassed and contested, and her worthy freemen had been bribed and hounded, when Lord Forsyth reached Thornhurst, on a visit to Mr. Staunton, just as the bell premonished of approaching dinner. It was not then till the good things of which it babbled were actually served that he came in contact with any of his fellow-guests, and his appearance in the drawing-room, diverted the course of many a fast flowing discourse, causing several pairs of bright eyes, that had been uplifted in patient attention, to droop listlessly, or turn hurriedly towards the door. The twilight, though not favourable to minute scrutiny, enabled Lord

Forsyth to ascertain that the party comprised one woman at least of striking beauty.

"You know Lady Anna Bellairs," observed his hostess, as though in answer to his glance, and with a *souçon* of archness which implied she was very well aware he did not; recalling for the first time to Lord Forsyth's mind, his conversation with her husband in the railway.

"Just like those married men," said he to himself, "to tell their wives everything. She is an uncommonly fine girl, however, the very one too that St. John raves about." And he chuckled at the thought of "taking the wind out of his friend's sails." His prospective triumph cost him, however, a present disappointment, no less, than seeing Lady Anna led off by an aspiring officer of dragoons, whilst he was left to the Hobson's choice of a companion whose appearance scarcely qualified her in his opinion to the honor of leaning on an arm so distinguished as his own. Lady Anna was seated at dinner nearly opposite to him, and though he had the satisfaction of tracing in her countenance the reflection of his own disappointment, it was in no very amiable mood that he applied to his neighbour, the routine of questions with which young ladies are on such occasions usually entertained. "Did she play, did she sing, did she draw, ride, valse, and polk?" She stood this test bravely; and when he had extorted from her, that in her whole life she had spent but one fortnight in Town, and that passed in sight-seeing, her assertion by no means assumed the tone of a confession. Whatever had been the amount of Lord Forsyth's curiosity it now seemed satisfied, nor was the fair Lady Anna long in discovering, that he was occupied in observing her. Whereupon the subaltern found himself very severely snubbed, a proceeding which startled the youth no less than her previous gracious affability had flattered him.

When the dining-room restraint was at length withdrawn, Lord Forsyth and Lady Anna availed themselves largely of drawing-room facilities to improve their mutual acquaintance; an arrangement with which no one seemed disposed to interfere. Mr. Staunton passed by the former in summoning recruits to the whist table; and Lady Pockleton flushed with delight at her daughter's evident success.

"I always told you, child, that *cérise* became you," she said as she wished her good night.

But if Lady Anna reposed that night in perfect self-complacency, such comfortable feelings by no means predominated in the bosom of her admirer. We shall, therefore, favour our readers with a few of his lordship's nocturnal cogitations.

"I am not in love; were I still a boy, I might fancy myself so; my Lady Anna may be quite sure that I am; but my heart-strings have been so long on the stretch, that they have lost their tone; I have talked sentiment so often, that my lips seem like some piece of mechanism to be wound up, and go of themselves. Yet, when I look inwards, and such reviews come more frequently than they were wont, I find there a something that might even now be fairly won, some remains of a better self, one spark of purity that has survived the taint of all that I have been; and *her's* is not the breath that could kindle it into flame. She is very brilliant, very attractive, but she has been too much trained to captivate, her aspirations

to the coronet are too evident, they have put me on my guard, and brought my old callous feelings back again. She is a charming *flirt*, but I could never ask her to be my *wife*."

A seat at the breakfast-table next to Lady Anna had been religiously respected by all comers, the dragoon officer included; and when Lord Forsyth, on his entrance, found out another vacant chair, Lady Anna dropped successively six lumps of sugar into her cup of tea, and she felt that the bridal wreath of her midnight vision sat less firmly on her brow.

"Pray who was my companion at dinner yesterday—now talking to your little boy?" was Lord Forsyth's first observation to Mrs. Staunton.

"O! that is my cousin Agnes Bouverie, she has quite fascinated that little gentleman; and she remains here on his express invitation. Come, Hugh, hand round your basket of peaches, they are not *all* for Agnes."

"If the peaches were *mine*, I should give them her every one, she is such a dear kind girl," whispered the young enthusiast, as he paused a moment by his mother's chair.

Lord Forsyth's mysterious secession from Lady Anna's side, deranged the tactics of some members of our party. The subaltern lounged round the table, to where she sat, and ventured upon one of his choicest guard-room anecdotes, pressed her hand very cordially on taking leave, and hoped he might have the pleasure of sending her a ticket to "our ball" on the 10th; "a capital affair I assure you; our colonel knows so well how to get up those kind of things, and we have the finest brass band you ever heard."

Whether the gallant lieutenant's mustachioed comeliness had actually gained some favour with the lady, or, that she had nicely calculated how far pique was likely to cause reaction in another quarter, is not for us to determine; certain it is, that she received these daring advances more condescendingly than was quite consistent with the haughty character of an aristocratic beauty. On the strength of which, by the way, our young soldier swaggered at mess to an inordinate extent. "*My* girl's a regular smasher, she'll wipe the eye of all your belles, I can tell you."

"Anna, my love," exclaimed her alarmed mother, "I have something to say to you."

Now Lady Pockleton, in thus addressing her daughter, had employed an expletive which appealed to her hearer's feelings in a manner quite different from what might appear to good, simple-minded persons, like you and me. This high-born dame was not in the habit of mingling in familiar discourse vulgar terms of endearment. Whilst their occasional use was considered by her family equivalent to an oath from the lips of her lord, and betrayed as much excitement of an unpleasurable kind as might be exhibited in civilized society. It was, therefore, with the same guilty feelings with which a boy quits his form at a signal from the magisterial ferule, that the Lady Anna followed the Countess to her chamber, who there assailed her with remonstrances on her past deportment, and admonitions for her future guidance.

"You are really such a giddy girl; when everything has been done for you. The cards were actually put into your hand, and

then to throw them down, as you have done ; it is really too undutiful. Besides *Dora* must come out next year. You know very well I have kept her back two seasons already. I give you one more day, and if you do not exert yourself to do better, Sir James Spratt shall be written to ; and when your father has once made up his mind to the match, it will be a settled thing. Now Anna, tell me all that passed last evening between yourself and Lord Forsyth."

For a more lively representation of the original dialogue than was elicited by this inquisition, I refer, gentle reader, to your own agreeable reminiscence of such-like scenes.

This day passed, as summer-days will pass, where, "with all appliances and means to boot," youthful lords and ladies fair devote themselves in earnest to the murder of Old Time. There were ponies and boats, cricket and billiards. Lady Anna did "exert herself;" her laugh never sounded more joyous, nor her voice more sprightly, though the threat of a bridegroom, gouty and asthmatic, might have seemed the sword of Damocles suspended over her head. On this day Lord Forsyth listened to her singing, admired her drawings, and paid her, in short, that amount of attention which is understood by men of fashion, amongst themselves at least, to mean nothing.

Shortly before post-hour a warm discussion took place between Lord and Lady Pockleton in the dressing-room of the former. The secrets of that council-chamber did not transpire, but a mandate was thence issued that the trunks should be packed, and the earl's carriage in readiness by nine on the morrow. The necessity of their immediate departure was thus publicly bewailed by Lady Pockleton.

"One of those tiresome county meetings—they will insist on Lord Pockleton's taking the chair, and he can't get off. So extremely unfortunate! My dear Mrs. Staunton, I would have given anything to have stayed for your little archery. Poor dear Anna, too ; it is a sad disappointment to her."

Her ladyship's acknowledgment of Lord Forsyth's salutation that evening was not particularly courteous. "Poor dear Anna," however, looked wonderfully forgiving, all things considered. Poor girl, indeed, she was used to it.

"I am safe out of that business," observed Lord Forsyth to himself. But, if the nobleman meant to congratulate his fancy on being free, he was not quite candid with that familiar spirit, for, truth to tell, thoughts the least invoked at that very time haunted his imagination, and he discovered, greatly to his own astonishment, that they assumed the form of Agnes Bouverie. There was much in her character that perplexed him, and that interested by its novelty. She was neither overawed by his superiority, nor flattered by his attention. He had observed in her remarks to others proofs of a richly-cultivated mind, freshness of observation, and judgment beyond her years, combined with unassumed modesty, and a total absence of display. Yet, whenever he attempted to draw from her the expression of an opinion, his progress was checked by a reserve, which the steady dignity of her manner allowed not to be interpreted as caprice. He—the sought and courted of fashionable throngs, to be set at nought by a rustic ! It mattered little what she thought of him !

Still however, these questions, "Why am I repelled? Why do I heed it?" alternated in his mind.

"Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving;
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

"Oh! in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth:
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth."*

"Agnes, dear, I have finished my lessons; and now, please, may I look at your drawings?" cried little Hugh, as he entered the morning room, where Miss Bouverie was writing.

"Yes, dear child; if you will promise to put them all back, and not to ask any questions whilst I am busy."

The ready word was passed, and Hugh had just succeeded in placing the great portfolio to his satisfaction on two chairs, when another voice interposed,—

"Pray, Miss Bouverie, may I be suffered to share the same privilege, on similar conditions?"

"My sketches were not intended for exhibition, Lord Forsyth; your request, however, is granted."

Half an hour elapsed before Miss Bouverie rose from her desk. The boy, with childish volatility, had been attracted to the window; but Lord Forsyth still remained by the portfolio, attentively considering one of her drawings.

"May I inquire, Miss Bouverie, if you are no longer busy, whether you took this sketch on the spot?"

The subject was a woodland scene, containing an Elizabethan house, which, from its neighbourhood to a church, might be the rectory. She paused some moments before she answered,—

"I did: it is some years since."

"And the Duncans are friends of yours?"

"Margaret Duncan was my best—my earliest friend."

"And mine," added Lord Forsyth, in a subdued tone.

When Agnes raised her eyes, they for the first time met his, with a look of kindness, almost of compassion. Then were the hearts of the gay man of the world, and of the quiet country girl stirred with a kindred emotion. Lord Forsyth continued,—

"Then you know our story. Yes, I see you have already condemned me."

"Only," said Agnes, gravely, "till I learn how you may be exonerated,—till I know that poor Margaret's dying words were true. She said it could never be; that your's was not the false, the heartless conduct that it seemed."

"Did she say that? Blessings on her memory, and on you, her messenger. Oh, it is an awful thing, this voice from the grave! No, I will not aggravate my fault by attempting to extenuate it. I might tell you of my family's violent opposition to the match, and repeat the arguments then used to induce me to break off my engagement, but that they seem such mockery now. Yet, if the weariness, the pined misery of years,—if the bitterness of present contrition can

* Mrs. Butler.

expiate the past, then, indeed, is her spirit avenged of its wrongs. How strange that all this never struck me before as it does at this moment!"

"Less strange than sad, that men who live with men should judge of woman from themselves; that whilst they hurry through the world, perpetually vibrating between business and pleasure, with scarce breathing-time for a moment's reflection, they should forget that she lives in a sphere of thought; that Memory is her most constant companion; that feelings which evaporate from his mind sink ever deeper and deeper into her's; and that what he has brought himself to view as the pastime of bygone hours, form still the freshest, the most earnest passages of her life." Agnes paused, blushing at her own enthusiasm, which had lighted her expressive countenance almost into beauty. "But I did not mean to read you a lecture on woman's weakness and man's ingratitude."

"Say, rather, woman's constancy and truth; but in this instance my preceptress has not an ungrateful pupil. Would that your sex, Miss Bouverie, instead of fostering the vanity of ours, by accepting the frothy homage of mere admiration, would always claim from us the reverence that is their due, and 'teach how divine a thing woman may be made.' Now, will you allow me to retain your precious sketch in remembrance of this my first lesson, and, as an earnest, I trust, of many future ones?"

"You may;" and there was no trace of former coldness in the voice of the speaker.

"Well, who is for the moors?" exclaimed Mr. Staunton that evening; "the break must be off at six, to meet the Express. Forsyth, I know you are booked."

"Why, no; I believe I shall take the night-train. I am expecting letters that I must wait for."

Reader,—are you surprised that the heart of Agnes Bouverie beat quickly as he spoke; or that, when the 12th of August had come and gone, Lord Forsyth's gun had not been heard upon the hills.

OUR LADY'S WELL.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

OUR Lady's Well! It was of old
 A sweet and saintly place,
 Where pilgrims oft their beads have told,
 And suppliant pray'd for grace!
 Where Kings have laid aside their crown,
 And prostrate with the serf knelt down.
 The many charms that bound the stream,
 Once simple hearts could say;
 Though now, 'tis but a pleasing dream
 Of ages past away!
 The faith is past—but fair and lone
 The hallowed waters still flow on!
 So Memory, though it cannot bring
 Departed times again,
 To thoughts they leave behind can cling,
 And gild with joy their wane;
 And Fancy weave around a spell
 Like that which shrined Our Lady's Well!

THE HEADSTRONG PHRENOLOGIST.

A FANTASTIC TALE OF FEELING.

BY HORACE MAYHEW.

KARL VON WASSERGRÜELL was a very simple fellow. More than this he was a phrenologist—a confirmed one. He not only believed in the science, but he took it about with him everywhere, like a magic rule, with which he measured the intellect of all men, women, and even little children. It was his *caduceus*, his divining-rod, his tuning-fork, his stethoscope, his counter, on which he rung every piece of human coin, his seventh bullet that was sure to bring down everything he aimed at. If Karl wanted a pair of boots, he would look at the bootmaker's head, most scientifically, two or three times before he summoned courage to put his foot into the bootmaker's hands.

He would not engage a servant without first convincing himself that she had the requisite number of moral bumps.

He shot a favourite dog once, because, on scratching its head, he found that the bump of secretiveness was much larger than it should have been upon any canine *occiput*.

Before getting into a railway, he would take a most careful survey of the stoker. If he saw an alarming rise on the man's skull, he would shape it at once either into a big stone, that would be sure to force the engine off the rails, or into a monster bubble that must infallibly blow the boiler up, and he would sooner forfeit his ticket than risk his neck upon such a fancied train of accidents.

This constant application of the same test to all things played Karl false, as may be easily imagined, on several occasions. He had thrown up a valuable appointment—worth at least two hundred guildens a year—because he could plainly see that the Over-Superintendent-Civil-Magistrate's-Deputy-Head-Clerk (the reader will willingly excuse us for not giving the word in German) was a vindictive, ill-disposed, sour, man. "He was not going to stop with any man to be quietly done away with." Persons laughed at Karl, and his relations blamed him, with all the freedom for which relations are generally notorious, for being so stupidly blind to his own interest; but Karl was coldly indifferent to all the sarcasms and jokes that were poured in streams, as from a shower-bath, upon him, and only shook his head and looked wise. The result, however, proved for once that he was wrong. The poor, libelled Over-Superintendent-Civil-Magistrate's-Deputy-Head-Clerk was a good, harmless, creature,—and without a single weakness, excepting a childish affection for sour krout, which he would eat for dinner, breakfast, lunch, and supper, and whenever he could get it: and as for his entertaining a desire "to do away" with anybody, he died himself shortly afterwards of the measles, and was universally respected by a large circle of domino-players.

But Karl was not in the least daunted, and remained as faithful to his favourite science as before, though it had so publicly jilted him. He continued precisely the same to display his phrenological knowledge, and would repeatedly play a voluntary upon the organs of his acquaintances, whether they liked it or not. The consequence was, he often got a rap over the knuckles, by way of accompaniment,

for his amateur playing. Gentlemen do not like having hard truths broken upon their heads in public. On one occasion, we recollect, an Austrian officer thought himself grievously insulted—and it is a serious question whether there was not some just cause for his indignation—because Karl confidentially told him, without the officer in the least soliciting the confidence, that he had the most perfect head of a monkey that Karl, in all his experience, ever recollected seeing. A challenge ensued, and as our young enthusiast had certain objections to fighting, the duel was compromised on the spot by a good thrashing, and the officer proved to his friends that he had not “the head of a monkey” by breaking several billiard-cues over the back of the person who had dared to state it. Karl was the only person, who, in his heart, still doubted, though it pained him severely at the time to confess he was convinced of his error, for what science, however strong in itself, can stand up long against a succession of blows? Phrenology fell for the moment under the savage attack, though it rose again the minute afterwards, and Karl, far from being converted was only stunned, and comforted himself under his many kicks with the consolation that, even supposing he was conventionally wrong, at all events he was organically right.

Karl's faith, in fact, was something like a Bavarian pancake—the more it was shaken and tossed about, the firmer it became.

It did not lose any of its consistence, either, if, now and then, it fell into the fire, and was hauled over the coals. Karl always had at hand one infallible ointment for heart-burns, sores, bruises, and that was Vanity. There is certainly no ointment like it,—especially when laid on rather profusely.

Karl, in all his troubles, had never fallen in love, and simply because he had never met with a head that had gone to his heart. At last, however, such a prize turned up. People declared it was a blank—that it was as empty as the Heidelberg Ton,—that the person holding it never had a grain of sense in her life—that she was a perfect Viennese in intelligence, and could not tell without counting, whether she had more fingers than toes; but Karl knew better, his darling science had never cheated him yet, and he could not be well deceived on *that* head! nay, it had every good organ, intellectual as well as moral—he was convinced of it. Often and often had he scanned it with his loving eyes. Gall himself would have worshipped it—Spurzheim would, he was sure, have given his own head for it. It is true that at times a doubt would steal into the very heart of poor Karl's strongest convictions, and make him tremble. His beloved Wilhelmina had every possible perfection, *but* (how cruel that human perfection should be drowned so frequently in a but!) her beautiful silken ringlets would lash him, as he lay awake on moonlight nights, into a state of the wildest despair. He would have given one of his fore-fingers to have removed his agonized doubts with one touch—to have convinced himself, by a single manual experiment, that there was nothing false under that lovely bank of golden hair.

Wilhelmina, however, was rich and gay, and had no metaphysical ear for abstractions, or vulgar feeling for poetry, and Karl unfortunately had very little else, beyond his meerschaum. Nevertheless, he courted her at all the public balls, waltzed madly with her, wrote phrenological sonnets “to the most sublime head in Germany;” and serenaded her on the coldest nights, but it made no more impression

on the proud girl's heart than if she had been the original lay-figure which is dressed every day in the height of fashion, and exhibited in a milliner's shop-window, near the St. Stephen's church, at Vienna.

At last Karl packed up the little courage he had left, and with a knapsack almost as empty as his hopes, started on his travels. But everything was barren to him. All enjoyment had fled from his heart. He no longer played on organs—he no longer got beaten for throwing unpleasant truths at strangers' heads—he had no sense, no consciousness, or ears, or eyes for aught but his absent Wilhelmina. The flowers wrote her sweet name in living jewels—the stars would trace in diamonds the glittering outline of her bright features—the birds would mimic her warbling voice—the breezes did nothing but steal her refreshing laugh; and even the dry leaves he crushed under his feet, and the sheep-bells that tinkled in the distance, and the dancing streams that babbled joyfully as they bounded like children over the rocks, all prattled the same dialect, all sang, with variations, the same melody,—all spoke to him in accents of love and piercing mockery of his blest, long-lost, "Wilhelmina."

At last he reached Egypt. This had long been one of his brightest day-dreams. He stood before the Sphinx—that time-stained riddle, which he had panted for years to solve. He jumped for joy, as his eyes hopped, like a bird, from one part to another of the statue's massive head. He endeavoured to mount it. After many tumbles on the stinging sand, which made him painfully sensible how hard it is to climb, he succeeded in reaching the grand summit. One loud shriek attested his buoyant rapture; the sound resounded far across the plain, and awoke the sleepy echoes, and startled the drowsy camels, and brought into the immediate neighbourhood a vulture, of the largest size, and the most famished physiognomy, that kept whirling and eddying in the air only a few yards above Karl's shoulders, where it seemed strongly inclined to alight, and would probably have made it its resting-place, if a passing caravan had not momentarily distracted its flighty attention.

But our hot-headed Karl was quite unconscious of the danger that momentarily hung over him. What cares he for outward objects? He is conversing with Cheops—he is nodding with the Egyptian kings—he is shaking hands, one after another, with all the Ptolemys—and by laying his hands on this mighty mound of stone has magically leaped two thousand years back into the darkness of Posterity. But what is he doing? watch him well. Behold him sitting aside that stony Rebus of our earliest forefathers! His long, spidery fingers travel from the front to the back, and dance from side to side, and then run down the middle and back again. These eccentric movements continue for many an anxious hour. What can be his object? Why, he is feeling the Sphinx's head—he is examining each granite organ—he is manipulating the past—he is anxious to penetrate into the hard mystery, whether the ancients ever felt the blessings of phrenology? whether that science was ever numbered with innumerable others, which have since grown into lusty manhood, or ripened into graceful womanhood, from having been originally nursed in Egypt, that "Cradle of the Fine Arts."

There he remains perched for hours, the scorching heat of the desert sun attesting the ardour of his pursuit. What is the result of his touching inquiries? that, alas! is a mystery from which no man has

yet withdrawn the curtain. His portfolio alone clasps the secret. Go, reader, ask the Sphinx.

Ascend to the top, and you will see its surface, like railway England, cut up with innumerable lines. It is phrenologically mapped out, and each division is numbered, like our police force. It was the hand of Karl von Wassergrüell that did it!

We must now welcome our poor wanderer back to his native village. He is as sanguine as ever. Enthusiasm with many people is a plant that dies as soon as it is blown, and with others it is an evergreen: in Karl's bosom it flourished as strongly as ever, and had struck such deep root into his nature, that to attempt to tear it out, would have at once turned the fair garden of his hopes into a wilderness. Wilhelmina, the brightest flower in that garden, still bore her blushing beauty as modestly as a rose. She was a few days older perhaps,—but what of that? who, in looking at a lovely nosegay, ever inquires its age? She was richer, too, than before,—guldens bloom when other beauties fade. Her lover was not insensible to this charm,—but her divine head took the largest share in his thoughts.

Since his travels, Karl had become a great man. He was invited to every little official's house to recount over the dinner, or the supper-table, the wondrous things he had seen in distant lands. Karl was not destitute of imagination—he could colour an invention with the nicest touch of probability, so as to make it pass for a fact—and he had the good sense never to stray too far beyond the truth, when another traveler, who had been over the same ground as himself, was present. The consequence was, he always had more dinners lying on his mantelpiece than the greatest lion that Fashion ever gave a mane to, could possibly devour in a month. But Wilhelmina's father always commanded the eloquent talker at a day's notice. No sweet cakes were so sweet as Wilhelmina's! No "May-drink" possessed so many fragrant herbs in it as Wilhelmina's! No Christmas tree bowed its head so gracefully under the weight of crackers and *bombons*, or burned so brilliantly, as the one that was trimmed by the fair hand of his only love! Then of an evening they would retire to the sill of the garden-window, and, seated side by side, she would knit as he smoked. Whilst she was busy with the worsted skeleton of a stocking, he would puff out little wreaths of verses as they came curling up from the slumbering fires of his recollection, that, once fanned, would light afresh all the poetry that every German youth either learns, or writes, when he is a boy. At such moments Wilhelmina was supremely happy, and proud of her Karl. She loved to drink in his sweet mysticisms, and to follow the plan of the gorgeous castles he built in the air. She never tired of filling his beloved meerschaum. As the sun was setting, she would lay down her unfinished stocking, and watch with a childish pleasure the vapoury clouds, as they rose, Venus-like, from the "froth of the sea."

It was on one of those delicious evenings which our readers may probably recollect graced the autumn of last year that our two lovers were seated as usual on the sill of the garden-window. Karl was smoking—in his right hand he held the bowl, and his left was circled round the waist of Wilhelmina. Both were silent—there was a pause—a long-drawn sigh of happiness. It was broken at least by Karl.

"Wilt thou grant me one favour, my blest Wilhelmina?"

A kiss was her affectionate reply.

"I ask thee, then, sweet *Lebchen*, to allow me to undo this envious string that restrains the impetuous cascade of thy flowing hair."

With her own hands she removed it, and looked fondly into his eyes.

He thanked her with a smile. He put down his burning pipe, shewing too clearly how important was the task he was about to venture upon, — and lifted up the shade of liquid hair that fell like a modest veil before her blushing face. He then turned up his wrists, and took the liberty to run his incredulous fingers over the several regions, that were peopled with either Good or Evil, of her fair head—that head which he had often declared was the only one in the whole world.

His features betrayed most openly what he was suffering within. Anon, a ray of sunshine would shoot across his cheeks, and illumine their paleness; and then a dark cloud would glide forebodingly over his serene temples, and, descending, would hang over his face, like a mask, for several minutes. This would be torn away by the merest touch and all would be bright again. But see, what is the matter with Karl? He turns deadly pale—he gasps for air—he shakes from head to foot—his hands drop convulsively by his side. Quick—give him a chair—or else he will fall. Ah! he has dropped senseless on the window-sill. Poor fellow! what can have shaken him thus?

But the trembling *Wilhelmina* is by his side, and lights his pipe afresh. He soon recovers, but only to start frantically to his feet as soon as he is conscious where he is.

"*Wilhelmina!*" he exclaims, "we must part—this very moment—it is ordained by the finger of Fate."

"What means this?" inquires the frightened girl. "Surely thou art mad!"

"This ordeal is enough to make me so." She hid her face with her hands whilst he raved; "Listen, *Wilhelmina*, I dreamed thou wert the pattern of thy sex. I used for days, and long watchful nights, to ponder on thy head, and fancied it the loved dwelling-place of all that was child-like and pure. I thought it was the mansion of angel's thoughts—the dome of a saint's mind—the heaven that arched over a fairy land of Innocence and Beauty. Fool that I have been to dispel the charm!" and he smote his forehead violently for minutes.

"*Wilhelmina!*" he raved anew, "I have pinned my destiny to the infallibility of one noble science. Phrenology contains truths so unerring that it would be madness to doubt them. Its laws are so sure that certain punishment falls on him who has the temerity to break them. I have weighed thy head, *Wilhelmina*, in its balance, and have found it wanting. It is written on thy skull that we meet no more."

"Impossible!" shrieked the disconsolate *fraulein*, throwing herself round his stubborn neck.

"It must be so—for learn, and tremble, thou hast the fierce organ of Destructiveness. How my poor heart knocked against the bump, when first my fingers discovered it; it will never survive the blow," and he sobbed aloud.

"Karl, this is weak—this is unmanly. Thou shalt not leave me."

"Shalt not!" and he stamped the floor. "Why, I tell thee, thou hast the organ of Combativeness!"

"It cannot be!" parried the poor defenceless girl, too anxious to ward off every cruel thrust that her lover was making at her.

"Ay! and most largely developed too. It would be instant death to any one to live with thee."

"Mercy!"

"More than this—thou hast no seat whatever of Ideality."

"Spare me—"

"And of Benevolence thou hast not an atom—whilst thy Acquisitiveness is most fatally large—"

"Oh! this is too much—"

"And thy Alimentiveness and Amativeness are larger still—"

"It cannot be—thou art too headstrong—"

"And thy Destructiveness, once more I tell thee, is so prominent, so fearfully determined, that it is not safe for any one to remain near thee. Let me go this instant, I say."

"Oh! Karl, Karl, this is most cruel," she said, struggling, and clinging, as for her life, to him. "Thou wilt drive me to confess most horrible things."

"Confess, then," he shouted.

"It is all false—I assure thee, it is all false."

It was a superhuman effort for Karl to control his passion.

"Thou dost judge me harshly—on my word, thou dost, Karl—I am not the vile creature thy science would make me out to be."

He ground his teeth audibly, with suppressed rage.

"No, Karl, thou art deceived, basely imposed upon."

"What, woman? dost thou dare vilify my science, as well as cajole me. This is too much—away!"

He was, in his rabid fury at the desecration of his whole life's worship, about to strike the poor trembling girl, when she darted from him, and, drawing herself up with all the wounded dignity of an injured woman, she stilled him with one look. He was spell-bound, and gazed in speechless awe. She fell on her knees, and, with her forefinger, sent him an airy kiss, as much as to forgive him for the deep injuries he had inflicted upon her, and then exclaimed, "Thou forcest me to do this, Karl—I will now lay bare to thee what I have never yet revealed to mortal man. Let the blame fall on thy head, and not on mine. I will convince thee, Karl, that thy charges are all false—as false as thy vows—as false as—"

She paused, but he spoke not a word. His lips were conscience-locked. He followed with staring eyes, each of her movements. With her right hand she slowly lifted up her lovely cluster of golden ringlets. There was a spasm in her frame—a burning blush on her maiden cheek—you heard a shudder—and the next minute she stood disclosed before her lover, bold, erect, with a spirit of defiance breathing in her whole body, and her head uncovered, as bald as a billiard ball.

One rapid survey of that shining head convinced Karl more than the strongest proofs could have done, how much he had wronged his fondest Wilhelmina. He recognised at once the object of his earliest love, it was too truly the self-same head he had so madly worshipped before he went to Egypt. He ran his fingers wildly over the different organs. Destructiveness, Combativeness, and all the evil bumps he had basely put upon her, crumbled into so much dust beneath his convincing touch. In less than a second he was cured of his folly—and too joyful returned to reason. All was smooth again. He knelt before Wilhelmina,—and, crying for the first time since he had left school, begged to be forgiven.

They fell into each other's arms, and mingled their sighs and tears.

"Did I not tell thee, Karl, it was all false?"

"Thou didst," and he pressed her to his bosom. "It is plainly false, upon the head of it," and he cast an eye towards the ringlets that were on the floor.

"Thou didst not know, when thou wert far, far away, that thy Wilhelmina lost from sickness all her hair. She had not the courage to tell thee, Karl, much less to confess to thee that she wore, as thou dost now see, an Invisible Peruke. The bumps thou felt were not those of my head, but only the creases of my wig."

Her voice, strange to say, did not falter in the least as she confessed these horrible truths.

"Foolish thing!" was the boy's enraptured answer, "With a head like thine, I should have loved thee all the more."

Wilhelmina and Karl were married shortly afterwards, and they are now the happiest pair of heads that phrenology ever bumped together. His love has rather strengthened than diminished—and to this day he will not allow his wife's hair to grow, so the pretty Wilhelmina still wears a "lady's real head of hair," unless, perhaps, it is "a gentleman's." His greatest enjoyment is to look at her head, which he will do for hours, and the longer he looks the fonder seemingly he grows. She returns his love a hundred-fold; and when he lectures on the sublime truths of Phrenology, she attends, and lends her head, beautifully mapped out in red and blue for the occasion. What stronger proof could woman possibly give to the man she loved of her devotion?

We are glad to see in the Leipsic catalogue, a book announced with the scientific name of *Karl von Wassergrüell*. Its title is "*A Few Hints on the Phrenological Attributes of the Sphinx, as compared with those of Woman.*" It is in twelve volumes, Quarto.

ANNUS MIRABILIS, 1848.

CONVULSION rock'd thy cradle,—and thy toys
 Were thrones on fire, and sceptres wrench'd from kings!
 Thy talk was peace—but strife and war thy joys,
 And thou didst make wild mirth of hallow'd things!
 Like Hercules, the serpents thou didst grasp,
 And thy twelve months had labours like to his;
 For all things withered in thy deadly clasp,
 And scarce of aught that was rests aught that is!

But thou, blest land! the Israel of thy God,
 Strong in His strength, securely dost thou stand!
 Oh, may He still avert the avenging rod,
 And hide thee in the "hollow of his hand!"
 Fair rises yet the pillar of thy state,
 And Virtue on its summit sits enthroned;
 Thou hast not felt, like them, oppression's weight,
 Then be by thee their anarchy disowned!
 Be wise, as great!—reform and yet preserve;
 With caution tread—thy paths shall be secure;
 Prepare for war, yet dread from peace to swerve;
 Who most amend must yet some ills endure,
 Because some stains of time our walls incrust,
 Say, would ye lay them level with the dust?

THE KING WHO BECAME YOUNG AGAIN!

A TALE TO BE PUT TO THE WORLD.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

HUMDRUM was a wise king. He was born to a kingdom already cut and dried, and the taxes not settled, which was greatly to the advantage of the magnificent Humdrum, who always took what he wanted; and if he did at times cause internal grumbling by taking a little too much in the estimation of his people, they were pleased when he screwed them the next time because he took less. Thus he charmed them with his moderation, when he had it quite in his power to be otherwise, for those were the halcyon days for kings, when they had, as some poet found out, some imaginary "hedge about them," which defended them from the intrusion of the common herd.

Humdrum was a philosopher; he knew that when a line breaks, or a delusion, it is very difficult for it to have the same power again. He was therefore determined that his line should remain unbroken, and accordingly bought wives by the dozen, who soon made a pretty coil in the harem, by producing for his paternal blessing a host of chubby little things, with terrible twists, that made the continuation of a strong and powerful line certain.

After having them marked off in dozens, he put a distinguishing mark upon the certified eldest son, as being the "first come" was to be "first served." This boy was to be a prodigy, of course; masters from far and near were brought, with their loads of heavy learning, to cram the young prince, who soon talked things which he did not understand, and used his memory instead of his brains.

Humdrum was in a deuce of a hurry. Never thinking that picking open the buds of a flower, was the way to destroy the blossom. Nature would not be hurried although Humdrum was a king; and a very good king, too, a little too fat perhaps. But this was the fashion of the day.

Humdrum's kingdom was in the East; blessed with a nice warm climate and plenty of slaves, and a population in that delightful state of control and obedience, that no one exception could be found of an individual who was insane enough to suppose that the head which he carried about all day on his shoulders, and laid upon his pillow at night, was his own private property. No such thing; he looked upon it as merely a loan, to be asked for and immediately rendered up when required by the great one at the head of affairs. This kind of tribute was not, however, very often exacted, except indeed when Humdrum was troubled with indigestion, or had been vexed by one of his three hundred wives, when, it must be acknowledged, he carried off his humours by carrying off a head or two of any unfortunate devils who happened to come across him.

But yet his courtiers said that he was the sun of the universe! a sword to the strong! a staff to the weak! the fountain of truth, continually playing with wisdom, with a hand as open as the day, but whether to give or receive, they did not venture to say. There

being no newspapers in those days, of course there was no one to contradict the favourable advertisement, so *nem. con.* he was the very best of kings, although he did frequently vote himself supplies. He had no commons to apply to; he knew better, and thus avoided short commons; and when you take into consideration his five hundred ribs, and their five hundred little books of sundries every week, why, a married man with a single wife, is often—but it is no use writing down what everybody knows. Humdrum, I dare say, had enough to do.

He had a prime minister; I may say a very prime minister, for he never contradicted him, and the only advice he ever gave him was to take his own. Mysti Figh had been minister to Humdrum's father, who, poor man! knew very little of arithmetic, being satisfied at finding it was always addition with him, he never thought of looking after the subtraction practised by the underlings. Therefore the minister got fat. The king got contented, and the people got—no more than people generally get under such circumstances.

Humdrum liked old Mysti Figh; he had flattered him in his youth, for he had said, in a moment of confidence, that "he was as wise as his father," which was the truth. And when the old king did abdicate, by giving up the ghost, the new monarch took him into his especial favour, which he took care to maintain by never contradicting him, and smoking more pipes in silence by his side than any other man was capable of doing in the whole empire.

He always was an advocate for peace at home, which he maintained by having a little war kept up on the frontiers, of sufficient magnitude to nibble up a few of the surplus population, and start on the road to glory a few unruly spirits, who, if they had stayed at home, would have had their brains knocked out in a less honourable way.

Such a king, such a minister, and such a people, could not be matched. Happy golden age! when the head stood upon the body. Now, alas! everything has had its reverse, and things have been so upset, that everybody seems to be turned upon the head, which most enigmatically brings them to a stand still.

With such a father to rule him, and such a minister to rule his father, did the little prince Quitadab, grow from a funny child, all eyes, to a youth all legs. He was as proud as Lucifer; for it had been continually instilled into his mind that he was a prince, and, more than that, a number-one prince. Yet he was good-natured, because nothing was ever refused him. He was generous, because he did not know the value of anything; for, strange to say, the value of anything is its scarcity.

I will make him as wise as myself, thought the King Humdrum, as he winked to himself; this was taking a liberty with himself from the force of circumstances. His dignity placing him so far above everybody else that he dared not have committed such a condescension with another, without breaking through a barrier, which would let in such an ocean of indignities, that might have swept the indiscreet king from his throne; therefore, as I have written he winked to himself, which act, under any other circumstances, might appear as a positive piece of egotism.

Accordingly he upon every opportunity gave the prince long-winded orations, shewing his own wisdom and knowledge by warn-

ing his promising scion against vices of which he had no knowledge, expecting to frighten him by the wholesome horror he expressed against vices which he himself had long forsaken.

Tablets in letters of gold were taken down by scribes from the royal lips of Humdrum, and hung round the neck of the prince that they might be continually before him, that through his dark eyes they might enlighten his brain.

But, as a faithful historian, I grieve to say that the young prince was often found knocking about his father's philosophy in the shape of a bat, at the childish sport of shuttlecock or ball. Upon these discoveries the parent shewed sadly the want of that philosophy which he wished so much to inculcate, by condescending personally to lay violent hands upon his truculent pupil.

Thus time went on with leaden wings, to the impatience of the young Quitadab, every day finding the parent labouring at that often-tried failure, of sticking an old head on young shoulders, and wondering at his want of success. The labour of these philosophic attempts (one trial will prove the fact) was found so completely to put his pipe out, that at last he threw himself down upon his musnud in despair, calling upon the prophet to make his son of a size to receive the greatness of his wisdom.

He, however, remained still at a loss, for no prophet appeared. Quitadab became a young man, and like most young men shewed his consciousness of the fact by the little coxcombs so natural to that epoch. The early down of a promising beard might be seen in a favourable light, like a soft shadow obscuring the ivory whiteness of his skin, and his gazelle-like eye sought at every turn the mirrors which adorned the walls of his father's palace, even his inanimate turban seemed to have suddenly put on an air of defiance and self-esteem.

Humdrum, philosopher, king and father, found the reins very difficult to hold, and he consequently pulled the harder; for he, in the innocence of his heart, believed his son still to be a boy, therefore still to be tutored, and felt considerably shocked by his continued lessons being received by his promising scion with a most undignified gape. The indignity was too much to bear. He ordered the recreant to be confined to his apartments until he was brought to a proper sense of the enormity of his crime. He deserved the bow-string, to gape at highly-seasoned morality and golden rules, from the mouth of a king, and that king such a king.

Humdrum knitted his brow, and summoned his councillor and friend Mysti Figh, who came laden with wisdom to throw at the feet of his king. They talked whole volumes of such infinite wisdom that a self-satisfied calm fell over the spirit of the incensed father, as he gave a nod of positive self-esteem at the conclusion of his fourteenth pipe; for he flattered himself that he had found out the remedy. Foolish king! he did not know the cause. Quitadab was a young man. He was an old man who had forgotten that he once was young, and thought that his experience would exactly fit his growing son. He did not know that experience meant a man's own knowledge of the thing, and that Quitadab would not have looked more ridiculous, sporting his father's old clothes, than affecting to wear the wisdom of his parent's age. Some sage, who must have lived soon after the world's creation, thereby having the first oppor-

tunity of finding out so astounding a truth, spoke like an oracle when he said, "Boys will be boys." Ah! these ancients had all the luck of it, for then everything was new under the sun, and Shakespeare and Joe Miller were not born. Quitadab felt that he was "injured innocence," and wished his father farther.

Rulers are all very well; but they should not be always drawing lines for other people to go by.

Humdrum sat with his legs and his purposes crossed. He found it easier to alter his own will than that of his son. Perverse boy! to shudder at the bitter draught. He foolishly longed for the sweets. Humdrum once did so himself; but he had grown old, and he saw the folly of such wishes. "The steam of a kitchen is offensive to a man who has dined."

Humdrum had determined to be firm, which is a word much in use with pig-headed, obstinate people, not only in the east, but in all parts of the globe; for he feared that yielding was like owning himself in the wrong, and where a man is supposed to be infallible, the thing cannot for a moment be entertained: so he made up his mind by hook or by crook—which, by the way, is an expression which we have borrowed from the poetical easterns, who do more in that way than any other nation,—to carry out his point. No more freedom for Quitadab; no more stopping out late; no more anything for his pleasure and solace, but such as were fit and proper in a prince with such a virtuous and wise father.

This wise King spread his fine person upon the luxuriant cushions of his musnud, and closing his eyes, fell into a most gratifying self-complacent train of thought just as he had nearly flattered himself into a dose. A voice of a presumptuous shrillness, being so close to the royal person, struck upon his startled ear. Offended dignity shook him in an instant wide awake, and he glared round for his victim. When he did discover him—for his diminutiveness made that at first some difficulty,—he saw a pigmy coxcomb, dressed in a bright-green Persian robe, and an Astracan cap, put on after the most approved mode, of the most unmatched fineness. His little beard was trimmed to an exactness perfectly enviable, as black and as shining as a raven's wing. His sword, glittering with gems, was of hardly a span's length. This he leant upon, as he gazed with his lustrous eyes upon the startled King.

Humdrum was startled, without the slightest doubt, and his royal wrath was swallowed up in his astonishment, which was not lessened when the minute man addressed him in the following free and easy manner.

"If you are fully awake, Humdrum, listen to me. I am the genius Kno Hing. I come to give you a lesson; the book of life is full of them, if mortals would but use their eyes, and be only anxious to turn over a new leaf. Vanity alone shuts it, and obstinacy fastens the clasps. You are fast approaching to that state which brings a man to the finis without his having perused the rest of the leaves. That you may not die in your ignorance, I will give you the power of reading again the pages you forget, and are obscured by your overweening vanity. For as many hours in the day or night as it pleases you shall you become young again, that you may be able to

of age she closed the door behind her mistress, and approached the young old Sultan, who pressed the gold into her ebony palm.

She grinned a hideous grin, and said, "Stranger, what is your wish? Speak: I am your slave."

"Tell me," said Humdrum, "who is that lovely rose of Sharon? is it so, that I may place her in my bosom?"

"Allah defend us! No. She is the pearl of the house of Hamed, the rich embroidery merchant, and beyond price. Rest content; she is no bird for your cage."

"How know you that, beldame?" said he. "I am almost as powerful as the Sultan; am deep in his councils—his friend. Therefore, fear no one's wrath; guide me, that I may see her in safety, and ten times what I have given you shall be your's."

The old slave wavered: it was only for a moment.

"No!" answered she, "I dare not for my life. If I did so, it would be useless, for her young bud of a heart is gone, to one even handsomer than you. She has seen and spoken with him, unknown to her father; that will be a barrier for ever between you and your wishes, for with women's hearts go their eyes. They are blind to all others, but their heart's possessor."

The more unwilling the slave, the more importunate became the young old monarch. To be denied the gratification of a wish was a novelty to him, and its fulfilment a thousand times more desired. Having a purse of extraordinary length and depth, he, however, at last came up to her price. Every one has a price; and if every one were ticketed it would save many mistakes, and bargains of this kind could be more satisfactorily settled in this saleable world. It was soon arranged that Humdrum was to take advantage of a ladder which was to be lowered for the girl's expected lover, as soon as the falling twilight promised safety for the daring attempt. After which he was to commend himself to the prophet, and take the luck which it pleased heaven to send him. The faithful old slave vanished, and Humdrum was left alone, to watch with what patience he best could the rising of the evening star.

I do not pretend to say that some slight twinges of conscience did not disturb the expectant desire of the late respectable philosopher. A whole string of lately-engendered moralities seemed to be tugging at the skirts of his discretion; and, really, at one time the remembrance of his son, and the great object of his wonderful change, had nearly made him turn tail and fly. But those provoking eyes! He would only just see them again, and —. The end of the silken ladder fell at his feet. His philosophy was—no matter where; but he was in at the lattice-window with all the ardour of his preternatural youth. A hand placed upon his led him into a curtained alcove, from which he gazed upon the unveiled beauties of the girlish houri, who sat, unconscious of observers, making her ivory guitar murmur beneath the velvet touch of her taper fingers.

Humdrum was all eyes. It had been better for him had he been all ears, for, as he stood, more like a statue than a man, entranced by the beautiful object before him, a shadow darkened the window at which he had entered, and a youth sprang into the chamber, and was welcomed by the young timid creature in a way that perfectly maddened the ensconced king. Another—another. Confusion! this was too much even for a philosopher. He tore down the curtains like a king,

forgetting that he only wore the appearance of a young and handsome cavalier.

"Vile slave!" exclaimed he, in a choked voice, "forbear. That lovely hour is mine. I am thy king. Touch her not with thy defiling hands—or—"

He had proceeded most splendidly as far as the "or," when he came to a sudden pause, for in the surprised youth he beheld the scapegrace Quitadab. He positively blushed, forgetting that his son could not recognise him, not having had the pleasure of his acquaintance when he was at the time of life he then represented.

As the two young sparks stood gazing at each other, for the lady and slave had fled. A scuffle outside the chamber disenchanted them, and bade them seek their safety in flight. They struggled manfully for the precedence; but Quitadab giving poor Humdrum a swinging blow, laid him prostrate; then springing from the window, descended in safety, leaving his rival to the tender mercies of the incensed merchant, and the stout cudgels of the slaves, which were most satisfactorily bestowed upon his unlucky carcase. After they had had enough, and he more than enough, he was thrust into the street, amidst the jibes and jeers of the merchant's slaves.

Here was a precious dilemma: philosophy playing the fool. He arranged his turban, and cursed his luck, for he felt his cheek still tingling from the mighty blow of his first-born. He wandered in his chagrin he knew not where, until he was roused by loud voices issuing from a dark gateway, which seemed to be in uproarious mirth. He listened for a moment, for he feared to enter. His first adventure had been anything but pleasing, and here there seemed no temptation for so young a man as he then was.

As he stood hesitating between curiosity and prudence, a slave attempted to pass him with a pitcher on his head; he looked for a moment upon the curious stranger, then beckoned him to follow. He drew his dagger, and did so. At a given signal a side-door was opened, and he entered into the midst of a crew of revellers, for he found he had fallen upon one of the secret wine-houses, where the wild and licentious met to pass away the night hours.

Fatigue and chagrin soon made him a partaker in their draughts, and he was the gayest of the gay. The night wore on, and still he moved not. The cup was pressed to his lip with all the ardour of his youth, and it was not until some alarm broke the party up, that he found himself again in the still streets. But what perplexing power ruled his course, at least zigzagged it, for his strong affection for the walls soon besmirched his rich dress, and put him into a pitiable plight. Ever and anon he danced from frantic delight. At last he laid himself quietly down upon the roadside, with a positive belief that his slaves would tuck him up.

Humdrum, Humdrum—thou wert drunk!

A benevolent stranger passing on his way, beheld the disgrace to his country and religion, wallowing in the gutter; at first he thought him some unfortunate that had been slain, but the sarrago of nonsense which issued out of his wine-stained mouth, soon convinced him of who was the slayer. He raised him with pity from his unenviable position on the earth, and attempted to find out where he was staying, for he saw by his dress that he was a stranger to the capital. But all he could get in reply was a dis-

jointed sentence about being sultan, or some such folly which only made the stranger laugh. Some of the night-guards passing at the time, he was handed over to their care with a voice of command that rather startled poor Humdrum. The respect with which the stranger's orders were obeyed, made him endeavour to get rid of the mist of wine which overpowered his senses, to see who his friend was. It was Quitadab going home sober, and ordering his doubly disguised father to be taken into the guard-room of the palace, which was close in the vicinity, that he might not be robbed by any of the night plunderers that prowled the streets on the lookout for prey, even in that well-governed city.

He was fain to submit, but he shook his head at himself in the most reproving manner.

He soon found himself carefully put up in the guard-house, with a scratched face and a disordered dress. But not before young Quitadab had discovered the features of his rival, whose unceremonious entrance had disturbed him with his mistress. He congratulated himself upon having him safe under lock and key, and that the morning would discover, when he had come to his sober senses, who the intruder was.

Poor Humdrum's fears soon began to dispel the fumes of the liquor; what was he to do? He must change himself, or what would be the consequence;—but how? He could not get out, and to be found as himself at morning's dawn, would have been anything but pleasant. He was in a pretty dilemma, for his confused senses did not allow him to remember the magical word. A cold perspiration bedewed his limbs, for he remembered that he had struck, in his night adventure, the heir apparent! and if he could not make it apparent that he was his parent, he should most incontrovertibly lose his head. Faint visions of his late highly seasoned philosophies kept rushing through his brain; in vain he tried to fix them for his solace and support. His change to youth had made the thoughts of his old age indistinct, and he became tantalized and bewildered to find that he could not see them in their full force. Of course he could not, poor victim! he saw them now through the medium of his magic youth, and its consequent passions. Yet he was still the Sultan Humdrum, and conscious of his wonderful change, and astonished to find his mind continually framing excuses for his peccadilloes of the night, not so much repenting their rashness, as the unfortunate result of them. All that did remain of himself was perfectly abashed at finding itself put quite at a non-plus by the overpowering arguments of the borrowed youthfulness.

His meditations were cut short by the first peep of day, which, as if not satisfied at the peep that it got at the unfortunate prisoner, soon proceeded to a broad stare, and intruded itself into every corner of the apartment, pointing out to the wretched Sultan his torn robes and mud-stained garments.

Fear and grief overcame him. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "why did I leave the refuge of age, which protected me from evil and its temptations? Why, when I had passed over the troubled ocean of life, did I, in the pride of my strength, throw myself again into the waves, only to find them engulf me. If ever I regain my own form and my own kingdom, I pray that I may not forget in that change the wholesome lesson which I have learned, that I may

make allowances in the strength of my age for the weakness of youth, and not pride myself in my power of governing the passions and follies which no longer exist."

What more his fear and repentance might have made him utter, no one can ever know, for a whispering sound seemed to be around and about him, getting every moment more distinct, until he made out by slow degrees the syllables of "Ektheunemengelecthus!" Blessed sound! he leapt and danced for very joy, and the thankful tears rushed down his cheeks as he kept repeating the welcome word. His saltatory feats were, however, very suddenly put an end to, for in his excessive joy the wonderful change of the youthful to the old Humdrum, had for a while insensibly taken place, until the old Humdrum found that it was not in his power to indulge in such feats of agility, for his old legs had returned to him, and he was fain to stand still, and thank Mahomet for his wonderful deliverance.

Footsteps were heard fast approaching. The door was unclosed, and one of the black guards appeared to summon the stranger before the Prince. But when he saw the terrible figure of the Sultan his capacious mouth opened until it extended to his jewelled ears. The words intended to be addressed to the vile drunkard, quivered on the tip of his tongue, then with admirable discretion bolted back and were quickly swallowed.

Humdrum himself felt a little awkward, for the slave might take him for some evil spirit of the jin tribe, and dash his brains out on the spot for presuming to take the form of his celestial master.

He accordingly cleared his throat with a powerful "Hem!" preparatory to addressing the black statue of wonder before him. That single word disenchanting the slave, and he turned and fled, making the passages re-echo with his yells of terror.

Humdrum taking advantage of the open door, soon made his way into the palace. But before he reached a place of safety, Quitadab, who had been informed of the wonderful change which had taken place in his last night's prisoner, met his honoured sire sneaking into the women's apartments.

Quitadab wavered for a moment between kicking and embracing. For there stood the form of his much loved parent; but oh! sad sight, he had somehow found the black eye which the prince had so liberally bestowed upon the stranger in the last night's scuffle, and the consequence of his vinous prostrations, shewed very visibly in unbecoming scratches traversing the bridge of his august nose.

The eyes which had hitherto been supposed capable of staring a lion out of countenance, sank abashed before the scrutinizing gaze of the prince.

Humdrum signed him to follow him. What he said to him is of no consequence. The prince never betrayed his confidence, but from that eventful morning he became the friend of his son and his confidant.

The merchant in good time prostrated himself in the divan with his fair daughter in his hand, too proud to bestow her upon so amiable and talented a prince; and Humdrum looked upon them with a smile, dictated by the philosophy of his age.

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

XX.—THE VALLEY OF THE FOUNTAIN.—THE BALLS.
OF DINAN.

IN speaking of social Dinan, I must be understood to refer to a period before the last Revolution, or revolutions, for there seem to have been several revolutions shut up in each other like rings in a Chinese puzzle. Whether Dinan has been very social since is doubtful. That it was very social then, in spite of its little social bickerings and jealousies, so indispensable to the comfort of the English abroad, I can gratefully answer for.

At that time there were two hundred and fifty English residents in and about the town, and the average annual mortality amongst them was three. This fact was assumed as a conclusive proof of the salubrity of the place. There is no doubt that Dinan is healthy; but the low rate of mortality amongst birds of passage can hardly be accepted as a satisfactory evidence of it. It is worthy of special remembrance that the English do not die abroad if they can help it. They always come home to die, if they have notice enough.

The climate is light and genial, and the situation picturesque; a happy combination which always makes it a pleasure to live, and enables us to fill life with all the pleasures within reach. And so we found it at Dinan, where we lived in an incessant round of seasonable delights. Amongst the greatest charms of the place the Fountain is entitled to special distinction.

This Fountain is a mineral spring which rises in an umbrageous dell close to the town, and is reached by a pathway, thickly planted and shaded, down the side of the mountain. It is about half a mile from the gates, and makes a delicious evening walk for the inhabitants. Dinan is surrounded by bowery promenades, but this is the most agreeable of all. When you get down into the valley it closely resembles Schlagenbad, wanting only that profound stillness which is not to be found elsewhere. Having zigzagged your way into the depths of the valley, you cross a little rustic bridge and suddenly find yourself in a handsome promenade marked out by long rows of trees, and so smothered up in foliage that the sun at its meridian height cannot penetrate the cool retreat. The rippling of a tiny stream reminds you of the bridge you have crossed, and looking a few yards onwards you discern a mill through the woods, a solitary mill! with its wheel plashing in the water, and giving an artificial impulse to its course. One is often struck in remote country places by the loneliness of the dwellers in them, especially millers and cultivators of the earth, who sometimes live at such a distance from the community on whose consumption they depend, that it is difficult to understand how they contrive to carry on their affairs at a profit. Now this miller of the Fountain, who, by the way, made no sign of

his craft except his wheel's turning, had evidently selected this sequestered spot for his business, on account of the running stream, which, although its volume is scanty, rewarded his confidence by the fidelity of its services; this rivulet being honourably distinguished by never running entirely dry, so completely is it sheltered and shut in from all drougthy influences. Yet with all his water advantages, one still wonders how the miller manages to carry on his intercourse with his customers, for although he is only half a mile from Dinan, his way to it is beset with difficulties. How does he get his corn, for instance, through the entangled passes of these mountain defiles? And when he has converted it into flour, how does he convey it away? Up the hills on donkeys, for they are the only living things that could carry burdens up these close steep? or down the valleys, and so round about the country, on the backs of goats, to whose curious feet alone the broken fragments of rocks and the narrow slippery paths present no impediments? But let the miller get rid of his flour how he may, and it is to be hoped he has a merry life of it, nobody can deny that he has pitched his tent in a most charming spot. His white gate and adjoining wall seem to be shouldering the rivulet in sport out of its channel.

A building on the opposite side of the promenade, half way between the mill and the bridge, suggests a different train of reflections. The Dinanaise are a gay people. They are fond of dancing above all things, and no matter what awkwardnesses fall out in the way of international politics, they are particularly fond of English girls for partners. They used to have their regular assembly balls throughout the summer; on Tuesdays at the Mairie, and on Fridays at the Fountain. The latter were called the Fountain balls, and much to the surprise of strangers, they take place about three o'clock in the afternoon. The building before us is the ball-room.

The picturesque effect of these Fountain-balls is something quite out of the common route of one's travelling experiences. That little building with a thousand names and souvenirs scratched on its walls is the ladies' robing or unrobing room, where, casting away their cloaks, scarves and bonnets, they prepare their simple demi-toilets for the dance. That light sheltered place in the middle of the walk, looking very much like an aviary, is the place for refreshments and for drinking the mineral waters of a morning. If the reader will have the goodness to collect all these particulars clearly before him, and bury them in a chaos of foliage, he may form an accurate notion of the Fountain.

Formerly the balls took place in the morning; but that arrangement interfered so injuriously with the interests of the tradespeople in the town that it was abandoned. The three o'clock arrangement had an equally disturbing effect upon the English. The choice was to dine before three o'clock, or to postpone dinner indefinitely till the conclusion of the entertainment, which, including the walk home, rarely terminated before nine o'clock, and sometimes even later. Dinner is an important affair with everybody; it is the gravest of all affairs to an Englishman; but to an Englishman on the continent it is the whole business of life. It fills up his entire day. He opens the morning with an excursion to the market, where he surveys and prices the supplies; the remainder of the morning is dedicated to the busy idleness of household preparation. Then

comes the dinner itself, which absorbs not so much specific time, as the sense and end of all time; and then the evening with its drowsy dreams, and luxurious memories of the feast, to which the noblest passing realities are utterly incomparable. When, therefore, the three o'clock edict was issued by the authorities, various were the rumours and mysterious hints that agitated the heretofore happy valley. But the Dinanaise and the dance would wait for no man's dinner, and so, with much reluctance, and after a fruitless resistance, the point was given up. The Fountain balls thenceforth began in the daylight and ended with it.

The ball was organized by subscription. There were stewards and a master of the ceremonies, and nothing more than an introduction was necessary to secure admission. It may help to shew how cheaply the pleasures of life are transacted in France, when we observe that the subscription to these balls, including both the Fountain and the Mairie, was only eight francs for the whole season! Yet it was found to be quite practicable at this small cost, which must greatly perplex and disgust my respectable countrymen, to realize a great deal of innocent and satisfactory enjoyment.

The effect, as I have mentioned, is singularly picturesque. The fitting of the dresses in and out through the trees, and the occasional lapsing into still groups in the intervals of the dance, bring out a *tableau vivant* after the manner of Watteau. When the ball is over, the partners break off gradually, some wending away with their watchful guardians, who think that they have already stayed out late enough, and others straggling off with evident symptoms of fatigue. The return lies up the winding path through the trees on the side of the hill, and here the careful managers of the entertainment have garnished the track with hanging lamps, just close enough together to guide the steps of the clamberer, keeping him all the way in a pleasant state of twilight uncertainty, and sufficiently far apart to prevent the possibility of any vulgar reminiscences of such places as Vauxhall. When this path, winding along the shadowy hill-side, becomes crowded with happy girls, in the exuberance of youth and open air enjoyment, their ringing laughter or low-voiced joy suggesting a hundred little dramas of the heart and the animal spirits as they ascend to separate for their homes, the scene becomes animated into a living romance.

But we must not quit the weird recesses of the Fountain without following the stream till it conducts us to the beach of the river, where we find ourselves upon the port at which we disembarked from the St. Malo steamer. This comes upon us as a surprise, for it is the last spot we should expect to find ourselves on in emerging from the hills. The walk through the valley is like a dream, full of lingering shadows and sweet lulling sounds. It runs all along, in and out, up and down by the stream and through the woods, occasionally as wild and rocky as a Swiss gorge, and sometimes softening away into bits of pastoral fields, and green slopes, and quiet open nooks streaked over with broken light. A painter with an easel in his hand might loiter here with delight through many a long summer day. The sunsets in this valley are exquisite.

The ball at the Mairie is as characteristic of our social Dinan as the *al fresco* at the Fountain. It is held in a tolerably large and handsome room, which on these occasions is well lighted up and profuse-

ly decorated with flowers. The managers of the ball are always very polite to strangers, and generally issue invitations to visitors of whom they happen to have any knowledge. Young ladies are chaperoned as at other public assemblies, and the utmost formality prevails throughout the evening. When a gentleman is introduced to his partner, he attempts much the same sort of small talk (in rather a more serious tone) as prevails elsewhere; but the want of common topics, the total ignorance of the *finesse* of fashionable life, of which this same small-talk, scientifically considered, is an essential element, and the innate modesty inseparable from the primitive modes of these Dinanais people, have the effect of reducing their scraps of conversation to the simplest and quietest forms. It is in the dance the soul of the gentleman comes out in all its French gallantry; but, the moment the dance is over, he retreats into his original stillness, hands the lady to a seat, bows, and retires. I am here chiefly speaking of the nature of the intercourse which used to take place at these assemblies between the English ladies and the gentlemen of Dinan: it was something too remarkable to escape observation. The prevalence of this custom had the strange effect of leaving the ladies *ensemble* at the end of each dance, so that we missed altogether that coquetting promenade, enlivened with sundry eye intrigues for the next polka, which forms so prominent a feature in the enjoyments of an English ball-room. The gentlemen of Dinan are, undoubtedly, a very inoffensive race; and, whatever may be thought of them in other respects, there is no denying to them the merit of unexceptionable decorum, and a respectful reserve towards our English ladies, which entitles them to the best acknowledgments of all anxious fathers and mothers, who settle down in Dinan for a few years of economy.

These reunions, cheap and simple as they are, shed a permanent charm over the town. What would Dinan be without its balls? There is a tradition in Dinan, well remembered by many of its present residents, that once upon a time several young men came here from Cambridge and Oxford for the purpose of study during the vacation; but, being tempted out of their scholastic resolution by the fascination of these balls, they invited the whole town to a grand rout at the Mairie, by way of testifying their sense of the hospitality with which they had been treated. Of course, the entertainment was a splendid affair. The English reputation for munificence was at stake, and the ball was accordingly got up on a scale of commensurate liberality. The Dinan gentlemen, determined not to be outstripped on their own ground in a matter so congenial to their taste, gave a ball in return to the students. This was a *fête*, such as Dinan had never witnessed before. People say that the air of the room was similar to the sort of atmosphere you might expect to find if you were nestling amongst the petals of a moss rose; that flowers, and festoons, and draperies, and lamps dispersed in the most cunning ways through forests of laurels; in short, there was no end to the beauty and variety of the scene. It is one of the great memories of Dinan that the French carried the day (or night rather) in this social rivalry; not because their *fête* was more expensive than that of the English, for, in fact, it cost a great deal less, but because they knew better how to set about it, and threw more imagination into their arrangements. The distinction is worth noting, expressing

as it does a distinction between the two national characters which reaches to higher points.

XXI.—ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN DINAN BEFORE THE
REVOLUTION.

ALTHOUGH Dinan presents many temptations to the English settler in the way of scenery and economy, it is not a very agreeable residence in other respects. It is one of the dullest spots in the world for people of pleasure, and quite as dreary for people whose enjoyment lies in art or literature. It has no theatre, no *cafés*, no billiards—none of the usual escapes for idlers which you find in most continental towns; and its little circulating library, surprisingly well-stocked for such a place, is, nevertheless, a miserable resource for any one already tolerably accomplished in books. In fact, if you want a book out of the ordinary routine, you must issue a special order for it, and wait at least ten days or a fortnight before you can get it, for the librarian must send to his correspondent in Paris, who must find out the publisher, and, as the traffic which the said correspondent carries on with Dinan is too languid to inspire him with much activity, you may be quite sure he will not put himself to much trouble for the sake of expediting the commission.

The only alternative left is society: you find this out very soon in Dinan. Society is really the essential thing here; and here, as in all small communities, society (pleasant enough in its shut-up coteries) is convulsed by scandal. The English are not satisfied to be preyed upon by the cupidity which their own foolish ostentation creates about them, but they must turn round and prey upon each other. While you are yet fresh in these porcupine circles, you will be stunned by mysterious hints and inuendoes, and kindly warnings against all the people you meet, one after another, so that, if you credit only the half of what you hear, you will be compelled to arrive at some very uncomfortable conclusions. But you get used to this in time, and begin at last to understand that the good-natured friend who admonishes you is as bad as his neighbour.

The state of society amongst a handful of English in an inland French town, is not more striking than that of their relations with the native inhabitants. Their national peculiarities, independently of other considerations, are not calculated to render them very popular. All the deep prejudices of home are transplanted in complete flower into these little settlements—you have the family pride, the social distinctions, the *hauteur*, the cold mannerism, the struggling pomp, and unbending stiffness in full efflorescence. Five hundred a-year in such places as Dinan, performs the aristocratic rôle of high blood and thousands at home. All this is felt keenly by the French. Our insensibility perplexes them; our habitual disrelish for free intercourse wounds their vanity; they cannot comprehend our incapacity for adaptation; they wonder at our formality and frigidity; they frequently pity us—occasionally despise us—and sometimes hate us. There are other points in our associations with them which touch them still more vexatiously. We bring up the price of provisions, and accuse them of cheating us. Let us consider this for a moment.

It is an universal complaint amongst the English in these cheap

places, that living is exorbitantly dear, and that they are overcharged by the French. Everybody has heard the cry, even in merely travelling through the country, that the French have two prices—one for themselves and another for us. It is asserted as a positive fact, that at the same *table-d'hôte* where the Englishman is charged three francs, the Frenchman sitting next to him is charged only two, or one and a half, before his eyes. Such assertions are common enough; and all that can be reasonably expected of tourists is, that they should speak honestly out of their own experience. For my part, I have traversed a considerable part of France, by diligence, by post-carriage, and private-carriage, have lingered in some places, and passed rapidly through others, during many visits to the country, and I never saw an instance of that glaring nature. That the English are overcharged, is perfectly true; but it must be set down, along with many other antagonisms, to their own, purse-proud bravado, and real economising meanness. *Mi lor Anglais* is expressly the "man made of money." He wears the badge of gold upon his sleeve for rogues to peck at. He invites the imposition he denounces. He would not be content unless he was made to pay higher than other people, and he glories in the excuse it affords him for letting out his wrath upon the French. The contradiction is not in the two prices of the French—a trade chicanery which is to be found all the world over, in various masks and disguises—but in the pitiful absurdity of the English, who expect to get everything at the lowest charge, while they are shaking their purses in the face of the vendor, and insisting upon having homage rendered to their superabundant wealth.

This absurdity is bad enough in tourists who go abroad for a few months, and have really plenty of money to spend; but economisers, who settle down with their families, have no excuse for not making the best of their position. It would be impossible to discover what these people want. They are not satisfied with obtaining provisions on an average at about half the price they would pay for them in England, but must needs cry out that they are cheated. Indeed, they confidently assure you that the place is quite as dear as England, and that the notion of coming into France for economy is a delusion, while they are all the time buying chickens for two francs the pair, and a quarter of lamb for twenty-five sous. They not only insist upon their right to grumble, but insist upon it with the greater vehemence in proportion to the unreasonableness of the occasion.

Is it very surprising, under such circumstances, that the French should regard our Cheapside countrymen with a little distrust and no great good will? In addition to other reasons, there is the certainty that as sure as the swallows bring summer, the English bring high prices. The moment they appear the markets go up. The sun has not a more decisive effect upon the thermometer. An inhabitant of Dinan could formerly live comfortably (in the French sense, and quite equal to French desires) on 1200 francs per annum, and keep his servant; but, after the English had swarmed into the town, he was obliged to dispense with his servant, and relinquish numberless little indulgences. Formerly he led a gay, careless, easy life; after the English came, he led what is called a hard life. Formerly he had enough, and leisure to enjoy it; after the English

came, he was ground down into all sorts of shifts and expedients, and obliged to work double tides to keep himself secure. Surely it is not very wonderful that he should be a little out of humour with the interlopers who have brought all this upon him, especially when he hears them perpetually abusing him for taking advantage of them.

Nor must it be concealed that the French are no longer so amiable and tolerant of the angular peculiarities of strangers as they used to be. Much of their cheerfulness, and, with it, much of their graciousness, has departed. They have had their vicissitudes, and the effect is visible in the gloom which has fallen upon them. The sunshine seems to have passed away, and left them in shadow. All that remains of their national vivacity and fickleness is the love of change: they are changed in everything except that. But their eternal motion is quite enough to keep open a wide gulf between them and the English in the social relations of small towns. If the Frenchman is neither so gay nor so brilliant as he was twenty years ago, there is still enough of mercury in his veins to enable him to disturb the sluggish temperament of the English. He cannot make his appearance in an English house, without throwing the whole ménage into confusion. He talks too fast—never stays still for three minutes together—is for going here and going there, as if there was nothing else in the world to be done or thought of—and shatters an entire family with such an explosion of *raisonnement*, that they are glad to shut themselves up again when he is gone, in the hope of endeavouring to recover their nerves. The effect of French intercourse, waged in this way against the solid resistance of English fixed habits, should be seen in detail to be thoroughly understood. The English have a distinct view to permanency and the future in everything they do: they are for economy and settling their children, and they consider regularity of conduct as the machinery by which alone useful results can be accomplished: substantial dinners and solemn tea are amongst their articles of faith; and rugs, carpets, curtains, closed doors and shutters, seaweed fire and pokers, are indispensable to their theory of life. The French, on the contrary, exhaust the fugitive pleasures of the hour, and don't care a rush for posterity; they spend what they have, and leave the law to take care of their children, and would as soon think of saving money to build churches, as of submitting their genius to a regularity of any kind; they cannot keep their doors, windows, or mouths shut; they cannot treat a dinner with ceremonious gravity, or sit after it, and they abhor tea: fixtures, cupboards, comforts, are representative agonies to them: they fly instinctively from all monotonous forms, fling themselves into a perpetual whirl, and after an incredibly short sleep, they start up all alive again, and ready to shake the tranquillity of the world for another unbroken round of about nineteen hours out of the four-and-twenty.

XXII.—THE MAYOR'S HEAD.—THE SEDAN CHAIR.—
MIXED ANTIQUITIES.

It is a pity that French taste shews itself so vilely in all matters
tied with local hero-worship. Dinan, in the midst of its grand

scenery and stupendous architecture, is deformed by an intrusive apparition of a tall pillar, with a head on the top of it, in honour of M. Pinot, a mayor, to whose munificence the town is indebted for the charming promenade which clasps its walls, and who was, therefore, really entitled to a graceful and appropriate tribute from the inhabitants.

The reader should be informed that the town, which stands on the crown of a hill, is enclosed in massive walls, flanked by towers of prodigious size and strength. From these walls the descent into the neighbouring plains and woods was formerly precipitous. The surrounding country is studded with points from whence military positions used to be taken up, and as these points are distant and elevated, it is evident that the valley which intervened must have been of considerable extent. M. Pinot, who was a wise man in his generation, and who was clearly of opinion that the delights of peace are preferable to the devastations of war, and who suspected, moreover, that we had reached a period in the world's history when Dinan would cease to want fosses and scarps, bethought himself how he might turn this open hollow to a pleasanter purpose than that of a siege, and accordingly raised an artificial terrace of handsome dimensions round the town, planted it liberally with trees, and thus converted into a grateful shadowy promenade, the idle valley which had hitherto shut up the merry songs and voices of the people within the walls of the town.

Now this was a thing worthy of being remembered. It bequeathed a more agreeable memory and a more available good to succeeding ages, than all the heroism of the Beaumanoirs, all the duels of the Du Guesclins, and all the combats of all the Thirty's added together. It was really a thing to be commemorated in Dinan in the noblest, and purest, and least affected manner. But there is only one way in France of commemorating all great people indiscriminately—generals, poets, founders of hospitals, musicians, kings, and king's mistresses; and so there was nothing to be done in honour of M. Pinot, but to put up a statue to him. The site selected was a conspicuous spot on his own terrace, where stood formerly a lofty tower, whose *debris* forms a sort of table-land for the pedestal of a tall column, on the top of which is perched an unsightly piece of sculpture, intended to represent the head of the worthy mayor. The day of the inauguration of this pillar might have been mistaken for one of the high festivals of the Church. The town was summoned at break of dawn by drum and trumpet; the people assembled by thousands, and the authorities, as usual, were in their places, making an infinite show of mock heroic dignity and pantomimic fustian. Previously to the commencement of the proceedings, the top of the pillar had been covered with a napkin, and nobody was supposed to know what was concealed beneath; for Surprise, which is regarded by good critics as rather a low and mean source of interest, is held in all public exhibitions in Catholic countries to be the grand element in the production of effect. Conceive, then, the thrill of the multitude when this napkin was unexpectedly snatched away! The ceremonies had gone forward according to a regular programme previously arranged and duly announced; the band had played at stated intervals, and the lapses in the music had been filled up with the dumb-show movements of

official men, who looked unutterable things, and then, all of a sudden, at a preconcerted signal, a cannon was fired, the napkin was whisked off into the air, as if by magic, and the features of M. Pinot were suddenly disclosed to the astonished crowd below, who rent the heavens with their shouts, just as naturally as if they had not had the slightest suspicion of what was coming.

There is no town upon which meretricious finery of any kind sits more awkwardly than Dinan. The streets, houses, habits, dresses, are strikingly antique in appearance. Modern frippery would be as much out of place in Dinan, as a knot of gaudy ribbons upon the head of a marble horse. Even its deficiencies and inconveniences are in strict keeping with the tone of life suitable to its quaint arcades, and one would be sorry to purchase more comfort for oneself at the risk of interfering, however slightly, with the primitive style of the place. For instance, there are no carriages for hire at Dinan. That is a luxury to come. But you would rather dispense with so desirable an accommodation, than spoil the aspect of the streets by driving a handsome *voiture* through them. Yet, where are carriages so obviously required as in a town which you must clamber up a hill to reach, and down a hill to leave? I believe there is such a thing as a *voiture* somewhere locked up in Dinan. I have heard of it, as you hear of a ghost, to which people have testified who have told it to other people, who have told it again to you; but I am not sure that I had the information from any person that ever saw a carriage hired in Dinan. At all events, it is quite certain that the carriage is not the established mode of locomotion, and that the duties of fashionable transport are usually performed by donkeys and sedan-chairs, which, strangely maundering and jerking through the town, harmonize a thousand times better with its old gables and dark passages.

The sedan-chairs are pictorial curiosities in their way. They look as if they had belonged to the age of Louis XIV., and had been transmitted, not very carefully, to the present time, with the traces of the royal painting and gilding still upon their panels. The chair is fantastically shaped, and not untastefully decorated and embellished; but, except as a matter of necessity, an English lady would hardly venture into so crazy a contrivance. She has no choice, however, and accordingly, into this box she is compelled to crush her silks and velvets when she is going out for the evening, or has to pay a visit on a wet morning. As there are no lamps in Dinan, it is necessary to be accompanied at night by a lantern, which is supplied and carried by an old woman in advance of the sedan. Fancy what sort of a *cortège* this is wending its way on a dark night through the narrow smoky passages of Dinan! The old woman with her lantern in front, and the fantastical sedan, with a lady in a considerable state of trepidation inside, borne along by two lumbering men, whose gaunt shadows are ever and anon cast into gloomy entries and porticoes, as they are suddenly lighted up by the feeble gleams of the lantern. Considering the scantiness of the demand even for this accommodation, inconvenient as it is, and the number of persons required to keep up the supply of such an establishment—no less than three being indispensable for each journey—it might reasonably be supposed that the service of the sedan would be, comparatively, rather expensive; yet you

may be thus conveyed in pomp across the town to your destination, wherever it may be, and your chair will call for you and convey you home again at night in the same ceremonious procession, for the moderate charge of three francs !

The streets of Dinan, picturesque as they are, must not be looked upon with confidence as perfect reliques of the Middle Ages. In fact, there is a great deal of patch-work here, although the darkness of the materials and the rudeness of the workmanship impresses you at a little distance with a conviction of the antiquity of the place. The mass of buildings, the great walls, the large towers, the narrow porticoes and arcades, sustained by clusters of columns, and the dim houses, bracketed and embellished all over, present to the eye, at first sight, a mass of seemingly pure antique outlines, which, a closer examination enables you, without difficulty, to assign to different periods. Thus, in front of many of the houses, are porticoes supported by numerous pillars, bearing highly ornamented capitals, evidently the work of the Middle Ages, and intended for buildings of considerable magnitude, while the poverty of the houses themselves must be referred to more recent times. In some places, too, columns are to be seen side by side, which, upon inspection, are found to belong to various ages. Thus the church of St. Sauveur, the *façade* of which, covered with bas-reliefs, produces an imposing effect at a distance, loses much of its interest as you approach. The door and the south wall of the nave are all that can be traced to the original structure. The remainder of the building, which, from the mingled richness and vigour of the sculpture seems very ancient, is undoubtedly of more modern date. Mérimée, who was employed by the French Government some years ago upon a tour of monumental inspection, ascribes the rest of the church to the fifteenth century, and says that it is "d'un style mesquin et sans grace."

The apparent boldness or rudeness of the sculpture, by which you are so agreeably deceived at a distance, may be attributed to the nature of the material out of which the additions and repairs have been made. It is a sort of granite, which, from the softness and coarseness of its grain, is wholly unfit for works that require minute or careful embellishment. This crumbling stone is composed of a very hard sand, which, instead of cutting in the usual way, runs into dust at the touch of the scissors. This very peculiarity, however, renders it susceptible of singularly large and picturesque effects, from the breadth of hand it demands of the artist, and the care requisite in handling details over so treacherous a surface.

XXIII.—RENNES.

THE distance from Dinan to Rennes is thirty-five miles, over a capital road. The transition from old, close, dingy, picturesque Dinan to the fine, open, flourishing city of Rennes, offers as complete a contrast as a peasant of the middle ages and a modern beau ; and the difference is much of the same kind.

Rennes is a very ancient city, or rather was a very ancient city until the beginning of the last century, when a great part of the old town was burnt down. The new town which has sprung up in its place is one of the handsomest in France ; and you are afforded an

excellent means of appreciating its advantages by the immediate contiguity of what is called the lower town, where the houses are as incommodious, and the streets as narrow, dirty and irregular, as if the time-honoured Gauls still dwelt in them.

The first thing that strikes the tourist upon entering this new town is its extraordinary cleanliness, quietude, and airiness. You will hardly believe yourself in France as you move up one of these spacious well-paved streets, which are laid out with a magnificence and regularity very rare indeed in this country. The houses are lofty, and of proportionate dimensions, and the grey stone of which they are built gives them an imposing aspect of sombre elegance. The public squares and buildings are on a similar scale of magnitude. The cathedral, erected on the site of the old church, where the counts and dukes of Brittany, after spending a whole night in vows and prayers before the altar, received the crown and sword from the hands of the bishop, is a structure of considerable splendour in the *ensemble*, but of the most singular taste in its details. The façade is decorated with a succession of columns in no less than four orders of architecture, Tuscan, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. The effect of this confusion may be readily conceived. The interior is vast, and by its grandeur and simplicity makes some amends for the chaos on the outside.

The *Bibliothèque* is one of the best in France, rich in rare and expensive works, and ancient Breton MSS. If we may judge, also, by the great number of book-shops and reading-rooms, the people of Rennes cultivate literature assiduously. But we cannot say so much for their taste in the fine arts. The collection of paintings at the Museum is below mediocrity. We find the names of Vandyk, Paul Veronese, and Rubens, in the catalogue, but, with the exception of half-a-dozen pictures, there is scarcely a single work worth the time expended on a visit to the gallery. The Museum ought to be visited, however, for the sake of a picture which is ascribed to the good King René, who sought in his pallet consolation for the loss of empire. The subject of this antique piece is Death, very oddly treated and executed in the crudest manner; but curious from age and association, and from the scarcity of similar specimens.

The promenades of Rennes are the attractions upon which the inhabitants rest their principal claim to the gratitude of strangers. That which is called the Mall, runs upon a jetty between two canals, and is charmingly sequestered under the shadows of over-arching trees. Here, when the weather is fine, the people swarm in the evenings, and linger long after dark to enjoy the solitude of the place, which, considering the nature of the locality, is dismal enough in certain seasons of the year. In summer the canals dry up, and their slimy deposits infect the air; in winter, the cold of this spot is intense; but in the autumn and spring it is impossible to resist these secluded allies. The upper promenade on the heights is thickly planted, and of great extent. It makes a grand sweep on the hill, is everywhere covered in with foliage, and commands several fine views. There is a statue of Du Guesclin (who was born here) on the platform close to the promenade of le Thabor. It represents him as a thick-set, stout, ill-favoured, but resolute man. All statues and pictures of the Breton hero agree in these points.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND,

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER III.

A Cottage Mansion.—Amusement before Breakfast.—The Stabling, and Fold-Yard.—The Lady of the House.—An “Old Maid!”—A Gentle Yeoman.—Racing; its Pros and Cons.—The “Leg” *en voyage*.—Departure for Newmarket.

AFTER passing the substantial mansion of “Old Kit Wilson,” the then existing “father of the turf,” encountering by the way the venerable sire of sport, mounted on a sweet-stepping cob, and having Harewood Bridge on my right hand, in the course of half-an-hour’s ride, I diverged from the main, yet scarcely to be called public, road, and entered one of those short private lane routes which lead so frequently to the houses of those of our gentry who,—thrice happy lot!—take station between the squire and farmer.

The lane, probably, some quarter of a mile in length, sound and carefully tended, with deep borders of short verdant sward, hedges trimmed to a twig, and cleaned at root from every weed, with flourishing young elms and beech shooting at intervals of twenty yards from the line of hawthorn, led to the small, yet valuable, domain of my friend, and was finally closed by a handsome, yet simple, white farming gate, that swung at the slightest touch, and refastened itself with a musical click, denoting the master-hand in this trifling, yet, to the horseman, most essential and gratifying matter.

The lane sides were beautified by a countless variety of spring flowerets, and had more the appearance of a carefully tended pleasure-ground,—as it *was* in fact a “pleasure-ground,” we opine, somewhat difficult to excel,—than a mere bye-lane.

The primrose and violet were in such profusion, that you imagined them to have been planted by the gardener, rather than by the tasty, bountiful hand of nature; but, in the deep rich soil peculiar to this rural and picturesque district, every inch teems with her incense and beauty. On passing through the entrance-gate, I instantly encountered my friend Dallas, in the midst of congenial, if unusual, occupation, and was greeted by a halloo! as hearty as it was melodious.

He was in the act of personally bridling a strapping colt by “Gladiator,” having the graceful, curveting creature circling to his eye and hand, occasionally bounding in the air like a mad thing, and needing all the strength of the amateur-breaker to maintain his footing in the equestrian studio.

It was a scene truly yeoman-like and pleasing, thus to behold the owner of the fair estate habited in stout laced boots and rough shooting costume contrasting with his handsome, refined cast of features, marking as they did in every line the gentleman—amusing himself in this wise before breakfast, by administering the first ru-

diments of tuition to the promising animal he had bred from his favourite mare "Kate Kearney," and hoped ere while to see struggling in the, to both man and horse, *delicious agony* of the race. But on my riding up, he instantly, if reluctantly, relinquished the long line by which he played his colt, to a stout, middle-aged, respectable looking man at his side, clothed in leathern gaiters and fustian coat, denoting the half keeper, half stud-groom, in the thorough rustic personage, merely giving a farewell touch with his tandem-whip to the disdainful beauty, ere he delivered the needful implement into his servant's hand, and bade him "give him another half hour of it, and then walk him to stables."

Leaving his hand on the pommel of my saddle, and walking by my side, my host now took me by a near cut through the planting and "early lambing ground," to the back of the house, and soon huddled a tidy lad to take charge of Hildebrand, cautioning him to treat him as if he were winner of the *Leger at least*, on his peril and allegiance.

There was ample stabling for hunter, team, and blood-horse, with the neatest fold-yard imaginable in the centre. This last was walled round and drained into a valuable pool, covered from the diluting influence of heat and rain, and was very differently arranged from the majority of such neglected essentials to a farm-yard. You got to the stables under shelter of an overhanging ledge, and found a good pavement for your foot in all weathers.

The hunters' and "fancy" nags' quarters were easily discernible by the tasty doors, adorned by "plates" of winners of the Derby and *Leger*, as well as other great races; gifts doubtlessly from the several trainers who had had the lucky animals who had won them in their keeping.

A neat and well stocked saddle-room, with an adjoining building containing all the apparatus for steaming potatoes and canine cookery, left little to be desired in the outer department of my friend's establishment.

From this part of the premises a stout door opened into the kitchen garden, from whence a path, fenced by espaliers, led to the front of the house, through a shrubbery again a little on its left. On the right hand, and to the extreme front, paddocks and green fields joined "the grounds," and were naturally, as well as effectually, bounded by the Wharfe, whose heather-tinged waters flowed for half a mile or so in a straight course, and opportunely made a *détour* so as to form an elbow, and completely moat and divide the estate from the neighbouring, more extensive, and equally beautiful domain.

The prospect from the well-kept lawn was rich and varied. The aural and rhododendron shot up to the height of forest trees, whilst the lilac, then in bloom, towered in the back-ground of the shrubberies, all evidencing the luxuriance of the soil and climate in which they flourished so gigantically and gaily. We found Miss Dallas in the breakfast-room presiding at the hissing tea-urn, ready to dispense the duties and courtesies of lady of the house, and minister thus early to the comfort of her brother and his guests.

She welcomed me with genuine frankness and hospitality, and, though it was many years since I had last seen her, assumed unaffectedly and kindly all the manner of an old acquaintance.

Kate Dallas was what the young misses and unfledged heroes term an "old-maid," she having just passed the mystic age of thirty—*infra dig.* and ungallant as it may seem to specify so pointedly. She was, nevertheless, just as bonny and blooming a woman as eye ever rested on; and was natural as the light of day. With a meditative, deep grey eye, luxuriant brown hair that struggled beneath the meshes of her pretty morning cap, a bust of living alabaster, full and round as a Hebe, and delicately turned hands and feet, this "old maid," attired in chaste simplicity, presided at her brother's table, and poured out the fragrant tea.

Recommend me to *such* "old maids!" was the inward grace I uttered, and as fervently repeat. George, with his stalwart frame, and noble brow, slightly moistened by the effects of early out-door exercise, was, as we have previously said, some ten years the senior of his sister, and appeared to my eye the very *beau idéal* of a gentle English yeoman; for I am one of those who dispute the fact that this sterling British title appertains solely to the boor, labourer, or spade husbandman.

The "yeoman" I take to be a man living on, and farming, his own acres—few or many—ready and willing to boot and saddle in the service of his queen; capable of mental enjoyments, as well as equal to all the duties of his farm; and I look upon him as the main buttress to our religion and constitution, and the genuine staple of our British Isles.

The old commissary's ancestors were for some centuries of this grade of life; and, taking into consideration the ample education and fortune possessed by his son, together with his agricultural occupation, it is not going too far to claim for the latter the title of a "Gentle Yeoman," preferring it, as I do, and yet trust to persuade our smaller land-owners and gentlemen-farmers to prefer, to the spurious title of "esquire," a title prostituted to the lowest stage of imposture, and amenable to nought but ridicule.

But as Dallas would "none of this," and did not rank with grand-jurymen! or take precedence with the "county men;" being neither a renter of land, nor trader, what was he but a yeoman? And his sister, a handsome country lassie, well taught in accomplishments, yet a housewife, and premature matron in thought and heart, though unmarried, what was she but a yeoman's sister? or fit to be, but a *gentle yeoman's wife*?

I love this word! and will yet try to revive its *prestige* with our country folks of *descent*, if humble, untitled, and unpretending, but of ancient reputable name, however moderate their fortune and attainments.

I can imagine no life more enviable than the cultivated denizen of his own few fields; farming in a morning, reading at night, and mated to a woman like Kate Dallas.

Such were the brother and sister; such their abode and circumstances. And it was this man, reader, who had formed a "business-like" connexion with the turf! What he had to gain, and what to lose, we shall see as we proceed with our narrative.

The whole appointments of the breakfast-room, our host's snug-gery, in fact, savoured of the pursuit to which he was, unfortunately, addicted, or rather wedded. A fine painting of the dead-beat

between "Cadland" and the "Colonel" for the Derby, hung over the mantel-piece; others of "Old Touchstone," his sire "Camel," "Velocipede," "Old Bees-wing," and "St. Giles," garnished the walls. A book-case, all but filled with racing calendars and other sporting works, occupied one niche in the room; the one parallel to it being filled by a gun-rack, containing an assortment of the best doubles and singles that London could produce.

The window, a large bow, or bay, opened on a lawn, on which some tame pheasants disputed the walk with a beautiful breed of bantams, not larger than a partridge. A brace of spaniels reclined on the hearth, and an old superannuated setter flattened his nose against the window-panes from without, wagging his tail wistfully and begging to be admitted.

After the first salutation had passed between the fair mistress of this cottage-mansion and myself, we set down to breakfast; when, it is superfluous to add, that my early ride from Thorp-arch had inclined me to do full justice to the ample Yorkshire meal that immediately made its appearance.

A racing sheet-calendar and several letters lay on the table at George's elbow, which having glanced at, he threw aside, and said, "So you passed over Langton Wold, old fellow, eh? Did you see 'Meteor' out?—was 'Attila' in work?" with many hurried questions having reference to Scott's horses, and particularly his Derby "lot," evidently denoting the fixed bent of his earliest and latest thoughts. Having answered these rapid queries to the best of my scanty lore, my host gave me to understand that in a few days, at furthest, he purposed, if agreeable to myself, to shew me Newmarket Heath, and a bit of turf life; being quite willing to adopt any mode of travelling the most pleasant to me.

The very name of Newmarket, methought, paled the sister's cheek, and called the slightest perceptible sadness to her eye, as she exclaimed, "So soon, George! Do those hateful races commence so early? I fancied—nay, I hoped, they were not yet near at hand; or that you had given up the idea of going to Newmarket for the future. I know not how it is," continued she, "but the name of that racing-place always makes me anxious for many an hour after I hear it. Oh!" concluded poor Kate, "do endeavour to persuade my brother not to go this time, but to take me for a month to Harrowgate instead; I shall be so lonely when you both leave me."

"Pooh, pooh! Kate," retorted Dallas, taking his eye from a *palpable betting-book*, to look affectionately on his sister, and reassure her. "We shall be back immediately after the "Two thousand" are over, and will not leave you again till—Chester!" laughed he in good-natured perplexity. "Our friend here *must* see the 'First Spring Meeting,'" added he, considerably making me into the convenient scape-goat, and getting me a thousand pages into the lady's "black books," as I doubted not.

"You did not hear whether 'Meteor' had been doing good work from any of those accomplished scoundrels the 'touts,' you were sure to fall in with on the Wold?" recommenced Dallas; "I have laid heavily against him for both his races, and fancy his pins will not stand much of a preparation."

"I saw him gallop," I replied, "and thought he went remarkably well; but the other horse you named, 'Attila,' a bay, with a white

blaze in his face, is, in my humble opinion, in outward appearance and action, a race-horse all over."

"But pray, Miss Dallas," said I, trying to re-assure her equally with her brother, "why are you so seriously averse to racing? It is surely a glorious pastime, and of great service to an immense number of persons who are absolutely maintained by the breeding and training of race-horses, as well as benefited by the many indirect channels into which the money spent in the pursuit circulates."

"I do not deny anything you assert in its favour on this score," replied the young lady, "for I am unable to refute or gainsay your argument. I only know that George leaves me gay and in health in spring for this hateful Newmarket; and, excepting the short interval between the Goodwood and Doncaster meetings, is absent from his home for many, many weeks together, returning at length anxious, aged in appearance, and altogethor quite a different man to what he was when he commenced the 'season,' as it is called, I believe. His very voice and eye seem changed, after participating in this 'sport' for any length of time."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Kate!" exclaimed the brother *rather* testily, and rising from the table at the same moment, "this is preaching too early and too solemnly, especially on the advent of an old school-fellow. We will all walk out, or drive to Bolton Bridge and then return to dinner; and, if 'Meteor' loses the two thousand, I will stand treat for a fortnight at the 'Dragon,' if they will receive such plain country-folks as the yeoman and his sister. *Allons!* let us to the stables, and have a squint at the stud, whilst Kate puts on her shawl and bonnet, and recovers her temper."

And away we went, just in time to encounter in the stable-yard a man of middle-age, and that flashy, offensively-familiar, *bedfellow-like* air, that so distinguishes the lower *dramatis personæ* of the turf. This worthy, dressed in a gay cutaway coat and blue-spotted cravat, with one of those atrocious, glistening, hellite hats, surmounting a countenance redolent of cunning and late hours, and riding a hired hack, accosted Dallas with,

"Good morning, good morning, Mr. Dallas! how goes it, eh? Just returning from Tom Dawson's, and thought you would be glad to have the last 'office' from Middleham. Tom's team's got the 'doldrums,' as usual, and isn't worth a bunch of cat's-meat. I can lay a thousand to twenty against anything he has for the Derby, though I want to back 'Meteor,' *for a friend*, for the two thousand, for a rouleau, or fifty, by the way, if it suits you," concluded the red-faced audacious-looking man in the blue cravat and overgrown hat.

I thought that Dallas seemed somewhat annoyed at my being thus witness to this unexpected interview; and, without calling a servant, requested the intruder—for I can call him by no other name—to put his hack in the stable, and then to take a turn with him in the shrubbery, begging me, by way of an excuse, to ask them in the house to get some lunch set out in the "gun-room;" for, if "Jack Ketch" had called, he would not have been sent empty away.

I found Kate all ready for a stroll, and shortly informed her of our temporary detention, giving her brother's message, at the same time, for a "tray" and bottle of sherry to be produced.

Looking from the window, she quickly observed the "two bet-

myself, for it is needless to attempt to disguise the sad fact, that George was *not* in the *fraternity*, walking slowly and assuming responsibility in the park, being the outer garden. In seeing them she exclaimed: "There is that horrible person again! Oh, why will my brother—how can he associate with such coarse suspicious people as this dreadful man? He swears before me, and uses such expressions of slang and vulgarity, that I may well give vent to my tears as I do, when I know that George communicates another *thing* *expressed*."

"Why is he?" I inquired.

"Why?" replied my fair informant. "He became acquainted with George some years ago—I think in York, from having, as he says, once been in service to him in giving him some information on racing matters. On this he presumes, and rides up to our gate as if he were my brother; equal in birth and education. I fear more than I dare say for I am convinced no good can abide in a heart whereof such a sinister expression of feature and ruffian-like manners are too surely the index."

I could say nothing, but hope that my friend's natural acuteness and the vigilance of horses would serve to neutralise any attempts to deceive, or transfer him. So little did I know of the craft and subtlety of black-leggery at the time.

The fellow who had given cause for this short dialogue, after loosening and finishing the bottle of sherry, and trying Dallas with some farewell offer of a bee-lighted cigar, mounted his sorry hack, also refreshed in the interim, and, Heaven be praised! departed; yet turning round in his saddle at the gate, and shouting something about "beating the Crack," and "comparing" at Newmarket!

Dallas was silent and thoughtful for a short time after this scene closed, leaving myself to chat with, and willingly, if I could, amuse his sister on her stroll by the banks of the Wharfe. By way of essay, however, I pressed racing and all allusion to it to the devil and his angels! The ruffian leg was forgotten.—Newmarket was not for the time remembered.—George recovered his spirits. We dined. My host and I discussed a single bottle of exquisite port after Kate had left us to open her piano, and prepare tea, during which congenial hour we conversed of—"racing," for Dallas could neither speak nor think of aught besides!

In a couple of days, during which we made our excursion to the sweet ruin at Bolton, and enjoyed ourselves as old friends, of equal age and congenial tastes, should do in a comfortable country-house, our portmanteaus were packed in the dog-cart, and driven by a groom, with orders to precede us a stage *en route* towards the Eastern Counties. We then mounted; bade Kate farewell!—for a short, short time, we reiterated in her ear, as she accompanied us sorrowfully to the end of the sweet lane I have described; and after a day or two's riding, we dismounted in the stable-yard of my friend the Duke of Limbs, to introduce whom I shall indulge myself and readers with a fresh chapter.

THE WATCHMAN!

BY LORD MAIDSTONE.

“ Watchman ! what of the night ? Watchman ! what of the night ? ”

WHILE men rest, of cares regardless, lightly slumb'ring out their fill,
Sits a Warder, late and early, watching by the beacon hill.
Watchman trusty, Watchman sleepless ! reader of the signs of night !
Strain thine eye-balls through the darkness ! comes the storm ? or
breaks the light ?

All around is mirk and dreary—rack and storm are driving past !
Blacker than Egyptian darkness sits to windward on the blast.
To the North I hear them stirring through the primal forest-wild,
Nations in their new-born earnest, restless as a fractious child !
Where the great Teutonic brethren prick'd crusading through the
waste,

And the Pagan hordes retreated by the glorious Cross displaced,
Till the deadliest swamp, and ombrage of the deepest, sternest wood,
Only gave precarious shelter to the native warriors' brood !
Where in pride of Bastile grandeur Teuton Magdeburg looks down
On a mighty subject river, and a fretful servile town !
Elbe and Oder—from your waters surge a mighty people's throes,
Pedant Fritz's smooth descendant, late empyric, quacks their woes.
From their souls they rend the fetters—royal rivets—hollow words !
As strong Sampson in his waking burst the sevenfold toil of cords.
Roar they like the madd'ned Aurochs, as he snuffs the tainted air,
When a mighty rival Urus crushes forward to his lair !
Stamping, pawing in their anguish'd, energetic, fierce disdain,
That Convention's law should bind man, soul and body, in her chain.
Through such weary nights of ages—profitless as Marah's spring !—
Where the people is the shadow, and the substance is the king !

Watchman ! is it sooth thou sayest ? Look again into the night !
Further, further through the darkness ! Seest thou there no coming
light !

Northward still, I see a mighty swarm of Nations stand array'd,
Arm'd and ready for the struggle—yet none bares his battle blade !
Myriads from the frosty Zero—myriads from the fertile plains,
Where the sober blood discreetly saunters through Slavonic veins.
Myriads from the Don and Volga—shepherd-dogs of Russia's tribes !
Bitter as Darius' Scythians, with their lances and their jibes !
Tunguse archers from the Lena, where primæval mammoths freeze !
Hardy Fins, and dwindled Lapons—Tartars from the Chersonese.
From the flat which once was Poland comes a melancholy crew !
From Prometheus' icy prison stalk Circassia's captives few !
Looming in their front a presence noble as the shade of Saul,
Towers in autocratic grandeur head and shoulders o'er them all.
He the master—he the mover—holding by a viewless band,
The sixth part of men dependent in the balance of his hand !

Tattlers, talkers, busy mockers, poets, theorists, and thieves !
 Each prescribes in jest or earnest, while the social body grieves.
 Each in glorious sounding phrases to his fellow-quacks proclaims,
 That the World is looking on them— Yes, their house has been in flames.
 Each may lead a captive audience, if he leaves the beaten track,
 Careless (so he win their plaudits) in what plight the fools come back.
 Blanquist, Montagnard, Icarian !—levellers of every grade,
 Wander up and down complaining in the waste themselves have made.
 But the burghess, heavy laden with Democracy's arrears,
 Sighs at home for something stabler than the empire of his peers.
 Foxy words and jugglers shuffling—tricks that age right seldom mends,
 Win no favour from a people—coin no treasure—make no friends.
 Rulers throwing glamour over simplest rules of right and wrong ;
 Prove "a windfall on the sudden"—Cunning never prospers long.
 That found he, the man of wand'rings, who so lately shrunk aside,
 Unregretted, half forgotten—*boating it*, with sword untried !
 That found he ! but leaves behind him grievous store of weightier things
 Than the maintenance of systems, or the *dechéance* of kings.
 Anger, hatred, bankrupt coffers, fear, and jealousies, and spite !
 Military rule before her !—From our neighbour comes no light.

Watchman ! yet once more I call thee ! Look again into the night !
 Haply from yon Western ocean's El Dorado springs the light.

Gold is there, and lands for asking, younger energies than ours !
 Wond'rous plants enamel'd brighter, fertiliz'd by milder showers.
 Wilder talk, and quaint phrases, ready symbols of new things,
 Which severe discoverers founded, flying from our Stuart Kings.
 Mightier floods and longer causeways—forests measured by degrees,
 Rolling pastures more unbounded, fairier islands, purpler seas.
 Much ado about republics, much conceit of enterprize,
 Much abuse of elder failings, few of Old World sympathies :
 Yet, withal, a sterling venture from our Anglo-Saxon stock !
 Unincumber'd with the trappings, Crown, and Peers—and debt the rock.
 Man, laborious source of welfare, thither teeming Europe sends ;
 Elbow-room for countless myriads, makes light taxes and fast friends.
 Thither, fruitful source of discord, tyrant Libya ships the slave !
 Little light that sorts with Honour travels from the Western wave.
 They are young, and we are aged—ours are habits cherish'd long !
 Twin'd and twisted as the grain that makes our hedge-grown oak so
 strong.

'T is not every sand that 's golden, every sea that groans with ice !
 Nor does every seaward gale from blest Arabia teem with spice !

In this world wide Consternation, in the fall of States and Thrones—
 Midst the din of arms and tumult—woman's wail, and warrior's groans ;
 While the "stars are falling" round thee, and the "sun and moon are
 blood !"

And the "sea and waves are roaring," as they roar'd in Noah's flood !
 Strong in self-humiliation, sorrowful, but nothing scared,
 With thy loins for action girded, oh, my Country ! watch prepared !

A DAY'S GUNNING IN NEW JERSEY.

BY A "BRITISHER."

SOME years since I crossed the Atlantic, my mind full of red men, buffalo hunts, prairies, and bush-fighting, and I longed to enjoy the exciting sports, and to behold the stupendous scenery of which I had heard and read such glowing accounts.

I landed in that "first flower of the forest," the city of New York, in the month of July, and lost no time in making acquaintance with the sporting men residing at that place, to whom I had letters, and found that I was just in time for woodcock-shooting, which commences on the "fourth of July." Many affairs of consequence date from *that* day, celebrated in history through Jonathan's Declaration of the Independence of "Those U-nited States."

The weather was suffocatingly hot, but I was too keen a sportsman to heed heat or cold, and having made my arrangements, and procured letters of introduction to a certain farmer-Colonel Zedekiah Faithful, who resided some seventy miles in the interior, I proceeded on my excursion. Of the pleasures of the road I shall make no observation, save that unless a man be double-jointed, he had better not attempt to travel over a corduroy road in *New Jarsay*.

I arrived at my destination late in the evening, and finding, after much vociferation, that all application of this kind was of no avail, I tied my horse to a stake, entered the dwelling, and found the whole household seated at a long table, on which were piled enormous masses of pork, supported by heaps of cranberry jam, and huge bowls of Indian suppane,* and milk. So intently were the family engaged in cramming lumps of meat into their mouths, and forcing the same down their throats with gulps of milk (for mastication, it appeared, took too much time, and was quite an unnecessary refinement), that my entrance was not at first noticed, I therefore addressed myself to the elder of the family. The old man hardly raised his head, and, with his mouth full of cranberry jam, hissed forth an invitation for me to be seated and to partake of the meal.

I soon found it was of no use to wait for further formalities: it was clear if I did not help myself I should not get any of the vast masses of food now fast disappearing; but although my long drive had given me a most keen appetite, I was no match for these "go-a-heads," and long before I had satisfied my cravings, pork, cranberry jam, and suppane, had vanished.

All then left the house, each man having a cigar on one side of his mouth and a quid of tobacco swelling his cheek on the other. I now again addressed the Colonel, who had seated himself outside the house, and was blowing forth such clouds of smoke as made him nearly invisible. The Colonel read my letter of introduction, presented me with a cigar, and then appeared lost in thought; at last he said:

"Well, now, I rather con-*tem*-plate you are one of them Britishers I have heard tell on, who still hold to the smooth bore and small

* Porridge made of Indian meal.

My coat was of the latest London cut, and, to suit the heat of the weather, of gauge-like material, lower garment to match, shoes of the thinnest, and with my superbly-finished double gun slung over my arm. I felt my vast superiority over the poor old nigger, who was clad in a thick leather skirt, which reached to his thighs, and was there met by an enormous pair of strong boots; he was armed with a murderous-looking Queen Anne's musket; he muttered at starting something about "A little too tin for de swamp." On the way I endeavoured to draw Apollo into conversation, and I was soon convinced he could be as garrulous as the rest of his race.

The nigger had, it appeared, been brought up by the father of his present master, one Colonel Obadiah Faithful, who, in his opinion, was the model of a hero.

"Gully, sar!" said Apollo, "Colonel Obadiah was a great man. You know the Colonel, sar? Not know Colonel Obadiah,—where 'bout you come from, you no know dat great soldier? Why, de Colonel was de berry mos strordinary man ob de day, sar; im great sportsman, great rider, and at fittin', Lord, sar, im a debil to fit! Why, sar, I saw de Colonel beat a hul swarm of British dragooners."

"Ah! how was that, Apollo?"

"Why, dis away, sar. You see dat I and the Colonel libed on de banks of de Potamac riber, dareaway you know, massa, down by Washington. Well, sar, we had heard dat de Britishers were off de coast in dere big ships, and dat dey sane dat they would land and burn Washington city; so Colonel Obadiah and de rest of de militia generals dey had a mittin, and it was put to wote and carried, dat de Britishers shouldent be no how allowed to come ashore, not no how; so all the militia was camped about de country, and ready to bust wid de fittin dat was in dem. Well, sar, one morning berry early I went down to de riber to fish, and I had just pulled up one d—d big cat-fish, when I seed a hul swarm of boats a making for de shore. Oh, said I, dare you is at last, is you, you tarnal warmints; so I ups killuck, and offs to de house, and, said I, 'Colonel, der a coming.' 'Is dey,' said de Colonel; 'den, Apollo, by de blessing ob 'eaven we will show dem glory.' Well, sar, our missus was in a most awful squatteration, certainly, when Colonel Obadiah go down to deriber with his 'Washington Forked Lightning Rifles,' and our missus was afeard his awful rage would get de better of im, and he'd masseker and cut to pieces all de poor misguided Britishers. Berry soon I heard a most tarnation firing, so I ups on de top ob de house, to see de fun. 'O, Golly-gosh, missus,' said I, 'they 're a getting pepper, and no mistak; the Colonel is a pounding them into smash.' 'In course he is,' said missus: 'Colonel Obadiah was always a great warrior.' Well, sar, soon ater dis I seed a horse a coming, and I knowed it to be our mare "Clear Grit," and de Colonel on her, a riding like mad; den I seed de 'Forked Lightnings' a cutting along, and de red coated dragooners a perancing and a teranting about, and now and den one of dem a rolling off his horse. 'Ah, Gosh,' said I, 'don't you wish you had nebber a tried fittin with our Colonel Obadiah.' Well, sar, predenly the fire wasent quite so trong, and I seed de Colonel a coming on "Clear Grit," dat mare, sar, was a going like a streak, and behind the Colonel was about twenty dragooners. Lord, sar, how beautiful the Colonel was

shot, and go a bird-gunning.* Well, 'tis strange, it beats all natur, and I can't no how make ye all out. You Britishers whipped all the world, and so in course you must be rayther a smart nation—that's reasoning. Well, now, you see we whipped the Britishers, and if your nation an't so sharp as we, why you must be pit-yed, I suppose, and that's all I can make of it. But, how on earth can a cretur with common sense go on bird-hunts, and throw away a good charge of powder on a darned miserable feathered cretur not two mouthfuls, when the same charge would put a fat moose into his house, and feed all hands for a week? Well, strannger, well! it's no use bothering one's head, but if you are bound on a bird-hunt I must do the best I can for ye, only don't mention it to my boys, they'd larf at ye, and not a one stir on such a frolic. But there's my old nigger, Apollo, he does at times, when he can, get the miserable mites in a grist and bring down a hul swarm on them; he knows all their haunts, you had better speak to him."

And the Colonel, appearing to be fatigued with so long a discourse, fell back in his seat, and with his feet placed well against the rail, much higher than his head, gave himself up to contemplation.

Upon my applying to the old nigger he gave me to understand he knew a swamp "chockful" of woodcock; I herefore bade him call me early, and, fatigued with my journey, I retired to rest.

Rest! Oh! treacherous memory! the remembrance of that night was engraven on my body in blood. Sleep overcame me, and I dreamed of woodcocks. Thousands upon thousands methought filled the air; I was tired of their slaughter; when, with one accord, they turned and, darting at me, pierced my body in every direction with their long bills. With a yell of anguish I awoke, and found my whole person covered with corpulent blood-sucking musquitoes. To sleep under such persecution would have been to rival the martyrs of old, who slept under the tortures of the rack. I therefore spent the rest of the night in doing battle with my relentless tormentors, and at last, just as the first ray of light appeared, worn out with fatigue, I dropped off into a dreamy dose from which I was startled by the voice of the old nigger, "Golly! how massa do sleep dis pine morning." This was the knell to my little hopes of repose, I therefore dressed and descended to the open air.

The pure breeze of the morning, balmy, and scented with the fragrance of the magnolia, the cedar, the shumac, and sweet hay,† cooled my fevered lips; a bath in a bright stream near the house soothed my poor swollen body; and I found myself, after a frugal breakfast of Indian suppane and milk, refreshed and eager for the sport of the day.

Apollo now appeared *en costume* for the chase, and his toggery certainly rather startled me, neither did my appointments seem to give him less surprise; but this I did not much wonder at, as I should have been much disappointed had not my *perfect* equipment created some admiration in the unsophisticated minds of the backwoodsmen.

* Years past, the backwoodsmen held in great contempt those who used shot and killed birds; the rifle and ball being their weapon, and deer and bear their game. These men have passed away, and their descendants are as eager bird-gunners as any Britisher.

† A wild grass, which, when going to seed, has a most fragrant odour.

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massa ! look under dat shumac bush, just by you poot ; dare one tundering big chap."

Nearly deprived of motion by fear, I saw close to my foot the venomous reptile.

"Let us leave this dreadful place, Apollo," said I.

"What, before we find de woodcock, sar ?"

"D—n the woodcock !" said I, now losing all patience, and determined, if possible, to put an end to my disagreeable situation.

Apollo led the way sulkily, and I followed, walking as though I was treading on red-hot ploughshares, expecting each moment to have a black snake round my neck, or a copper-head on my leg. All at once I observed Apollo raise his gun ; slowly and with great care the old man took his aim, and at last his musket poured forth its contents. The nigger darted forward and seized his prize, which, with a mouth extended from ear to ear, he proclaimed to be "one berry pine woodcock."

"Woodcock, you grinning old idiot ; that's not a woodcock, that's a woodpecker !" *

"Im may be not Britisher's woodcock," said Apollo, putting the bird in his pocket, and looking at me with the utmost contempt.

It was, indeed, a woodpecker, called here the hio, which is often eaten by the country-people, and the old nigger had supposed I was in search of this bird.

We soon came to the outside of the covert, when, wearied, torn, and disgusted, I cast myself on the ground under the shade of a friendly beech, and as Apollo appeared sulky at my sneering at his prowess, I dismissed him, after receiving some instructions as to my road homeward. After resting myself, I looked about me and discovered I was on a well-cultivated grass farm ; I then "hied" my dogs forward, and commenced beating the fields, and to my great delight I found both quail and woodcock in reality.

The fields being fresh mown there was no lay for the birds, but to my satisfaction I saw that the quail mostly flew to a piece of long grass in the centre of the meadows which was left unmown. I therefore beat all round this and drove the game into it. Having accomplished my undertaking, I entered the grass which was thick and up to my waist. Quail after quail arose, and as often fell to my gun, and I became so elated with my success that all thought of pain, fatigue, black snake, or copper-head, was gone, and though I did now and then hear a rustling in the grass which made me start when I picked up a shot bird, I was much too delighted to heed such trifles. My pockets were getting heavy, and I was in the very centre of the grass, when I heard a shout from a hill at some distance, and looking up, I saw a person who by his gestures appeared to be in the highest state of excitement.

Now I had hitherto always found it to be the best practice, when challenged afar off by enraged farmers or their servants as a trespasser, to be both blind and deaf until the persecutors approach, during which time one may either quietly make off, or feign ignorance of any improper intentions. The sport at this time was too

* Not many years ago the country people of the United States were quite ignorant of the value of a woodcock, and very few would eat the bird. Woodcocks were scarce, but since the country has become so highly cultivated, these birds have appeared in great numbers, and thousands are sent into market by the country people.

good, and cost too much labour, to be easily given up, and although I heard the fellow bellowing at the top of his voice, and saw him running as fast as his legs could carry him, I still continued shooting. At last he was near enough to make himself heard.

"Holloa! there, you tarnation fool! come out of that *long grass!*"

"O yes," thought I, "seed-ground very likely, but hie on, good dogs, we may get a brace of birds before his short legs can reach us."

"Come out of that *long grass!*" again rang in my ears.

"Not till I can't help it, my lad," thinks I; "hie on there, we have a dozen beves if we have one in this piece of stuff yet."

"Oh! you contancarious varmint! Come out of that *long grass!*"

The enemy's close upon us; one shot more, and then to close quarters.

"By the eternal! be you mad, or be you deaf?" cried the man, now at the edge of the grass, and in an agony of excitement: "due you wish to be a dead man? Come out of that *long grass,* I say."

His last words, spoken with great vehemence, made me pause; steel-traps and spring-guns came into my thoughts.

"Come out, come out, of that *long grass,* or by the eternal you are a gone sucker; almighty smash, don't you know that is my *snake grass?* come out, you tarnation fool."

"Snake grass," said I in a low tone, raising myself on tiptoe, and standing on the very smallest space of ground. "Snake grass, sir; what's snake grass?"

"Come out, I say, and if you get away without death in your carcase, which, by the immortal pumkin, I rather guess you never will, I'll tell you what snake grass is."

Trembling, I crept out of the grass, and approached the farmer, who stood wiping the perspiration from his head.

"Well," said he, "I have heard tell on darned fools that go on bird-hunts, but may I be obsquatilated eternally, if I ever thought a feller was fool enough to go into a piece of *Jarsay snake grass,* after a poor miserable quail."

"Pray, sir, what do you mean by *snake grass?*"

"Not know what *snake grass* is? Well, I might have seen by your out'ards that you wern't of this location. But don't you know these here clearings are chockful of all kinds of varmint snakes. When we mows we leave a piece of long grass for the tarnation reptiles to go into, and when the grass gets dry, you see, we sets fire to it, and burns all the venomous varmints, and so makes kind of a clearance of the snakes every year. Lord a marcy! when I seed you in my long grass—which ought to be choke-full of coppers—I thought you must be a gone sucker; and how on arth you escaped, is beyond all, and that 's a fact."

I felt sick and faint, and leaned upon my gun for support. My escape had been miraculous. Thanking the farmer for his kindness in warning me of my danger, and declining his invitation to partake of refreshment at his abode, I made the best of my way to Colonel Obadiah's.

On my arrival, I found that the whole male household was in the fields at work; I, therefore, left my thanks for the Colonel, and having put to my horse, I drove off towards New York, contrasting all I had heard and read of the "Wild Sports of the West," with the pleasures of my first day's gunning in New *Jarsay.*

THE SWEDES IN FUNEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1848.

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.

I MUST now tell you a little about the Swedes in Funen. I saw their festive reception in the small towns, the waving flags, and joyous faces. For miles around in the country crowds of peasants stood by the wayside, old and young, and asked, with longing expectation, 'Are the Swedes now coming?' And on their arrival they were received with a welcome shaking of hands, with flowers, and with food and drink. They were hearty men and well-disciplined soldiers; and their morning and evening devotion was highly affecting, as well as the church service every Sunday under the open canopy of heaven, according to the old martial custom from the time of Gustavus Adolphus.

Divine service was performed on Sundays at the old manor-house, where one of the chief commanders, with the officers and the band of the regiment, was quartered; the troops marched with full music into the large square court-yard, and ranged themselves here with the officers in front, when they sang a psalm accompanied by music. The clergyman now stepped forward on the broad steps leading from the house, the high stone balustrades of which were covered with a large carpet. I remember the last Sunday vividly; during the service the weather was stormy; the clergyman spoke about the angel of peace that descended like the mild sunshine of the Almighty, and as he said it, the sun accidentally broke forth and illumined the shining helmets and devout faces of the warrior host.

Yet the morning and evening devotion on the open high roads was the most solemn; here the different companies stood in ranks, a subordinate officer read a short prayer, and then they all commenced singing their psalms, without music, after which a deep '*God save the King!*' sounded throughout the whole ranks. I saw many of our old peasants stand by the ditch, and behind the hedge, with folded hands; they too attended divine service in silence. After the usual daily exercise, the Swedish soldier went with his host and assisted him faithfully in his labour in the fields, harvesting the rich product of the year. There was life, bustle, happy faces, and good feeling. At the manor-house, where the band of the regiment lay, they played every afternoon until sunset; the long avenues of the garden were filled with people from the surrounding district, so that it was every day like a festival. The Swedish violin sounded until late in the evening in the servants' hall, and the dance went merrily on to the general amusement. The Funen peasant and the Swedish soldier soon understood each other's language; it was a pleasure to see how the heart's feelings came mutually forth, how every one gave with a good will to the best of his abilities.

The respect, the friendship, and the good understanding which have of late years existed between Sweden and Denmark, especially amongst the younger members of the community in the collegiate towns, have, by the stay of the Swedish army in Funen, gained ground amongst thousands of the people themselves. What did the

Funen peasant and common man know, or what did the Swede know how near we neighbours stood to each other in language, mind, and heart? The Dane will not forget the noble Swede; we have heard and felt the beatings of his heart.

The Swedes departed from Denmark; but in the peasant's cottage, in the parsonage, as in the manor-house, there was many an eye in tears on taking leave; at the embarkation of the troops, under the waving flag of the north, many a mutual visit was spoken of and determined for the coming time of peace. The nations in the north have learned to understand, value, and love one another; and during this summer these feelings have been strengthened and multiplied; this result will long be spoken of under Norway's lofty pines, and under Sweden's fragrant birches. May this spirit of concord and love hover over all lands!

 EL DORADO.

THAT wonderful year of 1848, from which we have just emerged, kept, like a good story-teller, the greatest of its wonders for the last. The golden land, the theme of so many songs, the dream of so many visionaries, is revealed! The shade of Raleigh is avenged, the truth of the old Indians vindicated, and a region teeming with gold is discovered, surpassing all the wildest fictions that were ever founded on tradition. Mr. Stevens, in his travels through Central America, speaks of a belief current amongst the Indians of that land, that there exists among them—embosomed in deep woods, surrounded by almost inaccessible mountains—a mysterious city of exquisite beauty and vast proportions, hermited from the rest of earth. So jealous are its unsocial citizens of their individuality or their wealth, that they put to death every stranger, that they keep their cocks underground, and cut the tongues out of all their donkeys in order to prevent their existence being betrayed, or even crowed or brayed about. We are almost led to believe in this strange story; the Indians are not an imaginative people, and, in the absence of all written history, remain very faithful to tradition. On such evidence as this Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro, travelled, conquered, slaughtered, in search of the golden fields that now lie open to the world. On such evidence as this, the honour, the reputation, and the life of the illustrious Raleigh were sacrificed. Now are explained the almost fabulous reports of Mexican magnificence; and we ourselves may see the day when our own culinary implements may be made of the once most precious metal. From its exquisite ductility, tenacity, and strength, gold appears peculiarly well calculated for suspension bridges, and we can imagine the smooth waters of the Avon or the Menai, spanned with a glittering pathway, suspended by bright, aerial chains of eternal strength and durability, as delicate as beautiful.

Seriously, if the report of Colonel Mason be true, there appears to be no limit to the golden harvest now gathering by sackfuls in California. If that report be not exaggerated beyond all official precedent, gold is at once dethroned from its pre-eminence amongst the

precious metals; and so far from being the best standard of wealth, it becomes the most uncertain. Already we have seen five guineas' worth of gold (an ounce and a half) given for a box of seidlitz powders, originally sold for five pence; twenty pounds given for a pair of blankets, and twelve for a knife. In addition to these significant statistics, we have heard that entire tracts of a wide country, already in full bearing of a plentiful harvest, has been abandoned by its possessors. The cultivators, hind, ploughman, and proprietor, have all hurried with their implements and horses to the auriferous region, relinquishing the real wealth of nature in search of its more plausible representative. Yet the mammon emigration is only just commencing: four or five thousand gold-gatherers are scattered over a tract of country almost as large as Ireland; for the present working together amicably, honestly, and in good-will towards one another. It does not, however, require a prophet to foretell that this state of things cannot last long: never can a Golden Age be enjoyed upon a golden soil. Mammon is no god of peace. It seems a very doubtful question whether this discovery will add to the prosperity or the happiness of America. Her apparent riches will no doubt be enormously increased, if she can contrive to turn all this golden ore into golden coin, and stamp her "stripes and stars" upon the Californian spoil. But her real wealth, her labour, her industry, her economical habits must suffer proportionately.

It becomes a more serious subject for reflection as to how this new discovery will affect ourselves. To us, no doubt, the splendid evil will come, but in a mitigated form. Rank gold will come filtered, and ennobled through the medium of commerce, and the great change will be gradual. Still, the great change must come, and the relative position of debtor and creditor will be materially affected. One sanguine and imaginative American asserts that their lies sufficient gold on the surface of California to pay off the National Debt of England, the greatest magnitude of amount yet known. Whether it would be a mode of payment satisfactory to the fundholders is another question. In the country we speak of, the Indians already are glad to sell gold for its weight in silver coin, and among the various usurpations of our time, we may see silver assume precedence over its yellow rival; nay, cowries themselves may come into circulation amongst apple-vendors and "tatoes-all-hot!" men.

There are grave questions for political economists and financial reformers now to speculate upon, concerning this matter. One thing seems certain, that England, as she contains more of money's worth than any other country, has less to fear from the threatened glut of gold. Her iron and her coals, her railways, docks, factories; above all, her native industry and energies are sources of real wealth that can never be radically affected; they may temporarily languish, but can never fail.

To the philosopher, the political economist, the geologist, however, this golden land becomes of as deep interest as to the miser. Its sudden revelation has taken the world so much by surprise that even our wide-grasping literature fails to supply our demand for information on the subject. We, therefore, very cordially hail a faithful and unpretending, but most interesting little book by Mr. Bryant: "What he saw in California" is exactly what we want to hear and know.

2



FREDERICK VON SCHILLER

London: Richard Bentley, 1840

SCHILLER AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER was born in Marbach, a small town in Würtemberg, on the 10th of November, 1759. His father had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army, and had seen service in the Netherlands during the War of Succession. On his return to Würtemberg, he abandoned his profession, and the duke gave him a commission of ensign and adjutant. Eventually, having been advanced to the rank of captain, he was employed by his prince in the laying out of the pleasure-grounds of Ludwigsburg and the Solitude.

From Moser, pastor and schoolmaster in the village of Lorch, Schiller received his earliest instruction, and it would seem that whilst he was with this person he conceived the idea of devoting himself to the clerical profession. However this may be, he studied at Ludwigsburg with this view, and for four years underwent the annual examination at Stuttgart, to which aspirants to the church are subjected.

But his father's patron, the Duke of Würtemberg, having founded a free-school at Stuttgart, pressed him to permit his son to avail himself of its advantages. He knew not well how to refuse the offer, and accordingly, young Schiller, in 1773, was enrolled in the Stuttgart school, as a student of the law. Here, however, a military system of drilling had been established, which was carried out during hours of recreation,—a circumstance which, we can readily believe, disgusted Schiller. Neither had he any strong inclination towards law, the study of which, after two years, he abandoned, passing to that of medicine, which was scarcely more to his mind. This is not surprising when we are told that he had begun to devote his secret hours to Plutarch, Shakspeare, Klopstock, Lessing, Herder and Goëthe. Of the "Gotz von Berlichingen" of the last poet—a wild but vigorous picture of rude times and manners—he had become an ardent admirer; and to the influence exercised upon him by this performance do we ascribe the composition of "The Robbers," which he wrote in his nineteenth year. The publication of this tragedy created an extraordinary sensation. The character of Karl von Moor is well calculated to excite pity, but it excites terror too, and his feelings and his fate are not such as to induce any one in his senses to seek a realization of them in his own person. The stories that a young nobleman, and that some students of Leipzig betook themselves to the forests to commence operations as banditti are false.

The Duke of Würtemberg was doubtless a very correct man, and one who had a due respect for the world's opinion, and that world had decided that the play of "The Robbers" was injurious to morality. Previous to its publication, Schiller had been appointed surgeon to the regiment Augé, in the Würtemberg army, which pro-

* Correspondence of Schiller with Körner, comprising Sketches and Anecdotes of Goëthe, the Schlegels, Wieland, &c. Translated by Leonard Simpson. Bentley, 1849.

motion had enabled him to print the play at his own expense. His highness, the duke, who had caused his advancement, responding to the entreaties of an injured world, whom Schiller had never designed to offend, schooled and threatened the delinquent, forbade him to write again without submitting his work to him, and, in fine, so harassed and grieved him that he was too glad to accept the offer of Dalberg, superintendent of the Mannheim theatre, to bring his "Robbers" upon the stage, where it was produced in 1781. Having gone in disguise to see its first representation, he was put in arrest for a week, and, committing the same act a second time, he was in dread of more rigorous measures, and therefore withdrew from Mannheim in October, 1782, accepting the invitation of Madame von Wolzogen to take up his residence with her at Eisenbach, near Meiningen. Here, within a twelvemonth, he wrote "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love," which were published in 1783, and were soon after produced on the Mannheim stage.

In September 1783, he obtained, through the influence of his friend Dalberg, the appointment of theatrical poet at Mannheim, and he was shortly afterwards elected a member of the German society of that city. Schiller now brought out a periodical work, called the "Thalia," the first number of which contained three acts of his "Don Carlos." This publication appeared in 1785, and, with the exception of a brief interruption, was continued till 1794. Besides his dramatic criticisms and performances, this work contains several of his poems. About this time he composed his "Philosophical Letters," which contain speculations on various metaphysical subjects.

Schiller had by this time become known, and the Duke of Saxe Weimar sent him the title of councillor. But a circumstance more flattering to him, and which, in its result, increased the happiness of the remainder of his life, occurred about this period. He received from Leipzig four miniature portraits, two of which were of very beautiful young ladies, accompanied by a letter in which the strangers, whose likenesses had been sent, expressed their admiration of his genius and earnestly solicited his friendship. These strangers were Körner, afterwards father of the celebrated Theodore Körner, the patriot and lyrical poet; Huber, an author who never rose to eminence, and Minna and Dora, daughters of an eminent engraver of Leipzig—the former of whom, at the time we speak of, was about to be married to Körner.

Schiller warmly responded to this appeal, and a correspondence commenced between him and Körner, which was continued till the death of the poet, and which is certainly as interesting a collection of letters, for reasons which we shall give presently, as ever was published.

At the pressing invitation of his Leipzig friends, he left Mannheim for that city, where, however, he did not long remain. Körner having settled at Dresden, he took up his residence at his house, and completed "Don Carlos," which was published in 1786. "I was born a poet, and I shall die a poet," says Schiller, in one of his letters to Körner. "Don Carlos" was the first play that made his title to that name unquestioned. Several of his beautiful lyrical poems were written about this time; and shortly afterwards he began his "Geisterseher" (The Ghost-seer), a romance which want of money induced him to attempt, but which bears evident marks of genius.

However, he conceived a distaste of this class of writing, and produced his "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands," and the first volume of a "History of the most Remarkable Conspiracies and Revolutions in the Middle and Later Ages," which appeared in 1787.

It was in this year that he first visited Weimar, where he was introduced to, and soon became intimate with, Herder and Weiland. His intimacy with Goëthe began later, that poet being then in Italy, and avoiding him in his return, for reasons he afterwards offered in print, but did not sufficiently explain. Nevertheless, the friendship of these two great men at length became close and lasting, and we believe on both sides sincere.

A vacancy having taken place in the Professorship of History at Jena, Goëthe recommended Schiller to Amalie, Regent of Saxe Weimar, as a fit person to fill the chair, which was offered to him; and he went to Jena in 1789. In the February of the following year he married the Fraulein Lengefeld, an accomplished and most amiable woman, of whom he speaks, in his letters to Körner, in terms of the most devoted affection.

Occupied with history as his profession, he applied himself to the composition of a "History of the Thirty Years' War," which is by far his best production in that department of literature, and which was published in 1791. But his health, which seems never to have been good, and which no doubt he had injured by close study and unremitting labour, now began to fail. A disorder in the chest, which, although many times overcome, never entirely left him, and killed him at last, would not permit him to deliver his lectures, and compelled him to suspend his historical studies. At this juncture, the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg of Denmark, and Count Schimmelmann, conferred on him a pension of a thousand crowns for three years, that he might be released from the necessity of literary labour, and have time to recruit his strength—a noble act, and worthy to be recorded in honour of the worthy and generous Danes, and of the virtuous and afflicted poet.

Before he had well recovered, Schiller turned his attention to a new channel of speculation, which was the likeliest in the world to prevent his recovery—the study of the Kantian philosophy, and he produced many treatises in which he set forth his views. A great poet was Friedrich Schiller, and a great dramatist; but how much greater as both, had he not thought himself a great metaphysical philosopher!

The *Xenien*—a collection of epigrams, written in conjunction with Goëthe—a sort of German *Dunciad*—is the most noticeable work upon which he was employed between his Kantian speculation and the production of his greatest work—*Wallenstein*—which appeared in 1797. This magnificent performance was translated into English by Coleridge, in a manner beyond all praise.

Having removed to Weimar, he shared with Goëthe the task of superintending the theatre, and in 1800 produced his fine play—"Mary Stuart." In 1801 "The Maid of Orleans" was published; in 1803 his "Bride of Messina;" and early in the following year "William Tell," a play only second to the "Wallenstein."

It was on his return from Berlin, where he had been to witness the performance of "William Tell," that he experienced a violent attack

of his former complaint; but it abated, and he resumed his labours. He was engaged upon a play founded on the attempted imposture of Dimitri of Russia, two acts of which he had finished, and had sketched the plot of Perkin Warbeck, when the cold spring of 1805 brought back his complaint, which was no longer to be subdued. He sank under it, and expired on the evening of the 5th May 1805, in the 46th year of his age, leaving a widow, two sons, and two daughters.

The lives of literary men of genius rarely contain many events in them to engage the attention of the reader, and those events commonly bear a certain similarity; but they are perused with avidity, as records, however incomplete, of those who have ennobled our feelings, quickened our understandings, and brightened our perceptions of the beautiful and the true. But we want to know more about them. We have the immortal part of them in their writings, it is true; but who is to form more than a vague notion of an author from his writings? Let one man remember only the comic characters of Shakspeare, and another forget all but Othello, Macbeth, and Lear, and then let them compare their ideas of the prevailing character of the mind and manners of the dramatist. Now, if his confidential letters had been preserved to us, we should have been able to glean a tolerably accurate knowledge of his idiosyncrasy. Gray was not the greatest of poets, neither was Cowper; but how much more interesting are they as poets when we have read their letters.

But what makes Schiller's correspondence with Körner so singularly attractive is, that the two men were bound together by ties of the strongest and purest friendship, so that Schiller pours out to the other every feeling of his heart and every thought of his mind, not only without reserve, but with a yearning desire for sympathy and encouragement. Nor is Körner incapable of understanding and fully appreciating every sentiment of Schiller's soul, and every operation of his noble intellect. Perhaps his affection for his friend—which was as sincere and cordial as man ever felt for man—quickened his perceptions by heightening the necessity he felt of knowing what was passing in the breast and brain of the poet; but his letters, as effusions of the heart, are fully equal to Schiller's; while the two together form as beautiful and affecting a picture of human friendship as was ever presented to the world.

STANZAS TO C. W. N.

WHEN first thy glance, so bright and kind,

Met mine, with love-inspiring ray,
What bliss around my pathway twined!
I never was more blythe and gay.

We have known hours of sadness, love,
But many more of gladness, love;
May those which to us yet remain,
Be full of joy and free from pain!

Stern care had chased the vagrant smile,
And sorrow spread her darkest night,
Oppressed with soul-consuming toil,
I turned to thee and all was light.

I bless that merry heart of thine,
Which bade my own its load resign,
And drove old care to realms afar,
And stayed the rage of sorrow's war.

But now, the lord of that fond heart,
I will not deem that grief can steal,
'Twixt two, whom life nor death can

part,
We shall no more of sorrow feel!
We have known hours of sadness, love,
But many more of gladness, love;
May those which to us yet remain,
Be full of joy and free from pain!

W. LAW GANE.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

“My rebellious behaviour to Lucile’s governesses, produced upon my parents’ mind a most unfortunate impression of my disposition, and my subsequent conduct with one of my playfellows decided them in forming a still worse opinion of me. My uncle, M. de Chateaubriand, resided at Saint Malo, as well as his brother; like him, he had four daughters and two sons. Pierre and Armand, my two cousins, were my companions for a short time; but Pierre soon became page to the Queen, and Armand was sent to college, being destined for the church. When the pages were discharged, Pierre went into the navy, and was afterwards drowned off the coast of Africa. Armand remained many years at college, and served, with the most unflinching courage, during the emigration. He made at least twenty voyages to the coast of Bretagne in a small sloop, and at length died in the King’s cause upon the plain of Grenelle, on Good Friday 1810.

“After the departure of my cousins, I endeavoured, by forming a new acquaintance, to compensate myself for the loss of their society. The second floor of the hôtel in which we lived was inhabited by a gentleman called Gesril. He had one son and two daughters. His boy was treated very differently to me. He was a thoroughly spoilt child: everything he did and said was charming; he delighted in fighting, and in fomenting quarrels, and of these he would always constitute himself the judge. Then he would play all sorts of tricks upon the nurses, who were sent to walk out with their little charges. He was considered the most mischievous boy in the place, and many of his misdemeanours were converted into grave faults. The father winked at the various complaints which were made against him, and still continued to indulge all his whims. Gesril became my most intimate friend, and soon obtained a surprising influence over my character. Under this judicious preceptor I made considerable progress, though in disposition we did not at all resemble each other. I preferred quiet amusements, and never wished to quarrel with any one. Gesril, on the contrary, enjoyed noisy pleasures, and was never more happy than when he was creating some disturbance. He delighted to be in the midst of a tumult. If a boy in the street spoke to me, he would exclaim: ‘What! will you allow it?’ I immediately felt that my honour was compromised, and proceeded to thrash the impertinent fellow; my friend would stand by and applaud my spirit, but would never offer to render me any assistance. This propensity of Gesril, to drive others into a quarrel while he remained a quiet spectator, seemed to indicate an ungenerous disposition; yet, in after life, on a smaller scene of action, he almost surpassed the heroism of Regulus—he wanted only Rome and Titus Livy to make up the sum of his glory. He became an officer in the navy, and was taken prisoner at Quiberon. The English continued to fire cannon upon the republicans, after the action was over. Gesril threw himself into the

* In the preceding part of these Memoirs, which appeared in the January number of this Magazine, page 70, line 17, the reader is requested to substitute *once for also*.

sea, and swam towards the ships, called upon the English to cease firing, and announced to them the misfortune and capitulation of the emigrants. They wished to save him, and threw out a cord to him, entreating him to come on board. 'I am prisoner upon parole!' he shouted from the midst of the waves, and immediately swam back to land. He was shot with Sombreuil and his companions. Gesril was my first friend. Equally misunderstood in childhood, we instinctively drew towards each other, as if we were conscious that we should be both differently estimated in after life. Two adventures put an end to this early part of my history, and produced a complete change in the plan of my education. We were once walking on the shore, near the Porte Saint Thomas, along the Sillon; where large stakes were driven into the sand, to protect the walls from the inroads of the sea. We were in the habit of climbing to the top of these stakes, in order that we might watch the waves rushing between them. The places were taken as usual; several little girls were there, besides boys. I was seated nearest to the sea, and had only a pretty little maid in front of me, Hervine Magon, who alternately laughed and cried with fear or joy. Gesril was perched on the other extremity of the bank; the wave approached, and as it was very windy, the nurses cried, 'Come down, young ladies! come down, young gentlemen!' Gesril waited for a huge billow; when it dashed between the stakes he pushed the child nearest him, causing it to tumble against the next, till at length they all fell one after the other, like a pack of cards; although none of them were thrown over, for they supported each other. But the poor little girl who was seated near the edge, and against whom I was precipitated, fell over, and was instantly carried away by the tide. Then the nurses screamed and scolded, drew their clothes around them and paddled into the water, after bestowing smart blows upon their respective charges. Hervine was rescued, but she declared that it was François who had pushed her over; the nurses darted upon me. I escaped from them, and took refuge in a cellar of our hôtel, but the female army continued to pursue me. Fortunately my father and mother were not at home, and La Villeneuve gallantly defended the entrance to my place of shelter, and drove back the enemy. The real author of the mischief, Gesril, at length came to my assistance. He went into his own house, and with his sisters' help, threw out of the window jugs full of water and roasted apples upon the assailants. The siege lasted till night, when the enemy was compelled to retire; but the news soon spread through the town, and the Chevalier de Chateaubriand was considered, at nine years old, to be a perfect monster—a remnant of those pirates whom Saint Aaron was supposed to have expelled from his rock. The following adventure quite decided my parents in pursuing another course towards me.

"I often went with Gesril to Saint Servan, one of the suburbs of Saint Malo, and only separated from it by the Merchants' Wharf. "In going to this place we were obliged to pass over little streams of water upon narrow bridges of stones, which the tide frequently washed away. The servants who accompanied us remained some distance behind us. We soon perceived at the extremity of one of these bridges two cabin-boys coming towards us. Gesril exclaimed, 'I wonder if those fellows intend to let us pass;' and then shouted at the top of his voice, 'Into the water, ducks, in an instant!' The cabin-boys did not appear to understand this raillery, and gradually ap-

proached us. Gesril drew back; we placed ourselves at the end of the bridge, and took up a handful of pebbles and threw at their heads. They sprang upon us and obliged us to abandon our position, for they armed themselves with large stones and drove us back to our reserve-guards,—namely, to our servants. I did not receive a blow in the eye like Horatius, but a stone struck my left ear so violently, that it was almost separated from my head, and half hung down upon my shoulder. I did not think so much of the pain I endured, as of the manner in which I should be received on my return home. When my friend happened to get a black-eye or torn coat, he was pitied, coaxed, and caressed, and re-clothed; in a similar case I was well punished. The blow which I had received was really dangerous, but still La France could not persuade me to go in doors, for I dreaded to see my parents. I concealed myself in the second floor of the hôtel with Gesril, who bound up my head with a napkin. This napkin brought other ideas into his mind; it reminded him of a mitre: he transformed me into a priest, and made me sing high-mass with his sisters till supper-time. The pontiff was then obliged to go down stairs. I felt my heart beat: at the sight of my disordered countenance my mother uttered a shriek, but my father did not say a word. La France told my pitiful story, making all kinds of excuses for me, still I did not escape chastisement: my wounded ear was dressed, and Monsieur and Madame de Chateaubriand resolved to separate me from Gesril as soon as possible.

“I have given this slight sketch of my childhood, because I believe it possessed a material influence over my character. Whether the severe nature of my education was good in principle I cannot pretend to assert; but the treatment I received from my parents was not intentionally designed by them, but arose naturally from the peculiarity of their disposition. But from whatever cause it originated, it produced a decided effect upon my future opinions, and made me often appear different from other men; still more certain is it, that my mind became in consequence slightly tinctured with melancholy. This seemed to grow with me, perhaps because in childhood, generally so free from care and so full of glee, I had been repulsed and treated with harshness. I did not, however, conceive any dislike to my parents in consequence of their severity towards me; on the contrary, in after years, I learned to respect them for it. When my father died, my comrades in the Navarre regiment witnessed my deep sorrow for his loss. To my mother I owe the consolation of my life; for she it was who instilled into my mind the first principles of religion. Possibly my intellectual faculties might have been farther developed by earlier cultivation, yet I am almost inclined to imagine that the solitude in which I was educated was more suited to my natural disposition. The fact is, that no system of education in itself is preferable to another system. Do children of the present day feel greater love to their parents because they do not fear them—because they are treated with greater familiarity? Gesril was spoiled in the same house in which I was continually reprov'd; we were both in reality good fellows, and affectionate and dutiful sons. Some particular things which you think are injurious to your child will frequently lead to the discovery of his talents; and, on the contrary, the very thing which you imagine will be useful to him may have the precise effect of smothering these talents. God orders all things aright; providence guides us wherever it destines us to perform a part on this world's stage.

“My mother could not help wishing that I might receive a classical education. ‘A sailor’s life,’ she observed, ‘would not perhaps, after all, suit my taste.’ At any rate, it appeared desirable to her that I should be fitted for following another path if I preferred it. Her piety induced her to hope that I might like to enter the church. She proposed, therefore, that I should be sent to a college where I should be instructed in mathematics, drawing, the English language, and in military science; she did not dare to speak of Greek and Latin for fear of startling my father, but she resolved that I should learn these languages at first secretly, and openly when I had made some progress. My father agreed to her proposition, and accordingly it was arranged that I should be sent to the college of Dol. The preference was given to this town because it was situated on the road between Saint Malo and Combourg. In the course of the very severe winter which preceded my departure from home the hôtel in which we lived took fire, and I was rescued from the flames by my eldest sister. M. de Chateaubriand was at his *château*, and requested his wife to join him there. We were to go to him in the spring. Spring in Bretagne is more balmy than in the suburbs of Paris, and commences three weeks earlier. The five birds which announce its approach, the swallow, the lorio, the cuckoo, the quail, and the nightingale make their appearance, with the soft winds which harbour in the gulfs of the Armorican peninsula. The earth is soon covered with daisies, pansies, jonquils, narcissuses, hyacinths, ranunculuses, and anemones, like the deserted spaces which surround Saint Jean-de-Latran and Saint-Croix de Jerusalem at Rome. Some of the glades begin to be streaked with tall and elegant ferns. The strawberry, raspberry, and violet grow thickly along the hedges. These are interspersed with the white-thorn and the honeysuckle. Everything swarms with trees and birds: at each step children are attracted by a nest or a cluster of bees. In some sheltered spots the myrtle and the rose-laurel grow in the open air as in Greece: every apple-tree, with its rich pink blossoms, looks like a large bouquet for a village bride.

“Even to this day the country retains some of the chief features of its origin; it is broken up into woody dells, and looks at a distance like one continual forest, reminding you forcibly of England. Then there are narrow valleys, which are watered by small rivers, but not navigable: these valleys are divided by large moors and knots of old timber, entwined with holly. Along the coast there is a succession of light-houses, watch-towers, Roman remains, ruins of castles of the Middle Age, and steeples in the style of the *renaissance*: the sea borders the whole. Pliny, in speaking of Bretagne, calls it, ‘The peninsula, which is spectatrix of the ocean.’ One of the most glorious spectacles in Bretagne, is the rising of the moon over the earth, and her setting over the sea. God has constituted her queen of the deep; she has her clouds, her vapours, her beams, and casts her shadows like the sun; but she does not, like the sun, retire alone; she is attended by a host of stars. As she descends beneath the clouds, upon my native shore, her solemn silence seems to increase, and she communicates it to the sea. Presently she falls below the horizon, only half of her silver and beauteous front being visible to the eye; this is soon cradled in sleep, and she gradually sinks, till she is completely buried in the soft rippling waves.

“The stars, her train-bearers, seem to pause a moment ere they

join their queen, and sparkle amidst the waters, a light breeze springs up as soon as the moon is set, and sweeps away the image of the constellations, just as torches are extinguished after a solemnity.

"It was arranged that I should go with my sisters to Combourg. Accordingly, we set out the first fortnight in May. We left St. Malo at sunrise; my mother, my four sisters, and myself, travelled together in a huge old-fashioned berlin, with double-gilt panels, steps outside, and purple tassels at the four corners of the imperial. We were drawn by eight horses, harnessed, like the mules in Spain, with bells to their necks and bridles, and cloths and fringes of different metals. While my mother sighed, my sisters chattered, without giving themselves time to breathe; I stared with both my eyes, and listened with both my ears; I was astonished at all I beheld. Mine was as the first step of a wandering Jew, who was never afterwards to repose.

"We stopped to rest our horses at a fishing village upon the coast of Cancale; afterwards we crossed the marshes to the unhealthy village of Dol, passed the door of the college whither I was shortly to return, and then plunged into the interior of the country. For four tedious hours we saw only furze bushes, unploughed fields, and miserable stunted shoots of black corn; coal-heavers leading rows of shabby horses, with drooping and entangled manes; peasants, with long hair, dressed in loose coats of goat-skin, driving lean oxen, encouraging them with noisy shouts, while they themselves walked at the heavy plough's tail, like toiling Fauns. At length we came in sight of a valley, at the bottom of which, and not far from a pond, we discovered the spire of a village church; and the towers of a feudal *château* made their appearance amidst a belt of trees tinged with the rays of the setting sun.

"At the bottom of the hill we forded a stream; in half an hour we left the high-road, and the carriage passed down an avenue of elm-trees, the top branches were interlaced, and formed an arch over our heads. At the moment we were entering the shade, I remember the exquisite pleasure I experienced, as we plunged into their delicious shade; after emerging from the obscurity of the wood, we drove through a fore-yard, which was the house of the steward; then we came to a road which through the garden, called the *parterre*, led to a cluster of chestnut-trees, which were planted in a row, and were supported by a cluster of elm-trees. At the bottom of the hill the carriage began to rise, and the view was now visible; its appearance was very agreeable, which a certain combination of circumstances rendered more so; the view was of a moderate size; the carriage was supported by a few grated wheels, and a stiff spring, which the ancient carriage-makers had situated in the middle of the carriage, which the carriage-makers had so met us, and softened his

disposition, and he received us very kindly. We went up the steps, and entered a vestibule having an arched ceiling with projecting mouldings. After we left the vestibule, we came into a small inner court.

“At length we reached that part of the building which faced the south and the pond, and which united the two small towers. The *château* looked exactly like a four-wheeled chariot; on the same floor we found ourselves in an apartment which was formerly called *salle des gardes*; there was a window at each extremity, and two at the side. To enlarge these windows it had been found necessary to excavate the walls four or five feet deep; two corridors issued from the outer angles of the apartment, and led to the little towers. In one of the towers was a winding stair-case, which connected the *salle des gardes* with the upper-story. That portion of the building within the *façade* of the high and the large tower looking to the north, and on the side of the *cour verte*, contained a kind of square dormitory, which was very dark, and was used as a kitchen; in addition to this, were the vestibule, the flight of steps, and a chapel, the *salon des archives*, or *des armoires*, or *des oiseaux*, or *des chevaliers*, so called because the ceiling was decorated with coloured escutcheons, and paintings of birds. The enbrasures of the narrow and trefoiled windows were so deep that they formed complete rooms, and were enclosed by a bench of granite. Add to the apartments which I have already described, secret staircases, and passages, donjons, and a labyrinth of covered and open galleries in different parts of the building, besides subterranean vaults, the ramifications of which were unknown, and everywhere obscurity, and a profound and marble stillness, and you will then have a complete idea of the *château* of Combourg.

“Supper, which was served in the *salle des gardes*, where I ate without constraint, ended the first happy day of my life. True happiness costs little! if it is dearly bought it is not genuine. As soon as I was awake the next morning I went to look at the grounds of the *château*, the flight of steps faced the north-west. When seated on the top of these steps, you saw before you the *cour verte*; beyond the *cour*, a kitchen-garden, situated between two forests of trees. The one on right of the avenue by which we entered was called the *petit mail*; the other, on the left, the *grande mail*; these last consisted of oak, beech, sycamore, willow and chestnut trees. Madame de Sévigné, in her time, extols these venerable shades; since that period four hundred years had increased their beauty. On the opposite side, towards the south and east, the country presented a very different landscape to the eye; from the windows of the *grand salle* you beheld the houses of Combourg, a pond, the bank of this pond, over which the high-road from Rennes passed, a water-mill, a meadow, dotted with cows, and separated from the pond by the bank. Along the borders of this meadow stretched a little hamlet, in the gift of a priory, which was founded in 1149, by Rivallon, Seigneur de Combourg, where a monument of him in knight's armour might be seen. The ground began to rise gradually from the pond till it formed a complete amphitheatre of trees, through which peeped at intervals, village-spires, and the small towers of country-seats. Would an artist be able to make a sketch of the *château* after the minute description I have given of it? I believe not; and yet it lives so distinctly in my memory that I see it before my eyes. Such are the impotency of words and the force of recollection.

"My first stay at Combourg was of short duration. I was there scarcely more than a fortnight, when the Abbé Porcher, head-master of the college of Dol, came to fetch me. I was placed in his charge, and, in spite of my tears, I was obliged to return with him. I was not quite a stranger at Dol, for my father was canon in right of being the descendant and representative of the house of Guillaume de Chateaubriand, Sire de Beanfort, who founded in 1529 the first stall in the choir of the cathedral. The Archbishop of Dol was M. de Hercé, a friend of my family and a prelate: he was shot with his brother, the Abbé de Hercé, at Quiberon in the Champ du Martyre. As soon as I arrived at the college I was placed under the particular care of the Abbé Leprince, professor of rhetoric and geometry. His countenance was striking and handsome, and he was very clever and possessed great taste for the arts, and considerable skill in painting portraits. He took the trouble upon himself of teaching me my Bezout. The Abbé Egault became my Latin master. I studied the mathematics in my room, and Latin in the common hall.

"It required some time to accustom an urchin like myself to the restraint of a college, and it was long before I could submit to regulate my movements by the sound of a bell. I had not those ready friends whom fortune always brings about its possessor, for what was to be gained from a poor youth like me, who had not even a weekly allowance of pocket-money? I hated to be patronized, so that I did not seek the protection of those who exerted the most influence among the boys. I never attempted to take the lead in any game, nor would I suffer myself to be led, for I was not suited to play the tyrant or the slave.

"I became very soon, however, a centre of *réunion*, and I afterwards exercised the same influence in my regiment: though I was only plain sub-lieutenant, all the old officers spent their evenings with me, and preferred my room to the *café*. I do not know exactly how to account for this, except that perhaps it might result from my readiness in entering into the pursuits of others and in adopting their habits. I liked hunting and racing as much as reading and writing. It is still equally indifferent to me whether I chatter about the most ordinary things or discuss subjects of the greatest importance. I care very little for humour; indeed, it is almost repugnant to me, though I do not know that I am particularly dull in comprehending it. Few faults offend me except self-sufficiency and idle jesting, and these I can with difficulty restrain myself from resenting. I always find that others are superior to me in some things, and if by chance I discover that I possess an advantage which they have not, I feel myself almost embarrassed.

"Those qualities of my mind which had been allowed to slumber during the early years of my childhood were roused into activity at college. My quickness in learning was remarkable, and my memory really extraordinary. I soon made considerable progress in mathematics, and surprised the Abbé Leprince by my clearness of intelligence in this study. I shewed, besides, a decided taste for acquiring languages. I longed impatiently for the hour of my Latin lessons, as a sort of relaxation from mathematics. My Latin phrases very singularly transformed themselves into pentameters, so that the Abbé Egault bestowed upon me the name of *Elégiaque*, which appellation continued to be given me by my school-fellows."

POPULAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

What I saw in California in 1846 and 1847. By Edwin Bryant, late Alcalde of St. Francisco. Bentley's Cabinet Library.

We should be puzzled to find a more attractive title for a new book at the present moment. Everybody wants to know what is to be seen in California; and everybody may be safely referred to this sensible and practical volume for the gratification of his curiosity.

Mr. Bryant is an American. In common with thousands of his countrymen, he was induced, some two or three years ago, to undertake the land expedition across the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific; and, unlike most other emigrants in that direction, he accomplished the route without a solitary accident. All things considered, and intimate as we are with the disasters which have invariably marked the track of American emigration to Oregon and California, we cannot help thinking that, interesting as Mr. Bryant's book is in other respects, this is the most remarkable fact it contains. Even the ordinary inconveniences of the journey scarcely affected Mr. Bryant's fortunate party. At first they had some difficulty with the cattle, which, in spite of all their precautions, would stray away; but they had hardly any trouble in recovering the stragglers, and lost none of them. Of course they were exposed to the usual hardships of people who travel with waggons, and sleep in the open air; but all in a mitigated degree. They now and then suffered under the annoyances of excessive heat and great thirst, but were seldom exposed to the misery of want of water; they met loose parties of Indians, but none of them were hostile; there was a little illness in the camp occasionally, but it never retarded their progress; and they had the rare satisfaction of arriving at the end of their journey in high health and spirits, without having incurred a single loss except that of a poor animal, which, as Mr. Bryant characteristically expresses it, "gave out from fatigue, and was left on the road."

This renders Mr. Bryant's journal singularly cheerful. You may almost fancy that you are reading an account of a passage through a charming country, naturally fertile and picturesque, and slightly populated by scattered pastoral races. You will not often be reminded that crowds of human beings have endured incredible toils and privations along this very track; that there are tribes of howling savages close upon you on all sides, ready to take advantage of your isolation; that there are fevers, and agues, and cramps, and rheumatisms, lurking in the dreary swamps which you are compelled to cross, or to pitch your awnings in; that if you are fortunate enough to escape death from disease, there is a considerable chance that you will fall under the arrow or the tomahawk, and almost a certainty, should you reach your destination alive, that you will be broken down by fatigue, and ruined in constitution. Mr. Bryant is a happy exception. He survived all his perils, and appears to have enjoyed them. But, well aware of the singularity of his success, he relates some instances of miserable failures, which shew the reverse of the picture in colours so revolting as to detract materially from the temptations held out by his own experience. In his case, the whole party arrived safely and soundly in California; in other cases, of which he gives us harrowing details, the wretched emigrants, wandering, without food, in the dismal recesses of the mountains, and dying off from day to day of actual starvation, were reduced to such extremity, that the few who lived out to the last were sustained by feeding on the dead bodies of their companions. The particulars of this nature which Mr. Bryant has collected appear to us to be too horrible for belief; and we hope, for the sake of humanity, that his informants have exaggerated the facts. Be this as it may, the route to California by the Rocky Mountains is beset with such hazards as to make any rational man hesitate before he ventures upon it; a consideration of little moment, perhaps, in America, where individual life is by no means prized so highly, or preserved so carefully, as in England.

Mr. Bryant's party left Louisville on the 18th of April, 1846, and arrived at Independence, Missouri, the starting-point, on the 1st of May. On the 5th of September they reached the valley of the Sacramento (where the gold-mines were lately

discovered) in Upper California. The whole distance from Independence to the valley is estimated at 2091 miles, occupying three months in the performance.

The party with whom Mr. Bryant started consisted of nearly three hundred persons, including women and children; but, finding this mode of travelling slow and tedious, he and eight other gentlemen separated from the camp at Port Laramie, and exchanging their waggons and oxen for Mexican mules, of whose extraordinary endurance he speaks in the highest terms, they proceeded at an accelerated rate for the remainder of the journey. In this way they followed the trail for a distance of nearly five hundred miles, when they resolved to try a new route to the south of the Salt Lake, by which they expected to shorten the journey from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles. In this expedition they were entirely successful, but it was not accomplished without great fatigue and suffering. In one day they performed seventy-five miles; a feat, we believe, unparalleled in these regions. This line, however, is quite impracticable for large emigrant parties.

Mr. Bryant records the incidents of the journey minutely, and always with a view to practical results. He is too observant a traveller not to seize upon the points most available for the information and guidance of future emigrants, and his journal accordingly presents such an accurate view of vicissitudes and adventures on the road, as to become a complete handbook to this savage tour. It is as good in its way as the best of Murray's. The intelligence is undoubtedly of rather a different complexion. Instead of the luxurious and extravagant accommodations of the *Drei Könige* on the banks of the Rhine, or the Belle Vue at Brussels, we have a dark nook under the rocks, or the grassy terrace of a lake, where we set up for the night, and cook our own suppers. There are no attendant *garçons*, with snow-white napkins under their arms, tripping up behind our chairs to change our plates with perplexing rapidity; here every man is his own *garçon*, and must get his rations as he can and where he can, and be grateful if the want of attendance be not supplied by a descent of naked Indians, prepared with most wolfish appetites not only for his supper but himself.

The route taken by Mr. Bryant is by no means settled. Single men travelling by mules, with light stores and baggage, will find their advantage in shortening the route by the Salt Lake, but waggons and oxen can never take that line. The emigrant who risks the trackless desert will often find himself brought to a dead stop, and must go forward by the aid of such guess work as his experience and sagacity may suggest. In cases of this kind, the example of others who have taken the same route is of incalculable value; and Mr. Bryant's account of false moves, of steps retraced, of ground lost, and new paths and escapes discovered, cannot be estimated too highly by all who are concerned in the *carte* of this wild region. For the indifferent reader who investigates such matters at his leisure, and explores the world in his easy chair, the narrative possesses the excitements of a romance.

An interesting practice prevails amongst the emigrant companies on the trail, by which they are sometimes enabled to keep up a sort of post-office communication with each other. Whatever information they wish to transmit to others following on the same track, is written on buffalo skulls, or on strips of smooth planks, or in a letter which is inserted in a split on the top of a stake driven into the ground close to the trail. The intelligence received in this way is devoured with as much eagerness as an English newspaper by John Bull, after he has been some months out of the country without hearing the echo of his vernacular, or seeing its familiar characters.

One of the most extraordinary scenes along this diversified line of country is the desolate plain of the Great Salt Desert, which the party reached on the 3rd August. Mr. Bryant's picture of the out-stretched valley is perfectly startling. He rises from his bivouac at half-past one in the morning to survey this strange sight. The moon is large and as red as a ball of fire, and its beautiful light is struggling down through a curtain of vapour that hangs over a high ridge of mountains to the west. This ridge, stretching far to the north and south, is composed of dark rugged peaks, exhibiting misshapen outlines, or towering upwards in a variety of architectural forms, representing domes, spires, and turreted fortifications. The American imagination cannot make much of such forms, the charm of which depends upon poetical and traditional associations; and that which struck Mr. Bryant more forcibly than the castled crags, and which must be admitted to be more grand and imposing, was the vast extent and solemn stillness of the scene, lying in a trance under the red light. "Our encampment," he tells us, "was on the slope of the mountain, and the valley lay spread out at our feet, illuminated sufficiently by the red glare of the moon, and the more pallid effulgence

of the stars, to display imperfectly its broken and frightful barrenness, and its solemn desolation. No life, except in the little oasis occupied by our camp, and dampened by the sluggish stream, existed as far as the eye could penetrate over mountain and plain. There was no voice of animal, no hum of insect, disturbing the tomb-like solemnity. All was silence and death. The atmosphere, chill and frosty, seemed to sympathize with this sepulchral stillness. No wailing or whispering sounds sighed through the chasms of the mountains, or over the gulfy and waterless ravines of the valley. Like the other elements sustaining animal and vegetable life, the winds seemed stagnant and paralyzed by the universal death around." The style has a smack of the New World, but the picture is vivid and evidently faithful.

The first point reached in California was the valley of the Sacramento, and from thence Mr. Bryant crossed the country to San Francisco, a distance of 200 miles farther on, within five miles of the Pacific. The position of this country on the map may be thus described: It lies south of Oregon, and north of Lower California, with the Rocky Mountains to the east, and the Pacific Ocean to the west. Its extent from north to south is about 700 miles, and from east to west, about 600 or 800; only that small portion of the whole which runs along the border of the sea being fertile or inhabitable. The rest is barren, consisting of impracticable mountains, barren valleys, and arid sands. Towards the close of 1846, this country passed by right of arms under the possession of the United States. When Mr. Bryant was at a supper party at San Francisco, he could hardly persuade himself but that he was still in New York. The faces around the table recalled familiar memories; song, sentiment, story, were all American; and every American who was present considered himself trading on his own soil. Not very long afterwards Mr. Bryant had further reasons for considering himself at home, when one morning he was waited upon by some people in authority, who requested him to accept the office of alcalde, or chief magistrate of the district.

It seems very clear from our alcalde's incidental descriptions, that a settler in California ought to speak Spanish fluently, and be well acquainted with Mexican habits and institutions. California may change hands, but it cannot so easily change usages. Wherever Mr. Bryant went, the stamp of the mixed Spanish and Mexican customs was apparent in town and rancho. The agricultural settler must also make up his mind to the predatory incursions of the hostile Indians, who have benefited just enough from their contact with civilization, to enable them to commit plunder adroitly. Horses and cattle are constantly stolen, and the unfortunate colonist can never establish himself in security until after he has literally fought his way into a fortification. All these points are of grave consideration to emigrants.

Its soil and climate are favourable to a high state of cultivation. Grapes are grown in great profusion, and the country boasts, accordingly, of its own wines and brandies. Mr. Bryant does not seem to be very critical in such matters, and we suspect that the Californian vineyards will suffer in comparison with those of Burgundy or Bordeaux. Wheat is said to be produced and reproduced in almost incredible quantities, without irrigation; and beef is not only fine, but to be had in abundance. But the enjoyments of the table form a trifling item in the Californian theory of pleasure. Like his ancestor, the Mexican, the great delight of the Californian is to be on horseback. He has the most perfect saddle, and the longest spear in the world; he loves finery of appearance, like the Indian, whose blood is mixed in his veins with that of the proud Spaniard; and he barter the whole produce of his lands at an enormous loss, to obtain the scraps of jewellery, and coloured cloths and tissues he so much covets. Hides and tallow constitute the grand resources of the country, in the way of export; a statistical fact, from which the chief occupations and mode of life of the people may be readily inferred.

It is curious to trace in the Californians the old elements of character still surviving, which distinguished the stocks from which they sprang. Although your Californian is perfectly satisfied with his piece of beef, so far as creature comforts are concerned, and is content with his horse, and his blanket, and his trappings for personal display, his thirst for pleasure is insatiable; and the pleasures he loves indicate at once the direction of his tastes. He loves the fandango, monte, horse-racing, bull-baiting; he is a desperate gambler; and he brings into these exciting amusements all the passions, intrigues, and insincerities, which distinguished his progenitors. In these phases of Californian existence and Californian character you might fancy the expedition of Cortez revived before your eyes, and the reckless, adventurous, wild spirits, fresh from the cities of Old Spain, rising up around you in

emblematic action, flinging the lasso, casting the dice, rattling the castanets, and dancing with tipsy and riotous glee.

Such are the people upon whose territory, in this very valley of the Sacramento, traversed by Mr. Bryant, has lately been discovered a new Pactolus. Before the discovery of these golden sands, the mineral riches of California were understood to be considerable, although the state of the Mexican law made it the policy of the owners of mines to conceal them as much as possible. There is now no doubt that California possesses silver, quicksilver, lead, iron, gold, and copper; and that brimstone, saltpetre, muriate and carbonate of soda, and bitumen, are abundant. The riches of the valley of the Sacramento came to light subsequently to Mr. Bryant's visit; but a postscript to his work comprises the whole history of the gold-findings in that wealthy district.

It is impossible to form any calculation yet of the effect which the quantity of gold likely to be thrown into circulation by this immense and sudden accession of bullion will have upon the commerce of the world. That it will have a disturbing effect is plain enough, and the direction in which the disturbance will operate is equally clear. The increase of the precious metals must at once bring up the price of provisions. Money, by becoming more abundant, will increase the demand for productions, which must be followed by a corresponding advance of prices. This will act injuriously upon fixed incomes and funded properties. A hundred pounds, for instance, is more valuable now, before the flood of gold has inundated the exchanges of the world, than it will be by and by; the extent of depreciation, of course, being contingent on the extent to which the circulating medium may be increased from time to time. In the same way contracts will be seriously affected; he who has made his bargain to receive a hundred pounds, will find hereafter, to his cost, that the sum does not intrinsically represent the amount for which in reality he stipulated. But to the masses this coming influx of gold will be a signal boon. Industry will be better rewarded, because there will be more means afloat, and in the ordinary and every-day transactions of life, there will be more energy and activity, and a wider field of competition.

The existence of golden rivers, and ravines choked up with auriferous deposits, does not, however, warrant the mania which has set in for experimental emigration to California. The speculation is already overdone; and the splendid visions which a few months ago lured tens of thousands of people not only through the defiles of the Rocky Mountains, but round Cape Horn and across Panama, are already beginning to be transformed into scenes of brutal struggle and despair. A few slides more of the lantern, and the whole valley of the Sacramento will be converted into a scene of lawless outrage and ruin. In the meanwhile, Government will step in and secure the harvest of gold for which the impatient cupidity and rash avarice of desperate men shall have vainly sacrificed so much human life. The rage for forming companies at the first indication of El Dorados, in whatever shape they appear, is an old English weakness. But the railway terrors of 1845 are too recent not to have left some fear, if not a little prudence, behind. We have not much apprehension about Californian companies and ships, but it is right, nevertheless, to keep the real state of facts before the public. The gold-diggers are increasing hourly by hundreds and thousands; and droves and companies of men, women, and children, armed with spades, and pitchforks, and baskets, and hags, and whatever else in the way of implement they can procure, are pouring into the golden valley; fields and shops are deserted; millers abandon their mills, farmers their crops, artizans their labour; food is becoming scarce, by and by there will be none; and here is a population increasing at a ratio which baffles all calculation, which requires to be fed from day to day, and which must inevitably, in a short time, outgrow the means of sustentation. If in this state of things, there is any ground for justifiable speculation, it is certainly not in the article of gold, but in food and necessaries. A great trade is no doubt to be driven here; and the wise man will find his advantage, not in digging gold out of the sands, but out of the pouches and pockets of the myriads who are employed in looking for it there.

The Saxons in England. A History of the English Commonwealth till the Period of the Norman Conquest. By John Mitchell Kemble, M. A. 8vo. 2 vols. Longmans.

There is, perhaps, no period of English history which excites so peculiar an interest in our minds, and which has been the object of so much profound research, as that during which the Anglo-Saxon race remained pure (or nearly pure) under its own kings. It is a period to which we are accustomed, and with reason, to look for the foundation of most that is valuable in our constitution, in our language, and in our national character; and it takes, perhaps, an additional interest from the circumstance that it is more strictly defined within marked limits than the analogous periods of other countries. In France, the transition from Franks to Frenchmen was gradual, and it is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins; the same may be said of Germany and Italy; but in our own country we can place our hand on a definite point and say, here Saxon-England ends and Norman-England commences. It is this definite character of the subject, combined with the popular belief that modern England is Saxon-England, raising its head from the oppression of Norman-England, that has given a more pointed interest to the history of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, than is generally possessed by the history of the Franks, or the Lombards, or of other nations of the same age.

In too many instances, however, this subject has been taken up by writers who have treated it in a superficial manner, without any adequate knowledge of the materials. The new light that might be thrown upon it was first shewn to the world by one of our best historical antiquaries, Sir Francis Palgrave. The Anglo-Saxons have since been treated learnedly and fully, by a distinguished German historian, Dr. Lappenberg of Hamburg, whose History of the Anglo-Saxons has been given to the public in an English version by one of our best Anglo-Saxonists, Mr. Thorpe. The work, the title of which is given above, comes from another gentleman well-known to Anglo-Saxon scholars by his edition of the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, and by his still more extensive publication of the original texts of Anglo-Saxon Charters. Mr. Kemble has imbibed largely the more general views of the German antiquaries on the earlier history and character of the great Teutonic race, of which the Anglo-Saxons formed a very important branch; and, by applying these general views to the particular instance, aided by his own labours, he has thrown much light on many parts of Anglo-Saxon history which were but imperfectly understood before. There are parts of the subject which, we believe, admit of still further light, and some of these have been not unsuccessfully treated by the English antiquaries of the present day; but as the space which we can devote to a work of this class will not allow us to enter critically into a subject which involves so much learning, we shall content ourselves with giving a slight general view of its contents.

Those who expect in Mr. Kemble's book a history of the Anglo-Saxons, as a people, will be mistaken. It is his object to treat historically the great characteristics of the constitution of the Anglo-Saxons as a race, and as a great component part of the English people. The subject, therefore, admits of two great divisions: the condition of the Saxons at the moment they transferred themselves from their original seat on the continent of Europe to their new settlement on the English soil; and the condition of the same people after it had been fully developed in England. Our only knowledge of the first is derived from conjecture, from a comparison of scattered facts, from the explanation of various customs and traditions of a later date, and from the analogy of other branches of the Germanic race; the second receives fuller illustration from extensive documentary evidence. To each of these branches of the subject has Mr. Kemble devoted, severally, one of his volumes.

In the first volume, after treating briefly of the historical traditions of the two races, Saxons and Welsh, and shewing how little of historical truth is contained in our common histories of the Saxon invasions, Mr. Kemble treats of the Saxons as they existed when they first settled in this island. When they came from Germany, the invaders were divided into numerous clans, or septs, or families, as we find among most other peoples in a similar state of civilization, who, on extraordinary occasions, joined together under one head, although usually they asserted their independence. In settling in a new locality, each of these septs obtained its allotment of territory, which had its exact and acknowledged boundaries, or

"marks," and was known by the name of the sept which held it, and this was the commencement of local names, a large number of those given by our first Saxon forefathers being to be traced in the names of places in England at the present day. In war many septs placed themselves under one leader, but in peace the mutual intercourse between septs, the religious worship, and the administration of justice, was regulated and secured by the confederacy of several septs together; from the former case gradually arose the kingly power, while the latter gave birth to hundreds, and shires, and such like judicial divisions of territory. As the septs became larger, or obtained greater extent of territory, their chiefs became naturally more powerful and influential, and this, in course of time, gave rise to the distinctions of nobility and rank. In a series of successive chapters Mr. Kemble treats of the "mark" or boundary of the territories of the septs; of the *gá*, as it was called, or shire, the federal union of several septs; of rank as it was then regulated by the account of landed possession; of the distinction between the mere freeman and the noble; of the king; of the noble by service, who soon followed the establishment of royalty; and then, descending to the bottom of the social scale, of the serf, or theow. He then proceeds to the consideration of the judicial divisions of the tithing or hundred; of the feud, or right of private warfare, and the *wergild*, or compensation for the slaughter of individuals, which was the usual means of pacifying the feud; of the tenure of land, *folcland*, *bockland*, &c.; and concludes the volume with a long chapter under the title of "Heathendom," on the religious ceremonies and belief of the Saxons before their conversion to Christianity.

As we have already stated, the second volume of Mr. Kemble's book refers to the condition of the Anglo-Saxons at a later period, when their constitutional forms and principles were fully developed. This volume is similarly divided into chapters, of which the first treats of the growth of the kingly power from the petty toparch who called himself a king, through the various phases of divided royalty, until the whole people bowed the neck to one monarch. The following chapters treat of the various attributes which were gradually developed around royalty,—of the regalia or rights of the crown; of the constitution of the royal court and household; of the various ranks and offices, *aldorman* or duke, and *géréfa* or reeve; of the *witena-gemot*, or parliament; and of the condition and position of the towns, an element of society which did not exist among the Saxons in their original state, and one to which we think Mr. Kemble has hardly given its true importance. For it was through the towns first, which preserved the Roman municipal constitution and municipal manners, and the Christian clergy afterwards, that the Anglo-Saxons received the communication of the civilization of the Roman world. The latter element, Christianity, occupies the remainder of the second volume, and naturally takes the place occupied by "Heathendom" in the first. The remaining chapters treat respectively of the bishop; the clergy and monks; the sources of the income received by the clergy; and the poor, the provision for whom lay especially with the clergy.

Without entering further into the numerous subjects treated of in these volumes, we will only add that they contain a great mass of very valuable and interesting matter, and that, although there may be room in some instances for differing with the author in his conclusions, we cannot but acknowledge that they exhibit great research and much patient thought.

The Bird of Passage; or, Flying Glimpses of Many Lands. By Mrs. Romer. Bentley.

For a long time tales have been at a discount. Writers of fiction seem, as if by common accord, to bend their necks to the thralldom of the three volume tyranny. Alas! how often have we sighed over—nay, drowsily nodded over, the nine hundred pages, which, if they had been broken into fragments of diversified interest, might have succeeded in arresting our attention. Is it that the recollection of the "Sketch Book" has deterred modern writers from venturing in the track of its gifted author? or is it that the potentates of Burlington and Marlborough find that the public appetite partakes more of the glutton than of the epicure, and that therefore, even at the risk of creating satiety or indigestion, they persist in inflicting the three cuts from the same joint, when the identical quantum of food, varied by the interspersions of lighter aliments, would afford a more piquant and quite as healthful a repast?

The work now before us, we feel satisfied, will controvert both of those errors. The power of fascination by detached tales has not expired with the delightful productions of Washington Irving; and we think that Mr. Bentley will find that the public will appreciate and relish this deviation from the too rigorously observed rule we have alluded to.

Mrs. Romer, after a silence which we have thought too prolonged, has produced some charming reminiscences of foreign travel—"Flying Glimpses of Many Lands"—which, perhaps, may be more correctly termed pictures of national customs and characteristics, than tales of imagination. It is evident that the authoress has seen much of that of which she writes, for there is a graphic power and truthfulness in her sketches that brings home to the reader's mind the scenes which she portrays with artistic skill. Her tales are cabinet pictures, rather than sketches, so minute are they in their details: hypercriticism would perhaps object that they are too highly finished; but yet there is nothing laboured in their execution. Be that as it may, as the "Bird of Passage" skims with light pinion over an archipelago of gems, the reader delightedly follows its airy flight, now perching with it on the snowy summit of Lebanon, now upon the burning sands of Nubia, now among the wild sierras of Spain, or in the enchanted gardens of a Russian palace, and then familiarly alighting upon the roof of some gay Parisian hotel, or upon the lowly thatch of an Irish cabin.

Extracts from tales so short would only mar their interest; however, as a sample of Mrs. Romer's descriptive powers, we shall give this picture of a Nubian sunset.

"Those who have dwelt only beneath the opaque skies of the North, can scarcely picture to themselves the splendours of a Nubian sunset; compared with it even the glowing colouring of Claude appears pale and cold. Such is the purity of the transparent atmosphere, that as the sun sinks behind the fantastic monticules of the Libyan desert, luminous radii, emanating from its disk, like the glory that surrounds the head of a pictured saint, shoot athwart the heavens, and appear to intersect them with the effulgent rays of a gigantic star. Long after the glorious luminary has disappeared, those rays continue brightly, distinctly defined upon the Western horizon, as it gradually assumes every magical variety of hue from glowing crysolite to tender opal; and it is only when the deep sapphire tint, which is the colour of night's starry mantle in those climes, has spread from east to west, that they melt into indistinctness."

To this glowing picture of the lonely desert we shall only add one more extract, which will shew that Mrs. Romer is as successful in portrait painting as she is in the delineation of landscape.

"The Emperor Nicholas was then in his fortieth year, and in the very zenith of his unrivalled beauty. Of a stature so lofty that he towered above all who approached him, he united to that commanding height a symmetry of form and a graceful bearing which are seldom the characteristics of very tall men. His face was faultless, and striking as his form; the features cast in that pure mould which the sculptors of Ancient Greece loved to bestow upon their marble gods; the countenance bright and intellectual, but, like those antique masterpieces, bore no traces of human passion or human weakness; its expression was that of moral strength secure in its own power. The Emperor's whole person presented the most perfect type of royalty; without a shade of haughtiness on his brow, he impressed the beholder with the idea of one born to command; and every gesture was imbued with an innate dignity, which would have led the most careless observers to exclaim, even though his rank had been unknown, and his person disguised, 'What a princely-looking creature!'"

We cannot take leave of these sparkling volumes without an observation which we trust the accomplished authoress will take in good part, and which is no way meant to detract from her merits,—we wish that Mrs. Romer was not quite so tragical in her *dénouemens*, and that either she would render her heroines less interesting, or that she would be more merciful to them. Scarcely one escapes with life out of her hands; if they do not die on the scene, either by the course of nature or of a broken heart, the sack and the bowstring are close at hand to do their terrible duty. We wish that Mrs. Romer departed oftener than she does from the pathetic tone in which she excels, we should almost say without a rival;—were it not for some fine touches of quiet humour that occasionally manifest themselves, for instance, in the tale called "The Blue Fiacre," and still more so

from many forcible instances of the *vis comica* in former writings of Mrs. Romer, we might suppose that the gifted lady had but one chord to her lyre—that of pathos. But as we know such is not the case, we shall venture to entreat of her sometimes to discard the melancholy vein with which she delights to awaken a sympathetic sadness in the hearts of her readers,—and we take our leave of her in the language of Shakspeare's *Cælia*,

“Prithee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.”

The Cossacks of the Ukraine. By Count Henry Krasinski. Post 8vo. Partridge and Oakey.

This work is a rapid and interesting sketch of the History of the Cossacks, comprising biographies of Mazepa, and of other celebrated Cossack chiefs. The author, who is a Pole, looks forward with ardent hope to the day when Poland shall regain her freedom. We are not surprised that he finds himself opposed in opinion to the majority of his countrymen on the question of their government, in case of such a result, for Count Krasinski is favourable to a monarchy, but thinks that the King should be chosen from the English, Swedish, German, Servian, or Italian nobility. The author gives a very interesting sketch of the history of the Princess Tarakanoff, the granddaughter of Peter the Great, who was married to Alexy Orloff. Orloff married her solely with the view of betraying her into the hands of Catherine, and his treachery excites the greatest indignation in Count Krasinski, who describes him as a man “in whose heart were the rattle-snake, the foam of a mad cat, and the bile of seven jealous furies.” Not less amusing is the sketch of an Ukrainian lady, Miss Korzeniowska, who is considered by our author to be a sort of Polish Miss Agnes Strickland. This young lady was accustomed to go into society with a pencil and note-book, and would dot down anything which was said, of which she was previously ignorant. We are quite sure that the author of “The Queens of England” would not be guilty of such display of her thirst for knowledge. The notes abound with anecdote, and altogether we have been very much amused by Count Krasinski's book.

Shakspeare; the Poet, the Lover, the Actor, the Man. A Romance by Henry Curling.

In choosing so lofty a theme, the author has indeed “shewn a mounting spirit.” To write a romance in which Shakspeare plays the most prominent part throughout, is a bold undertaking, from which many would shrink in dismay. Consciousness of imaginative power, combined with intimate knowledge of the poet's immortal works, and of the times and circumstances in which he lived, are essentials without which it would be rash to make such an attempt. The work before us we think, proves Mr. Curling to be possessed of these qualifications. He has imagined with skill, and portrayed with verisimilitude, the dawning career and early associates of Shakspeare, amongst whom, doubtless, existed the types of many of his remarkable characters, especially those illustrating the domestic habits and familiar life in England in the days of Elizabeth. He has, also, happily contrived to catch the spirit of the age, when national hostility to the Spaniard, qualified with a growing relish for buccaneering, and irregular military adventure, combined to give a martial ardour and a bold port to the male population generally, a spirit that was, however, tempered and refined by active intercourse with the great commercial cities of Italy, through which our ancestors became gradually acquainted with the arts, literature, and civilisation of that classic land.

The personal history of Shakspeare, in spite of the diligent researches of scholars and devotees, forms, unfortunately, but a meagre chapter in biography. The facts gathered with so much zeal and enthusiastic endeavour are, indeed, “few and far between.” Much of the interest all of us must feel in the subject is, therefore, chilled by the want of continuity in every authentic sketch of his life. Conjecture being thus excited, it is left to the romancist to conceive and embody the generally adopted views and opinions of those competent to give a direction to inquiries on the subject. It is on this ground especially that we are grateful to the author of this work,—if he has not upheld the great poet all through his romance according to the reader's beau-ideal, he has certainly brought him forward to “the wind's

eye" more vividly than we could have conceived it possible in a work of this kind.

Many great personages in English history are made to figure in the romance, and are sketched with spirit and truth. Leicester, Raleigh, Essex, Bacon, and the maiden Queen, together with the magnates of Shakspeare's own county—the Lucys, the Clopton family, and the Ardernes, are among the *dramatis personæ*. The sketches of English scenery with which the work abounds, not only prove the accuracy of the author's local knowledge, but indicate the possession of much graphic power.

Cocks' Musical Almanac for 1849.

It was an original idea to unite with an almanac a complete musical handbook, which should contain anecdotes of music and musical men, their births and deaths chronologically arranged, criticisms upon their works, and valuable information respecting the musical societies, musical publications, &c. The manner in which the idea is carried out is very happy.

Sketches of Revolutionary Paris. 2 vols. Blackwoods.

The Lily of Paris. 3 vols. Bentley.

We have placed these two works together, because, proceeding from the pen of the same author, they present a somewhat unusual incident in literature. Mr. Palgrave Simpson has, with remarkable facility and felicity, brought his ample store of historical learning, and his keen observation of existing objects, into a combination, from which he has deduced two entirely distinct and remote results, alike only in their success. On the one hand, he has woven in the materials derived from his intimate acquaintance with the history, actual and legendary, of the most interesting capital in Europe, into one of the most charming of romances; while, on the other, and with a rapidity which seems to render the accomplishment almost simultaneous, he has availed himself of the same intimacy, extended, however, and carried down into a circle of new creations and associations, to sketch and colour a series of brilliant memorials of a still more storm-fraught period than that of his fiction. The qualifications which alone could enable one writer to achieve two tasks so dissimilar, are, at least, as rare as the effort to perform them.

Detailed criticism upon the first of these works would be misplaced. It had its origin, as we are informed, in Mr. Palgrave Simpson's being entrusted, by the conductors of our leading journal, with the task of transmitting from Paris, where he was residing, such information as to the progress, symptoms, and phenomena of the last revolution, as he might deem would be acceptable to the English reader. How ably he performed this duty must be fresh in the recollection of everybody, for the striking and effective series of letters which appeared in the *Times*, during the eventful period in question, were the theme of conversation in every club, "at good men's feasts," at the fireside, and "in the mart where merchants" (and more especially stock-merchants) "most do congregate." But the two volumes are not a mere reprint, or, indeed, a reprint at all. Mr. Simpson has re-cast the whole of his contributions to the *Times*, has re-written much of the mass, and has added, elucidated, and completed the record, justifying, by appeal to results, what was at first but shrewd surmise, connecting the threads of incident, and illustrating profusion by subsequent performance. In effect, these volumes offer a spirited, succinct, and faithful hand-book of the February Revolution. Of Mr. Palgrave Simpson's peculiar fitness for the preparation of such a memorial, the work affords abundant internal evidence; but to those to whom this point may not have occurred, it may be well to mention that Mr. Palgrave Simpson, a member of a distinguished Norfolk family (honourably known, also, in literary fields, for it claims among its allies the gifted and amiable authoress of "Letters from the Baltic," Miss Rigby, and the celebrated antiquarian, Mr. Dawson Turner), is an *habitué* of the very best society in Paris, political and otherwise influential, and, consequently, enjoyed the amplest opportunities of understanding the real as well as the avowed springs of action which produced recent events there. His personal intimacy with the heads of the various opposing parties in the French capital is an additional voucher for the punctilious accuracy of his narrative.

Of the "Lily of Paris ; or, the King's Nurse," even fewer words of introduction are necessary. Indeed, introduction at all is almost superfluous, the volumes having already worked out their own success in the directions in which a novelist chiefly looks for his honours. And this is not surprising, for the merits of the book are not only high, but of an unusual class. A painstaking student, with sufficient constructive ability to *raconter* tolerably, may put forth a very readable romance, where his material is rich. He must be a bungling painter indeed, who cannot exhibit an effective picture, after witnessing the complicated groupings, the intense animation, and the picturesque details of a battle-field—such a field as the fifteenth century. But a transcript is one thing, and a creation is another. The real artist is seen in his power of mingling fact and fiction, in his not stumbling over the former, to the hindrance of his progress (as is the fate of most romancers) or indulging in the latter to the extent of losing the local and temporary colouring of the times he describes. Here Mr. Simpson is singularly fortunate, he grasps an historical event with a fearless hand, and with a full comprehension of its bearing upon society. Hence the incidents of fiction which he deduces from it are so probable and natural, as to lack only the authenticity of evidence to prove their connexion with the facts with which they are naturally and artistically amalgamated by the author. The dark history of Charles VI. of France, and the murderous "faction fights" between the parties of D'Armagnac and Burgundy, lend the writer his massy scaffolding, the edifice of love, and hate, and intrigue, and sorrow, which he has raised upon it, being in every way worthy of the preparation. Gracefully and elegantly written, and breathing at once a high and elevated tone both of sentiment and moral, the book is, nevertheless, so closely identified with the habits of thought and action of the period, that the reality of its painting is sometimes almost preternaturally vivid. It is one of those narratives which arrest the least impressionable reader, and detain him until he fairly yields to the spell.

Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has now first given his name to the public, made his *début* in literature, if we remember aright, through the portal which has admitted so many of our best men—the magazines. Having graduated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, he became a traveller, and visited almost every part of Europe, including districts little known to the ordinary routine voyager. Some articles in our leading miscellanies (to our own he has been long one of its most valued contributors, under the designation of the *Flâneur*) were so well received, that Mr. Palgrave Simpson put forth the strength that was in him, and in two delightful novels, "Gisella," and "Second Love," and in a charming collection of "Letters from the Danube," written during a summer's journeying, for the fourth time, and consequently with a considerable store of experience, in Hungary,—a country at all times interesting from its peculiar tone of romance, and latterly so intimately interwoven with the political and historical events of Eastern Europe,—commenced in earnest the career of which he has just most happily completed a double record, and in which it would be unjust affectation to hesitate to predict his brilliant success.

Raphael; or, Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty. By Alphonse de Lamartine. J. W. Parker. 1849.

This work, we are told, has been translated with the sanction of the author, and we believe it has never before appeared in an English dress. It is a fragmentary composition, full of sentiment carried to excess, and somewhat reminds us of "The Sorrows of Werther," and Mackenzie's almost forgotten "Man of Feeling." The author endeavours to represent the passion of Raphael for Julie as of the purest description, and it is his honest intention to make the reader think so ; but there is a tie by which Julie is bound, which throws an air of suspicion over the spiritual intercourse of these two interesting beings. This high-flown literature, however sincerely designed to purify the soul, enervates the moral sense, and paves the way (perhaps as *a certain place* is said to be paved) for passion. It is a book which teaches no lesson, and inculcates no duty. It does not affect the feelings, and cannot improve the heart.

Still, it is the work of a man of genius, and contains some beautiful thoughts and delicate sentiments, as every one will believe who has read any one work of Lamartine. The elegance of this author's style is not easily transferred to another language ; but the translation as a whole has been admirably done.

The Closing Scene. By the Rev. Erskine Neale. Second Series.

Although we are not prepared to adopt all the author's views in his remarks on the eminent men of whom he writes (which are characterized, in our opinion, by too great severity), yet the subjects themselves are so interesting, that the work cannot fail to be welcome. We have Beckford, of Fonthill, as the man of taste; Rev. Charles Simeon, M.A., the spiritual father of many an earnest pastor; Thistlewood, the traitor, assassin, and avowedly the determined infidel; John Foster, of Bristol, the retired student; Mirabeau, the revolutionist; Jane Taylor, the artist and poetess; Richard and Bridget Smith, deists, and devoid of natural affection; Edward Colson, of Bristol, the merchant prince; Earl Ferrers, the man of furious passions and faltering creed! Mrs. Partis, of Bath, the munificent church woman; Lord Camelford, the duellist; Dr. Corrie, the missionary bishop; Talleyrand, the diplomatist and dissembler; the late Earl Spencer, a statesman without guile; and Elizabeth Fry, the helper of the fallen.

The sketch of Beckford is, on the whole, written in an impartial spirit; but the writer's remarks with regard to his employment of the immense revenues he possessed, smack of harshness and uncharitableness. It is true he did not spend his wealth, like Mrs. Partis, in erecting hospitals and other good works of that kind, but he encouraged art and genius wherever he could find it, and did not dissipate his fortune at the gaming-table, the race-course, or in "riotous living." As to his religious opinions he was very reserved, and knew the world too well to enter on such subjects with everybody who might approach him with leading questions. We will never believe, however, that the man was not deeply impressed with religious truth who could produce such poetry as this:—

- " Like the low murmur of the forest stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard; ah, do not deem,
That in vain toys I throw my hours away!
- " In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountains—on the verdant sod
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lowly communing with God.
- " When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to Thee;—that holy peace impart
Which soothes the invokers of Thy awful name.
- " O, all pervading Spirit!—Sacred beam!—
Parent of life and light!—eternal Power!—
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of Thy high essence in my dying hour."

Of Talleyrand, Mr. Neale says, "concede to him all that his admirers claim for him; admit that his advantages of mind and person were many and striking; that he had a noble and dignified air, a grave and manly voice; that his temper was excellent, his views clear; that he possessed unruffled suavity of manner; that his wit was brilliant, and his repartees were ready and sparkling. Against these place as a set-off, his inordinate and unblushing selfishness, which makes our Walpole appear saintly and disinterested; his licentiousness, in which he rivalled Dubois; and his cunning, in which he surpassed Mazarin. In perfidy he had no superior. To which of his masters was he true? Who of his day approached him in flexibility, pliancy, and self-possession, and in *eagle vision* to his own advantage? *Du reste*, he had the scent of a vulture where booty was to be obtained. Silence best becomes us as to the future of a man, who, through a long life, exhibited no sense of shame, no regard for truth, no notion of friendship, no abhorrence of treachery—a man who was at once a renegade aristocrat and an apostate priest—a teacher of religion, without belief in a Redeemer; and a minister who spurned the warnings of conscience, and laughed at the suggestions of principle." But surely even with Talleyrand it was not all black: no; even he may be painted with too much severity; and we think the picture here drawn greatly overcharged. It is too early now to ascertain accurately many of the eventful passages in the life of this extra-

ordinary man, but we shall certainly hesitate before we venture with Mr. Neale (on such authority as Buonaparte and Savary, forsooth!) to charge Talleyrand with being the murderer of the Duke d'Enghien!

As specimens of the wit and quickness of repartee of Talleyrand, take the following. When Louis XVIII., on the Restoration, complimented him on his talents and influence, while modestly disclaiming the compliment, Talleyrand replied, "Yes, there is some inexplicable thing about me, which prevents any government from prospering that attempts to do without me." At once a hint and a threat.

One day a banker, with whom he was well acquainted, waited upon him to ascertain the truth of a rumour of the death of George III., which was expected to affect the price of the stocks. The banker, of course, anxiously apologized to the minister for this intrusion, and for the extraordinary nature of his request. "How?" exclaimed Talleyrand, with the imperturbable gravity peculiar to him, "There is no harm—no indiscretion whatever. I shall be delighted if the information I have to give is of any use to you." The banker was profuse in his acknowledgments. "Well, now, I must tell you," continued Talleyrand, with an air of mysterious confidence. "Some say the King of England is dead; others that he is not dead; for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other. I tell you this in confidence; but, for heaven's sake, do not commit me!"

When the first consul enquired one day how he became so rich? he replied by a dexterous compliment, "I bought stock the day before the 18th Brumaire, and sold it again the next day."

Some one asked him the address of the Princesse de Vaudemont. "Rue St. Lazare," he replied; "but I have really forgotten the number. You have only to ask the first poor person you meet! they all know her house."

On one occasion the Spanish ambassador complained, pointedly, to Talleyrand, that one of his dispatches had been unsealed. "Sir," returned the minister, who had listened with an air of profound gravity, "I will wager I can guess how the thing has happened. I am convinced that your dispatch has been opened by some one who desired to know what was inside?" Very satisfactory, no doubt.

One day being at the Tuileries, when several ladies were to take an oath of fidelity between the hands of the Emperor in their new appointments, he particularly noticed the beautiful Madame de Mounier, who wore remarkably short petticoats, in order to shew the delicacy of her foot and ankle. Some one present asked Talleyrand, what he thought of the *tout ensemble*. "I think," said the merciless jester, "that her dress is too short to take an oath of fidelity."

In testimony of his services Buonaparte created him Prince de Benevento, a dignity which he treated with indifference. To those who obsequiously congratulated him, he answered, "Go to Madame de Talleyrand, and address your compliments to her, women are always delighted at becoming princesses."

When the fortunes of Napoleon were declining, and he saw no safety on that side, he passed over to the other. His perfidy being suspected, Buonaparte loaded him with reproaches, which he received with imperturbable composure. When his pale ominous visage appeared at the first levée after the return of the Emperor, the latter exclaimed, "What came ye here for?—to exhibit your ingratitude? I have covered you with honours, that people might not see you were the most despicable wretch in my empire. You affect to be of the Opposition. You think if I fail you will be at the head of the Regency! If I were dangerously ill, I solemnly declare to you, that you should die before me." With all the grace and gentleness of a courtier receiving new favours, the Prince of Benevento replied, "Sir, I did not need this warning to address my most ardent prayers for the prolonging of your Majesty's days."

When the fatal bulletin, announcing the disasters of the Russian campaign arrived, and it was reported that the whole army was annihilated—men, horses, and baggage, he, with the other dignitaries, was attending the Empress at the Tuileries. During the conference, Maret, the Duke of Bassano, arrived, and was announced to Maria Louisa. "Only see how they exaggerate," said Talleyrand; "here is Maret returned, and they said *all the baggage* was lost."

An Essay on the Comparative Intellect of Woman, and her well recognised but resistless Influence on the moral, religious, and political Prosperity of a Nation. By Mr. Reeve, M. C. P.

It is questionable whether our lady readers will feel under obligation to the writer of this treatise, the object of which is to prove, that, with an education similar to that of men, women would become as powerful in intellect as the 'lords of the creation.' The manners of modern English society are certainly much more refined than those of a former age, but that is not because women have become more masculine in their pursuits, but—precisely the reverse—because they cultivate with such exquisite taste those accomplishments which throw around our homes a grace unknown to our forefathers. The gentleness of woman is the peculiar charm conferred on her by Nature, by which she more prevails than by the assertion and ostentation of intellectual powers, and which, indeed, are out of her proper and assigned sphere. Some of the instances of female celebrities introduced by this author are unfortunate; but it is singular, in a work purporting to give an account of female worthies, to find such names as Lady Fanshawe and Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson omitted. These women did honour to their country, and to the age in which they were born.

On Trees, their Uses and Biography, &c. By John Sheppard.

This little work, the substance of lectures delivered at the Frome Institution and in Bristol, commends itself to a large circle of readers. It is a delightful country companion, and contains a mass of highly instructive and entertaining matter, very modestly introduced to us. It is illustrated by representations of Sir Philip Sidney's oak, the date palm, the banana, the baobab, the talipot palm, the bamboo, the cocoa-nut tree, the Fortingal yew, cedars of Lebanon, the oak of Allonville, the Ankerwyke yew, and Queen Elizabeth oak. We are incidentally reminded, while the author is discussing the subject of papyrus, that no less than 1800 manuscripts, dug out of Herculaneum, are of papyrus! The spirit in which this fascinating little book is written is admirable, and will make it generally welcome. The author classifies the uses of trees, as ministering to human comfort and progress in the provision of foods, beverages, and medicines; of clothing and shelter, of fuel and furniture; of materials for arts and manufactures; on hidden agency on the atmosphere; and of the means of communication through the world; and intersperses the whole with pleasing anecdote and reflections.

. We postpone a notice of M. Guizot's admirable treatise on "Democracy in France," that we may have an opportunity of commenting, at the same time, upon the answers to it, which may be expected from M. Prudhon and others.



"Oh! look not so coldly, Harvey"

London Richard Bendey, 1849.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SHADOWY VISITANT WHOM NO DENIALS CAN EXCLUDE.

"'Tis ever thus—dark ocean's breast—
 The rippling lake—the rolling river—
 May bid their troubled waters rest.
 But man's worn heart is tranquil—never!
 His days pass on in vain endeavour
 The bosom's inward strife to quell,
 Till death has hushed its throbs for ever,
 In that dark home where all must dwell."

W. REYNOLDS.

WONDROUS is the change consequent on the arrival of Death in the dwelling of that dependent being Man! What predictions it falsifies! What false views does it correct! what revelations does it disclose! We gaze on him now cold, stark, and motionless, who, but a few days or hours since, was animated, scheming, dominant, ambitious; and can scarce realize to ourselves the utter extinction of strength, the entire surrender of will, the cessation of thought, the prostration of plan, and project, and hope. Marvellous spectacle! The powerful, powerless; the eloquent, silent; the scheming, baffled; and the grasping, satisfied. Is it not a mere phantasm of the imagination? Can the change be real? Even to those whose earthly destiny is decided—on whom the shadow of the grave has fallen—to those who are doomed to die—something of the same feeling presents itself. During the reign of Lord Sidmouth, that ally of Jack Ketch,—that cordial advocate of capital punishment,—when executions were rife at the Old Bailey, and when the merciful notion obtained singular favour that the crime of forgery could be stayed, and eventually eradicated by the unlimited sacrifice of human life;—a young creature of eighteen said, the day before her execution, to one who visited her in the cell, "*I feel life so strong within me, that I cannot believe that this time to-morrow I am to be dead!*"

But art thou not, O despot, at times, a liberator? Dost thou not rescue the suffering from pain—release the servile from slavery,—put an end to the flatteries of the parasite, and relieve from fawning the interested? Even THOU—dreaded as thou art—hast a boon to bestow, O! stealthy and inevitable visitant!

CHAPTER VIII.

STAMMING.

"Although the Devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him."—DEAN SWIFT.

WHEN Pleasant Ellis had given utterance to her agreeable impressions, the doctors, one and all, denounced her with a will.

A female poacher on the medical preserve was intolerable. How "dared" she "give an opinion?" asked one. "What could she know of disease and its results?" inquired another. "Old women, especially, if tainted with quackery, were intolerable nuisances all the world over," was the gallant remark of a third. And then arose the chorus—regard being had to the parties, it was swelled with wondrous unanimity—"the deceased died from natural causes; and it is at once presumptuous, highly impertinent, and wholly unwarrantable in any ignorant bystander to assert the contrary."

This burden was chaunted by the faculty present with becoming professional ardour; in fact, Mr. Orford Oldrich averred, in Suffolk phrase, that the doctors "regularly bullocked" the old girl. But she held her course. Sparing reverence had she for those who flouted her. Honouring each professional with a passing glance of scorn, she snatched a hasty pinch of snuff from some hidden receptacle in the ample folds of her attire, and then briskly renewed the attack.

"'Natural causes!' poogh! ye must be noddies—naturally so, and from the birth—to say as much. Look there!" and she patted the corpse with careless and revolting familiarity—"eyes ready to start from their sockets—neck rimmed round evenly as if with a broad black riband—skin discoloured, blue, purple, and crimson, like the rainbow—fits! apoplexy! faugh! it's murder and nothing else!"

Her energy told on the gradually accumulating throng. The words were at first whispered, and then repeated once and again,— "Coroner," "Inquest," "Examine the body." Meanwhile, it was suggested by a thoughtful looker-on that the pockets and private desk of the deceased should be rigidly scrutinized. Recollecting Rafforde's menace to Tillett, founded on the contents of that mysterious depository, I quailed before this mention of the desk, and prepared myself for the abrupt departure of the dejected confidential.

The supicion did him injustice. He met the suggestion at once, and remarked, in tones firmer than his wont—"By all means; no course more proper."

To all outward appearance, precisely as life had left him, so had Rafforde been found. No part of his dress seemed to have been disturbed. His pocket-book, purse, signet-ring, watch and seals, were on his person. His desk was duly locked. The small key which opened it hung appended to his bunch of seals—its usual receptacle. Nothing, however trivial, was missing. The ebony desk was opened. Money was found in it, some silver and some gold, a two pound Bank of England note, and some stamped receipts in blank. It was crammed certainly; but jagged strips of parchment, waste-paper, old newspapers, mainly formed its contents. There was nothing in it that *could interest or criminate anybody!*

I watched Tillett narrowly, while the search was going forward. He looked on unconcernedly enough: but as it closed there was a visible expression in his countenance of thankfulness and mental relief.

"An extraordinary collection this!" said a county magistrate, who had watched attentively the latter part of the proceedings—"an extraordinary collection for the private desk of such a practitioner as

Rafforde. I don't quite understand it. There must be an inquest. That is a matter of course; and," addressing the surgeons, "a *post mortem* examination would be desirable: the sooner, from the appearance of the body, that is commenced the better: let me beg you will all assist at it."

"Yes! yes! and remember," shrieked Pleasant Ellis, in her most discordant tones, and she brought her rasping voice to bear fully on the magistrate—"remember that Mr. Oldrich was the last that saw him alive, and spoke to him. The last, the very last; and high words passed—yes—yes: very high words—that I'll be sworn—for I was below—and over-heard them."

The magistrate paused—then whispered to a hawbuck near him. By and by a constable came panting up the stairs—and in a few minutes Mr. Oldrich received a gentle intimation that nothing disagreeable was intended him, but that he "must for the present consider himself under surveillance."

The Suffolk youth looked around him like one in a dream, and then uttered the solitary ejaculation—"STAMMING!"

"Anan!" cried the constable, whom the phrase seemed considerably to gravel. "What say'st thou?"

"Say!" rejoined the Suffolk youth, dejectedly; "that I'm *stammed*—regularly and thoroughly. Here's a wrinkle! I never *see* such a fancy! Precious tidings these for Bawdsey Ferry and Ho'sely Bay! What would Dr. Bacon Frank have said were he alive?"

Meanwhile, the search among Rafforde's crowded repositories was continued. No will was forthcoming; and his heir-at-law, a cousin, was sought out in London, and produced at Stanton. Mr. Hussey Rafforde, the personage in question, held an appointment in a government office, and might be called a young man upon town. His *nonchalance* was superb; and his disgust at the entire proceedings avowed and hearty. By one canting bystander—they abound at such seasons: are "filled with horror, and pity, and astonishment, and regret:" overflow with cheap commiseration: and are crammed with moral apothegms—his reply was unexpected enough. Mr. Bullboddy, the Paul Pry of the district, in dolorous tones and with lugubrious visage, thus addressed the young Admiralty clerk:—

"You are anxious, sir,—very anxious, I dare say, as to the result of this truly painful inquiry?"

"Tut! What I'm anxious about *are the assets*: *THEY* make me somewhat thoughtful. What may be their probable amount; where invested; and how they can be quickly realized:—these are the points of moment."

Mr. Bullboddy thought this cool; considered it in the light of a rebuff, but proceeded:—

"You will take a last look of your ill-fated relative? He lies very calm and pleasant in his coffin."

"Not I. I have steered clear of him in life; why should I gaze upon him in death?"

"But"—persisted the persevering Bullboddy—"you will follow him? and as chief-mourner? We *MUST* have a *chief mourner*. 'Twill be an imposing funeral, and most numerously attended."

The wretch here chuckled, and rubbed his hands with hilarity.

"Follow him to the tomb I must," rejoined the other *with a*

yawn; 'tis the law of nature. The young succeed the old. But on this occasion as chief-mourner, or as mourner—no. The heartless curmudgeon never aided me with a shilling when I was struggling for a bare subsistence; nay, when my mother, his nearest relative, implored some temporary succour from him during the first week of her widowhood, his help was given in the guise of coarse advice: 'You are young and good-looking; look out for another helpmate, and bleed him in your courting days!' A mourner! Well! I *am* such! I shall miss Ronzi de Begni's benefit; and Madame Fodor's 'Susanna'; and the droll Marchesa Zucchi's *petit souper*; and, worse than all, Lady Mexborough's fancy ball. These are matters to be *deeply* mourned; and I *do* deplore them accordingly."

Mr. Bullboddy's stolid countenance betrayed his irrepressible astonishment: loth to retreat, he drew a deep breath and resumed:—

"But a monument, worthy sir, a monument,—a broken column, —a weeping figure,—a funeral urn,—a marble tablet?"

"No monument!" said the young man, sternly; "no commemorative tablet of any description! The sooner his deeds and sayings are forgotten the better. Bury him decently, and lay him down deep in his grave; cancel to the last fraction every debt he owes; and where he has inflicted evident and grievous wrong, offer reparation, if practicable: but no monument; no humbug; no recording of his many virtues; no addition to the many churchyard lies already rife amongst us—nothing of that farcical nature, if you please, good and *charitable* Mr. Bullboddy."

The intruder was for once fully and finally silenced.

All which interlocutory remarks were faithfully repeated to the fretted and feverish Mr. Oldrich.

"He's 'a wonder!'" was the Suffolk youth's conclusion. "I never *see* such a fancy! I 'fare' I don't know how, when I dwell upon this business. It's 'wholly surprising.' And to *incuse* me, because my master's evil conscience made him lay hands on himself—the moment I begin to think that-a-way I'm *wholly stammed*."

And so it seemed were the jury; who sat hour after hour "a considering of this mysterious affair." They declared that the evidence of four medical men—"all differing"—completely "*smothered 'em*." They "couldn't see their way out on it" at all! The room was locked; locked from the inside; and the key was inside; and "within the room the lawyer chap was found dead; all the doctors said, fits or no fits, that he did not strangle himself: that was a *sure* sertainity: who did then? if so be as how he wor strangled *at all*? But wor he?"

"*He was*," said a deep, mellow, manly voice, with somewhat startling firmness. "He was:" and the speaker turned a face furrowed with thought on his brother jurymen. All heeded him. Religious even to sternness in his religious views,—at heart he was a Swedenborgian,—punctual and precise to a proverb in his dealings,—and a niggard in his speech,—Zichor Wawn's opinions had weight in our little community

"Pursue the matter," continued he, in his rich, sonorous tones,— "pursue the matter no further. The doer of the deed is not amenable to us. The mystery will remain such in this life."

"It won't, though!" shouted Pleasant Ellis with the softness of a raven from a distant corner, where, screwed up into close compass, she had drank in every syllable that had been spoken; "you will live to see it out: and so shall I."

The coroner roused from his doze,—he was fat and very lethargic,—said crabbedly, "Silence, woman, silence! I can have no interruption here. The jury must not be disturbed. This is a very solemn court."

"We wish to be apart," said Zichor Wawn with dignity; and rising, the jury in a body followed him to the further end of the apartment, where, comparatively free from observation, he addressed them *solto voce*.

"Few words are requisite," Wawn began. "Punishment has overtaken the guilty. Rafforde's principles and practice are but too notorious. His cup was full. The tale of his evil deeds was complete: and the master whom he served claimed him. Return an open verdict. Word it—'Found dead.'"

"But, his clerk," suggested another,—"his clerk, Oldrich, with whom he quarrelled on the last night of his life, and whom he vehemently threatened—"

"Wants brains, and is quite harmless: his examination proves it: nothing conclusive can be drawn from *it*, or *him*. Decide as you will: my voice is for an open verdict."

Meanwhile the youth so flatteringly described remained under the tender care of the parish-constable.

"Would to heaven!" said he of Ho'sely, "that the late magistrate of our district were here to have advised me. He would soon have set 'em to rights: not only knew the law, but, on a pinch, administered it."

"As how?" said the other, inquiringly.

"You shall hear," replied Oldrich. "On an October morning, in one of his early walks, the doctor burst upon a fellow busily engaged in snickling a hare. 'Miserable culprit!' said the doctor grandly, 'your hour of detection has arrived!' The offender winked wickedly with his eye, but took no further notice.—'Fellow!' cried the doctor, 'do you know who I am? I'm Dr. Bacon Frank.'—'Well! and what follows upon that?' was the pert rejoinder.—'This,' returned the doctor quickly: and he knocked the poacher down. Beautiful! beautiful! Something like a justice! A man of deeds as well as words!"

"Ho! hah! Justice, *pleeseman*, parson, all in one!" was the quaint summary of the other.

"Parson! say rather, a pillar of the church!" cried the Ho'sely youth, exultingly: "the proverb, 'poor as a church mouse,' wouldn't apply to him. He never quitted his home but in his carriage and four; quite a treat to see his four glossy-black tits. They became him. He looked the palmy and flourishing churchman: always on his mettle, and never off his guard. One night, on his return from justice business severe weather came on, and when miles from home his carriage became embedded in a snow-drift. To return or to proceed was alike impossible. Says the doctor, 'This is a perilous season for me. I must pass the night in my carriage on the moor. It behoves me to bestir myself, and to act with energy and caution. He then desired his second postilion to take the strongest horse of

the man to take directly home for assistance; to deliver a note which he wrote in pencil to his house-keeper; and to bring back with him what that note specified as indispensable for that dreary night's toil. "What in the world that was?"

"The master's book of devotions, beyond doubt," said the official, gravely.

"A quart of red madeira and another of brown sherry," replied Odrich. These were sent to him, by his express order, from the country, by way of company during the snow-storm; and with these he passed the night. At nine in the morning a party of inquirers arrived, and he was dug out fresh as a four-year old. That I could see him but once more. Oh! he was a pattern churchman, and a most remarkable man."

"He will," responded the constable humbly.

Pending his intervention the proceedings elsewhere came to a close.

"We are agreed in our verdict," said the foreman.

The prisoner's countenance brightened.

"Found dead," said Zebor Wawn solemnly.

The prisoner was in high good-humour: he should reach home in time for dinner.

"An open and appropriate verdict," said he, with returning sanity. "I feel nothing—prejudges nothing—good—very good. Gentlemen, your country is indebted to you. Sign your names, and the affair is ended."

It will be the present.

The funeral passed off quietly. The business was sold. The purchaser was apprised, and wisely, that the confidential clerk's services were indispensable to success. "He knew," and the assertion was well-founded. Rauford's clients to a man; had mastered their affairs—their dispositions—their political bias—their petty quarrels—their personal enmities:—at any cost Tillet's adherence must be secured, if Rauford's connexion was to be preserved." The subtle and aspiring clerk suspected this, and was proportionably distant and coy. At length he consented to be managing partner in the new firm of "Rasper and Tillet." It was a rise for him; and yet, those who fancied that his former anxious, tremulous, ill-assured manner would vanish with amended circumstances, were deceived. He looked as dependent, care-worn, and depressed, as ever.

Myself he shunned. I could never see him alone. A private interview he systematically and successfully avoided. By note he intimated to Odrich and myself his regret that new arrangements no longer left him at liberty to offer either of us a desk in his office: in other words, we were to seek our fortunes elsewhere.

My mute farewell of him was taken as he dashed past me in his smart dennet, drawn by a showy horse, and attended by a knowing groom. Apparently the world prospered with him. Did it! Whence then the apprehension and disquiet imaged forth in that gloomy and downcast eye?

Let no vicious man hug himself in the thought that he can sin with impunity,—that there is this attainable result—*successful and unsuspected crime*. Nemesis tracks his footsteps. Above him is a stern Observer. Around him are invisible witnesses. Behind him hurries Erinny's, his inseparable attendant during life; his tyrannical monitor in the bitter hour preceding death. The sting of the scor-

pion is not fabulous. It is realized in unrepented transgression. The only recipe for a clear conscience, and a calm brow, for an honoured life and a peaceful age, is that traced in the pages of a Record that cannot lie,—“Keep innocency : and hold unto the thing which is right.”

CHAPTER IX.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

“In the old Church of St. Michael this quaint memorial to the memory of a young Ash whileom gladdened the eyes of the roving antiquarian.

Dominus } Dedit.
 } Abstulit.
Anna Filia Richardi Ash, Ætatis suæ Tertio,
Obiit Vicessimo quarto die Maii,
A. D. 1645.

(Below this came a clever representation of an ash-tree, cut off in the centre; and then followed the distich.)

An } Ash { in Maie } cut down { Sprouts the same daie,
This } was then } Yet lives for aie.”

Topographical Peep at Bristol.

WHAT a curious Chapter might be written on Monuments—the strange and sordid motives in which very many have originated; the reluctance with which not a few have been erected; and the readiness with which, on second thoughts, no small number, eagerly projected, have been quietly and finally abandoned.

I remember, when a boy, waiting for my Confirmation ticket in the vestry of a church belonging to a much-frequented watering place. The incumbent, an aged, gentle, retiring old man, was pouring forth kindly counsel, when interrupted by the entry of a gentleman, who hurriedly asked him the probable fee for leave to erect a large monument to his “dear, dear wife, in the south transept.” He described the projected memorial with considerable minuteness. There was to be a full-length figure of Religion, encircled with emblems of grief; there were to be weeping cherubs, a medallion bust of the departed, and an elaborate inscription; the whole designed by an eminent sculptor; and to be executed *instantly*. The old churchman bowed, listened musingly, and then said:—

“I fear, for a monument of this size, I can name no less a fee than fifteen guineas; that amount may appear large to you; but the space which the monument would occupy—”

“Leads me to think your proposal moderate—most moderate,” interrupted the widower. “Consider it as at once acceded to; as for myself, inconsolable as I am and ever must be, rest will never visit my eyes—never—never—till I have recorded on marble the peerless virtues of that angel woman.”

He coughed violently; put his handkerchief to his eyes; waved his left hand once or twice distractedly; and—withdrew.

The vicar’s warden made his appearance.

“A painful interview, beyond doubt,” said he, turning to the old clergyman; “Mr. — is a most exemplary widower: never long away from the subject of his irreparable loss; always—always sad

—however, the projected monument will be an ornament to our church; and permit me to congratulate you on your prospective *honorsarium*."

"Which I shall never see," said the vicar calmly; "nor you the monument: nor the sculptor his handy-work; nor either of us the widower on this subject again."

"Ah! I think I understand you," said the warden, with a face indicative of the most profound compassion; "your conviction is that that affectionate, inconsolable, devoted creature will speedily follow his incomparable wife. It's not improbable; never did I witness grief so overwhelming, so absorbing!"

"The furthest conclusion from my thoughts," returned the other quickly. "Such grief is too violent to last: will very speedily be consoled; and the monument forgotten. Call me a cynic, if it be otherwise."

"I never bandy assertions with my minister," said the warden, with mingled deference and self-respect.

The observant churchman was right. Within three months from that day the widower was an engaged man; and a Benedict within five. The south transept remains without either cherubs or full-length figure: and the deeply-regretted wife's grave *without a head-stone*.

Occasionally, too, Epitaphs—and heavy ones—are constructed amid scenes the most incongruous and ungenial.

In the parish church of Howden—a noble pile—raised mainly by the munificence of Walter Skirlow, a former bishop of Durham—there will be found a cumbrous monument, with an inflated inscription to the memory of a Captain Jefferson. It originated in a scene where it is presumed few epitaphs have been written—the *Italian Opera House*; and was penned by the late Mr. Becher, canon of Southwell.

He was wont thus to describe its execution:—

"I was musing between the acts of "Semiramide," when an acquaintance—one of Jefferson's executors, let me premise—accosted me with: 'Becher, you're lost in reflection; come, help me out of a difficulty. I want a long-winded epitaph, for a man who, through life, was a nonentity. And yet lots of verbiage must be employed—lots—lots—for there's money bequeathed for his monument, and money apportioned for his epitaph. Pray attempt it.'

"Not I!"

"Do: pray do: it's a rasper; but you can top it."

"The difficulty—where does it lie?"

"Here: the man walked, and talked; ate, drank, and died! Now turn him into a personage of superior worth; singular energy of character; and profuse benevolence.'

"I accomplished the feat in less than twenty minutes," said the canon, exultingly; "for the deceased had good points, which *only needed amplification*. The inscription, drawn out in pencil, was cordially adopted: but the money I declined accepting. The executors sent me some plate—a coffee-pot—which I use to this hour."

Amplification indeed!

But in that church, large, sombre, and fast hastening to decay—led by crumbling arch and toppling pillar—frail mementos

of former magnificence—there slumbers one of ancient lineage* and princely mind—whose heart was as free from selfishness as his principles were from taint; who never turned from a poor man's prayer, flinched from a promise, nor forgot a friend.

Of those who knew him, how few can recall to this hour, without emotion, the memory of that model of the English Gentleman—the late PHILIP SALTMARSH, *of Saltmarsh!* His life shed lustre on his lineage. No cause had he to shrink from Shirley's verse—

“ —When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us !”

Time, with its ever-varying train of events, rolled by. Fresh bereavements were wondered at. Fresh sorrows were wept. Raf-forde's ill-name and end were less frequently mooted by the masses, when, in the grey of evening, by a new-made grave in the thickly-tenented cemetery, a female form was seen to linger. It was Pleasant Ellis: and Twang, the sexton, annoyed at her visits, asked her impatiently if “she were making a charm there?”

“This grave,” she remarked quietly, and without apparently heeding his inuendo, “is not sodded, and pared, and trimmed like the rest!—for why, Mr. Twang—I say, for why?”

“No orders to that effect,” responded the sexton, crabbedly: “no orders to that effect from nobody!”

“Do it for the sake of decency and goodwill,” urged the old crone, beseechingly; endeavouring the while, but unsuccessfully, to give to her naturally harsh voice a tone of entreaty.

“No!” replied the other, savagely. “No—I work for bread, not words. What I want is pay!”

“The cost?” said the aged woman, quickly.

“More than you can well spare,” was the reply; “the best part of a crown.”

“It is there,” was the reply; and she handed him the perquisite.

“Keep it, woman,” ejaculated the other; “you are ailing, and helpless, and feeble. Keep it for sickness and old age. Besides,” added he, with a fierce expression of hatred, “you know what grasping villain lies mouldering there, if *there* he be?”

Twang indulged in a detestable chuckle.

“He was not all evil,” returned the woman. “When my poor Susan was laid low by typhus, without stint or measure did he send her, morning by morning, costly wine: his hope was to raise her. No! he was not all evil!”

“Ugh!” ejaculated Twang, with an air of deep disgust.

“He could be kind,” persevered the other; “and me he more than once befriended. Shall all who have ate of his bread and drank of his cup—shall all desert him?”

Again she laid the fee with a determined air before the sexton, and would permit no refusal.

* Sir Lionel Saltmarsh lived in the time of King Harold. He did homage to William the Conqueror, and was knighted by him at the Castle of Knore, where the king gave him, under the royal letters patent, the lordship of Saltmarsh. Arthur Saltmarsh lived temp. Ric. I., and went with him to the Holy Land, was at the siege of Acre, and there knighted with the other warriors.

"Make the price of his rest decent," said she, turning slowly away. "At least I could persuade myself he was at rest!"

OF COURSE THE END REWARD IS THE HOMAGE RENDERED TO THY LOVING, HOPFUL, TRUSTING, COMPASSIONATE SPIRIT! Proof against provocation is thy inheritance! Prompt and ready like that of childhood is thy forgiveness. Injuries thou pardonest with a smile; and bitter reproach exerts from thee only the secret and unsuspected tear. Ever thou dost exhibit to thy stern and exacting yokefellow a patience, that without impatience for its reward; and proof against reverses, daily thou dost cheer him with a love which shall endure beyond the grave.

CHAPTER X.

THE IMBECILE ANNUITANT.

"We know nothing of the quiet under-current of misery: that flows on in silence and even calmness: but its enormous ocean has the apathy of suffering, and its silence is the silence of death."—*Amphitruon*.

THE firm of Rasper and Tillet having repudiated my services, I had to seek a new employer. Him I found in the person of Mr. Harvey Biedermann—a gentleman who had "an unmitigated horror of the quibbles and chicaneries of his profession;" who regarded "law as a science meriting unremitting study from its own intrinsic excellence," and who wished to be "concerned only for men of honour and integrity." With what was petty, and base, and mean" he had no sympathy. "Censeless progression towards perfection was one of the laws of the Divine economy. Would his unworthy life be lengthened to see that fulfilled in the profession so dear to the aspirations of his youth?"

A fluent talker, if not a faithful doer, was Mr. Harvey Biedermann.

And many did he beguile!

His bland manner,—rich, mellow voice,—frank and cordial address,—open, manly brow,—hearty and winning sympathy with the woes or wrongs of his clients,—conciliated many and opened to him the purses of more. A consummate actor, he was well up in his part. No detail, however minute, had been forgotten. His attitude, tone, and gesture would have borne comparison with the most finished performers at St. Stephen's in the great council of the nation; and it was rare sport to those who had fathomed his character, to see him throw back the facings of his faultless coat, place his hand upon his broad snowy vest, look up to heaven with an air superbly ingenuous and confiding, and in mellow tones thus enunciate "the governing principles of his life: I pursue my profession from no personal views—from no idea or expectation of individual aggrandizement; but from an intense and deepening hatred of injustice, and a burning desire to benefit my fellow man."

Generous and disinterested being!

There was one, however, whom all his professions and plausibility failed to mystify, and yet with whom it was most important he should succeed,—a wealthy and impracticable old lady of the name of Kempthorne. This venerable spinster, who "hated those selfish and unstaral monsters—the men," and who daily "blessed God that she had mercifully escaped all entanglement with any one of them,"

was his near kinswoman, and the godmother of his imbecile sister, Zara; her the old lady had more than once designated, to Biedermann's inconceivable chagrin, as the "probable heiress of the bulk of her property."

This was disagreeable and unexpected. It was more. Biedermann regarded it as "a palpable injury." The "friend of his race" redoubled his assiduities. He soothed the scoffing spinster; flattered her; adopted her line of politics; asked her counsel and abided by it; uttered his newest platitudes; revealed his latest scheme for "benefiting his species," and "elevating the moral character" of man—all to no purpose. Mrs. Clarissa Kempthorne gravely heeded his elaborate sentences, and when the last had glibly rolled off his tongue, briskly replied, "Drat the fellow! he's as hollow as the rest of 'em!"

At the age of seventy-seven Clarissa's vigorous constitution exhibited sudden and decided symptoms of decay. She noted them, and immediately set about arranging her affairs. Prior to the final disposition of her property, she called Zara to her side, and with unabated *fiercé* of manner observed,—

"I have left you, as far as was in my power, mistress of your own destiny. Take my advice: live single and independent. I've had many escapes from those monsters—the men. All sorts of fine things have been said to me; and all sorts of fine verses have been sent to me—flames—and darts—and despair—and quenchless love—but catch a weasel asleep! I knew their business too well! Pirates and swindlers the whole generation of 'em! Heed the dying advice of your wary old godmother. Men are much the same all over the world. They are all selfish—all exacting—all false—all tyrannical—they are all at heart 'lovers of their own selves.' Trust none of them. But if after all you will mate,—*if you will*,—choose a SOFT ONE, and then," added the old lady with bitter emphasis, "you can trample upon him."

It was at this juncture that I had the happiness of forming a connexion with the philanthropic Mr. Biedermann.

"He was in immediate want,"—I give his own words,—"of a confidential clerk,—one in whom he could implicitly rely,—to whom he could delegate his most pressing duties,—who must be, in fact, his *alter ego*." His time was no longer his own. A near relative was dying; and his present occupation was the truly mournful one of watching the last hours of that incomparable woman."

Such was Clarissa's present appellation. Six weeks afterwards it underwent a slight change. *Then* she was spoken of by the injured Biedermann as that "implacable and narrow-minded being, his late kinswoman,"—the "slave of prejudice," and "a bigot, of whom the world was well rid."

To be sure, Miss Kempthorne's observations, to the very last, had little in them of a complimentary description. She had an unaccountable habit, after each of my principal's visits, of insisting on the doors and windows of her apartment "being instantly opened, to dispel a very perceptible impregnation of brimstone;" and once, when that worthy, with lugubrious visage, brought her a book of devotion, and proceeded to open it, the sarcastic inquiry ensued,—

"To be read by *you*? No—no! That were too broad a farce to be performed in the chamber of a dying woman!"

Six weeks afterwards Biedermann spoke of her with a sigh, and lamented her as "a lapsed and decided heathen!"

But, heathen or no, she fulfilled her promises. Her imbecile god-child was amply provided for; and the will by which she had guarded Zara from the frauds of her brother, and the privations of poverty, was long, stringent, and well considered. To the fair but feeble-minded girl was secured an annuity of six hundred per annum; payable to her own signature alone; "free from the debts, liabilities, or engagements of any future husband;" and wholly beyond the control or direction of her brother.

To him Mrs. Clarissa bequeathed, by way of remembrance, as "an appropriate mark of her regard," a superbly bound copy of Macklin's "Man of the World."

I have my doubts whether this latter legacy was ever claimed.

But the most melancholy result of Miss Kempthorne's bequest was the separation it created between brother and sister. Thenceforth their interests were no longer identical.

The feeling represented in Biedermann's everted eye and gloomy brow might be thus resolved:—"My *sister* is independent. I must toil! The caprice of a vindictive old woman has given to her wealth, and left me to ward off—if I am able—penury. And she, the preferred and favoured one, an *imbecile*,—ignorant of the value of money,—unable to make the most of the advantages which it confers,—and perfectly indifferent to the luxuries which it commands. How unjust and injurious a preference!"

But, the feeling was not reciprocated. Zara loved her brother; loved him earnestly, devotedly, disinterestedly. If her intellect on some points wavered, her affections were firm. These pointed fondly and exclusively to her natural protector.

"We are alone in the world, Harvey, alone—alone," was her oft-repeated declaration,—“let us be true to each other: where can love be expected, if orphans cherish it not?"

"Undoubtedly—undoubtedly it is the grand cement of society," said the philosopher, with a sort of flourish, "the bond which should unite all is love. It is an essential attribute in the character of THE UNIVERSAL FATHER."

"Oh! speak not so sternly, and look not so coldly, Harvey," said the other, shrinking from his frigid gaze; "tell me that I am as dear to you as ever; I have no other friend," added the poor girl sadly.

"You will have them shortly by shoals: your means will attract them, lure them, enchain them,—as firmly, ay, as firmly as the glittering stakes on the hazard-table hold in thrall the desperate gambler. You are rich, Zara, rich, and your gold will gather around you friends."

"I care but for one," said the devoted girl, with an affection that beamed from her soft, dove-like eye, and a sincerity that spoke irresistibly in her clear, low-toned voice,—“I care but for one, and thou art he. Love me, dearest Harvey,—love me, as you were wont to do."

She turned towards him as she spoke, with a mute gesture of entreatment, expecting for it the ready and joyous welcome of days gone by; but, rejecting her proffered caress, Biedermann waved her from him with the abrupt remark, "You must insure your life, insure it at once; for a large sum; and in a first-rate office."

It was some moments before wounded feelings allowed the affectionate girl utterance. When that was granted, the shattered intellect prompted the confused reply.

"Insure my life! How can I? No one can do that. No! no! *That* our old clergyman has told us many a time. It can't be insured for an hour: any more than our health. Alas! no! There's no insuring of life: that I'm quite clear about!"

"The fool!" murmured the brother, in a low voice. "The hopeless and incurable fool! And this idiot to have means—ample means—means at her own absolute control, while a lot slightly removed from beggary is mine."

The disappointed man ground his teeth bitterly while he vented his murmurs.

"I would willingly insure my life," continued Zara, eagerly—apprehending quickly, from her brother's glance, that she had unwittingly offended; "if—if—it can be done without offending *HIM on High*, and if you will promise me that it shall all—all—be passed with you?"

"It can be done: and it must be done," returned Biedermann, impatiently; "and forthwith."

"Then, *how long have I to live?*" was the imbecile's next question; "how long, Harvey dear?—answer me?"

It was a strange question—asked in a silly, hesitating, childish tone; but it seemed strangely to move him to whom it was addressed.

"What mean you?" said he, hoarsely; then recovering himself with visible effort, he exclaimed with forced gaiety: "live? live till you're a grandmother, Zara. Live till you're tired! Live till life becomes wearisome as a twice-told tale."

"That it cannot be; if passed with you,—Harvey."

"With me? Oh! I've no home. I'm a beggar."

"Hardly that, dearest, when all that I have is yours," cried Feeble-mind, upbraidingly. Then, with a bound, she darted towards her brother, encircled him with her snowy, polished arms, and kissed him fondly and repeatedly. He, on the other hand, seemed embarrassed by this burst of tenderness. No return had he—cold and calculating—to offer. Freeing himself, with freezing courtesy, from the embrace of the fair girl who doated on him—

"We will talk," said he "neither of death, nor of life: this only will I add—a long and happy future is, I trust, before you."

"The future! ah, a common word—but I understand it not," said the imbecile, sorrowfully. "Is it a bundle of to-morrows?"

"Nothing more," said the brother with a wearied air.

"But our old clergyman tells us often 'we know not what shall be on the morrow?'"

"Yes," said Biedermann, as he withdrew; "clouds and darkness rest upon it."

And mercifully.

What a boon is our ignorance of futurity! How compassionately does The Supreme veil from us coming events! What agony is thus spared us!

Rest, Zara, rest in blissful unconsciousness of impending evil. Rest—reposing on thy brother's love! A dark and dreary future is before thee. Give credence whilst thou canst, to dreams of future happiness. Thou believest thy brother true to thee? Guileless and confiding being! Yet awhile that fond delusion may be thine!

CHAPTER XI.

THE STANFIELD-HALL MURDERS.

"HATE is of all things the mightiest divider, nay, is division itself."
MILTON'S *Prose Works*.

So far had I proceeded in my task of resuscitating past events in a stirring life, when a young acquaintance, who confesses to "having an appetite for the horrible," approached my hermitage, for the purpose of disburdening his impressions of late events at Stanfield Hall.

From his manner and replies, I gathered that he had known personally both the murdered parties; and had been present at more than one examination of the accused.

"The mystery which hangs over the whole affair, adds," said my young acquaintance, "to its horror. The hold which Rush seemed to have over the elder Mr. Jermy; the pecuniary assistance which he succeeded, after gross misconduct, in procuring from him; the manner in which, during Mr. Jermy's lifetime, he addressed him; and the freedom of his access to the hall, early and late, favour the conclusion arrived at by many, that *Rush was much more closely allied to Mr. Jermy* than that gentleman chose to acknowledge, or wished the world to believe."

If so, the violent antipathy entertained by Mr. Jermy, jun. towards the prisoner, and by him fully reciprocated, admits of easy explanation. Then, again, there is unaccountable mystery enveloping the origin and connexions of the party first called the "Widow James;" subsequently styled "Emily Sandford;" and who, it is believed, has as much right to the one appellation as the other. Her education could have been of no ordinary kind. The skill and legal tact with which the forged deeds were engrossed—prepared by her, 'tis true, under the directions of Rush—would not have disgraced a London firm. The finish with which they were executed; the pains which had been bestowed; and the attention given to the most minute particulars, must have been seen to be duly appreciated. The engrossing was of itself *first-rate*. She is said to be a clergyman's daughter; and her bearing, appearance, and language did not discredit the assumption. In watching her demeanour, and weighing her declarations during her different examinations, the progress of her feelings towards Rush was distinctly discernible. First of all, her palpable intention was to screen him. Her hope then was that he might escape. As the father of her child, the wish was pardonable. Subsequently there was a perceptible change of feeling, and a decided abandonment of his cause. This prompted the late but frank disclosure of the remarkable interview which took place between them on Rush's return to Potash Farm on the evening of the murders.

The bitterness with which the suspected man addressed her in her early examinations, and the effrontery with which he tried to crush her testimony, were (I can use no milder term) brutal. Her personal appearance is in her favour. She is a pretty looking, and somewhat lady-like woman; her age about six-and-twenty; there is a prepossessing air of frankness about her; and her voice is pleasant and nicely modulated.

"And the butler," said I, "what of that very courageous personage, who retreated so prudently to his pantry?"

"That's another of the perplexing and unaccountable circumstances which surround this frightful tragedy. James Watson, a slight and slim personage, and young withal for a butler, is not very wise: and not very brave. A glance at his stolid countenance would convince you that his first thought would be touching the safety of *Number One*, and his next, the due custody of his spoons and salvers. He permitted, strange to say, the murderer to pass him in the hall without attempting to apprehend him. Nay more, he saw the pistol pointed at Mr. Jermy, jun., heard it fired, saw his young master fall, and then went back into his pantry. All which is inexplicable, save on the principle that each man having only one life to sport with, it may be as well to be specially careful of it. Another point seems nearly to the full as strange—the corpse of Mr. Jermy, sen., was overlooked and allowed to lie in the porch half an hour before any steps were taken to remove it, or to ascertain whether life was wholly extinct. In fact, the body of the ill-fated gentleman was only accidentally discovered by the light from the lamps of a gig which had driven up to the door."

"You knew both the deceased, personally?"

"Yes: and saw them after death. They were little altered. The younger looked completely himself. He had again and again warned his father against the accused man, Rush, towards whom his dislike was invincible: and it is noticeable that another sufferer, Mrs. Jermy, had more than once expressed her great objection to Rush's being permitted to enter the house through the glass-door, without either knocking or ringing; and at any hour he pleased. Nay, more, she avowed her decided disapprobation of the same party's being allowed to come to the house late at night. Her husband, too, was known to have said only a few days before the catastrophe, "I don't believe my father to be in any way in Rush's power—indeed, I am quite persuaded he is not—but the inference other parties may draw from his being allowed to haunt the premises as he does, must be unfavourable. No good, I am persuaded, can come of it."

"And the cause—the origin of all this?"

"The old story: disputed rights to certain property. So true it is, that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.'"

"And Rush himself?"

"The most daring, audacious, and dauntless of prisoners. His cross-examination of the witnesses brought against him was *CUNNING*, not able, bullying, not manly; and his anathemas against his unborn child, brutal and appalling in the extreme. These the unhappy woman (Sandford) seemed deeply to feel. Her the world affects to call a governness: if so, she is the most free from "*the governness air*"—native to the race—of any I ever saw so unenviably circumstanced."

"And the poor girl, Chesney?"

"Ah! that is one of the saddest features in the whole affair. She is a girl of excellent character, and evinced considerable courage. She was the man of the family. The instant she heard the screams of her mistress, careless of consequences, she rushed to her assist-

ance. She joined Mrs. Jermy in the hall; and there poor Chesney received the *fourth* and last fire of the assassin. She is an intelligent, earnest-looking girl, with a good deal of mind in her countenance. Supposing life spared, which is doubtful, she can never know health again. But no description," pursued my informant, "can do justice to the panic which prevailed at the hall on that fearful evening, and to the state of dense stupefaction in which the other servants of the establishment moved about, and essayed to do as they were bidden. Nor shall I ever forget the appearance of the drawing-room, a couple of hours after the event; the apartment where Mr. Jermy, jun. was lying in the stillness of death. Everything seemed to be just as Mrs. Jermy had left it, when hearing the noise of fire-arms she rushed into the hall to receive the assassin's third shot, as she bent over her dying husband. The piano was open: and music lay strewn upon it; and fresh flowers were there; and on the mantel-piece lay post-letters, addressed both to the elder gentleman and his son, and destined never to be opened by either:—ample evidence was there around of luxury and wealth—and the heir lay in the midst of this, silent, forlorn, and helpless."

"You speak," said I, "of Rush's 'cunning,' and of the frequency with which it was developed during the examination of the witnesses against him."

"I do: and to it I ascribe the hold which he exercised over those whom it was necessary he should control—the puppets, in fact, of his cumbrous machinery. Take, for instance, his young house-keeper, Emily Sandford. She wrote, transcribed, and engrossed, at his instance, certain lengthy deeds; and then affixed to them certain signatures which she well knew to be forgeries: her feelings all the while revolting from her employment, and her conscience telling her at each stage of her progress that she was engaged in an enterprise having for its issue a most nefarious result. She remonstrated, personally and by letter, not once, but often. Yet, in spite of her representations and reluctance — *bear in mind she was in education, habits, and early training, infinitely superior to her employer* — Rush carried his point. The documents were duly, carefully, and ably executed. Then, again, with regard to that paragon of acute serving-lads, Solomon Savory. You should have witnessed his *début* before the coroner; the manner in which he tumbled up, and grasped the book like a pitchfork, before he was sworn; the way in which he rolled his eyes over the crowded assemblage collected at the inquest; the sheepish manner in which he gave his evidence; and the prolonged stare of measureless wonderment with which he noted the rapid manner in which that evidence was recorded. Quickly combining these circumstances, you would have said off-hand that Solomon, in spite of his name, was one living lump of stolidity; that all he said must be credited; that it could neither literally nor figuratively be false, for that he *had not the ability to deceive*. Have a care! Clod knows what he's about. Clod is playing his part. Clod has not lived at Potash Farm without having one part of his education completed. Clod is bent on screening his master; is under that master's influence; and his evidence is already mightily perplexing more than one of the jury.

"He states, 'I am in the service of James Blomfield Rush. I saw him last Tuesday afternoon — the day of the murder. I saw him

about half-past six o'clock. He spoke to me. I saw him again between seven and half-past seven. He came to the door, and spoke to me, and went in again. I never saw him after that. He had his in-door dress on. He pulled off his boots when he came home, and put his slip-shoes on. It was his usual habit to do so when he came home. I cleaned his two pair of boots that night between five and six o'clock, the same boots he had worn on that day: I put them to the fire to dry. *He did not put them on any more that night; I put them away, locked the door, and put the key in my pocket. I saw him have the slip-shoes on his feet next morning.* I went to bed between eight and nine o'clock on Tuesday night. . . . I saw the boots the next morning. The side next the fire was dry, and the other side was not. I did not leave a very large fire. *I never saw but two pair of boots belonging to Mr. Rush at the Pot-Ash-Farm.* I cleaned both pairs, and set them at the fire to dry. There was one pair heavy, and the other light. I would know them both if I were to see them.

"The gist of this evidence was to prove that Rush had but two pairs of boots; that both these had been by the kitchen-fire all Tuesday—the fatal Tuesday—night; that this kitchen had been locked up by Solomon himself, who had the key in his pocket; and, consequently, that Rush had never left home during that memorable night,—or that, if he had, he must have proceeded to, and returned from Stanfield Hall, barefooted. Solomon deposed positively that during the whole of that eventful night his master's boots were in his custody,—he, Solomon, left them, when he went to bed, by the kitchen-fire; by the kitchen-fire he found them when he arose. This evidence, sheepishly but steadily given, raised a presumption in Rush's favour, and bothered many of the jury. But ere long this point was more closely investigated. It was found that a small, but cleverly-contrived wooden wedge had been inserted under the lock, by means of which the kitchen-door could be opened by a party on the outside, and quietly closed; so that any article might have been taken from the kitchen, and replaced during the night of Tuesday—maugre the key in Solomon's pocket, and the care with which, on retiring, he had locked up the kitchen. This wedge, too, upon being recalled and re-examined, turned out to be by no means new to him. He was aware of its having been 'somehow put there.' Oh! Solomon! Solomon! thou art not near so wise as thou oughtest to be; as thy master intended thee to be; or as some of the jury held thee to be. Thy addled wits have belied thy honoured name!"

"Well! well!" said I, interposing, "remember the relative position of these parties, and the amount of influence which an employer must always exercise over a dependant."

"But," resumed my informant briskly, "the owner of Stanfield was not a dependant of the accused, and yet, somehow or other, Rush seems to have had him in subjection. What are the facts? After Rush had outwitted Mr. Jermy, had tricked him relative to the purchase of an estate; had literally supplanted him; had obliged him to have recourse to litigation, in order to recover his rent; and had harassed and annoyed him in a variety of ways, he extracts a loan from Mr. Jermy of no less a sum than five thousand pounds; and has, *despite of his misconduct*, access to the hall and its master at all hours! Nay, further. Some six weeks before his death—so runs a statement positively made and generally credited,—an inti-

mate friend ventured to remonstrate with the owner of Stanfield on the manner in which he permitted Rush to address him, to approach him, and to speak to others about him, and added, 'you ought not to tolerate such a man: you know his character. He is utterly unworthy of your patronage, your sanction, your acquaintance.' The reply was, "I must tolerate him,—at all events for the present,—that line of conduct is indispensable to me."

"Might not the sum he had at stake," was the inquiry I hazarded, "have had some influence, unsuspected even by himself, in inducing Mr. Jermy to countenance his headstrong tenant?"

My young visitor shook his head. "If," said he, "Rush was in possession of any awkward date or deed which tended to invalidate the title by which Mr. Jermy held the property; if there was any fact which he held *in terrorem* over that ill-fated gentleman, one could understand his manner of speaking of the Jermys, senior and junior, and his special facilities of access to the hall. The popular statement that Mr. Jermy himself was conscious that his title to the Stanfield Hall estate was bad, and, for that reason, on Mr. Isaac Jermy's coming of age, father and son joined in cutting off the entail, and re-settling the property, is undeserving of credence. The fact of re-settling an entailed property does not prove that the owner for the time-being deems his title to be bad. Nothing of the sort. That arrangement might take place as a matter of convenience, in order to facilitate family arrangements, and for private reasons, which no stranger could enter into."

"And now," said I, "describe to me the scene of this miserable occurrence. What is the hall like?"

"Oh!" replied he, "the hall is a melancholy-looking pile. The style Elizabethan. Behind it is a park, with some tolerable timber; and on the south and south-east is a garden tastefully laid out, and trimly kept. But, on the whole, its aspect as a country residence is sombre and heavy. A broad moat encircles it, filled with dark, sluggish water. Over this moat is raised a clumsy stone-bridge, at the foot of which hangs an iron gate, which when locked isolates the hall from all intruders. Fronting this gate—in fact, in a direct line with it—is the main entrance: a large porch. In this porch the elder Mr. Jermy fell, having first received the shot of the assassin. There are two halls: the outer one, which you gain from the porch, and the inner hall, into which you pass from the outer hall. This is called, for distinction's sake, the staircase hall, in consequence of its containing the staircase. It is lighted from the roof. Out of the staircase hall there is a small inner passage, communicating both with the drawing-room and with the study. Doors open into it from each of these apartments. Within this small inner passage Mr. Jermy, junior, Mrs. Jermy, and the courageous girl, Eliza Chesney, were in succession shot down by the assassin. Over the latter the only words of pity or compassion which were heard to escape the assassin's lips, were uttered. When he saw her extended on the floor, writhing with agony, he exclaimed, as if for the moment a passing feeling of compunction visited him—'Poor thing! poor thing!' The deadly missiles with which the murderer's weapons were charged are proved by the fact, that on the wall of this inner passage marks of swan-shot and slugs are to be traced to this hour. Not a few of both were found there on the morning after the murder. . . . To the right, about eleven or twelve paces from the main

entrance, is a small door leading to the servant's offices—the glass-door so often adverted to in the evidence. It was Rush's habit to enter by this door when he paid his unceremonious and unwelcome visits to the elder Mr. Jermy; and through this door, beyond all question, did the murderer pass—*be he who he may*—on the fatal evening of the 28th of November. One fact remains behind, as strange and inexplicable as all the rest. After Rush's return to Pot-Ash Farm, and after his agitated interview with Emily Sandford, he retired to rest, and is said to *have slept soundly*. This fact, it is understood, will be adduced on his trial, and be sustained by corroborative testimony. If Rush be guiltless of the charge laid against him, this sleep was, questionless, the sleep of innocence. But, if guilty, what a desperate state of feeling—what a thoroughly scared and callous heart does it pourtray! Moreover, I may say—

"Nothing more this night, if you please," said I, rising. "Another hour devoted to these frightful details, and, to the great alarm, not of *my 'housekeeper,'* but of my household, I shall be hearing pistol shots in my bedroom, and seeing black masks glide about my fire-place during the livelong night! '*Ohe! jam satis est!*' Rush will have a merciful and discerning judge to watch and weigh the evidence. The opinion on oath of twelve conscientious men will pronounce his doom. Heavy suspicions at this moment lour over him. In the emphatic language of our British judicature, may 'God grant him a good deliverance!'"

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

The fields were clad in tints of green,
The hedge-rows deck'd with leaves
were seen,
Fresh flowers unfolded to my sight,
The air was mild, the heavens were
bright;
I knew not what the change might be,
Nor what had wrought this change in
me.

The woods assumed a darker hue,
From bough to bough blithe songsters
few,
Sending to me their joyous greeting,
And balmy odours round me fleeting;
I knew not what the change might be,
Nor what had wrought this change in me.

Fresh life, sweet sounds, and fragrant
air,
Bright colours met me everywhere;
All seem'd in harmony conspiring
My soul with lively transport firing;
I knew not what the change might be,
Nor what had wrought this change in
me.

"Surely," thought I, "some Power
unknown,
From his bright sphere to ours is flown,
Himself in rarest gifts revealing,
By sweets and flowers of gracious heal-
ing;

For what this sudden change can be
I know not, nor how wrought in me.

"Perchance begins a glorious reign
When dust shall rise to life again;
When trees shall move like living crea-
tures,
And beasts gain human souls and fea-
tures,

For what this sudden change can be
I know not, nor how wrought in me."

Whilst thus I mused, nor yet could tell,
My bosom glowed with mightier swell,
A lovely maiden passed me smiling,
Her glance both soul and sense beguil-
ing,

Nor knew I what the change could be,
Nor what had wrought the change in
me.

The dazzling sunbeams blind my eyes;
"T is Spring!" a voice within me
cries;

Oh, blessed time! the winter past,
Earth's icy fetters burst at last,
Her sons who long have pined in sad-
ness,

Shall live like gods in joy and gladness!

Nor knew I what the change must be,
And what had wrought this change in
me.

C. P.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND,

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Barnby Moor," and its late owner, Mr. George Clark.—The Duke of Limbs. *His Amusements after Dinner.*—The "Blue-eyed Maid."—Attack by Highwaymen.—Coming off "Second Best."—The Opera, and Tom Spring's.

WE had a delightful ride thus far, having little to comment upon *en route*, beyond the fact of making a call at Barnby Moor Inn, then kept by Mr. George Clark, a true sportsman, gentleman, and roadside landlord of—his *own* school; for, without disparagement to the worthy order of Bonniface, I have seldom if ever met a man in the same walk of life, actuated by views so enlarged, or possessed of manners so perfectly unobjectionable, as the gentleman-innkeeper at whose house we remained half a day and night; Dallas having diverged considerably from a straight course, in order that he might converse with him on some racing or farming subject.

I never enjoyed a dinner, and rest, more in my life, than on this occasion. We dined in Mr. Clark's own room; had everything that hospitality and good cookery could suggest, with a bottle of the primest "black-strap" that ever a man tossed over a grateful tongue.

George Clark was famed for anecdote and conversational powers; and, when free from gout, was a tough customer over the mahogany. He had, from time to time, many horses in training, mostly in the hands of Mr. John Scott, and was equally famed for his matchless and enlightened notions in farming and breeding stock.

I have described poor Frank Man, of York, as a perfect specimen of a "yeoman-dealer;" my friend, Dallas, as a gentle, or aristocratic yeoman, repudiating all fulsome and spurious meaning in the high-sounding adjective; and now give my friend, the late George Clark of Barnby-Moor, the palm of the "yeoman innkeeper," *par excellence*.

The mental bias and dispositions of all were alike above everything petty, mean, un-English, or unmanly. The mere *manners* of the publican and horse-dealer were a glowing stanza from the true "Poetry of Life," exalting the men, as they did, so far above their respective occupations, as to render them an honour to the society of which they were members.

No man was ever more missed or regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances than the well-known landlord, coach-proprietor, farmer, and sportsman, Mr. Clark.

From Barnby-Moor we headed straight away to our friend the Duke's, he being, probably, the head of the yeoman class I have portrayed, as well by reason of his exalted rank, landed possession, and extent of farming, as by virtue of the true love he bore

to everything straightforward, sportsmanlike, (not *sporting* merely, in which there lies a vast difference), and unadulterated English country taste.

He was heart and limb devoted to mankind and good-fellowship, and is by far too worthy and ornamental an inhabitant of our Bye-lanes to be named anonymously for the future.

Accompany us, then, reader, to the abode of Joe Whitaker, of Ramsdale House, on Nottingham Forest, or, his Grace of Limbs, as you may prefer the titled or untitled acquaintance.

We remained a day or two at Ramsdale House, and enjoyed ourselves, as may be imagined from the attributes so justly awarded to our host. One day we rode to Nottingham-market, and dined with as good a set of fellows as ever swallowed a bumper, at the "George the Fourth." Here we met Mr. Lacy, of Colwich, the breeder of many noted animals on the turf, and, without exception, one of the neatest and most game "old fellows" I ever knew. He talked of having seen fifty Legers run for, and looked as if good for fifty more; his lady having, as he informed us, "dropped a colt foal" that very morning, and offering to take five to one in hundreds, that she "foaled" a colt or a filly again within the year! Nobody would lay him the odds, the old "brick" looked too fresh to make it a "good thing." They were a prime set, these Market-fellows of that day, and formed a jovial division, that "finished" alternately at the "Ram," and old "Sam Bestow's," in the Shambles, called the "Duke's Own."

Another day Joe gave us a dinner on the Forest, and a copious one! after a ride to Mansfield-market; inviting all the "George the Fourth" brigade, and filling them with his "Fifteen" port to their soul's content.

In proof of this, three or four *slow* men! who could no longer "stand the candles," (Joe always lighted up terribly, and furiously stirred the fire when he contemplated serving his friends out—it taking a very good man, as he asserted, to face port and a strong light for a continuance!) slunk away—not upstairs—this they had tried before—but into their coach, which stood waiting, though unhorsed, on the gravel walk in front of the house, and quickly fell into sweet oblivion.

Then the mighty Duke girded up his loins, took the pole of the carriage in one hand, and backed the freight of skulkers into a fish-pond, that yawned in the pale moonlight under their lee, immersing the vehicle as deep as the head of the steps.

In an hour or two, a fat gentleman woke up, and feeling inclined for a grilled bone and drop of "cold without,"—the latter of which he quickly got!—stepped with considerable dignity into the night lair of carp and eels, and floundered under the keel of the carriage, tally-ho'd by his Grace, who kept a bright look-out for his victims "breaking covert." The others followed the fat man, and scrambled ashore as best they might, none the worse for their snooze and hip-bath, or half fathom's experience, not to steal away for the future from the mahogany on the Forest.

The Duke kept a stud of four-legged fiends under the guise of horse-flesh, for his own and friends' especial riding: brutes seventeen hands high, rushing, hard-mouthed, vicious devils, that no man durst mount but himself, were ever grinding corn at Ramsdale,

and most courteously at the service of any tranquil gentleman staying in the house, emulous of seeing the Meet.

Then Joe was in his glory, especially if he could manage to combine "market and hounds," and contrive to remain till past dark—as when did he not?—and have the honour of shewing the way home by a near cut!

I mind how once on a time we left Mansfield about midnight in winter, I having, like a maniac, bestridden a wall-eyed, eccentric animal of a blue-black colour, with a blaze in her forehead, that Joe always rode after dinner, having long accustomed her to his own ways, and called the "Blue-eyed Maid."

On this occasion he rode a brute as high as a house, with capped hocks and a string-halt, called "Big Tom of Lincoln," and set off at a gallop from the very yard of the "White Swan," followed by the bucking, shoulder-less maiden with the blue eye, on whose back I thought—God help me!—to amble homewards. The Duke had kindly recommended her to me as something between a "shooting-pony and lady's nag;" "Big Tom," he allowed "required hands," though he assured me he was "a sweet nag when a man knew him," a fact I was too glad to take his word for.

After passing "the Hut" like infuriated night-imps, Joe crashed through a fence, having unaccountably missed the "gap," shouting to me to follow—it was pitch dark—and to "war the rabbit-holes." The blue-eyed devil sprang at the bank on hearing the sticks fly, having, as I believe, a lurch for Big Tom—the brute was a "rig," with the disposition of Satan—and very quickly superseded me in the command. His Grace knew every inch of the way, intricate as it was, from some twenty years' experience, whilst I could not see a yard before me for my very life, and fortunately at length I refrained from all interference with my wall-eyed steed. After passing through several plantings, over a warren crenelled like a cullender, and divers stubble-fields, we arrived at our quarters, covered with foam, where Will, the "night-man," was waiting for us with hot water, a cold ham, and large tankard of home-brewed, all of which, with "nine corns" of the weed, Joe partook of before he retired to rest; the next morning he was up, shaved, and dressed before I had scarce soothed my agitated bones into a fitful slumber.

He was, in sooth, a terrible fellow, and far beyond the temerity of the most audacious highwayman of the district. Once, on returning from Nottingham-market, the Duke *was* attacked by three or four fellows, who had mistaken him for another "customer." His Grace instantly "retorted," beating out the brains of one ruffian with a whip-stock he always carried, mounted with a solid silver fox, as heavy as a sledge-hammer; trampling a second all but to death in a deep ditch, into which he threw himself and "Blue-eyed Maid" without an instant's hesitation, just catching the words of a third as he exclaimed in horror, "By G—d, it's Whitaker! we shall all be killed, and no mistake!"

This is as strictly true, as "truth has been of late," and hardly exaggerated, the circumstance really occurring. The Duke was a giant in strength and constitution; and, when mounted on any one of his angelic quadrupeds, and primed for action—I never saw him intoxicated, the country did not exist vast enough to produce the vineyard capable of making him so—he would be an overmatch for

any three skulking cowardly footpads, as we have seen. He was a man to whom Dick Turpin or Paul Clifford would have given a free pass from respect to pluck and manhood.

In early life he was a "bruiser" with hounds, and, up to this date, always went well in front.

I shall not readily forget the Duke making up a toilet for the chance of visiting the Italian Opera on one occasion, when we left his house for Epsom, I having warned him of the necessity for something "black" in his outfit, much to his disgust and astonishment.

"Will!" shouted he from the head of the stairs, "are there any black breeches of mine in the house?"

"There was a pair, sir," answered Will, "got for poor Mr. Burgess's funeral, but I never seen 'em since."

"Look 'em up, Will; and put a dress coat—not a *red* one, as you did before—into the carpet bag," replied his Grace.

"All right, sir," said Will.

When we met at dinner in Covent Garden at the "Piazza," I found Joe "got up for the play" regardless of expense. He had a long-waisted light-brown coat, with a buff waistcoat, and gilt buttons ornamented by a fox's head, *the* inimitable web of cambric carefully folded, and, if I remember rightly, drab continuations, with a row of buttons at the bottom, the black pair being long since moth-eaten and useless. No style could be more thoroughly gentlemanlike or countrified, or in better taste for a *morning*. The waistcoat floored him, as will be seen in the sequel, it having, besides the foxes' heads, flaps, and being quite as long as some fellows' night-shirts.

We dined on the quiet, and then set off to our stalls, for which we had tickets; Joe assuming an air of ineffable satisfaction with his rig, as I thought, though he quizzed me openly for my sober entire black suit, saying, "I might pass for a Methodist parson, but for nothing *human*."

However, we at length got to the first barrier, after fighting our way inch by inch, during which "passage of *arms*" Joe contrived to squeeze the starch and "set" out of several swells who essayed a shove with him; when a pale-faced, supercilious personage took my ticket, and instantly, after passing me, lowered the barrier in my companion's face, saying, after a rapid survey of his toggery, "Beg pardon, sir, but dress don't admit you."

"Not admit me!" shouted the Duke; "what the devil do you mean, you scoundrel? I shall take the 'post and rail' at a rush, if you don't stand clear. Look out, madam, for, by G—d, I'm coming!"

And a pretty "diversion" he would have caused amongst the *bouquets* and patent leather on the off-side had he landed amongst them: but another fellow hove up, and assured his Grace that it was *impossible*; apologizing so blandly, and giving the sign for half a *score* of the A division to close up, that, after cursing them all for a crew of vile snobs and French barbers, he shouted to me to "cram on," as he was rather pleased than otherwise that it was so; preferring infinitely to blow a cloud with his friend Tom Spring at the "Castle" in Holborn, where I should find him after the "foreign caterwauling" was over.

This was true enough, for at the "Castle" I found him seated between Caunt and Bendigo, trying all in his power to get up a

fight between them; offering to go a hundred of the latter's battle money to induce Caunt to stand another drubbing. Joe was a great patron of Bendy's by reason of hailing from the same neighbourhood; and a very few years previous to this era in his life, would have had a "cut in" at the "big un," for love and a bellyful himself, quite as soon as not.

Joe Whitaker, though far from being a turfman, was, nevertheless, dearly fond of a race, and generally backed his fancy for the Derby or Leger for a cool hundred or so, but seldom or ever exceeded that amount. And, could he but win sufficient to purchase a hunter, stand treat at the Trafalgar at Greenwich, or Star at Richmond, and pay "ex.'s" liberally in town and home again, he was amply content with his luck.

His house at Ramsdale was as comfortable, well-furnished a mansion as ever man put foot in; nor was it possible to meet with more undeviating kindness in look, as well as in act, than every inmate and guest experienced at the hands of the lady of the house, Mrs. Whitaker,—a lady in every respect worthy to be mated with the stalwart Duke of Limbs, but now, alas! no more.

It would be superfluous to state, saving for the information of the "respectable aggregates" of society, whose seat may not be adapted to the paces of Big Tom, or even the Blue-eyed Maid, that my portraiture of the eccentricities of character, is given as painters favour us with light and shade, and that I could run into many sheets of paper with accounts of Joe Whitaker's charity to an extensive neighbourhood—his universal popularity, by reason of his unspotted reputation—did I but feel the inclination.

But I have a motive in giving an impression from a type of Englishmen, who, I hope, from their manly, sound-hearted attributes will flourish intact amongst us; and, as I premised at starting, leave to the discerning reader the task of sifting the moral to be deduced, possibly from an unvarnished *tableau vivant* of familiar life.

As for my characters, and any charge of lugging them before the public, should such be made, I can only point to yon dense, bawling, reporter-appropriated mass surrounding the betting post on the hill; amongst whom every one alluded to in these sketches is to be found on occasion, and thereby exonerate myself with the justly sensitive and closeted lictor, from being guilty of adding to their publicity.

Did I believe, indeed, for an instant, that any capriole of *my* pen would cause the slightest shade of annoyance, rather than a gleam of amusement to the many esteemed friends I have taken the liberty to name and sketch as denizens of our Bye-lanes, I should regret it from my heart! On the contrary, intending no offence and some good, I shall strive to make the winnowed character into something like an intelligible face to my sporting barometer, and, with health and long life to the Duke of Limbs! clip the end of my forest spun yarn.

PROFESSOR BUNGLE'S VICTIM.

BY PERCIVAL LEIGH.

"I AM certain I could, if you'd only let me try. 'Tis the easiest thing in the world."

"Ah! I dare say. No, no, Bungle. I'll tell you what, though. If anything should happen to me, I have no objection to your doing it then. But, first, make yourself quite sure that the breath is well out of my body."

"My dear Lambton, I do assure you that there is not the least danger."

"No! Why, how am I to breathe, for goodness' sake?"

"Why, look. Put your hand before your mouth. Press tight. There—now inhale. Can't you?"

"Um!"

"Very well. That is all the difficulty you will have in breathing."

"Eh? But, how do you prevent the—what d'ye call it?—from obstructing the nostrils?"

"Oh! that requires nothing but a little manual dexterity."

"So, Bungle, it seems that there would be just your manual dexterity between me and eternity."

"No, no. If anything went wrong, we should clear all off instantly; so that the worst that could happen would be a simple failure."

"Well, but, now, do you mean to say that no fatal accident has ever resulted from it?"

"Never. In one case—the Negro in the College of Surgeons—a little inconvenience occurred; but that was when the whole body was taken at once, which impeded the muscles of respiration."

"Really, it strikes me that this is an operation only to be performed on the dead subject."

Now, the operation to which Mr. Lambton thus objected was that of having a cast taken of his head. Mr. or, as he had been dubbed by his acquaintance, Professor Bungle, was a student of Phrenology, and conceiving the head of his friend Lambton a great fact in illustration of the system of Gall, was desirous of a fac-simile of it to put in his collection by the side of Burke and Courvoisier. Mr. Lambton was in some measure aware of the nature of the process, and so by no means relished the notion of having his head and face impacted in a mass of plaster of Paris.

"No," he added, expressing a very natural apprehension, "if I do, I do, but if I do, I'm—smothered."

"Ah!" cried Professor Bungle. "That's your 'Cautiousness.' It really is very large. You ought to have your cast taken for the sake of science."

"Science may have its army of martyrs, but I'm not going to enlist in that service," said Mr. Lambton.

"Mirthfulness!" exclaimed the professor. "I wish you would keep a little book, and put down all the jokes you make in the course

if the very Mr. Lambton, large—made so many jokes in a year. It would be more valuable evidence."

"Oh, no," retorted Mr. Lambton, "what a deal of trouble!"

"But," the professor asserted, "there you go with your small fingers. Lambton is very singular correspondence of character with development. Don't you see how important it is to collect these facts?"

"No," answered Lambton, "I must candidly say, I have no scientific enthusiasm."

"Just so," said Bungle, "Ideality," and the Feelings generally, predominating over Comparisons and Causality. Very remarkable."

"Besides," asked Mr. Lambton, "what would be the use of the thing?"

"By yourself—the process. It will enable you to study your own character, and ascertain from time to time what organs increase or diminish."

"How so?"

"By comparing your head with the cast. If the head becomes larger in any direction, it will show that the corresponding faculty has improved, and vice versa. Suppose you gain an eighth of an inch in Consciousness, for instance. Take the difference between you and Government in this respect at present, as half an inch."

"Do you mean to say I have only half an inch more honesty than Government?"

"No, no. As half an inch is to your superiority over him, so will one eighth be to your improvement upon yourself. Let us reckon by weight. Twenty grains of Consciousness are equal—"

"To many samples of conscience? Oh! come, I say, I can't believe all that."

"Then test it. The proof of the pudding—"

"Is not, I hope, in taking a cast of my head," said Mr. Lambton.

"But don't you think," suggested the crafty professor, changing his tack, that a faithful likeness of you would be an agreeable present to Mrs. Lambton?"

"Eh?" responded the husband, touched in a tender point.

"For your wedding-day, you know," urged the astute Bungle.

"Lay my head at her feet!" said Lambton. "Come, there's more sense in that. But are you sure, now, it's quite safe?"

"Quite. I have undergone it myself: had my head shaved on purpose," replied the professor.

"Head shaved? Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Lambton. "That I never will consent to."

"The hair," observed the professor, "is not essential to the animal economy."

"Yes," returned Lambton, "but it is very essential to personal appearance. Can't you take the head with the hair on?"

"Why yes, I can," answered Bungle; "but to have it shaved would be more satisfactory."

"By no means," said his friend, "either to myself or Mrs. Lambton."

"Ah!" sighed the professor; "that's your Love of Approbation. Never mind; it can be managed."

"But surely the process is very disagreeable?"

"Not at all. It's all over in five minutes."

"Certain of that?"

"Positive."

"Eh!—well!—well then, I give in. But, somehow, I'm very much afraid you'll make a mess of it."

"Trust me for that. Look at my Constructiveness. Everything will be quite right, depend upon it?"

"When will you do it?"

"The sooner the better. Suppose we say, to-morrow, here, in your study. Just get the carpet taken up; have in a bucket of water, a jug or two, a couple of wash-hand basins, a large dish, and a pillow or a bolster. The other things that will be wanted I'll bring with me."

"Shall you require any assistance?"

"I'll get my friend Hitch to come and help me;—clever fellow—should like you to know him."

"Very well, said Lambton. "By the way, don't tell my wife what we are about to do. I want to surprise her."

"Secretiveness, eh? Useful faculty under proper control," remarked Professor Bungle. "To-morrow, then,—that will suit you?"

"To-morrow. And now suppose we go and have a bit of supper."

"Alimentiveness?" said the professor. "Very good, in moderation. Come along, then." They adjourned accordingly, Bungle much congratulating himself on the address with which he had inveigled Mr. Lambton. "Persuaded him it would please his wife. Appealed to his Adhesiveness. Knew where to have him," said Professor Bungle to himself, chuckling inwardly at the success of his psychological manœuvre.

The next morning Mr. Bungle came punctual to his appointment, and accompanied by his friend Hitch. Hr. Hitch was a young philosopher, member of a mechanics' Institute, at which the professor sometimes lectured. He was studying for the profession of a civil engineer, and hence, as also from his cranial configuration, Mr. Bungle inferred a mechanical turn, likely to render him an eligible *famulus* in any delicate operation. The room had been prepared according to Professor Bungle's directions, and Mr. Lambton was ready for the institution of immediate proceedings.

"Now, then, Hitch," said Bungle, "let us arrange our implements and materials. Lay them out upon that table. First, the plaster of Paris."

Mr. Hitch plunged his hand into a blue bag which he carried, and drew out a large earthen jar.

"Fresh burnt?" observed the professor. "Got it this morning from Signor Fiasco's. Go on."

Mr. Hitch dived again and produced a ball of twine and a trowel.

"You are not going to stucco me like a wall with that instrument?" cried Mr. Lambton.

"Don't be fidgetty," answered Bungle. "Our success will depend on being all of us quite cool. We shall get on capitally, only don't put me out.—Is that all, Hitch? Where's the spermaceti ointment?"

"Ointment!" exclaimed Lambton. "What for?"

"To smooth down the hair and whiskers, which would be much better off,—but no matter."

"Thank you," said Mr. Lambton, "if it's all the same, I should very much prefer pomatum."

Mr. Bungle asked what occasion there was to be so nice; but Mr. Lambton decidedly objected to the ointment, and a maid-servant was despatched for six-pennyworth of pomatum to the hair-dresser's, Bungle and Hitch employing themselves, in the meanwhile, in adjusting the jugs, basins, dish, pillow, bolster, string, trowel, and plaster of Paris. In five minutes the girl returned. "Now," said Mr. Bungle. — "I think we are all ready."

Mr. Lambton, by the professor's directions, took off his coat, turned down his collars, and seated himself in a chair. Bungle then proceeded to agglutinate his hair and whiskers with pomatum, so as to convert them into a dense concrete, overlying smoothly the head and cheek. He then caused his patient to lie on the ground, and placed under his head the large dish, supported by the pillow. This done, in order to measure the distance, he made him sit upright on the floor, and adapted to his head two pieces of string, one transversely crossing the crown and ears, and the other passing over the middle, along the line of the nose, to beneath the chin. To keep them in their places, he desired Mr. Hitch to tie their ends around the neck with another cord, which Hitch drew so tightly that Mr. Lambton cried out that he was strangling him.

"What are you about, Hitch? Take care, pray," said Bungle.

"What is this for?" inquired Lambton. "One would think you were measuring me for the Gentleman's Real Head of Hair, or Invisible Peruke."

"By pulling out these strings," answered the professor, "while the plaster is moist, we divide it into separate portions, by which means we take it off."

"Doesn't it sometimes stick?"

"Never, unless the operator is very inexperienced indeed, or excessively clumsy. Let me see. We've arranged all the preliminaries, I think. Yes. Now, Hitch, fill the handbasin half full of water, will you?" The assistant did as he was requested. "Now, then, if you please," continued Bungle, "take that spoon, and keep stirring while I sprinkle in the plaster of Paris. Gently!" cried the professor, as Hitch went to work as if he were whipping cream, bespattering himself, the table, and Mr. Bungle, with whitewash.

The liquid having acquired the requisite consistence, Mr. Hitch, by the direction of his superior, set the basin on the floor close to the dish, into which the professor transferred a large portion of its contents. He then took his patient by the shoulders, and assisted him to recline, so that the back of his head might sink gently into the mass of plaster. "So far so good," exclaimed Bungle; and proceeded, by the help of the trowel, to build up the material around the head of Lambton as far as the temples. "And now," he said, "for the face."

"I don't think we've mixed enough plaster," observed Hitch.

"Dear me, no!—that's a pity! We must make some more, only be quick," cried Professor Bungle. "Stand out of the way!" Mr. Hitch, in complying with this request, upset the bucket. "Do—do be more cautious! There, ring the bell;—ask for some more water. —found it! the plaster will set! Stop!—let me pull out the

strings. There!—we can do the front half by itself: no harm, after all," said the professor, re-adjusting the piece of twine that corresponded to the profile.

In the meantime, Mr. Hitch had despatched the servant to replenish the bucket, which having been done, our artists recommenced operations. Just as they had begun mixing another batch of plaster, somebody tapped at the door, to which Mr. Bungle rushed with an exclamation of impatience. It was the maid-servant. "Please, sir," said the girl, "missus wants to know what you 're a-doing of."

"Nothing that she need be at all alarmed at. Go away, there's a good girl; and please don't interrupt us," said Bungle earnestly, and hastily closed the door.

"I say," expostulated the prostrate Lambton, "is this your five minutes?"

"Pray, don't talk," returned the professor. "Don't, there's a good fellow, you'll embarrass me." Mr. Lambton was silent.

"Now," said Bungle, having prepared the second layer of plaster, "Lambton, attend to me. We are going to do the face: be sure, on no account to stir."

"Very well."

"Try as much as you can to keep your features motionless, or else the cast will be disfigured."

"I understand."

"Lastly: if it should—of course, it won't,—but, if it should happen that you feel any inconvenience in breathing,—Hitch, reach me that walking-stick,—just knock with this cane three distinct times on the floor. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Good," said the professor. "Now for the most delicate part of the process. Shut your eyes and mouth, and hold them steadily closed."

Bungle gently poured a spoonful of plaster into either orbit, and then very gingerly carried his work over the whole face, leaving out only the under part of the nose. This portion of the job was accomplished without any accident, except that Mr. Hitch once allowed the basin to overflow on Mr. Lambton's breast.

So much having been prosperously effected, Professor Bungle applied another coating of composition, and a third, and a fourth, over the mask, to give it the requisite thickness. At length he said he thought that would do.

"Does it strike you," hinted Mr. Hitch, "that there is quite sufficient over the nose?"

"Eh?—why, perhaps not. Best to make sure," replied Bungle, refilling the spoon. Here there was another knock at the door. The professor, starting, dropped the dab of plaster, and thus completely occluded the aperture which had been left for the patient's respiration. Mr. Lambton immediately rapped the ground with his walking-stick. The knocking at the door was renewed at the same time, and diverted the attention of the operator from the signal.

Rap-tap-tap! went the stick of Mr. Lambton. Bang, bang, bang! resounded the knuckles at the door.

"Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed the distracted professor. "What a bore!"

"Let me come in!" cried the voice without.

"Stay!—for heaven's sake, stay a moment!" shouted the professor wildly.

"I won't! I shan't!—I will, I must, know what you are doing with William!" shrieked the voice, in feminine accents.

"Hitch, turn the key!" cried Bungle. The latter rushed to the door, which, before he could accomplish his purpose, was thrown open, knocking him backwards, and with him the table, and the whole apparatus on it, and Mrs. Lambton sprang impetuously into the room. At the same time Mr. Lambton started up in the agonies of suffocation, clawing off with his fingers the plaster which obstructed his nostrils. But, top-heavy with the weight upon his head, he reeled over, and would have fallen, unless the professor had caught him. Mrs. Lambton uttered a wild scream, and was also tumbling, when Mr. Hitch jumped up, and received her in his arms.

"You have killed him!—you have destroyed my husband!" gasped the lady.

"The deuce take it—the deuce take it!" cried Professor Bungle, stamping with vexation.

Mr. Lambton certainly presented an appearance calculated to alarm the wife of his bosom. The hinder part of the cast had fallen off, but the whole front of the head and face were incased in what appeared to be a large, rugged block of chalk. His clothes were bespattered with the droppings of the process, and, unable to speak, with heaving chest, he hung over the shoulder of Mr. Bungle.

"My good lady, there's no mischief done,—there is not indeed,—except that you have spoiled our work. You see, he breathes perfectly well," the professor said.

"He breathes! Thank goodness!" ejaculated the wife, sinking into a chair which did not happen to be overturned.

"Come, Lambton, lie down." The patient flung his arms about frantically. "Nonsense! we are going to take it off. There is not a moment to lose, for in one more it will be as hard as a brick," roared Bungle. An indistinct groan escaped from Lambton's nose, and he again resigned himself to the hands of the operator. The professor hastily pulled out the remaining string, which divided the mask into two lateral portions. "Ha!" said he, "we shall have a tolerable face yet;—nose a little injured—but that won't much signify. Hitch, the trowel!" and with this instrument Mr. Bungle proceeded to complete the detachment of the two sides. They yielded sufficiently to allow Mr. Lambton to open his mouth, a liberty which he made use of to utter an expression too forcible to be repeated.

"Don't give way to your 'Destructiveness': we shall do better than I thought, yet," observed Bungle.

"Take it off—take it off!—why don't you take it off?" spluttered Mr. Lambton.

"It hangs a little," replied the professor. "The scissors, Hitch, —or your penknife, that will do."

"What are you at?" yelled the patient.

"Only cutting through a little lock of hair which it has adhered to." But it stuck by several, which had to be divided, one by one, in the unspeakable anguish of Mr. Lambton, over whom his wife all this while hung, wringing her hands in desperation.

"Won't it come now?" inquired Mr. Hitch.

"It is still entangled," returned Bungle, "by the whiskers."

"Can't you use the scissors?" moaned unhappy Lambton.

"They won't reach far enough," answered Professor Bungle. Accordingly, he was obliged literally to saw through "each particular hair" of either whisker, twitching at every effort a filament of the facial nerve, and eliciting a cry of agony from the sufferer. In about three-quarters of an hour the mask was disengaged, and the poor fellow released from his torture. "Thank Heaven it's over!" he cried, starting on his feet.

"My dear William, how could you!" exclaimed Mrs. Lambton.

"Really, Lambton," stammered Bungle, "I am very sorry."

"Not a word," said Lambton. 'Tis no use now. I am alive; that's enough. Mary-Anne, dear,—some water, hot water."

"It was all accidental," pleaded the professor.

"I've no patience with you, Mr. Bungle," said Mrs. Lambton.

Amid confused ejaculations, devout and indignant, Mr. Lambton applied himself to divest his head and face of the fragments of stonemason's rubbish which adhered to them; and whilst he was thus occupied, Mr. Bungle and Mr. Hitch picked up the broken bits of the mould. "I think we shall be able to put them together. We shall have something to shew, after all," said the professor.

"I should hope you would, after what I have undergone," observed Lambton. "Well, if ever I am such a fool again! But, never mind, it serves me quite right. A pretty figure I am, I dare say."

"You are, indeed, William," said his wife. "Only look in the glass."

"How ever shall I get the grease out of my hair?" demanded Mr. Lambton.

"Oh!" answered the professor, "easily, with a little soft soap and soda."

In spite, however, of soft soap and soda, and continual ablution, the hair of Mr. Lambton, for at least a fortnight, presented the appearance, and partook largely of the substance, of a pound of candles. Moreover, both it and his whiskers were notched in divers places to the skin, and, as he was forced to be cropped close, for the sake of uniformity, it was many months before he could present himself in company without giving rise to certain remarks in connexion with the subject of prison discipline.

Professor Bungle and Mr. Hitch joined the fragments of the mould, and were ultimately enabled to produce a sort of cast from it. But the front and back portions having slipped at the juncture, the hinder half of the head was about an inch higher than the fore; there were, also, various bumps upon it, not phrenological, corresponding to gaps in the shell; and, by reason of the aperture which had been left at the end of the nose, the extremity of that feature was garnished with an excrescence resembling a large plum. Moreover, as the patient had not been able to command his countenance, the face was contorted by a hideous grin, expressive of pain and exasperation. Mrs. Lambton declared she would not keep such a thing; Lambton begged that he might never see it again; and the professor was ashamed of his own handywork: so, it was finally consigned to Mr. Hitch, who still preserves at his lodgings, on the mantel-piece, this fearful memorial of Professor Bungle's awkwardness.

THE CELLINI CUP.

BY SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

CHAPTER VII.

HAVING disclosed his name, Mr. Rivers now advanced towards Cecilia, and held out his hand to solicit hers.

To what particular degree of crimson or carmine she blushed it would be difficult to describe, since neither Raphael, or Michael Angelo, nor Sir Joshua, could have caught the evanescent tints which flashed over every feature, and as quickly vanished.

She gave her hand, which the middle-aged gentleman (now no longer the stranger) pressed between both his own, and bowed over with profound respect, much after the once popular fashion of Sir Charles Grandison.

"And now," said Mr. Rivers, "I fully understand the whole secret and mystery of that beautiful specimen of Cellini's art, your '*noli me vendere cup.*' That cup I have admired a thousand times under your mother's paternal roof. If you will pass your nail round the rim you will find a slight indent made by my knife one day when I was attempting to massacre a wasp which had settled there after having stung the beautiful brow of my instructress. On the rough interior of the base of the cup a keen eye may still discover the names of Charles Rivers and Cecilia Silverthong scratched with the same knife. That fine work first inspired me with a love of the arts, which has never forsaken me. The head of that cane is an undoubted work by the same master, and you will find one figure upon it which is an exact repetition of one on your cup. I bought it in Rome. The old ebony chair, too, I claim as an old acquaintance. The discovery of my old friend and preserver, Mufti, in your possession, first suggested to me this morning the fact which is now proved. Your father, I believe—"

"Your pardon, dear sir, for this interruption," said George, "but did you know my father?"

"Why, yes," replied Rivers, "as a child knows a man. He was many years older than myself, and, as we were near neighbours, I have seen him frequently; but I was then a mere boy, and never noticed by him, though I was a schoolfellow, and intimate with another member of your family. Your father, I was about to say, does not reside with you, I believe?"

"Not at present, sir; he is now abroad on account of his health," replied George.

"I am sorry to hear that such is the cause of his absence: and your uncle, may I inquire, my old schoolfellow and friend, Gilbert?"

"He, sir, is no more; he was drowned on his homeward passage from India."

"Good God! you surprise and shock me! dead! then allow me to ask, how came the dog in your possession?"

"He was brought to the house about two years ago by a confidential and most intelligent servant of my uncle, directed hither by a friend in the shire, the only person living to whom had been confided the

assumption of our mother's name, and the unhappy causes that had led to it."

"Two years ago! only two years!" observed Rivers, with astonishment. "And the letter which I likewise entrusted to him?"

"Was lost with him."

"Alas! poor Gilbert; he was a man, after all, more sinned against than sinning."

"It is a painful subject to revive, dear sir. His crime, as I have understood, broke my poor father's heart, though he still exists a living wreck of what I once remember him. His dreadful sufferings, we have too much reason to believe, mainly contributed to shorten the life of our beloved mother."

At this moment Cecilia, who had for some time struggled with her feelings, quietly rose, and glided from the room.

"I am a fool!" exclaimed Rivers,—“an inconsiderate ass, and a brute! I have afflicted your lovely sister. Am I, then, doomed to persecute her race?"

Young George took half the blame to himself, then added, that he would give the poor girl a few minutes to collect herself, and then urge her to return. Meantime, Rivers begged permission to recur for one moment to the subject last named, after which he would speak of, or allude to him, no more.

"Are your family aware," said he, "of a fact in which I conscientiously believe,—namely, that the crime to which you have alluded was not only suggested and urged by a fiend in human form, but that it was actually perpetrated by himself alone? and moreover, that he, the arch-villain, derived the whole and sole and undivided benefit—if such it may be called—of the base fraud he had committed?"

"I, at least, am not aware of any of those facts," replied George.

"My father never could allude to the subject without an excitement which, at times, threatened the entire subversion of his reason; and you will imagine how carefully all reference to it was avoided by me."

"Still, I had the assurance from the living lips of the humbled and degraded penitent himself; and to the voluntary confession of such a culprit there was no denying credence. As my object was to see the world, and only to remain in any particular spot so long as I found information and improvement there; and as he had a restless anxiety to be moving anywhere in search of the villain whose name he had, for his own purposes, adopted, we soon agreed to travel together through Turkey and the Persian empire, which I had a particular desire to explore. Many were the risks we ran, and the dangers we escaped; but our mute but sagacious companion was more than equal to a host of guards. We had much time for thought, and much for conversation; and it was not till we reached Thibet, to which place I had ordered my English letters and papers to be addressed, that I first read of your father's munificent restitution of the abstracted property. On this, it was at my earnest entreaty that your uncle at length promised to return to England, still under his assumed name of Bearcroft, and so far, at least to vindicate his character, as boldly to stand forward and assert the facts, and thus to prove to the generous and humane that, though equally guilty in the eyes of the law, he had been merely an instrument, and not a principal, in the act he had so much reason to deplore. With this intention he quitted me at Thibet, with my letter

and the shortest way in charge in company with merchants who were travelling to the Continent is his most expeditious route to England, by taking his passage from Bombay, or some other port in the Arabian Sea. "What strange event could cross his settled purpose, and lead him on in a westerly way if India is a mystery to me which must ever now remain indelible?"

"There indeed," observed George, "his servant, John Torrid, should be enabled to throw any light on that point."

"But where is that man?" anxiously inquired Rivers.

"That will not be difficult since he resides in this house as my valet," replied George.

"Indeed! I pray you let me see him instantly," eagerly returned his new acquaintance.

"That may not be so easy," replied George, "since he is at this moment enjoying the exhibition of an Indian ballet in the gallery of the Indian Opera House. But it is now past ten, and you will partake, I trust, of our humble supper."

He now rang the bell, and desired the servant to bring the tray; and then indulged for a minute's absence in order to recall his sister. As he was leaving the room, Rivers delayed him by observing,—

"I will cheerfully partake of your meal; but may an old friend of your family be allowed to invade a guest?"

"What passed through the mind of the young host it might be difficult to trace, but for a single instant he looked aghast; in the next he smiled and said,—

"You mean Mufti."

"Assuredly I do," replied his visitor; "and lest his ecstasies should betray the young lady's presence in her drawing-room, I shall beg to be allowed to receive the first fury of his caresses in the hall. That dog, as you have heard by me from a puppy; he was my constant companion and indeed for many a day during a sulky or unsocial fit (call it what you please) which lasted for nearly three years, my only friend. He saved my life one night in an obscure inn in Hungary, where, but for his sagacity, I should certainly have been murdered; but the anecdote will keep for a better opportunity."

George now went in search of his sister.

Mr. Rivers descended to the passage, unlocked the door, and the sagacious and amiable brute was in a moment in his embrace. I say in his embrace, for the original owner caressed the animal with almost as much affection as the delighted brute hugged and welcomed him.

The dog followed at the heels of his original master into the drawing-room, where the brother and sister were prepared to receive them. Mr. Rivers paid his respects to both, and so did Mufti. They next all partook of the temperate supper (Mufti and all) which awaited their arrival. The only remarkable fact to be noticed was the incessant appeals of Mr. Rivers to the young lady from whom, except as decorum required, he never long withdrew his eyes. "Yes, by G—!" was more than once muttered as that circumstance occurred; and at length, after a long pause in his conversation (and supper), he said,—

"I would not for the world inflict a pang of recollection on either of you; but neither can remember your mother *as she was!* Yet I beseech you to tell me if memory or report has ever informed you that

my respected young friend here is the almost identical resemblance of that once persecuted, ever respected being?"

It was at once admitted by the young host that the resemblance was acknowledged by all the world who knew them.

"Yes, by G—! and so I thought," said Rivers.

Now Charles Rivers—whose youth had been marked by wild and enthusiastic passion—whose manhood had been devoted to self-correction, to study, and observation—whose health had been strengthened by habits of temperance and exercise—at the age of forty-three appeared in the high prime of life, with a strikingly handsome person, and manners cultivated by the best society, with which his fortune and introductions had enabled him to associate during his long residence in the foreign courts of Europe; he was precisely the man to awaken in the mind of a young female those sentiments of admiration, respect, and attachment, which had to that moment remained dormant under the crushing influence of an unhappy home and secluded education. Not that Charles Rivers required any such apology for the devotion of even an experienced heart. He was a man whose person could not pass unobserved in any society, and whose acquirements, even on short acquaintance, rendered him acceptable to all. No wonder, therefore, if even at this first interview, the minute seed of a subsequent attachment was planted in the young, susceptible, but hitherto untouched heart of the gentle girl, now, for the first time, the avowed object of admiration, and that admiration the offspring of what might be called an hereditary passion. Some feelings, it is true, of rather a perplexing nature sometimes crossed her mind, as the reader may have anticipated; but months of devoted and rational attention from such a man, during which his attachment to her beloved mother's memory served to familiarize her to its living and flattering transfer, coupled with the qualities, and virtues, and person of the being who tendered those attentions, produced that grateful return of affection which, if grounded less in passion than in reason, was certain to produce a more permanent, and possibly no less enthusiastic result.

The clock struck twelve, and interrupted an animated and interesting conversation.

"Mufti hears the tread of John Torrid," said the silversmith, and at the next moment the bell rang.

"And now, my dear young friends," said Rivers, "pardoning, as you have done, my long intrusion, I must intrude a short time longer, to ascertain, if possible, the facts relating to the end of my ill-fated, much wronged, and most-beloved friend, your uncle Gilbert——"

The street-door bell answered, that of the drawing-room was as quickly responded to. The presence of Torrid was requested; and presently, dressed in the ordinary habiliments of society, he entered the room with the air, as well as the appearance, of a gentleman.

"Take a chair, Torrid," said the host, "and let us hear how you have been amused."

But Mufti had anticipated the welcome by instantly acknowledging his friend, and at the next moment returning to Rivers, and throwing his paws upon his shoulders. That act alone was answered by the newly-arrived.

"Good God! Charles Rivers!"

"Yes, by G—! and you, Gilbert Oldm—Bearcroft!"

In an instant their hands were joined, and their hearts met in a brotherly embrace. If this does not surprise the reader, it surprised the young people who witnessed the scene. To them, indeed, it appeared mystery accumulating on mystery.—John Torrid, their assistant, and their Uncle Gilbert, one and the same person! He who had borne throughout Europe and Asia the name of Bearcroft, and in England that of John Torrid.

Who, then, and what was the Bearcroft whose death he had witnessed, and who had, as stated, confided to him the mission of the dog, and the lost letter? These were questions put, with as much acumen as respect, to his newly-discovered relation by the young host, as rapidly as circumstances would permit. The reply was simple, unadorned, and concise.

“I have disfigured truth without lying,” said the newly-discovered Gilbert. “The only fiction I have mingled with it relates to the identity of persons. My narrative was essentially and circumstantially true, though figuratively false. In short, my story was authentic, though some of the details were not genuine. After I had quitted my generous friend Rivers at Thibet, I had determined to proceed direct to England; but, on my arrival at an obscure town, I observed a traveller examining with much apparent curiosity the superscription on my portmanteau, on which the name of Bearcroft was conspicuously engraved. It had been done so with design. Alive to every, even the slightest, suggestion that might by possibility reveal to me the “whereabout” of my former treacherous associate, I instantly addressed the stranger. He apologized for his curiosity, and stated that he had been attracted by the name, as belonging to a countryman who had lately been the subject of much notice in Calcutta, which he, the traveller, had lately quitted. My curiosity now exceeded his; and I presently learned that a person of that by no means common name had been desperately wounded in a scuffle of some kind or other with his own Malay servant, who, he stated, had attempted his life, but whom he had succeeded in disarming, by directing his murderous weapon into his own heart. I reasoned with myself, indeed, on the improbability of the culprit’s having resumed his own name; still, if I encountered his brother, from him I might obtain some useful intelligence. Accustomed for many years to an itinerant life, to traverse the whole of Hindoostan was to me a matter of recreation rather than of labour. I had a motive—a strong and absorbing motive, in comparison with which every other feeling and intention became insignificant. The deadly feeling of revenge against my seducer and worst enemy had long since, thank God! become a stranger to my heart; but I longed to encounter him, to work upon his soul, I cared not how, but by compunction, if I could. All that I have related as having befallen the Bengal traveller actually happened to myself, and yonder lies the witness of his own exploits, on whose shoulder still remains the scar of the wound I have described. I reached Calcutta, where I soon recovered from my own wounds; but the severity of which I transferred by a fiction, which partook of reality, to the object of which I was in search. In the course of my travels, and especially during one year of the most abject penury, I had accustomed myself to assume a variety of characters. I studied the manners of people and classes; and an essential part of my security was derived from an effort at consistency in such assumed personations. In the house to which I had been conveyed on my arrival at Calcutta there was an honest half-countryman of

mine, who shewed me the most disinterested kindness during my confinement and recovery. His name of John Torrid Loton, and his history, I have related truly, but related it as my own. He had received a liberal legacy from the general whom he had long served, and was now on the eve of departing from India to the country of his parents, who were no more, but had left relations and friends behind them. He was entirely unknown to any of the inhabitants of Calcutta, having never left his master's bedside since their arrival there. To this kind and warm-hearted being, whose name I have felt it no degradation to adopt,—indeed, what name or station could I consider beneath me?—to him who attended me as a nurse, and as a physician, and who displayed a degree of refinement and sense far above his rank in life, I in part confided my objects and my history. In part, only, of course; since the name of my family had long been an unutterable word, and the disgrace I had entailed upon it was necessarily confined to my own bosom. But the object of detecting an infamous forger and robber was understood in a moment. Loton had taken his passage in a ship then about to sail for England; and on bidding me farewell, he said, 'Massa,' as he used familiarly to call me during his friendly attendance by my sick-bed,—'dear massa, I go to-night; but, if I understand your objects as I do your motives, I can leave something behind me which may be useful to you. Here is the copy of my dear old master's will. Here is his character of poor John Torrid Loton. Take these; and, if I understand you rightly, they may lead you by a short road to ascertain whether this is indeed the man you seek, and afford you opportunities of attaining your object, should you condescend to adopt my name and station for that purpose, which perhaps no other possible chance could secure you.'

"I instantly caught at this suggestion, and adopted it. It fell in exactly with my own humour; and to assume a new character was an amusement to me. Accident assisted my design; two days after the departure of my humble friend he was sought after by express desire of the wounded man, and, as had been previously arranged, the inquirer was referred to me. John Loton had no connexions in the factory, and had departed secretly. Briefly, I assumed his name, his dress, and manner, and presented myself before the patient, whom I instantly recognized. It was Bearcroft himself. I entered immediately on my new avocation. My object was to restore him, and during his convalescence to wring his heart with remorse, if I found that possible, and if not, to draw from him, under the threat of immediate exposure, by an appeal to the laws, a written confession of his guilt, and an acknowledgment of my comparative innocence; but events precipitated my discovery. It was supposed that the instrument by which he had been wounded had been poisoned, since his wounds defied the most skilful in Bengal.

"Had he been my brother, or my dearest friend, I could not have attended and nursed him day and night with more anxious solicitude, and I soon won his entire confidence and regard; but all was unavailing, he grew worse from week to week, and I plainly perceived that, to succeed, I must be prompt.

"One night, or rather morning,—for it was long after midnight,—he called me to his bedside, and told me he was certain he had not long to live. He charged me to tell him truly and sincerely the opinion of his medical assistants. I replied, that they were not without hopes of his possible recovery; but (as was the fact) that his occasional wanderings

in delirium had led them to believe that something weighed upon his mind, which co-operated with his disease to baffle the effects of their delirium.

— He listened to me for some time with apparent calmness; but as I proceeded he raised his eyes, and at last covered his face with his hands, and as I leaned upon the bed, I felt it trembling against my knee in a manner which convinced me that his whole frame was shaken by inward emotion.

— Suddenly he threw his arms abroad, and gazed on me with a look between agony and fury, exclaiming,

— 'What art thou who dare to accuse me of so dark a crime?—who and what art thou?'

— 'One, I replied, whose sole aim here is to promote your salvation, if you choose to seek it.—one who has the power to brand your name with everlasting infamy, or even, while life yet lingers in your frame, to hand you over to the punishment of the insulted laws,—one who will save you, if you will save yourself,—who holds out to you the offer of forgiveness, so far as his forgiveness can avail you, provided you attempt amendment for your crime. Ay, look upon me still. You know me now—your nurse in your attentive nurse, and voluntary servant, your former victim and unfaithfully-betrayed friend, Gilbert Oldmixon.'

Suffice it to say that I obtained, from what I verily believe to have been sincere contrition, and in the presence of legal witnesses, a full written and attested declaration of the whole truth connected with the fatal transaction, which has not only embittered my life, but has produced incalculably more distressing, because unmerited consequences to my noble brother, and on you, his and my beloved and injured family. But may I not hope that much of this may be forgotten? Bearcroft was of a good family: and though he dared not return to England, he had inadvertently thrown himself into a country where his crime in England was cognizable as clearly as if he had returned to the scene of his former vices. Fortunate events, in the decease of certain members of his family, had placed him in possession of large property, which probably produced the daring experiment of resuming his proper name. But, though long before aware of what my too generous brother had done, I never pressed Bearcroft on the subject of restitution. I left him in a lingering, but dying state. The fiction of his passage with me from Calcutta is already understood, and his supposed loss at sea, and subsequent funeral: but all that I have related respecting our faithful canine-friend there, and the loss of the vessel in the Bay of Biscay, and my loss of the writing-desk which contained the letter of my worthy friend Rivers, applies to myself only. Aware of the complicated misery I had produced, I felt that no station in life, however humble, could degrade me in my own estimation. I therefore supported the character I had adopted, with the name of John Torrid Loton, and with the high character which his old master, the general, had bequeathed him, I found no difficulty in finding acceptance as a servant to my excellent nephew and my charming niece here, until the hoped return of my unhappy brother should enable me to throw aside disguise, and from that moment resign my destiny and fortune entirely into his hands,—I say my fortune, for not more than twelve months ago I received an authenticated account of the termination of the long-protracted sufferings of Frederick Bearcroft, whose last will bequeathed to me the sum of thirty thousand pounds,

which I hold in trust for my deeply-injured brother, whenever I dare, and am permitted, to present myself before him."

"Come, come," cried Rivers, "you shall hold up your head amongst the proudest and the best still. What! shall one error, weakness, or even crime, condemn a noble nature for life? If, as I believe, there is Providence even in the fall of a sparrow, there is a higher still (though I deny your sin altogether), which directs and receives the repentance of a sinner."

A thousand interrogatories and replies, mutually, interchanged, protracted this meeting to a very late hour. Rivers was the first to move; and all that remains to tell of this "strange eventful history" is, that the misanthrope—the victim of too nice a susceptibility—continued to live abroad after a long correspondence, in which not only forgiveness to his brother Gilbert was reiterated, but expressions were conveyed of the serenity of his own mind, which was now fully relieved from the darker hues of guilt which had stained his name and family, but professing his consciousness of the utter impossibility of restoring it to its once unblemished character. He remained many years a wanderer on the earth, and died without ever having been known to form a friendship.

Charles Rivers for a long time suppressed the fact that he had been recalled to England by the death of his elder brother, who had broken his neck in a steeple-chase, having only a few months before succeeded to his father's baronetcy by the sudden demise of that unimportant person. Indeed, he concealed this fact until certain liberal and voluntary settlements were submitted to the interested parties on the eve of his intended marriage with Cecilia Silverthong, to whose known name, however, he had taken especial care to affix also that of Oldmixon. But another, not disagreeable surprise, was in *petto*. During his residence of more than twenty years abroad, he had never lost sight of home, and, above all at home, of the fortunes of the objects of his boyish affections. He heard of her marriage—of her children—of his old friend Gilbert's crime, as it then appeared to the world—of Oldmixon's despondency and subsequent misfortunes and aberrations. He heard of his estrangement from society, and the final sale of his property, and had sent a *carte blanche* to his agent to become the purchaser. In his proposed marriage settlement this estate was made over to the said Cecilia, formerly (Silverthong) Oldmixon, with a handsome jointure as a provision for younger children, while his own entailed estates were ample for the provision of an elder son.

The petted old dog, Mufti, as petted old dogs generally do, died before he attained a *natural* old age, and was duly regretted by all his attached friends.

Gilbert never reclaimed his name; but he lived to encounter some few of his old associates, who had "reformed in time," or had never disgraced themselves.

Need we add, that the immortal Cellini Cup was parted with at length by the flourishing and successful silversmith? Not for its "weight in gold or double that," but as a marriage gift to his beloved sister; and at this hour it adorns a cabinet, covered with a splendid glass, in the restored mansion in Devonshire, once, and now again, known by the name of Oldmixon Hall.

The old, high-backed ebony chair was presented a few months ago to the writer of this narrative, from which he has given to the world the history of the CELLINI CUP!

A CRUISE IN A SLAVER.

BY STUBBS.

On a brilliant morning in the month of April, 1841, the inhabitants of Funchal, the chief town of Madeira, beheld at anchor in the bay a vessel of peculiar and suspicious appearance, which had arrived during the night. She was evidently built for great speed in light winds. Her hull was black, and very low; bows sharp and high; her rig that of a barque, with tall, raking masts, and yards of enormous length. As she rode gracefully in the long rolling billows, she presented a picture of no ordinary beauty.

Soon after sunrise she fired a gun, and in due time the health-boat paid her the usual official visit. On the return of the boat it was announced that she was a Portuguese vessel, bound from Angola to Lisbon, and laden with ivory and raw hides. There were at that time four prisoners in the hold, who had been for several weeks anxiously awaiting an opportunity of going to Lisbon; for, although at present frequent facilities for communication exist, at the time of which we are speaking vessels making the homeward voyage seldom touched at the island.

The appearance of the barque indicated great speed, and four or five days at the utmost was the time allotted by the gossips of Funchal for her run from thence to Lisbon.

The prisoners wished to open a communication with the captain, and offered a handsome sum for their passage to Lisbon. The offer was declined by the captain, who said he had no accommodation whatever for passengers, and would rather be without them. Nothing daunted, the entry proposed a larger sum, and at length the captain's scruples overcame his scruples; he consented to take the passengers, on condition that they found themselves in everything, as the expression is, and put up with the rough quarters they would meet with.

The vessel was to sail at noon next day; consequently, no time was to be lost in completing the necessary preparations; provisions were laid in for eight days, and early next morning the passengers went on board. The first who placed his foot on deck was the writer of this narrative, and he has bitter cause to remember the voyage which he that day commenced.

Such was my anxiety to get to Lisbon, that I laughed at two or three hints which were dropped as to the character of the vessel, and it was not until I went on board that any real suspicions as to her honesty crossed my mind. On reaching the deck, however, the costume and general aspect of the crew boded no good. They numbered about thirty, and were a strange heterogeneous mixture of ruffians: Spain, Portugal, Africa, Greece, Italy, and even America, were represented by men who seemed to have only one thing in common, and that was moral degradation. With few exceptions they were filthily dirty, and their faces disguised by huge whiskers and moustachios; several were decorated, in addition, with large beards. The costume common to all was a red flannel vest, a red cap of the true republican cut, and coarse canvas trousers; neither

shoes nor stockings were to be seen. Girding the waist of each, was a red sash, in which was stuck a long, formidable-looking knife, in a leathern sheath. This knife, I subsequently learnt, was used not only for a variety of harmless purposes, but was also the arbiter to which they too frequently appealed to settle their differences. The captain was better dressed than his crew, but not more prepossessing in countenance. By birth a Portuguese, short, of a slight, wiry figure, swarthy complexion, and having fierce, deep-set, black eyes, which never met a steady gaze. He wore a beard and huge whiskers, which, with his hair, were coarse, and very black. The mate was an exception to the evil lot; being a merry, good-natured Portuguese lad. The boatswain, or *contra-maister* (as he was called), was perhaps the worst of the whole set. His countenance expressed every evil passion; and, as we ascertained, it did him no injustice. There was scarcely a crime of which he had not been guilty. Originally a Spanish friar, he had been obliged to fly from Spain on account of having been detected by a husband in an intrigue with his wife. He stabbed the husband to the heart, and escaped to Angola, in Africa. After many vicissitudes, he entered this vessel, and rose to the rank of *contra-maister*. He boasted in not believing in the existence of a Deity; but said he worshipped the devil because he thought he might be useful to him. With a strange mixture of superstition and bigotry, he subsequently proposed to get rid of us passengers, attributing the bad weather we encountered to there being heretics on board!

Besides the crew there were two negroes, slaves in every sense of the word. These poor wretches excited our pity on numerous occasions; but I never ceased to wonder at their power of endurance of heat. Many years ago I remember seeing Monsieur Chabert, who called himself the fire-king, perform a feat at the time thought extraordinary, that of entering an oven immediately after a large fire (which had been burning some hours) was removed from it, and remaining there whilst a beefsteak, which he took in with him in its raw state, was cooked. A similar feat these Africans performed every night of their lives. The caboose (as it is called), where the food was cooked, was of unusual size, and resembled a large oven. In this a fire was kept during the whole of the day, and as soon as it was raked out in the evening the negroes crept in, and passed the night there. In the morning they emerged, with their woolly hair full of cinders, but otherwise looking comfortable and happy.

The captain, mate, and *contra-maister* messed together, and their diet was very obnoxious to our tastes. Their favourite dish was a sort of soup, or hotch-potch, made by boiling together a piece of beef, a lump of bacon-fat, salt-butter, olives, preserved cabbage, and biscuit. Of this greasy compound they devoured incredible quantities, washing it down with muddy red wine. There was one notable jug which held their wine at dinner, their thick chocolate in the evening, and was perpetually in requisition during the intermediate hours. It was one of those pottery affairs made in the figure of a corpulent man, the legs very small, and the great bulk consisting of a huge laughing face, surmounted by a gigantic "tricorn" hat, the front cock of which formed the spout. I had at last quite an affection for the manikin, for he always looked smiling and happy, when every other countenance was gloomy and despondent. My fat friend

was, I believe, the only piece of crockery which survived the trials of the voyage.

The vessel had a capacious deck, in which ringbolts were inserted at intervals. We subsequently learned that she was made to carry eight hundred slaves, and that, only three months previously, she had made a successful run with five hundred on board. She was once taken by the *Electra*, and carried to Sierra Leone; but, in consequence of some legal quibble, was not condemned. The ringbolts were for the purpose of securing the slaves, when brought upon deck for air. On such occasions a guard was always stationed, to prevent the poor wretches jumping overboard. Her accommodations below were of the most miserable description. Imagine a small cabin, having three berths on each side, so low that a short person could not sit upright; imagine these berths swarming with enormous cockroaches (*Blatta orientalis* and *Madeira*), three times the size of, and of a different species from our English vermin, with centipedes, fleas, a scorpion now and then, by way of variety,—and the reader has some idea of our condition. In the centre of the cabin was a narrow table; and we sat on lodges projecting from the berths. The cabin was entered by a ladder, and was quite open to the deck. It was boarded off by bulkheads from the hold; but the timbers had shrunk with the heat, leaving innumerable fissures. These nuisances were anything but conducive to comfort; but they sank into insignificance when compared with one which was alike overpowering and ever-present—that was the *smell*. No one who has not entered a slaver's hold can form any conception of the horrible compound stench which pervades it—a smell utterly unlike any other I ever encountered, but as offensive as peculiar. In this loathsome atmosphere it was our fate to spend twenty-eight nights, and the greater part of as many days.

The vessel having been plying between Angola and Rio Janeiro, was bringing home a great variety of pets. She was, indeed, a miniature Noah's ark, or floating menagerie. There were three monkeys, who were always annoying us, doing some mischief, or picking and stealing. Happily one of them drank part of a bottle of ink one day by mistake, and was cured of this propensity. Another was always pilfering our store of wine, wasting more than he drank; but we cured him of his tipping by making him thoroughly intoxicated, and afterwards nothing could induce him to touch a drop of liquor. Poor wretch! it was quite a satire upon human nature to see him pass through the different stages of inebriety. After two glasses of wine he was excessively frolicsome; another glass made him amorous; after a fourth he became drunk in his legs, and could not stand, although he made eager signs for more wine. Another glass finished him; he hiccupped exceedingly; became uproarious and savage, and finally dropped down dead drunk. He looked exceedingly indisposed next day, and became from that moment a strict disciple of Father Matthew.

Besides the monkeys there were three cats, two pigs, three parrots, and nearly a hundred small birds, mostly of beautiful plumage. Alas! only three survived the voyage. Some died, and the rest we ate. I may mention that the parrots were excellent barometers; before a gale, or heavy weather, they screamed and chattered incessantly. One in particular, a fine grey bird, who talked Portuguese extremely well, used to mutter with great gravity for hours toge-

ther, as if he were holding converse with the spirit of the storm. When we heard "Poppogaia" thus engaged, we were sure that bad weather was a-brewing.

The wind was blowing unfavourably when we left our moorings, and we stood away towards the coast of Africa in hopes of being able by long tacks to clear the island of Porto Santo, one of the Madeira group, lying about forty miles north-east of the principal island.

When the evening drew in, our little party anxiously discussed the position in which we had placed ourselves. We had become aware that the vessel was a slaver, and the appearance of the crew rendered it not at all improbable that, if a favourable opportunity offered, they would not object to do a little in the way of piracy. Englishmen have the reputation all the world over of being rich, and of carrying wealth about with them. Dark hints were thrown out, of passengers in craft such as ours being murdered for the sake of their luggage; and if ever inquired after, they had either fallen overboard, or died in some equally satisfactory manner. All these considerations tended to trouble our spirits, and we turned into our berths in no very enviable state of mind.

I took the precaution of loading my pistols, and placing them by my side. Anxious thoughts, and the dreadful creaking of the timbers (for, as night came on it blew very hard), kept me awake some hours. At length I fell into one of those uneasy slumbers in which the mind still works, and the most prominent waking thoughts form the subject of the dreams. Accordingly, I was struggling for my life with a giant, who was endeavouring to throw me overboard, when I was suddenly awakened by a heavy hand being placed on my breast, whilst another passed over my face, as if feeling for something. A thrill of horror passed through me, for I felt sure that my expectations of violence would be realized, and that my throat was about to be cut. It was pitch-dark! — I instinctively grasped one of my pistols, cocked it, and cautiously slipped it from under the bed-clothes, with the intention of firing in the direction where I judged the man must be. All this was the work of a couple of seconds, when, just as my finger was about to draw the trigger, a rough voice exclaimed, "Fran-chis-co! Fran-chis-co!" That, I knew, was the cabin-boy's name, and the mistake darted across my mind as I halloed, "What do you want? This is not Franchisco." The hands were immediately withdrawn; the voice muttered something in Spanish; and, to my great relief, I heard the man stumble up the ladder, and go on deck.

The following morning the circumstance was thus explained: the captain, mate, *contra-maister*, and cabin-boy used to occupy the berths in which the passengers now lay; and one of the seamen, not knowing the alteration, had groped his way to the berth belonging to the cabin-boy, for the purpose of summoning him upon deck. It may be imagined how thankful I was, not only to have escaped a great expected danger, but also for having been prevented shooting an innocent man, and so, perhaps, causing the very catastrophe we were anxious to avoid.

During six days we were constantly baffled by a gale blowing from the north-east; and, on the evening of the sixth day, the captain turned about in despair, and stood back to Funchal. The vessel now shewed sailing qualities of no ordinary character; for, with a heavy

sea and the wind a-beam, she made nine knots an hour, under double-reefed topsails and foresail. When we came near Funchal the captain stood to the westward, endeavouring to get round the west end of the island. When fairly under cover of land, the sea and wind became nearly calm. The night was lovely; the heavens displayed countless stars, infinitely more brilliant than in our latitudes, and the relief, after the incessant knocking about we had undergone, was indescribable.

The serenity and beauty of the night at once calmed the mind and elevated the thoughts, and the passengers paced the deck in interesting conversation till near midnight, when we retired to our berths, not doubting that our troubles were over, that the next morning would find us round the island, and that in a very few days our destination would be reached.

Crash! crash! creak! creak! men shouting and stamping, the wind roaring like a hundred blacksmith's forges—were the sounds which greeted my astonished ears on suddenly awaking from one of those heavy sleeps which, though of short duration, appear to have lasted many hours. I sat up, in consternation, for I could not conceive what "change had come o'er the spirit of my dream." Several times did I call most dolorously, but no answer was returned: my fellow passengers had enough to do to attend to their own internal troubles; and moreover, the uproar was so great, that a voice could scarcely be heard from berth to berth. All this time the vessel was pitching and straining most violently, and presently, after great confusion, another sound was heard, which struck a chill into my heart. Clank! clank! clank! clank! The pumps were working; the vessel had sprung a leak, and we should certainly go to the bottom! Such was my conviction, having by this time ascertained the unseaworthiness of the vessel, and the incompetence of the crew. There is, perhaps, no sound which strikes a greater chill upon the heart than the working of the pumps on board ship at sea. It brings to the mind a full consciousness of the precarious tenure by which our existence is held; and, should the leak increase, or the pumps become choked, we, in all the pride of health and strength, may have seen the sun set for the last time.

Unable to bear the agony of uncertainty, I scrambled on some of my clothes, and stumbled my way to the deck. There a pretty scene met my view. The wind was raging, as if, to use a nautical simile, it would blow the teeth out of a hand-saw; the sails blowing in rags; the masts bending, as if the next moment they would snap, and every one screaming, swearing, and gesticulating as if all had gone mad. The explanation was this:—so long as we were under lee of the land, we had been protected from the wind; but, the moment we worked out from cover, we became exposed to the fury of the gale, with full canvas set.

At length day broke, but brought with it no alleviation of our miseries. The gale continued to increase; and as the day wore on, the captain determined to make for Teneriffe. The sea was running mountains high, and I had imagined that our discomforts could not be exceeded; but I was mistaken. In the evening the wind suddenly subsided, and was succeeded by a perfect calm. The consequence was, that as the roughness of the sea continued, and the vessel had no sails to steady her, she rolled, dipping her yards in the sea at every lurch. This continued the whole night. We in the cabin

were perfectly wretched ; bruised from head to foot by the heavy lurches, and unable to obtain food (the fires being extinguished), we were the personification of misery. The cabin floor was covered with a heterogeneous mass of garments, broken glass, and crockery, trunks, bags, and hats, over which the table rolled backwards and forwards. The timbers were creaking and groaning, the seamen swearing, whilst the deafening chorus was completed by the music of the pumps.

We continued our course for Teneriffe, and on the third day, at four P.M., had a singular glimpse of the Peak. We might have imagined a kind genius wished to give us a signal of encouragement. A bank of heavy clouds rested on the island, when on a sudden they were rent in twain, and the snow-covered peak stood out in bold relief against the deep-blue sky. It was only visible for a few minutes ; the clouds closed, and we saw it no more.

The sea had by this time become much smoother, and we cracked on gallantly. About 11 P.M. we saw a number of lights, which we concluded were those of Santa Cruz, and yet they seemed to dance about in a very unaccountable manner ; many conjectures were offered, and a gun fired, to draw attention to us. In about half an hour the mystery was cleared up, for they turned out to be fishing-boats, each having a bright fire burning, to attract the fish. There were upwards of twenty ; and, as we sailed through them, the sight was interesting. Each boat contained three or four men, whose athletic forms were displayed to advantage ; they grasped spears, and from time to time a stroke was made with lightning-like rapidity ; these were frequently successful, and a fish was hurled, flashing and struggling, into the boats. Success was made known by loud shouts, and a considerable rivalry existed between the fishermen. The scene was most animated.

As we drew near Santa Cruz a pilot came on board, but apparently did not understand his business. He anchored us in deep water, far from land. This produced a terrible explosion of passion from our fiery little captain, who stamped, swore, and shook his fist in a ludicrous manner, making allusions which we did not understand. The pilot seemed in a most awful fright, and scrambled over the side of the vessel without waiting to be paid. Upon subsequent inquiry I learnt that the captain made allusion to the fate of a pilot who had played him a similar trick, and who, he remarked, with a Satanic grin, had fallen overboard, adding, "He never came back for his fees." How far the fall was *accidental* he left us to infer.

On the nineteenth day of our ill-starred voyage, as we were creeping along with double-reefed topsails, a large English vessel passed us within half a mile. She presented a noble sight, with her top-gallant-sails, royals, sky-scrapers, and stun-sails all set, and shining like snow. She ploughed through the water "like a thing of life," making her obeisance to us as she gracefully topped the billows. Presently up went a little ball, and in a trice the proud British ensign floated from her peak. Our skipper seemed to forget that it was necessary to return the compliment, and stood grinning, when a most emphatic remark from one of the passengers reminded him of his duty. After a good deal of pully-hauling, a dirty rag of a Portuguese ensign uncoiled itself from the peak. I felt positively ashamed to be under such a colour. The relative appearances of the vessels presented a contrast most unfavourable to us ; for the British

ship looked like a well-dressed English gentleman taking off his hat to a dirty, sneaking vagabond, who disliked clean linen, and preferred a ragged coat to a sound one. What a host of associations of home, and those near and dear to us, did that noble East Indiaman call forth!

We arrived at Teneriffe on Sunday, and whilst the captain and crew were repairing the damages the vessel had undergone, we laid in a store of provisions, and explored the lions of Santa Cruz. By the evening of the following Tuesday we again set sail, with heavy hearts, and considerable misgivings as to our future proceedings.

We cleared land with a famous north-west breeze, which carried us seventy-one miles by noon. We had just begun to congratulate ourselves on our good luck (for in that latitude the wind blows from the north-east nine months out of the twelve), when our rejoicings were ended as evening drew on, for the wind shifted to north-east, the sea rose rapidly, and we passed the night under double-reefed topsails, the vessel lurching heavily.

From excessive fatigue, and exposure to the weather, two of the sailors fell ill of fever, and it was thought advisable to physic the rest. Accordingly the captain rummaged out a quantity of stale senna-leaves, and very indifferent Epsom salts, with which he proceeded to brew several gallons of "*mistura cathartica*." When the decoction was ready, a half-pint mug was placed on the capstan, and the mate brought up the steaming liquor. The captain, having armed himself with a long rattan, ranged the crew on deck. It was very rich to see their countenances, and the excessive disgust with which they regarded the preparations for the preservation of their health. "José!" shouted the captain. The man came forward with a hang-dog look, and the mate put into his hand a brimming half-pint of the mixture. José looked unutterable things; but a stamp of the captain's foot, and a strong oath, overcame his scruples, and he gulped it down.

Antonio was the next. Antonio was a long lean fellow, not unlike a stock-fish. He came forward; but at once refused to take off his bumper. The rattan whizzed in the air, and came down crack on Antonio's back. Down went the dose, and Antonio retired.

Ferdinando! This was a merry little fellow, with a roguish eye, and round, puffy figure. He tried the pathetic, and, dropping on his knees, poured forth a volley of prayers to the captain, the blessed Virgin, and the whole army of saints, to let him off; but it was of no avail. The rattan made its circle, and Ferdinando obeyed. Thus it went on through the whole crew.* Two hours afterwards a large ship passed us, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and the number of telescopes directed towards our vessel would seem to indicate that something *very unusual* was going on, which excited their curiosity.

I may mention, by the way, an incident which was very characteristic of the mode in which discipline was enforced on board the vessel. I was engaged one evening in the cabin, when, hearing a noise and scuffle on deck, I went up to see what was the matter. There was the captain, stamping and raging, the foam flying from his lips with passion. At the extremity of the bowsprit was one of

* This will probably recall to mind a well-known scene between Mrs. Squeers and her pupils, at Dotheboys' Hall, my enjoyment of which was heightened by having witnessed the above.

the negroes cowering with fear, whilst the boatswain was ordering the crew to seize him. Two of them dragged him on deck; the captain produced a most formidable weapon—a rattan, or bamboo, nearly six feet in length, and covered with closely-plaited cord, which gave it a rough surface. The poor wretch was stripped of his flannel shirt, and lashed by the wrists to the capstan. The boatswain, who was a thick-set, powerful man, commenced belabouring him over the head and back with the rattan; when he ceased from exhaustion, the captain snatched the weapon from him, and thrashed the miserable slave about the head till he was quite stunned; and what was the offence? The man had not cleaned the captain's berth to his satisfaction. He aimed a blow at the slave's head, who instinctively put up his hands to protect himself, and the captain chose to consider that he intended to return the blow.

On another occasion, I was walking the deck in conversation with one of my fellow-passengers. The captain was in his berth on deck, taking his *siesta*. Presently he called in an angry tone for Francisco, the cabin-boy. Immediately that he came I heard a smash of crockery, and, turning hastily round, saw the captain dash a saucer in the boy's face with all his force. The cup had preceded it. Five cuts on the face were the consequence. It appeared that whilst the captain slept, the lad had placed a cup of chocolate in such a position that it *might* have been thrown over him.

To give an idea of the violence of that man's temper, he, on several occasions, when the wind was adverse, clenched his fist, and shook it at the elements, swearing in the most awful manner. Like most bullies, however, he proved himself, when in danger, a poor chicken-hearted fellow.

A daily account of our progress would be tedious, as would also a mere repetition of the miseries arising from bad weather, which delayed us so much that it was not until the twenty-second day of our voyage that we fairly cleared the island of Porto Santo. By this time another formidable evil had arisen, in the scarcity of our provisions and water; the captain, with that carelessness so characteristic of the Portuguese, had neglected to take in a supply of water at Tenerife; and, of the live-stock we had laid in, nearly two-thirds had been drowned, or had died, and our biscuit had become green with mould.

As we were becalmed on the twenty-second day, and it was extremely doubtful when we might reach port, our allowance of water was reduced to one pint a day for each person. The water was kept in barrels, instead of tanks; and, having been brought from Africa, was so offensive both to the eye and taste as to be scarcely usable. Those who have been exposed to it can alone imagine the misery of a short supply of water in very hot weather. There is a well-known engraving of a camel dying in a desert from thirst. That picture well delineates the broiling, parching, cloudless sun, and always recalls to my mind the three days we were becalmed. The deck was so hot that the pitch between the planks was melted, and our faces and hands blistered. The very consciousness of being short of water increased our thirst; but I hit upon a plan which somewhat alleviated it, and at the same time economised the water,—that was, sipping it through a straw, as is now done with the agreeable beverage, sherry-cobbler,—a luxury which had not found its way into this country at the time of which I am speaking.

It may well be supposed that, during the long period of adverse winds and baffling calms, which prolonged our voyage, we were sometimes sadly at a loss for an occupation. Occasionally the sea was smooth as glass, and the eye could penetrate to a great depth ;

" But still the vast, unfathom'd main
Of wonders a new scene supplies,
Whose depths inhabitants contain
Of every form and every size."

It was a constant, never-tiring source of amusement and interest to me to watch the strange forms which swarm by myriads in the seas near the equator. It has been well observed by one of the ablest men, and most profound philosophers of the present day—Professor Owen—that "The gelatinous oceanic radiaries are remarkable for the singularity and beauty of their forms and colours. They give variety and animation to the otherwise monotonous waste of waters which are most remote from land. They there surprise and delight the weary navigator by their mimic fleets, glistening with all the brilliant hues of the rainbow. They tantalize the naturalist-collector both by their bright colours, and the pure glassy transparency of their tissues, which baffle all his arts of preservation, and can never be displayed in the cabinet."*

For hours together have I leant over the side, with a bucket slung by a rope, endeavouring to catch the strange and beautiful *Meduse*, *Acalephæ*, and other gelatinous creatures, which slowly wended their way by the vessel. The eye could not discover any means by which they guided themselves ; but, with few exceptions, they did contrive to steer clear of the bucket. A few, however, were captured ; and we had practical experience of the stinging powers possessed by many of this tribe, especially the beautiful *Physalia*, or "Portuguese man-of-war." This creature consists of a delicate vesicle, shining with all the colours of the rainbow, and floating on the water. From it are suspended numerous delicate tentacles, or fibres, coloured blue, green, and pink ; but, beware of touching them ! If the tentacles are brought in contact with the skin, a burning heat, redness, and swelling are quickly produced, very severe when the skin is delicate. These little creatures, and the class generally, feed on small fishes, and animals more highly organized than themselves ; and Nature has endowed them with these powers partly as a protection, and partly to enable them to overpower their prey.

There is another phenomenon very common in these latitudes, which never fails to strike the beholder with admiration. I allude to the luminosity of the sea. As the vessel ploughed her way, the bows threw off on either side a wave of molten fire, and her track was marked by brightly-shining ripples,

" Spangled with phosphoric fire,
As though the lightnings there had spent their shafts,
And left the fragments glittering in the fields."

This luminosity is principally due to extremely minute gelatinous animalcules, which are endowed with the property of emitting phosphorescent light. The peculiar green sparkle appears to be owing to the presence of minute crustaceans.

Perhaps the most curious of these gelatinous creatures was the *Salpa confederata*, or Chain dazyza, forming chains many yards in

* Hunterian Lectures, by Richard Owen, vol. i. p. 101.

length, which, floating just beneath the surface of the water, and acted on by the undulations of the waves, presented at a little distance the appearance of gigantic serpents slowly wending their way through the ocean.

Whilst sitting on deck one fine afternoon, in that dozy, half-dreamy condition, which want of occupation and a hot sun combine to produce, I was a good deal startled at seeing two of my fellow-passengers simultaneously appear through the open skylight which gave air to the cabin. Their countenances bore marks of alarm, and each struggled violently to get on deck. It happened, however, that the skylight was small, and one of the gentlemen stout, consequently they stuck midway. The spectators shrieked with laughter at the ridiculous exhibition they made, and for a time their angry demands for help were unheeded; at length they were extricated, and safely landed, whilst we were all eagerness to hear what had given rise to such an unlooked-for and ungraceful exit from the cabin. It appeared that they were sitting writing immediately under the skylight, when the largest of the three cats bounced down the companion-ladder, dashed over the table, and began racing round the cabin in a most furious manner. That the cat was mad neither doubted, and self-preservation being a law in nature, each jumped on the table, and made a bolt at the skylight, to escape the talons of his furry friend. The result we have described. It is but justice, however, to state that poor puss was not mad, but had been subjected by the sailors to some experiments, which, although interesting in a physiological point of view, were by no means approved of by the sufferer: hence his hasty escape from his tormentors.

It was not until the twenty-eighth day that we reached the mouth of the Tagus. As we neared the bar, it became necessary to tack. The wind was blowing hard; and, owing to some lubberly mismanagement, the vessel was taken aback. All sail was set; and, so strong was the pressure upon the stern, from the great rake of the masts and huge sails, that for some minutes we were in imminent danger of foundering. The confusion was frightful. No one seemed to know the cause of the mishap, and all were screaming and rushing about without object. At length one of the seamen had the presence of mind to seize an axe, and, cutting a rope which caused the obstruction, the vessel swung round. It really seemed as if the unholy calling of the ship doomed it to encounter every imaginable misadventure. After two or three shots had been fired—(by the way, a very simple, but rather original mode of firing the cannon was adopted; when the gun had been loaded and primed, one of the seamen went to the caboose, and, bringing a huge piece of blazing timber, applied it to the touch-hole, the sparks flying in thousands about the deck,)—after these signals, then, had been made, a pilot came on board, and we crossed the bar in safety, just touching it with our keel, leaving a discoloured streak in our wake. We ran up the Tagus with a spanking-breeze right aft, admiring the scenery, and congratulating ourselves on having at length brought our eventful voyage to a conclusion.

We lay to, off Belem Castle, to undergo the official quarantine examination close by a guard frigate. The crew and passengers were called to the side, to answer to their names. Whilst this proceeding was going on, a large steamer belonging to the Peninsular Naviga-

tion Company came in ; and, not reckoning on the strength of the wind and tide, was swept rapidly towards us. One of our passengers turning round, saw the huge vessel coming right down on our stern. He gave an alarm ; but, before anything could be done, a frightful collision took place. Our mizen-mast went by the board, the stern was beaten in, the main and spanker-booms carried away, and the bulwarks on one side smashed. The water rushed into the vessel so rapidly that it was necessary to lash her at once to the frigate, to prevent her sinking. Even at that moment of peril a ludicrous incident occurred. When the crash took place one of the passengers was in the cabin, indulging in the luxury of clean linen before going on shore. Instinctively he rushed upon deck, where he stood, perfectly paralysed with fear. The only garment he had on, with the exception of his hat, and a pair of black socks, was the clean linen aforesaid, which seemed to have been made for a shorter man. As he stood there, several exclamations from female voices were heard on board the steamer. One especially, instead of diverting attention from him, as would have been proper, cried out in a strong Scotch accent, "Gude guide us, look at that mon ! he's ne'er gotten his breeks !" By the time that all had had a fair view of him, he seemed to become suddenly conscious of the exhibition he was making, and dived down into the cabin, in an agony of shame.

The passengers were speedily taken on shore in the health-boat, and hastened to Madame de Belem's Hôtel, where I enjoyed beyond description the luxuries of a copious draught of pure water, and a thorough ablation.

Thus ended our voyage ; to which an adventure which befel me at Lisbon forms an appropriate sequel.

Returning from the theatre of San Carlos one night, I observed that my steps were dogged by two men muffled in large cloaks. The streets through which I had to pass were dark, and the houses lofty, which made the obscurity greater. When out late in Portugal, I made a point of carrying a brace of pistols in a belt, and on this occasion found the utility of so doing. I pursued my way through the middle of the street, keeping a sharp look-out on the gentlemen in question. Presently I lost sight of one, and in a few minutes saw him emerge from a side-street before me, and step into the doorway of a house which was deeply in the shade. A low whistle was given. The man behind hastened his pace, and I saw that he would overtake me as I passed the door mentioned. About twenty yards from it was a spot less dark than the rest, on reaching which I stopped, and faced the man. I was smoking a *cigaretto* ; and as he came up he said, producing a cigar, "Light, senhor ! fas faveur."

As he bent forward, holding the cigar in his left hand, a gust of wind blew his cloak somewhat aside, and I distinctly saw the glimmer of a long poniard in his right hand. Knowing that a stab over the collar-bone is fatal ; and that, when stooping forward to comply with his request, I should be in a favourable position for such a stroke to take effect, I stepped back, drew a pistol, cocked it, and placing my *cigaretto* in the muzzle, offered it to him. He started, and asked in broken English what I meant ? I pointed significantly to the doorway where his confederate was concealed ; and in a moment the two men were gone, disappearing up the side street.

The night after, an English sailor was found not far from the spot, dead, with a knife sticking in his heart.

THE DYER AND THE DOMINICAN.

A LEGEND OF AIX.

THOUGH the Church has produced, and continues to grow
 For the flock, many pious divines, high and low ;
 Still the mass of mankind, notwithstanding their lore,
 Will continue as bad, if not worse, than before ;
 E'en our Protestant pastors are seemingly bent
 On dismissing their sheep to the fold of dissent,
 For 'twixt d—ing the Pope and a leaning to Rome,
 All assist in producing schismatics at home :
 Thus enacting the part of the tipsy boat's crew,
 Who disputing their course, and from whence the wind blew,
 Pulled against one another, astern and a-head,
 Until " Davy Jones " tucked them all quiet in bed,
 Our priest, be it known, (though we fear that he'll prove
 Not a little remiss in his labour of love,)
 Could point out the true path to each wandering elf,
 Though he failed, strange to say, to pursue it himself.
 Yet *Aix Church* he abused not, nor slandered a brother,
 But enjoined perfect charity, one to another.
 In condemning his crimes, which will clearly be shown,
 Gentle Reader, be just, and remember your own.

MORITZ STERN was a dyer of Aix la Chapelle,
 Where he dyed for his living, and Chronicles tell
 That he stuck to his colours remarkably well ;
 But, alas ! who is safe in this region of strife ?
 Stern committed an error which lasted for life,
 For, in fatuous moment, he married a wife !
 'Twas in vain that his father foretold him his fate,
 And recall'd the effects of his own wedded state ;
 Moritz Stern, like all lovers, resolved to be free,
 And began in poetical matters to dip,
 Finished off an address to his " Sweet Humming Bee,"
 Which reported of " honey " obtained from her lip ;
 But in these later days, with satirical shrug,
 Would he add to the " hum " an emphatical " bug ; "
 And soliloquize thus—" What a villanous fate
 Hath abandoned thee, Stern, to so low an estate !
 Yoked for life to a scold, what remains but despair ? .
 E'en thy name, for the want of a little fresh " heir "—
 Will debase—and a husband's " worst half," by the mass !
 Moritz Stern, art thou truly an obstinate ass.
 His confessor, one Peter, would oftentimes say,
 " Moritz Stern, *Pax vobiscum* ! what aileth to-day ?
 If some horrible sin
 Be fermenting within,
 Oh ! eject it at once, for of all things unpleasant,
 The worst in this life is a rascally tenant ;
 Nor suppose, my dear son, that a notice to quit
 Will suffice for the fiend ! No—the devil a bit ;

Ye must e'en kick him out. For a moderate toll,
 We contract to make clean the most pestilent soul :—
 Ay, the Church for a trifle is glad to dispense
 Absolution for even a year or two hence.
 Oh ! bethink thee, my son, out of dust were we made,
 Which is destined ere long to be finally laid ;
 With the flail of St. Peter let 's hasten to beat—

Ere the flesh do retreat—

All the horrible chaff from thy excellent wheat.
 Do ye need an example to lead a good life,
 What an angel is there in thy paragon wife !
 If she err, which is rare, she confesseth her sin
 With a wonderful candour." Here Stern would break in :—
 " Very true, brother Peter ; however distressing
 Her sins, 'tis apparent she's ever confessing ;
 And perchance it is well, very well, for ye both,
 That the arrow of scandal avoideth the cloth."
 Whereupon the good pastor would start with affright,
 And make haste to depart,
 Turning round as he went for a brief second sight,
 With his crucifix press'd to his horror-struck heart.

Mrs. Moritz, in short,

Since bestowing la Mano,

Had discovered a "forte,"

Much opposed to "piano."

She detested old Carl, for his former essay
 'Gainst the marriage estate, and would oftentimes play
 For a quarrel 'twixt father and son, and success
 Would too often attend her unholy address.
 As a matter of course sprung the usual crop
 Of reverses—Old Carl became fond of a drop ;
 Then the wife put the silver and pewter in pop
 —For herself, while the husband neglected the shop.
 Little custom remained, for whatever was sent
 For recovery, went—

Not below to the tubs, but in payment of rent ;
 And when Moritz was asked for the wares, he'd reply,
 " Dost observe any green in the white of my eye ?"
 But, at length, matters reach'd to so awful a pass,
 That, in spite of the prayers of the family priest,
 Aged Carl called his offspring an "obstinate ass,"
 And the son christen'd Carl a "degenerate beast ;"
 Which was soon followed up by a notable feat—
 Moritz drubbed his papa in a neighbouring street.
 All the town looked amazed, all the creditors blue :
 Was he dead or alive ? Could the tidings be true ?
 But papa put conjecture to flight by the show
 Of his own proper form, and discussing the blow ;
 He was pleased with his son's pugilistic renown,
 And declared it "a clean—a decided knock down."
 Nor, indeed, seemed the father much out of the way put,
 By his child's very striking appeal to his caput ;
 For, a year or two after, conceiving his hulk
 In decay, and the spirit about to break bulk,
 He recalled all the steam in his engine, and tender-
 Ly spake to his son, ere the final surrender.
 " Moritz Stern, my dear boy, I will freely admit,
 That I hav'n't forgotten the palpable hit
 Which my occiput fractured ; no mortal-made bone
 Could have dealt such a grievous offence, but my own.
 When I think how few fathers, in Aix la Chapelle,
 Can their own flesh and blood to a certainty tell,
 'Tis additional cause for thy father to show
 That he *feels*, Moritz, *feels* so instructive a blow.

You will find in my will, that I 've left you, my boy,
 What I wish ye may live many years to enjoy.
 Think of Carl now and then ; be as honest, my son,
 As the trade will permit,—*id est*, do as I 've done ;
 For a man that succeeds, in this pitiful day,
 Is a 'master of arts' in the business way.

Ere I finally quit
 This poor stage for the pit,
 I would much recommend,
 When thou fallest thyself on thine own latter end,
 Brother Peter, the priest, as adviser and friend ;
 He will chasten thee, Stern, as St. Peter's trustee,
 And will cram thee right well for thy final degree.
 Just consider these things—and now summon the friar,
 For I feel more then ever a palpable dier."
 Soon the monk was forthcoming, the sinner confess'd,
 A few florins secured him a seat with the bless'd ;
 And as fleeted poor life, he emitted with joy,
 In an unctuous tone,
 Far removed from a groan,
 " Do I die in the faith ?—I believe ye, my boy ! "

Moritz wept in due course, as was proper and just,
 At the final deposit of fatherly dust,
 Which performed, he, assisted by Peter, began
 To look into affairs, like a sensible man.

But the books were no better
 To both than black-letter ;
 If the balance were judged by the cash in the till,
 'T was as clear as noon-day, that the assets were *nil*.
 Misty items appear'd of alarming amount,
 As perplexing almost as a railway account—
 Duly balanced, of course, with a clear ten per cent.
 To the shareholders' credit on capital—spent.
 If the books were confusing, more wonderful still
 Did appear a small sheet in the shape of a will,
 Which devised his effects with remarkable skill ;
 For bequeathing, in terms that were really distressing—
 To his dearly loved Moritz, th' *entire* of his "*blessing* ;"
 He delivered his houses, his chattels, his lands
 Far and near, into holy St. Dominic's hands.
 Whereupon the poor monk, with a heart-broken sigh,
 (Having duly secured the said scrip, by the bye,)
 Gave at once to the sky
 All the white of each eye ;
 So abstracted, in fact, seemed his twin oculi,
 That the " pupils " thereof, well instructed no doubt,
 Did appear to have gained a half holiday out,
 But, like well-disposed boys, at the end of vacation,
 They return'd to their studies and usual station.

Brother Peter, who 'd reach'd to mature forty-five,
 Was esteem'd the best bee of St. Dominic's hive ;
 He had buzzed in the town with prodigious success
 For some twenty long years, and his holy address
 Had procured him the keep

Of a rare flock of sheep,
 Which he sheared to their perfect contentment, no less.
 In his manners devout, in his homilies clear ;
 He was gay with the gay, with the bigot austere ;
 Now a man of the world, now a gloomy ascetic,
 He dispensed either smiles or a holy emetic.

Bread and water, the blessed St. Dominic's food,
 Had perform'd on the pastor miraculous good ;
 For his person, though short, was as round as a sphere,
 And as bulky, to boot, as a barrel of beer ;
 Thus, akin to great Dagobert—monarch of yore—
 He could enter " the breech " anti-front side before,
 Nor the world or himself be the wiser a whit,
 For the " smalls " either way were an excellent fit.
 With a round shiny head, like a bullet, his legs
 Gave a notion of stumpy, indefinite pegs,
 Being almost eclipsed in their labour of love
 By the bless'd corporation subsisting above.
 Certain sceptics there were, who would freely depose
 To the spirit which shone in the priest's jolly nose,
 Which was marvellous big, and *la couleur de rose*,
 And, indeed, 'twas reported in Aix la Chapelle,
 That St. Dominic drew from an *eau de vie* " Well ; "
 To the which, brother Peter would say, with a grin,
 " How can spirit come out, if it doesn't go in ? "
 Thus the pastor was proof against malice and spleen.
 Though his figure was fat, he had also his lean-
 ing towards the fair sex, who were specially kind
 To a priest so attentive, so marvellous blind
 To their faults. To tell truth, a late ill-natured wind
 Had attack'd not a few
 Of the petticoat crew,
 That were, morn, noon, and night, ever bidding adieu,
 To their faults, old and new,
 Under Peter the priest,—but detraction's the lot
 Of the best of mankind, and it injured him not.

To return to the text: when the penniless heir
 Had revolved for a moment the doubtful affair,
 On a sudden he startled the priest by a crack
 Which prostrated the Church on the small of her back ;
 Rolling over the floor,
 Trundled Peter along, till he reached to the door,
 Where he sat bolt upright, and emitted a chant—
 " *Exorciso, Diabolum!*—Satan—avaunt ! "
 Yet, he rose not again,
 Lest a like visitation should trouble his brain.
 To lamentings and sorrows, then, Moritz gave vent,
 Wished the soul of his father a speedy descent
 To a dingy domain, where one needn't pay rent ;
 Cursed his friends and his foes,
 And was silent at last, from repletion of woes.
 Then the Monk, who had watched for the tail of the storm,
 Held a crucifix forth, and commenced in due form.

" Oh, man, proud man, the creature of to-day,
 In virtue weak, in vice, alas ! how bold ;
 What though the Pope do bleat for lambs astray,
 But few return within St. Peter's fold.
 St. Dominic, my son, shall wash away
 Thy sins, however dark, both new and old :
 He that from Old Castile advised a Pope,—
 Castile ! as famed for learning as for soap.

" 'Tis true, thy father's left the Church his all,
 For which we wish him undisturbed rest ;
 Yet think ! his lands were few, his income small,
 Little to you, but much to the distress'd.
 Responsive to the good testator's call,
 'Tis ours to feed the flock—but you 'll be bless'd ;

Though licensed only in the "spirit" way,
We take these trusts, lest charity decay.

"My son, thy sins are great; the blow received
By me, which means the Church, must be atoned for;
A crime as soon perfected as conceived,
Cannot be cancell'd, Stern, by being groaned for.
In former time it had not been believed
That such a criminal had not been stoned, or
Cast headlong into vats of boiling oil,
With priests to nourish and protract the boil.

"In Rome there stands a shrine, 'tis dedicate
To good St. John of Lateran, whose fees
Are fixed at very reasonable rate
For such as do him homage on bare knees;
And, lo! his steps are flinty. Hear thy fate!
This night a corps of Rhenish devotees
Depart, and thou shalt go to make confession,
And pray his holy Saintship's intercession.

"But, hark! methinks I hear refection bell—
My wants, and not my will, obey the call;
Coarse bread, my son, and water from the well,
Are all we need, and such comprises—all.
At wine—bad wine—Dominicans rebel,
And beer! we've d—d particularly small.
Farewell, my child! ere the bless'd sun goes down
We'll send a guide to see thee safe from town."

"*Par vobiscum!*" he added, and off like a shot
Went the friar, red hot,
To partake of the "flesh" in St. Dominic's pot.
Moritz rose from the ground, went to look for his wife—
'Twas the very first time in his whole wedded life
That he'd done such a deed. At the terrible tale
On her beam-ends she went like a ship in a gale;
Sorrow's pumps worked so hard, that they seem'd to be choked,
And her canvas was drenched by the brine they evok'd;
Not the aid of a "consort" could render relief,
But she righted at last by discharging her grief.
When the tempest had ta'en a more prosperous turn,
She came round with her head and saluted her Stern.
"Moritz, Moritz! beloved one, my first and last mate,
'Tis humanity's fate
To be taxed; 'tis for us to submit to the rate.
Though a long way to Rome, you'll escape from the rack—
Go at once, and the sooner, of course, you'll be back.
In thy absence, my love, will I heartily pray
For thy safety—confessing by night and by day."

Moritz kissed his dear wife, took a hearty farewell,
And departed—but not to quit Aix la Chapelle.
Her "confessions" he liked not—misgivings arose;
Could the pastor be false—was he led by the nose?
He had joked many times in the course of his life,
On the intimate terms of the priest and his wife.
But, i'faith, since suspicion of treason awoke,
The familiar, 'twould seem, had the best of the joke.
Moritz's head did complain
Of a something approaching congestion of brain;
While he pondered these things, hornéd cattle went by,
Which appeared to him "friends," though he couldn't tell why;
But he gazed on a bullock with lack-lustre eye,

THE DYER AND

And remark'd, "Happy beast!
Thou art safe, at the least,
From the toils of a priest."

Moritz Stern walked about for an hour or more,
Then returned to his home.—As he entered the door
He discovered, oh, horror! the clerical stole
Of the priest, who, no doubt, was improving the soul
Of the dame. Moritz thought he would just take a peep,
And observe how the shepherd was tending the sheep.

Stern knelt and looked and started back,
As though a serpent lay therein;
"An empty cassock! hood! alack!
The viper then hath cast his skin:
The reptile, doubtless, means to take
His night's repose within my brake;
For this fell purpose then he bade me hence
To Rome, and certes at my own expense."

But Moritz was a man of sense
And firm resolve, as well as strength;
At once he sought a scabbard, whence
A sabre of prodigious length
Appeared, a true Damascus blade—
Fit, therefore, for its destined trade.
And next he donned the stole, became confessor,
And self-appointed intercessor.
At length emerged th' astonished friar,
Quoth solemn Moritz, "*Pax vobiscum!*
Full often thou'st confess'd the dyer,
But now, oh, priest, thou must *nobis* come."

Quoth Peter, "Stern, thou lackest common sense,
Put up thy foolish sword, and get thee hence,
Thy mood, my son, suits not this present tense;
Or rather, seek thy wife, thy well-beloved,—
Sinner, go in, and be thyself improved.
Soothed by the Church's universal calm,
There, reigns a sober and religious calm;
Such triumphs, Stern, we pastors love to win;
We find a storm, but leave a 'peace within.'"
But Moritz stood so grim and grave,
That wily Peter changed the stave.
"My son, respecting that unlucky hit,
Which nearly signed our order for the pit,—
I mean, for Heaven,—think no more of it.
The Church is ever merciful." Quoth Stern,
"A pastor that would teach, himself should learn.
Our logic, priest, more clearly is defined;
Its 'point' lies naked to the meanest mind—
Observe our punctuation. By my soul!
Thy parchment skin shall prove a written scroll!"

No more, but down a steep descent
The priest and his confessor went;
Though dark, the monk contrived to feel
His way, assisted by cold steel,
The which did ever and anon
Encourage brother Peter on.
Sometimes he turn'd with "Peace, my son!
Absolve te!" but all was vain;
Behind, 'twas "cut" and come again.

Only once, his pursuer to fight he defied,
But a grievous offence to his anti-front side

So convinced the divine, that he mended his pace,
 Nor abated his speed till the end of the chase.
 But at length, to the eyes of the thunderstruck friar,
 Lay exposed divers vats which pertain'd to the dyer ;
 Moritz thrust the monk in, shut the door with a bang,
 And commenced with the proper conventicle twang :

“ My son, it behoves thee to strip,
 To be punish'd *pro tuis peccatis* ;
 Thou shalt have my professional dip,
 In my baths and my washhouses, gratis.

“ Every cask is an excellent fit,
 And the ground is a good one for drying ;
 And the Church ought to be, you 'll admit,
 An example in living and dying.

“ So, despatch—*tempus fugit!* ” Anon
 Was the pastor despoil'd of his dress.
 Quoth confessor, “ My clerical son,
 'Tis an excellent thing to confess.

“ An thou hast any pious essay
 To propound, ere thou enter the breach,
 We shall gladly receive by the way
 A Dominican's last dying speech.”

The monk spake not, but stood aghast,
 No sound escaped his livid lip ;
 The blood, disdainful of the dip,
 His ruddy cheek relinquished fast.
 But Stern, who thought the Church's tone
 Somewhat depress'd, by way of tonic,
 Up certain ancient steps of stone
 Compell'd the priest with point iron-ic.
 E'en to the top the pastor sprung ;
 No spur he needed save the steel,
 To prick the sides of his intent.
 One moment on the brink he hung,
 The next, in blackest cochineal,
 Feet foremost, down poor Peter went.
 A shriek proclaimed the priest within
 The dye, which rose to let him in.
 Then quoth confessor solemnly,
 “ My son, although thy sins be black,
 And well deserving of the rack,
 Speak truly, and *absolvam te!* ”

All the horrors that reach'd the inquisitor's ear
 It were wrong to report, but one fact's pretty clear,
 Peter's zeal for his creed,
 Had encouraged the breed
 Of believers—indeed.

At each trembling reply of the terror-struck priest
 His confessor emitted, “ Detestable beast !
 What ! methinks thou wert born
 To supply wretched Aix with a forest of horn.
 Oh, unworthy of life ! precious villain ! take that ! ”
 And a swoop of the sword o'er the mouth of the vat
 Well arrested the whine
 Of the wretched divine,

With a heavy hand and body together, was fair
 To duck suddenly under,
 And Martin, the poor priest, on emerging again,
 Was compell'd to rise slowly for fear of a blunder.
 For the dyer's sword otherwise clearly was wrong—
 'Twas a sword of his own, and uncommonly strong,
 Being swains-hackmatack, and wood-cut as well,
 But deliver'd with purposes honest and fell ;
 And with industry good will
 Went the weapon—but still
 Longest the monk up and down with remarkable skill.
 Thus it went—Peter *inquirit*. — Martin—*peccati* !
 Let me run and tie 't with [cast priest] I will waive—I
 Caution. — Quoth the dyer. — Ha, horrible knave !
 Men are prone to confess on the brink of the grave ;
 Yet report me the means by which thou hast won
 A great father to this *disinherit* a son.
 And pronounce that shall go. — To the pastor's reply,
 What the wherefore and why.
 Martin raved. — Oh, a lie ! a detestable lie !
 Such a villain must die ! —

And away went the sword, and away ducked the pastor—
 If the former was fleet, still the latter was faster.
 At the end of confusion, as Scarr was about
 To depart, hither Peter called hastily out.
 — Would ye leave me a fixture
 A right in this mixture ?

Martin Scarr, my dear son, oh, restore me the stole,
 Let me hide what I can
 Of corruptible flesh appertaining to man,
 For that see'st that thy body 's as black as my soul :
 And, methinks, there 's the need of a powerful crane
 To assist this poor body in rising again ! —

Quoth the dyer. — My son, though we know very well
 That it 's death for a monk to sleep out of his cell ;
 Yet, I think, for to-night thou 's remain in the cask,
 Since a flesh so corrupt needs a permanent mask.
 On the morrow, methinks, 'tis a fete of the church,
 On a marvellous scale,
 We will give thee leg-bail ;
 'T would be sin to abandon thee here in the lurch.
 Water and bread, thy chosen food,
 Beside thee stand ; they 'll do thee good.
 Bad wine, we know, doth much appal
 St. Dominic, or beer too small.
 To-morrow, priest, whate'er the weather,
 We 'll see the blessed fete together ;
 A pastor in my wares array'd
 Must tend to benefit the trade."

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

XXIV.—SOLDIERS AND PRIESTS.

THERE are two classes amongst the population which, in different ways, are equally offensive to the English traveller—the military and the priests. They are constantly abroad in the streets, promenades, highways, hotels, diligences, railways, and steam-boats. Go where you will, and at all hours, late and early, you are sure to meet a specimen of the one cloth or the other; and there is not much to choose between them. The vivacity, voracity, and thunder-clap style of the military, who walk the earth as if they had a mind to trample it out, is hardly more troublesome than the eternal loquacity and cool familiarity of the priest. The one takes you by storm, the other undermines you; the one assails you with fury and uproar, the other with a low, unceasing, and insidious murmur.

It is always difficult to determine the rank or pretensions of the *militaire* who sits next you at the *table d'hôte*, or thrusts his cane into your face in the railway carriage; he may have seen a hundred campaigns, or have only just come off his first drill—there is the same fiery assurance in his eye, and fierceness in his crisp moustache. The matter of rank or service makes no social or visible distinction. The raw recruit smokes his cigar as belligerently as the sturdiest veteran. He may be a gentleman, born in some old painted *château*, and introduced into life under the brilliant auspices of the *salons* of Paris; or he may be a peasant, elevated on a sudden from the *chaumière* to the *caserne*, and intoxicated with the inspirations of his new position. It is much the same thing, so far as his surface manners are concerned, and his way of opening the oyster of the world. One cannot help thinking, nevertheless, that there must be an innate difference between the man who springs from the middle or upper ranks, and is (so to speak) educated *for* his sword, and the man who rises from the lowest grades, and is educated *by* his sword. The broad fact is glaring enough, and can hardly be disputed, let it go for much or little. Even in France, where the genius of the people and the spirit of the national institutions tend to obliterate all conventional distinctions, it is universally felt and understood, let them say what they please to the contrary. The system which admits and encourages the free ascent of the soldier from the drill to the council-table has its practical advantages, and was worked with remarkable success by Napoleon. The doubt is, whether by thus placing a premium upon rough energy and rugged courage, (qualities the most likely to elevate the soldier under such a system, and which, most of all, seem to stand in need of discipline and control,) the character of an army may not become ultimately deteriorated and debauched. Good soldiers are, probably, produced by this process; but the pure metal, alloyed by amalgamation with coarser elements, must ultimately lose its ascendancy. The individual may be made

a better fighting man, but it will be at the risk of all his other relations with society. Hence that savage air which in France latterly distinguishes the *militaire*. The presence of ladies no longer restrains the turbulent bravado of his manners; he glories in a rude and menacing exterior; and regards the refinements and courtesies of life as reliques of an age of effeminacy. All this is the more striking in a country the most renowned for its gallantry in the history of civilization, and may be admitted as a proof that military power, when it is fed by such means, has a downward tendency towards the point of brute violence. Nor is it very certain that men become brave by casting off the amenities of social intercourse. The polished chivalry of earlier times was a safer nurse of true courage.

These military people are formidable in public rooms, where they make such an outrageous clatter with their swords, drink, roar, and sing with such topping riotousness, and tell such rampant stories, so spotted over with gross jokes, that a quiet, bewildered Englishman, who finds himself in such a company, is glad to escape from it, even if he is forced to leave his mid-dinner *entrées* on the table behind him.

There is this difference between the soldiery and the priests, that the former treat you with sovereign contempt, and rattle on as if they had the whole room to themselves; while the latter always faithful to their mission, and eager to pick up strangers, talk at you, or to you, or through you. This is literally the sole business of their lives—to extend their influence, to enlarge their whispering circle, to gather social and religious statistics, to rend the veil of the domestic sanctuary, and penetrate to the core of its privacy. They exercise in their own communities a searching family inquisition which, if the truth dare be spoken, renders them odious amongst the educated and thinking classes. Wherever it is possible, without offence, the door is shut against them, and with good reason. Through the confessional they acquire an intimate knowledge of family secrets, and by a subtle use of their information, they set people by the ears, that they may come in afterwards and still the storms of their own raising. Their interference thus becomes indispensable, and their spiritual authority firmly fixed. They are indefatigable gossips, and skilful judges of character. They know everybody's business, and everybody's relations and inter-relations; by keeping a vigilant watch upon passing affairs, they are enabled to evolve new trains of circumstances, and to wield an apparently mysterious power over the lives and fortunes of their communicants; familiar with all the antecedents of families, they can, to a certain extent, shape their future destinies; profoundly acquainted with the tempers, passions, designs, and resources of individuals, they render all subservient to the working of the close details by which they are enabled to spread an intricate network of priestly rule over the surface of society. The said network has been violently broken here and there, and in some places silently gnawed in fear and trembling; but its texture is, nevertheless, strong and secure, and has been cast over its victims with such adroitness that they are scarcely conscious of their real helplessness, or unwilling to avow it, from a natural apprehension of consequences. This fatal influence is mainly won and exercised through the women. They are the keys of domestic life. Men, early scattered abroad in professions, have their faculties sharpened by collisions with the

world, and more readily evade the spiritual tyranny. But women are stationary, and always accessible, and their fears, tenderness, and credulity, are more easily subdued. The priests train them from childhood for their purpose, flatter their weaknesses, insensibly obtain a complete control over their feelings, and send them into the world to diffuse the superstitions by which they are enslaved. Women are, in fact, the most successful agents and missionaries of the Church. Upon them the maintenance of this monstrous machinery reposes. Through them the priest probes society to its centre, and establishes a system of *espionage*, which develops to him its most secret springs of action. And he is in the best possible position to profit by his knowledge. He is coiled up, like the spider, in his own meshes, with a perfect command over his sensitive lines; he has no interests in common with the community for whose follies and vices he lays these complex snares; no stake in the future progress of society; he lives for himself and his order alone; he belongs to an isolated class, and preys upon the rest.

XXV.—THE GAME OF SOULE.

The country we are now crossing, from Rennes to the Loire, especially the department of Morbihan, stretching westward to the sea, is the last refuge of the old Breton customs. Here is the great plain of Carnac (a name derived from the Celtic *carn* or *cairn*, a heap of stones), covered with eleven parallel lines of solemn Druidical monuments, consisting of enormous granite blocks, upwards of four thousand in number, and ranged with the regularity of an avenue of planted trees. They are generally fixed with the smaller end upon the earth, and in many cases large flat stones placed upon two of the perpendicular blocks form open gateways. "On ne peut les considérer," says M. de la Sauvagère, "sans en être étonné. J'en ai cubé qui doivent peser plus de quatre-vingts milliers; il est inconcevable de quelles machines on a pu se servir pour les mettre debout; et, ce qui est encore extrêmement singulier, c'est qu'elles sont presque toutes plantées de façon que la plus grande grosseur est en haut et la moindre en bas, de sorte qu'il y en a plusieurs qui sont portées comme sur au pivot."*

Of the primeval customs which yet linger amongst the people, and which are popularly supposed to have an origin coeval with these strange monuments (concerning the uses of which the world is still ignorant), the game of *soule* is the most remarkable. The *soule* is a leather ball, resembling our tennis-ball, which is thrown up into the air, and contended for by the players, ranged into two parties, who pursue the struggle, by kicking, banging, and flinging the ball until one or the other shall have succeeded in conveying it across the boundary of the commune in which the play commenced. In some places the game is won by carrying off the ball, and lodging it in a house. The Breton *savans*, who are never at a loss for an ingenious speculation in support of their antiquities, affirm that this game is a relique of the worship of the sun. The spherical figure of the ball, they say, is purely typical, and it is thrown into the air as if it were intended to touch the sun, and contended for when it falls as if, by being projected in that direction, it had become a sacred object! This curious notion is founded upon the ancient usage of extending

* Recueil d'Antiquités.

the hand towards the sun, then drawing it back to the mouth and kissing it with devotion, the superstition being that the kiss is thus communicated to the sun itself. The connection with the solar worship is further attempted to be shewn by sundry ingenious speculations upon the derivation of the word *soule*. One philologist traces it to the Breton word *sol*, which he says signifies sun, and is pronounced like *soule*; and another is at considerable pains to prove that *di sol*, the Breton name for Sunday, signifies *jour de soleil* in the Celtic. M. Mahe,* a French archæologist, distinguished as much for good sense as erudition, sweeps away all these theories, and discovers the probable etymon of the word in the *sol* of the Romans.

The game is now rarely played, except in Morbihan, where its violence is well adapted to the barbarous character of a race who still retain in their *fêtes* and customs the savage spirit of a remote age. *Soule* is by no means a mere country pastime in this wild district, but a terrible festival, in which a wide indulgence is granted to the people to run into the most ferocious excesses, and to avenge their private quarrels under the mask of a dramatic fury. The day of the *soule* is looked forward to as a day of reckoning for all wrongs and grudges. No man can foresee its issue, or calculate upon its incidents. He only knows that it is a day of assassination, and that he must be prepared to give as well as take revenge. "Et quel est celui qui n'a pas quelqu'un à tuer?" was the significant question of one of these *souleurs* to M. Souvestre, who has collected such amusing notes upon his native Brittany.

The hostilities of parishes, and the jealousies which have subsisted, from time immemorial, between the rural population and the *bourgeoisie*, furnish additional elements for feeding the fury of this deadly game. The rancour with which the peasantry regard the citizens, on account of the superior privileges they enjoy, finds a vent on these occasions which is well understood by both parties. Under such circumstances the *soule* literally resolves itself into a pitched battle between antagonist classes, who, drawn out into opposite camps, prepare for the combat with as much earnestness and with as grave intentions as if the existence of their orders depended on the result. The citizens are quite as eager as the peasantry. It is the country against the town. A vital question, in fact, is concealed under the pretence of a holiday amusement. Young men in their finest dresses, fathers of families, and people of condition, are found mixed up in the miscellaneous gathering with workmen out of factories, and crowds of labourers collected from the fields. The communes pour out their entire population to witness the exciting spectacle, and when the players arrive the lists are proclaimed with the formality of a tournament. The combatants are carefully attired in dresses that fit closely to their persons to give free play to their limbs, and wear leather straps buckled round their waists. The movements of the peasants are generally slow and cautious, while the towns-people, with quicker instinct, and, perhaps, a certain sense of superiority, advance into the lists with more vivacity and boldness. When they are all ready, the conditions of the game are declared in a loud voice by a person who fulfils the functions of a herald, and the prize to be awarded to the conquerors is exhibited; the two parties then withdraw at equal distances from a certain point, the ball is flung into

* Essai sur les Antiquités du Département du Morbihan.

the air, and the play begins. Some awkward attempts are made in the course of the contentions to imitate the English art of wrestling, but it is hardly necessary to say that they degenerate into brutal violence.

M. Souvestre * gives us an animated description of the progress of a game of *soule*, from which it appears that the contest is at first amongst the weakest players, the more muscular combatants reserving their strength for the final struggle, contenting themselves in the beginning with looking on and encouraging their comrades. However, one by one, they rush into the crowd, and, at last, the whole field becomes engaged in the furious *mêlée*. The *soule*, taken and retaken, is already far from the spot where it was launched; the borders of the commune are approached; and the madness of the scene is at its height. All restraint is now cast away; from mere wrestling, the combatants proceed to blows; loud shrieks, and imprecations, are heard on all sides, and, drunk with frenzy, the entire multitude may be seen interlocked in a dense body, out of which countless arms are wildly tossed aloft in mortal struggle. When the ball is flung out, and this compact body is again broken up, a few staggering figures, covered with blood, emerge from the mass, and straggling blindly about for a moment or two, fall to the ground. The vanquished are trampled down without mercy, and the desperate game is continued over the bodies; the number of players diminishing with each renewal of the sanguinary encounter, until the remaining combatants are reduced to a few, who glare upon each other face to face half-dead with fatigue and loss of blood. He who has strength enough left for a last effort, now seizes the ball, and endeavours to escape with it, feebly pursued by his exhausted opponents. At length the border of the commune is reached, and the prize is won. It is at this point of the game that the greatest danger usually arises, and it is here that hoarded vengeance, if it have survived the fearful collisions of the day, calculates upon its final triumph. M. Souvestre supplies us with an illustration of the horrors which sometimes close the day of the *soule*, in the instance of a peasant of Pontivy, who had acquired such celebrity for his skill in this game that he was popularly called the *souleur*, and used to display the prizes he had gained, suspended and ranged on his mantel-piece, with as much pride as an Indian feels in decorating his wigwam with the scalps he has taken in battle. Every year François hung up a new trophy over his fire-place. Only one man, Ivon Marker, ventured to dispute the victory, year after year, with François, but in an encounter which took place between them in 1810, Ivon received so severe a beating from his powerful opponent that he died of his hurts. Pierre Marker succeeded to the pretensions of his father, without being more fortunate. On one occasion, struggling with François, Pierre lost an eye, scooped out of his head according to the revolting custom of the French, and in another two of his teeth were smashed and driven down his throat. For these injuries and humiliations, Pierre Marker swore to revenge himself upon the victorious François.

The opportunity for vengeance occurred at a *soule* which was attended by François and his rival. There was nothing remarkable in their bearing towards each other at first, except that Pierre avoided François throughout the *mêlée*, although the latter encouraged him

* Les Derniers Bretons.

to approach by several gracious invitations, such as "Come here, *chouan*, that I may knock your other eye out!" Pierre was insensible to the compliment, and continued to keep aloof. Once, towards the end of the day, François, having been thrown down, felt two *sabots* crushing his stomach, and, looking up, saw the empty socket of an eye glaring upon him with a frightful expression, but by a powerful effort, and the help of friends, he regained his feet.

Night was beginning to fall. The greater number of the *souleurs*, worn out by their exertions, had dropped off, and were slowly dispersing homewards; a few, more vigorous and furious than the rest, still remained to dispute the prize. François seized the favourable moment, snatched up the *soule*, and flew across the country. For a short time his opponents followed him; but he rapidly gained ground, and at last lost sight of them. Their distant cries became fainter and fainter through the gathering fogs of the evening, then ceased altogether. The *souleurs* believed that the prize was won, and gave up the contention.

François, covered with bruises, flung himself upon the ground to take breath, then renewing his flight, began to run in the direction of a little stream, which formed the boundary of the commune, and, consequently, the goal of victory. He saw the willows on its banks plainly before him—his heart beat high—a few efforts more would carry him to the opposite side—when he heard behind him the light and peculiar sound which is made by the naked feet of a swift runner, and, turning round, he saw, through the increasing gloom, the shadow of a man coming rapidly towards him. Then, for the first time, the old *souleur* was conscious of a sensation of dread, for he felt that he was too much exhausted to defend himself, and that he was beyond the reach of help. He determined to press on, and gathering all the strength he could summon, he rushed onwards and onwards towards the river; but the sound of the pursuing feet came nearer and nearer, and François heard the voice of his adversary uttering a hoarse malediction. He strains forward, reaches the bank, clutches a willow, his feet are already in the water—at that moment a loud cry rings in his ears, and he recognizes the voice of Pierre Marker. François could cross the stream at a bound, were he fresh as he came out that morning, but he is broken down by fatigue, and in his attempt to dash over he stumbles and falls heavily on the sharp stones that form the bed of the river. Endeavouring to recover himself, he feels a knee upon his breast, and sees the figure of Pierre spread over him with his eyeless socket, and dilapidated mouth, lighted up with a ghastly laugh. François instinctively stretches out his hand towards the opposite bank of the river—if he touches it he is saved! But Pierre seizes his arm with a grasp of iron:

"Thou art yet in our commune, *bourgeois*," he exclaims; "I have a right upon thee."

"Leave me, *chouan*," replies François.

"Give me the *soule*," demands Pierre.

"Take it—leave me."

"You owe me something yet."

"What is it?"

"Thine eye!" shouted Pierre; "thine eye!" and in uttering these words he closed his brawny hand, and striking the left eye of his victim, it sprang out of its socket!

"Leave me, leave me, assassin!" cried the unfortunate François.

"You still owe me your teeth, *bourgeois*," returned the other, and his teeth were broken into his throat with a blow. Then, in a delirium of frenzy, he seized the head of François under his left arm, and proceeded to hammer his skull with a *sabot*. The next morning the corpse of François was discovered on the bank of the river. Pierre was cited for the murder before the court of assize; but he pleaded that the encounter had taken place within the commune where the play had commenced, and on that plea he was acquitted.

Such is the horrible story related by M. Souvestre. When *soule* used to be a popular amusement, incidents of this revolting description were of frequent occurrence; but, happily, the game which fostered their criminal passions is here rarely revived. It has gone out with the gradual extinction of the seignorial rights, its chief supporters being almost everywhere the seigneurs or lords of the manors or parishes.

XXVI.—NANTES.

The moment an Englishman enters Nantes he thinks of the Revocation of its Edict, as the notorious penal law against Protestantism is loosely and erroneously called. It seems to rise up on all sides, and colour the very atmosphere. You fancy you see it written in flaming characters on the red flags of the shipping, that you hear it wailing through sinister passages and blind old doorways, and shrieking aloud in the uproar of drums, trumpets, processions, the riot of mariners, and tramp of soldiers which stun you as you advance into the city. The Revocation of the Edict is as inseparably associated with the name of Nantes, as the firing of the temple with the name of Ephesus. They will go down to the end of time together. Nantes, famous for many events of a startling kind which stand out conspicuously in its history, is more famous for that single fact than for all the rest.

From the earliest period, Nantes has been doomed to the miseries of war and bloodshed. There is scarcely an old house or street which has not, at one time or another, been the scene of some terrible tragedy. It has suffered every possible calamity that can be inflicted upon a town; and, during the last nine hundred years, with few intervals of repose, has passed through the diversified experiences of being stormed, taken and retaken, fortified and demolished, blown up, inundated, sacked, plundered, put to the sword, and burned to cinders. How it grew up into its present magnificence and expansion through these destructive varieties of fortune is a marvel to contemplate. Huns, Gauls, English, Normans, Vandals, and even Bretons themselves, have appeared in endless succession before its gates, destroying, pillaging, and slaughtering; yet, memorable as these circumstances are, and wonderful as you feel them to be in their historical continuity and accumulation, the fact that first seizes upon your English imagination is the Revocation of the Edict. It casts all other horrors into the shade. Even Carrier, the great Ogre of Nantes, pales his ineffectual fires before the *battues* of religious extermination. The French themselves, loth as they may be in this age to acknowledge it, cannot help regarding that sublime act of intolerance as the distinguishing incident which will cling to Nantes for ever. They have good reason, too, for

remembering the bigotry of the seventeenth century, which, beside the disgrace it brought upon the town, nearly annihilated its trade.

Everything in Nantes is on a grand scale. It is a very large city, with upwards of ninety thousand inhabitants. It has vast quays, and a vast number of bridges, which the guide-books assure you are all built of stone, although some of them are of honest carpentry; vast houses, fit dwelling-places for Titans, six or seven lofty stories being here nothing at all remarkable; enormous oxen-huge boats piled to the skies with hay; great fishing-smacks, with nets covering half the breadth of the river; broad streets, broad squares and broad coaches. The coffee-cups are larger than usual—the shops are larger—the wagons are steeper, and heaped up to more perilous height than elsewhere—even the fashions are bigger in bonnets, coats, caps, hats, and pantaloons, which last article of dress is ingeniously puckered round the waist, to ensure the largest possible consumption of cloth in the smallest possible space. The height of the houses, the spaciousness of the streets, the general aspect of towering warehouses, sparred over with masts and cranes the flowing waters, formed by a confluence of rivers at this point, covered with great bath-houses, and laundries, and boats and ships, of every shape, colour, and size, and broken up into numerous arms by populous islands, incorporated with the city by bridges (amongst them a suspension-bridge), and the perpetual din and bustle, and crowding of people, satisfy you at once that you are in the midst of a great city.

Memorials of the barbarities of the Revolution, which you are willing enough to forget, meet you at every turn. The handsome house of the fiend Carrier, at the end of a pretty avenue of trees, is one of the first sights to which the *valet de place* considers it indispensable to conduct you; and then you are shewn a place which used to be deluged with blood by the guillotine, and which is now converted into a market. You turn from these sights with loathing, but even the broad airy quays, and the pleasant green waters of the Loire afford you no relief, for here were enacted the horrors of the Noyades; and there are yet some buildings standing on the quay where hundreds of royalists were shut up, and selections made from them every night, when they were tied together in pairs, back to back, and cast into the river. This mode of death transcends the inventions of antiquity; it is even worse than the Noyade which originated with Nero. During the fearful struggle in the water of the miserable victims, one of them must have been uppermost, gasping and alive, while the other was drowning below! Let us turn to other subjects.

The Cathedral of St. Peter is the most remarkable edifice in Nantes. According to the current tradition, it was erected on the ruins of an ancient temple, but there is no evidence whatever of such antiquity in the structure itself, with the exception of a little chapel under a range of arcades stretching off from the choir, looking very like a Roman relique. Of the rest, there is scarcely a fragment which can be referred to a period anterior to the eleventh century. That a cathedral stood here in the ninth century is probably true; but, considering that the Normans gave up the city to fire and pillage towards the close of that century, it is unlikely that a particle of the original building escaped. All trustworthy authorities agree in the difficulty of fixing the precise time when it

present cathedral was erected. There are scraps here and there of different ages, the earliest being the eleventh or twelfth, and the latest the fifteenth, with sundry patches of restoration of still later dates.

The *façade* is grand and rich, presenting, however, an extraordinary anomaly between the weight and solidity of the upper walls, and the delicacy and lightness of the ornaments of the lower part, which forms their base. The doors are crusted over with a prodigious number of little bas-reliefs, which, examined in detail, are full of interest from the variety of the compositions and the exquisite finish of the workmanship, but which the spectator confesses with reluctance to have rather a mean aspect in the *ensemble*. Passing into the church, all minor criticism is absorbed in the severe beauty and imposing majesty of the immense nave. In height, size, and the grandeur of its proportions, this interior surpasses most other cathedrals. The play of light and shadow through its arcades produces the most charming pictorial effects, and the gallery which runs round the whole is remarkable for the marvellous art with which it combines a rich profusion of embellishments, with a strict simplicity in the general design. Whether this gallery is looked at from below, and regarded as part of a great whole, or closely inspected above, in reference to the taste and skill displayed in the choice, and execution of its ornaments, it is equally an object of wonder and admiration.

In the south transept is the tomb of Francis II., the last duke of Brittany, and his daughter Anne. This beautiful piece of sculpture is justly esteemed as one of the noblest monuments of the *Renaissance*. The features live and speak in the marble, instinct with vital expression, and the mastery of the artist is shewn throughout the whole articulation of the limbs, especially in the treatment of the hands. Amongst the groups clustered in niches upon the tomb, the statuette of Charlemagne is particularly deserving attention. The head, face, figure, attitude, and general expression, possess the individuality of a portrait reconciled with the universal truth of the highest art. In addition to numerous groups representing the Twelve Apostles, and sundry saints of Church and State, there are four grand allegorical figures emblematical of Strength strangling a dragon, Prudence with a curb and lantern, Justice with the scales, and Wisdom, an old man with a looking-glass and compass, and a serpent at his feet. These statues exhibit a rare union of power and simplicity; the draperies are graceful and flowing, and the character of each is distinct and well preserved. This great work was executed in 1507 by Michel Colomb, of whose life, and other works, nothing whatever is known, except that he was born in an obscure place called Saint Pol-de-Léon!

Almost all the remaining churches of Nantes are modern; that of St. Francis is curious on account of its circular form, so uncommon in Catholic countries. It stands in a sequestered quarter of the town, and might be passed unnoticed from the stillness of the place, and its unpromising exterior. But it is worth peeping into. The figure of the saint, of the size of life, is inserted in a deep niche high above the back of the altar, and the light is ingeniously let in upon it from an unseen window, so that his saintship stands, by a mechanical miracle, in a flood of sunshine, while the rest of the church is buried

in deep twilight. This is one of the devices which, taking the visitor by surprise, have acquired for the temples of Catholicism such a reputation for theatrical effect. There are two great plaster of Paris casts, probably the productions of some of the itinerant Italians, sprawling up the sides of this rotunda, one of which represents the eternal Mount Calvary. They are not badly executed, but essentially vulgar, a vice which is grievously enhanced by their intrusion into this quiet little building.

Such slight fragments of the early churches as survived the devastations of Carrier and the Revolution, are not worth the toil of piercing the horrid cavernous streets in which they are smothered and built over. In the depths of the city are many queer tottering houses of the Middle Ages, recognized at once by their *façades*, sculptured for the most part in wood, and embellished with corbels. Some of these houses (now rapidly disappearing) are so close together that the roofs nearly touch each other, while the passage below will admit of only two persons abreast. Art loses something in the loss of countless bits of curious sculpture, swept away in the removal of these dingy mansions, but the city gains salubrity by the clearance of such pestilential quarters. In Nantes—the city of destruction, the city of fires and conspiracies, of incendiarism, atheism and bigotry, of civil war and foreign incursions, the city of transitions and revolutions—the remains of the architecture and Christianity of the Early Ages are less numerous and interesting than in any other of the Breton cities. They have been nearly all destroyed, and the little that yet survives is embedded amongst the meanest habitations in the worst parts of the town. Modern improvements, and the irresistible progress of necessity have, bit by bit, obliterated her ecclesiastical and artistical glories.

The archives of the prefecture possess the richest collection of documents, illustrative of local history, in Brittany: the whole of the original papers relative to the war in Vendée, charters, records, and curious MSS.; amongst others, the full minutes of the trial of Gilles de Retz, better known to the world as Barbe-Bleue. This celebrated person committed every crime which a drunken and delirious imagination can conceive; and, coming into an enormous fortune at an early age, devoted his wealth to the gratification of a monstrous lust of blood and debauchery, intelligible only on the assumption that the unfortunate man was insane. In addition to the catalogue of enormities proved against him, he was accused of magic, and it appears from the record of the proceedings that this charge weighed heaviest of all in the minds of his judges. He was sentenced to be burned alive in the meadow of Biesse; but his friends were powerful enough to get permission to strangle him beforehand, and to spare him, who had inflicted such horrible agonies upon others, the pangs of a lingering death. A stone cross marks the spot where his body was given to the flames. Close to one of the bridges there is a little stone building which is said to have been erected at his desire, and which is called the expiatory monument of Blue Beard.

The veritable Barbe-Bleue enacted the horrors rendered so familiar by the popular legend, and the drama of Perault, in the castle of Champocé, in the neighbouring province of Anjou, where the ruins of the extensive pile may yet be seen on a lofty table-land close to the village. The honour of having produced the real monster is also claimed by Brittany, in the person of a wicked nobleman, called

Comorre, Count of Cournailles, who lived in the sixth century, some eight hundred years before Gilles de Retz. But Comorre was an insignificant villain in comparison, and hardly worthy of being allowed to mix in the train of that mysterious personage, whose sanguinary orgies still supply shuddering materials for story-books and melodramas.

Anne of Brittany, the poet René le Pays, Cailliaud the traveller, Laënc the physician, are the principal celebrities to whom Nantes has given birth. The catalogue is meagre, and it is satisfactory to be able to strengthen it by the addition of a name of which the living generation, at least, is abundantly proud. This new lion is M. Baudry, an inhabitant of the town, to whom is ascribed the distinction of having been the inventor of the vehicle called the Omnibus. It seems that the first omnibus that ever ran was established here in the year 1826, that the machine was afterwards introduced into Paris, then into London, and at last into all parts of the world where the streaming populations were in want of a "cast" *en route*. Whether M. Baudry is really entitled to the gratitude of mankind for this discovery, may probably be contested in ages yet to come; but there is no doubt that it is claimed for him by his townspeople, who, in course of time, may be expected to authenticate his fame by the erection of a statue to his memory.

XXVII.—THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.

Exactly opposite to the *château*, the birth-place of the Duchess Anne, and the scene of her nuptials with Louis XII., and now the prison of Nantes, in a lanky house in the Rue du Château, is the room containing the stove behind which the Duchess de Berri hid herself with three of her friends, while the *gendarmes* were roasting her outside. This room will doubtless, by and by, become an object of much morbid interest to occasional travellers, as the dismal country-house of M. Lafarge, or the court-house of Tulle.

However poorly we may think of the heroics of the Duchess in affairs of State, we cannot refuse to acknowledge that she exhibited an extraordinary spirit of endurance during the seventeen hours she was confined in this narrow space, without food or drink, in an upright posture, so cramped in room as to be unable to stir hand or foot, and suffering inconceivable agony from the heat. The transaction is certainly not exempt from a mixture of the ridiculous, considering the hopelessness of her claims upon the throne, and the melodramatic extravagance and strange want of dignity she displayed throughout her proceedings. But it is impossible to contemplate the excruciating torture she underwent on this occasion, without feeling some sympathy for her sufferings, notwithstanding that she threw herself in the way of them with a recklessness which will sadly interfere with her historical reputation.

The open fire-place, behind which she was incarcerated is built in the corner of an extremely small tiled room at the top of the house, the *cachette* forming the angle at the back, and being, as may be supposed, of very limited dimensions. Whether the recess was left there by design or accident is not known; but it was probably intended for some such use as that to which it was thus applied. It is scarcely wide enough for a man to stand up in with any degree of ease, and the access to it through a low iron plate, resembling the

door of an oven, is so difficult as to seem impassable even for a child. How any man of the ordinary height and size could have squeezed himself through can be understood only by a very full appreciation of the perils of the moment. Yet into this *cachette* the Duchess de Berri, accompanied by her friends, contrived to force a passage. When the whole party had succeeded in getting into this retreat, and in getting themselves shut in by some friendly hand, it is quite certain that, once having taken up their positions, they could not alter them, whatever pain or inconvenience they may have undergone. The interior is sufficiently lofty, narrowing as it ascends, and two or three bricks broken out by the prisoners immediately under the slates, sufficed to give them air, when the smoke from the chimney, rolling down in gusty volumes, threatened to suffocate them. Had it not been for the heat, which at last scorched their dresses almost to flames, they might have exhausted the patience of the *gendarmes*, or, at all events, have remained long enough to enable their friends to contrive some escape for them on the roofs of the adjoining houses, which, from the position of the garret, would have been easily accomplished.

The poor Duchess, however, blackened and blistered all over, was unable to hold out, and, as all the world knows, kicked at the iron-door till she was liberated from her hiding-place, and seized by the soldiers. She was immediately conveyed, without noise or parade, just as she was, across the street into the *château*, where she was lodged for the night, and then sent off the next morning to securer quarters.

What infatuation tempted her to take up her residence opposite to the prison nobody can tell. It was the tendency of her inexplicable genius always to run her head into danger. There were a hundred places in Nantes where she might have been safe; but she selected this in preference to them all. It almost faces the little drawbridge leading to the principal gate of the *château*, and she could not approach the windows without being seen by the soldiers on guard at the bridge, and by the people on the ramparts and within the fort. In short, it was the most dangerous spot in the town. But even the choice of this unsafe location was not her only indiscretion. She actually remained here for four months, and had become so confident from continued impunity, that she occasionally ventured into the streets. It was well known in official quarters that the Government had really no desire to interfere with the little mad-cap heroine, so long as she kept her hands out of mischief, and that they were willing to let her play out her hide-and-seek pantomime in pursuit of a Crown, provided she did not openly throw herself in their way. This might have lasted to the end of the chapter, if she had been a little more prudent; but there came a change in the Préfecture, which destroyed her delusions. The préfet of the department was well aware of the disposition of the Government, and, whatever suspicions he might have had concerning her whereabouts, there is now sufficient reason to believe that he gave himself no further trouble in the matter. The Duchess, therefore, was safe—security made her careless; and when the préfet was changed, her carelessness exposed her at once to the fate which she soon afterwards suffered. The new official was a man of a severe and inflexible temper, who took his instructions *au pied de la lettre*, and fulfilled them sternly. It was impossible for the Duchess

to escape him ; and she accordingly fell into his hands in the simplest way imaginable.

She used to dine with the ladies of the family—*Mesdemoiselles de Junis*—in a room on the first-floor, looking upon the street. The dinner was regularly served by a neighbouring *traiteur*, who, bringing in his dishes as usual one day, observed a vacant chair at the table. The public mind at that time was in a state of some excitement, and this trifling circumstance exciting the fellow's suspicions, he immediately apprised the authorities, and the house was instantly in the hands of the military, who occupied every room, and left no means of exit or entrance unguarded.

The apartment where the Duchess used to dine is a front room, floored with plain tiles, without carpet or rug, and having no other furniture than an oval oak table in the centre, and a few neat rush-bottomed chairs. The Duchess, who had been *fêted* on the Seine, and had once been "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes" in Paris, had now been accustomed to put up with any accommodation she could get. A short time before she took refuge with *Mademoiselle de Junis*, she had found shelter in a *château* in the country belonging to a family of devoted Royalists ; but, the police beginning to betray increased vigilance, and various rumours being in circulation about her, the family became alarmed and requested her to withdraw. It is not at all unlikely that her own hair-brained volatility confirmed them in their resolution, if it did not produce it. Having no alternative, she left the *château*, and when her adventures come to be truly represented on the boards of the Vaudeville or the Palais Royal, she will be exhibited issuing from the *château* without shoes or stockings, disguised as a milk maid, with a pail on her head, trolling one of the popular ditties of *La Vendée* ! Such was, in fact, the manner of her departure, and the *ruse* was entirely successful ; for, in this disguise, supported with the ability of an accomplished actress, she was able to cross the country in safety and join her friends at an appointed rendezvous.

The house of *Mademoiselle de Junis* was scarcely inhabited when I visited Nantes, and had a singularly sad and doleful aspect. There were people living in it, but not of the same rank as its former occupants. It is a mere citizen's house, substantial and plain, without a single attempt at embellishment. You pass up two pair of stairs, and when you arrive at the second landing the staircase seems to terminate, but there is yet another which you reach through a small door, and which you scale with some difficulty on account of its narrowness. It was up this dark and inconvenient staircase the Duchess fled to conceal herself on the approach of the *gendarmes* ; and many a night must she have trodden it with palpitation, when, at every sound of alarm, and every new rumour that reached the little party, she felt it necessary to fly to her hiding-place.

The most melancholy part of the story is that which relates to the faithful *Mademoiselle de Junis*. She was a devoted friend of the Duchess, and kept her safely in her house. For this offence, she was committed to the *château*, from whence she was not liberated until she had expiated her fidelity by many years of confinement.

THE IDEALS.

FROM SCHILLER.

AND wilt thou, faithless one, thus leave
 me,
 With all sweet fancies in thy train,
 Of all thy joys and pains bereave me?
 Are prayers and tears alike in vain?
 Oh, golden age of life! thy motion
 Will nothing stay? so quickly past!
 Ay, in Eternity's dread ocean
 Thy flitting waves are sinking fast.

Those suns are waxéd pale that lighted
 My youth, and o'er its pathway shone,
 The bright Ideals that delighted
 My swelling heart are long since flown.
 'Tis gone, the faith that hung enrapt-
 ured,
 O'er the loved creatures of my dream,
 By stern Reality encaptured,
 Those visions now are faint and dim.

As erst Pygmalion threw impassion'd
 His arms around the marble form,
 Till the cold stone his art had fashion'd
 Glow'd with emotion true and warm.
 Thus ardently my soul entwreathing
 Round Nature, gazing on her face,
 At length I held her living, breathing,
 Warm'd in my passionate embrace.

And then, my fervent love returning,
 Her silent lips in language move,
 She knew my spirit's inmost yearning,
 She freely gave the kiss of love.
 Each tree, each flower to me seemed
 living,
 The fountain flowed melodiously,
 All soul-less things a life receiving
 From the rich life that burned in me.

A strong desire, a fierce emotion
 My bosom's hidden depths now
 stirred
 To launch within life's troubled ocean,
 To act, to rule in deed and word.
 This world, whilst yet its bud conceal'd
 it,
 How vast, how great whilst yet un-
 seen!
 Now Time in fulness has reveal'd it,
 Alas! how little, poor, and mean!

Amid life's tumult boldly springing,
 And in his fond delusion blest,
 The youth, sad care behind him flinging,
 Began his course, despising rest.
 N'ea to the palest stars of ether
 His thoughts would fearless cleave the
 air,
 Nothing so high, so far, that thither
 Those glorious pinions could not dare.

Blest youth! and favour'd beyond mea-
 sure,
 What task were found too hard for
 thee?
 Before thy life's bright car of pleasure
 What airy visions danced in glee!
 Love, with his rapturous joys delight-
 ing,
 And Fortune with her wreath of gold
 Glory, with starry crown inviting,
 Truth, in her brilliancy untold.

Alas! they turn'd their steps and left
 me,
 Those faithless comrades, one by one
 Of help and counsel sweet bereft me,
 Ere half my destined course was run
 Light-footed Fortune fled unbidden,
 And Knowledge, nought his thirst
 could stay,
 Truth's sun-bright form by storm-clouds
 hidden,
 Scatter'd by doubt across her way.

I saw the hallow'd wreath of Glory
 On vulgar brows its radiance spread,
 Too soon, alas! the old, old story!
 Life's spring is past, Love's flower is
 dead.
 Still more deserted, still more lonely,
 Became the rough and toilsome way,
 And Hope, to light the gloom, shed only
 One tremulous uncertain ray.

Of all who shared life's joyous morning
 Stays none throughout these hours of
 gloom!
 Stands none beside me cheering, warn-
 ing.
 And following even to the tomb?
 Yes, thou who all mine anguish sharest
 Friendship, who early sought and
 found,
 My heavy burden kindly bearest,
 Whose gentle hand shall heal each
 wound.

And thou, who lovingly conspirest
 With her my spirit's storms to calm,
 Employment, thou who never tirest,
 Whose gradual work no power can
 harm;
 Who to Eternity's vast building
 Bring'st at grain by grain as it uprears
 Yet from Time's mighty debt rescind-
 ing,
 Still cancellest minutes, days, and
 years.

THE HAPPY VALLEY;

OR,

THE EMIGRANT'S HOME.

BY MRS. WARD.

IN a late number of this Miscellany I presented my readers with a sketch of a locality purely English.* The title of this paper will induce them to imagine it descriptive of a far land which they may never see, but as a few words about a "Bushman's Haunt in Southern Africa," will introduce them to "the happy valley," they may be induced, from curiosity, to glance over the first pages alluding to a race of beings whose existence for a long period was doubted; and when I add that my visit to the deserted nook in question would never have been paid, but for my pleasant pilgrimage to an emigrant settlement, I trust they will accompany me along the hill sides, through the vast pastures, past the little *lagers* (bivouacs), where the colonists were assembled together for mutual protection, to the beautiful district of the Mancazana, where all was peace, and where plenty reigned, although, within forty miles of the location, the garrison was but slenderly provided with the commonest necessaries of life.

Yet, this happy valley is the home of our countrymen, the dwelling-place of many people from our own soil—it is they who have assisted Nature, and made the place a miniature Land of Goshen. But of that by-and-bye.

The homes of the Bushmen are not built with hands, the stately trees of the forest, the scented boughs of the Mimosa bush, form for them "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat," the cool grot offers rest to their weary limbs, the turf, ever smooth and green, is their carpet, and the great plains of Africa, the steep mountain paths, their pleasure grounds. The bright winged locust and the roots of many coloured bulbs afford them food, and the clear spring slakes their thirst. Few, however, of these green places are left to the miserable Bushmen now; as the foot-prints of the white man, in his advance, have alarmed the watchful sight of these untameable beings, they have gradually receded from the fertile valleys and are now to be found, like the Conies, among the rocks and stunted bush beyond the north-eastern boundary of the colony, where they carry on a stealthy and perpetual warfare against the sheep and poultry of those Dutch farmers (Boers), who, unwilling to trust themselves to the dangers of British protection, have withdrawn from the surveillance of our government altogether.

A general idea prevails among both Bushmen and Hottentots, that, as the original inhabitants of the soil (for the Hottentots claim aboriginal privileges), they are entitled to whatever they find there, and the savage little Bushman, like the *Jibbenanosy* of the American Indians, is the terror of the plains in the upper part of Southern Africa, for what he cannot take away he leaves stamped with his bloody mark. Like evil spirits in the deep watches of the night, a miniature host "comes down like a wolf on the fold," and at dawn the farmer finds

* "Coquet Side."

his flock thinned, dismembered, mutilated, and sometimes skinned, impaled alive.

In the part of the country to which they have of late years banished themselves, it is scarcely probable that the Bushmen have their hunting days as of old. But time has been, some thirty years ago, when they assembled for the chase at those periods when the eilands, hartebeests, gemsboks, and buffaloes were in good condition. At such times the animals are not only more valuable as food, but fall an easier prey to the hunter, from their unwieldy size; and although those who pursue the chase as sportsmen would consider such a reason for attacking the wild herds of Africa as uncongenial to real lovers of excitement, it is more than probable that the sharp pangs of hunger give relish to the toil of the poor pigmies, whose emaciated forms seem to belie their capacity for any such exertion. It must also be remembered that if the good condition of the beasts exhausts their powers of resistance, it also adds to their ferocity.

I have been told by those whose long residence in South-eastern Africa has given them an insight into the customs of these tiny beings that the eve of a hunt was always a time of great excitement among them: animating themselves and their comrades with strangely-remembered histories of past achievements, they prepared the poison for the miniature arrows. The spots in which they held their "meets," were evidently chosen with a view to retirement and with a certain taste for the beautiful as well as the secure, and of this description was the hiding place among the Winterberg mountains, which I had the pleasure of visiting fourteen months ago.

The day was sultry and a heavy storm was gradually approaching the valley on the morning of the 17th of November, 1847, when I ventured, with some friends, up the path, almost a labyrinth from the intermingling boughs beneath which it wound, to the Bushmen's haunt. The thunder muttered among the mountains like the distant roar of artillery, and to add to what some would be pleased to call the "awful solemnity of the scene," it had for some time been "currently reported" that a tiger was wont to lurk about the cave occasionally. Those, however, who are acquainted with the habits of wild beasts feel perfectly secure in the day-time, the human voice is sufficient to scare away the brutes of the forest unless they are hungry, which was most likely to be the case with the gentleman in question, in the neighbourhood of a plentiful settlement.

After a scramble, we reached the verdant dais, the background of which was a noble façade of grey rock, and on this was depicted in various coloured ochres, the scene of some famous hunt. The rock had once been a solid block, but was the more picturesque from being riven in many places, and from the interstices, graceful shrubs, that would be prized in the conservatories of a sovereign, had started into life and did indeed waste their sweetness on the desert air.

The picture on the scarp of rock may be described as follows:—

The game has fairly been driven into an area by the little figure of a piebald horse to the right, while another in the foreground, who has assisted him, is tossing his arms aloft and terrifying the two gemsboks. The unwieldy eiland looks breathless as he toils after the springbok and that riderless horse, with its large head and ungainly legs, has evidently been trained to help in the chase. At the top of the picture in extraordinary perspective, stands a Bushman in a kilt of sheepskin, his knob kerie (war-club) in one hand, in the other his bow and quiver.

full of poisoned arrows. He, too, is evidently intent in scaring away the animals, who, panic-stricken, tired, and bewildered, attempt to pass him by as a gemsbok has done already. It is this animal which is supposed to have suggested to travellers the idea of the unicorn, as an inhabitant of the African plains, for, from its horns being parallel, a profile sketch gives an appearance of only one, these primitive artists having no idea of selecting particular attitudes or positions for the subjects of their pencils, or rather chinks, which are of various coloured ochres, defying alike time, weather, and tourists. There are, however, men among the Boers and Hottentots, who can have no motive for misleading the public, who assert that an animal totally distinct from the rhinoceros, and bearing a single horn on its forehead, is to be found in the jungles at the sources of the Kei and Umzimvooboo rivers.

The horse in the foreground has evidently been wounded by accident, and a little imp of a hunter, with his bow in his hand, is pausing to reprove his fellow-sportsmen for his forgetful earnestness, so that the hartebeest is likely to profit by the dispute to escape beyond the toils, unless the figure without the area, who now looks uncertain and bewildered, intercepts the huge animal and wounds him with his small, but deadly weapons. As each beast falls, the hunters will cut out the poisoned portion, and thus preserve the rest of the flesh from corruption. Through the trees which overhung this natural façade the light streamed down, and the place was musical with birds, which in Africa (with the exception of the canary) sing better in the shade than the sunshine, the buzzing of the insects chimed to the ripple of the little stream, and the storm having changed its course for a while, the sun fell on the brilliant flowers at our feet and flickered among the gay creepers over head.

How perfect was the repose!

I thought, as I stood, in this calm solitude, of an anecdote which had been told me by an eye-witness of Bushman ferocity.

In the upper districts some farmers located themselves for a few days, for the purpose of lion-hunting. This location by no means suited the wary Bushmen, who, from their coverts, looked out upon the well-stored wagons, and the *utspanned* (unyoked) oxen, all betokening a stay which would materially interfere with their search after game, roots, locusts, and wild honey.* While the rest of the party went out on their sporting expeditions, one remained to watch the cattle, never dreaming of neighbours in the vast solitude, round which his eye might wander for miles. Sitting one day on the tresselboom (pole) of his wagon, with his rifle beside him, and near him one of the oxen, which, perhaps, from a roving or mischievous disposition it was necessary to fasten to the boom, an arrow whistled past his ear and struck the beast beside him. He fired his piece immediately to give the alarm, on the chance of his comrades hearing it, and finding the ox struggling in great agony and likely to break its bonds, he cut them asunder, for, judging that the missile came from some Bushman's haunt, he anticipated the result. To use his own language in describing it to me, the ox roared with agony, plunged desperately, and went mad through the desert.

* With the exception of what they occasionally obtain by hunting, the Bushmen's food in general is what Nature offers them with little trouble. The honey is discovered by the honey-bird which guides the bee-hunter to the nest, the cunning little thing choosing that man shall make the first assault, and destroy or disperse the enemy, before he ventures on a feast himself.

The arrow, poisoned for the purpose of inflicting insanity, not deer was intended for the solitary sentinel of the hunting bivouac.

It was with a sensation of pain, and the thought "I shall see this spot no more," that I descended the natural steps of turf which led from the Bushman's haunt to the cultivated plains below, and long, long will be remembered this fairy dwelling-place, with its singing waters, joyous birds, and its paradise of flowers. One of our party having reached the foot of the hill, had already begun a poetical record of our visit. I transcribe such parts as bear upon the habits and occupations of the wild creatures whose painted legend we had examined with much interest. These descriptive lines are by the Rev. Herbert Bevan, military chaplain at Fort Hare, South Africa:—

—“ Adorn'd, perhaps, these figures odd
Some painted temple of their god,
Chisell'd by Nature's ready hand,
Devices rude of barbarous land;
Perhaps a monumental grave
Of some departed hunter brave,
Or other worthy of that race
Was honour'd here with burial-place.

Or was this cave a banquet-hall
Cool'd by the neighbouring waterfall?
Or, shaded by thick leafy screen,
A council-hall, from noontide sheen,
Where sitting on the verdant ground,
Throng'd counsellors or guests around?
Did witches here at midnight hour
Weave spells, as in enchanted bow'r,
Distil the lily,* or the bag
From out the venom'd serpent drag,
And deadly influence impart
To alightest touch of spear or dart?
Or did through that entangled grove
In mystic rites magicians rove?

Whatever were the mystery,
A pictured group we plainly see,
In yellow, red, black, white—while some,
As from a distance riding come,
With quiver, arrow, bow, and blade;
A hunting scene is sure portray'd—
For naked hunters seem the foes
Of antelopes and buffaloes.
Advancing some, a few retreat,
And others in the bushes beat,
While many drive with scaring shout
The game into the toils about,
And quaggas † in the medley swarm
With various beasts of curious form ! ”

Perhaps it would have been more strictly *en règle* if I had opened this chapter with an introduction to the happy valley, but so agreeable are my own reminiscences connected with my visit there, that, like a child, I have kept what to me was the pleasantest part of the expedition to the last, albeit the Bushman's haunt had its own delights also.

The journey to Glenthorn had often been talked of by those who were anxious I should really know the true meaning of an English farm in South Africa. The breaking out of the war in 1846 put stop to some projects we had formed at that period, but fearing this opportunity might be lost altogether, I resolved at last on taking a

* The root of the Agapanthus.

† The wild ass, or sebra.

vantage of the offered protection of friends, who travelled with a small escort of dragoons, to carry out my design.

It was before the close of the war that we left Graham's Town to perform this journey on horseback, a journey, including the return home, of two hundred and fifty miles. The first day's ride was partly through a dense bush near the Great Fish River. The enemy was pursuing his murderous work near the Kei, some seventy miles off, but as the thieving Kafirs are always lurking about the colony, we ladies were not unwilling to gallop through the bush, the rattling arms and accoutrements of our cavalry guards scaring the baboons from their hiding places, and frightening the poor innocent tortoises out of the sandy track before us.

The Koonap river was impassable, except by boat, when we reached it; and the vessel in which we traversed the torrent looked alarmingly crazy. The rope was well worn, but was not replaced by a new one till some months after our transit: not, indeed, until the rope gave way—the boat was dashed down the stream, and its occupants drowned in the whirling eddies of this uncertain river!

But on our perils by flood and field I must not dwell in my journey to the happy valley. It was sufficient that a ride among the mountains, through forests of tall trees, and across those spacious plains, for which my soul longs in this our peopled country, was to refresh a spirit worn with the privations and confinement attendant on a time of war, and dearth, and scorching drought. It was these anticipations which made us set at nought the difficulties, and, as some said, the dangers of the journey; these even added a zest to it, which matter-of-fact sitters at home cannot understand: nay, some of them clasp their hands at my relation, with a shriek, at the bare notion of travelling with an escort of dragoons; drop their *crochet* or their carpet-work, and declare they would rather sit at home all their lives: while I—don't believe them!

For the first two days *trek*, our road had lain in tolerably level pathways, but on the fourth, as we neared the Great Winterberg mountain, the ascents became steep, and ever and anon we were compelled to rest our panting steeds. The noontide sun poured his glowing rays upon us; the day was breathless, and as our party was reduced to five, I being now the only lady, the prospect certainly looked a little formidable. Before us was a tremendous acclivity, on each side of which arose dense and silent forests. Beyond and above, gigantic mountains, densely wooded, were piled one above another in gloomy majesty.

"Here," said one, as we paused for a few minutes, "a bridal party was startled lately by shots from the hills; and below, at the drift, a wagon was rifled and its driver murdered."

The bridal party, however, had reached its destination unharmed, and hereafter it may be premised that such adventures will be rare; first, because the Kafirs will be less daring; and, secondly, because the vast district of the Winterberg will be blessed with the presence of our church ministers, who can fulfil their solemn calling in consecrated fanes.

But the prospect at the top of the ascent! The open plains, the fresh breeze, beneath which the *vley** lilies, and the gladiolas, and the Africandas, and a host of other "mountain bells" bent their graceful heads; the clear spring was in view, and gaily answering the rein, the

* Vley, a pool.

reinvigorated horses pressed onwards towards the halting-ground beside the brawling water-course.

And thus for four days we journeyed till we reached the happy valley.

Mr. Pringle's substantial homestead, Glenthorn, stands in a fertile and picturesque vale, lying within the range of the Winterberg; and to this *Emigrant* many hundreds of human beings, of various classes, colours and denominations, have owed the whole comfort of their existence; and, it may be added, to some extent, their hopes for the *Eternal Future*. After thirty years of industry, surmounting all difficulties by meeting all dangers and vicissitudes with courage, patience, and perseverance, the family of the Pringles has obtained universal respect; their flocks feed in large pastures, their fields resound with the song and laughter of busy reapers, their gardens yield them delicious fruits, and, under the shelter of a wooded slope, the plain but well-proportioned chapel crowns a flowery mound. True, its position of command tells a tale of danger, but whether the knowledge of Mr. Pringle's character for cool courage daunted the Kafirs, or whether respect for the family who sheltered the wives and children of the very savages who were fighting against us, certain it is Glenthorn remained untouched during the Kafir war of 1846-7, its flocks and herds unmolested; there was something peculiarly calm and yet joyful in the sound of the chapel bell, as, at this particular period, swinging in the soft air, it echoed through the valley. It was as "The Voice of one crying in the Wilderness."

It was indeed singular that, in this retired spot, far removed from garrison-protection, the war, in the words of one of the family, had brought them the gospel; for Glenthorn was the house of refuge for many missionaries, whose homes had been laid waste by the brand of the savage.

Here was the spot on which the Pringles had first built their first abode, a Kafir hut: here the drift, across which their first little flock had been driven by its Hottentot herd-boy, whose mother's forebodings of evil were sadly fulfilled, when, at night-fall he was missing, and after weary seeking and suspense, they were obliged to submit to the sorrowful certainty that the Bushmen had come down from their haunt and carried him away.

A low thatched wall, pierced with small windows in fragile frames, betokened the original dwelling; its solid front of red brick now looked boldly into the valley; the farm-yard, with its outbuildings, was almost a barrack in appearance, for the reapers and the herdsmen were waiting for their plentiful rations of beef and mutton, while Kafir children played at the door steps, in happy ignorance of their fathers' occupations; here especially was felt the want of trusty English servants. The barn, the dairy, the pleasant odour of fresh-baked bread, the piles of vegetables, green peas preponderating, the flowing milk-pails, and the ground strewn with a repast for the poultry, were all wondrous to me, who could ill-reconcile the scarcity and expense of the part of the colony in which we had so long suffered from the changes of climate and hunger, with this abode of industry, plenty, and comfort. It was quite an expedition to visit the outhouses, and I was totally unprepared for the most gratifying sight of all.

A door, apparently in a wall, opened. No sound of uproarious mirth, angry remonstrance, or ill-humoured complaining proclaimed the character of its inmates, or, indeed, gave one the idea that it was

occupied at all. We entered, and some twenty Kafir boys and girls of various ages, almost all tolerably clothed, presented themselves to our view, some reading, some studying their lessons, and others writing.

The centre of the group was Letitia—a Christian Kafir girl. Now Letitia had been brought to England, and a certain clique of people at home chose to say that she was one of many hundreds,—nay, some thousand Christian Kafirs.

The fact is that Letitia, instead of being the *rule*, is the *exception*. She is *one* Christian girl among many *thousand* heathens! It is surprising to think how readily people in England believe the wrong side of a story. To dwell on the fallacies respecting Christianity in Kafirland—fallacies now so fully exposed—would be irrelevant to our purpose; but a few words may be said about the Bushmen who were exhibited in London the year before last.

A late lecturer on the subject of these poor Bushmen, gravely asserted that they were “of a race existing on the banks of the Great Fish River, in Africa,” or words to that effect. As this river, till the annulling of the late treaties in 1847, only divided the colony from the neutral or ceded territory, the latter occupied by colonists, savages, and her Majesty’s troops, such an assertion was laughed at by those who knew anything of Colonial Geography, and was of little importance, except to those who *paid for correct* information. To them a paragraph from a letter to me, dated from the Buffalo river, February 4th 1848, may be interesting; and as the writer had no motive for asserting the contrary, its truth may be relied on:—“All I can hear of the Bushmen now in England is, that they are from Shiloh (in the colony), some of Madoor’s people.”

What struck me most forcibly in Letitia’s school was the repose of the scene. The Kafir children are as calm in their manner as their warrior fathers; and I was singularly impressed with the musical tones of both teacher and pupils, as they read their Bible in English, and in their own soft language.

Strangely sounded among those heathen children Letitia’s question: “Who was Jesus Christ?”

And a little Kafir boy lifted up his dark eyes, and answered reverentially—“He was the son of God.”

And then they sang, or rather breathed a hymn; and I went out from that little place of refuge, very hopeful for the Kafir children under the care of the good Emigrants, but unaltered in my notion of the irreclaimability of the older generations.

Our time was too limited to see all that was interesting in this charming location. Pleasant was the walk beneath the quince hedges, the pathway sparkling with iron-ore; pleasant the rest under the orange boughs, to listen to the cry of the *buck-my-keerie*; * pleasant the breeze that fanned us in crossing the shaded stream which divided a smaller domain from the Manor House of the happy valley; and very pleasant was the talk, in the cool parlour, of Scotland and mutual friends. Here was the established lending library of eleven hundred volumes. Much was said about the war; but, surrounded with domestic avocations, busy with books and work, flowers and pensioners, the gentle occupant of the cottage had little to do with the din and turmoil which disturbed the land, save in sheltering the houseless and

* Whip-poor-will.

instructing the ignorant. The furniture of the Manor House manifested alike good taste, industry and ability. A comfortable sofa which I imagined to be of the finest cane workmanship, proved, on closer inspection, to have been manufactured by the host's ingenious hands from reims (thongs of bullock-hide); the nicely-turned table, the book-cases, and other substantial articles, were all made at home with the wood of the country; and the dainty mats, of marvellous whiteness, were the produce of the Glenthorn flocks. More, much more, might be said of the Emigrant's home in the South African valley, but that those who dwell there do not wish their left hand to know what their right hand doeth.

The hour of departure came. I heard those gentle voices utter the word "farewell," without a suitable reply on my part: to speak the "thank you" my heart felt for all the goodwill and hospitality I had experienced during my two days' *séjour*, was impossible.

The Genius of the Storm, who had turned aside from the valley for an hour or two, shook his dark wings over us again as we gave our horses their heads, and galloped along the edge of the valley. But the heavens only frowned, the thunder merely muttered among the hills, and when the bush again closed round us, we were compelled to slacken our pace. At one time, for a minute's space, we anticipated an adventure, and now were only three in party. As we neared the drift, a shadow darkened the opposite path, and some living creature stirred the bush: a turn in the road brought us face to face with a Kafir on horseback, in his war attire, beads, kaross, and armed with a good English musket. Our first impulse was to look *beyond him*, to see if he had any followers; but the hill down which he had wound a stealthily as a panther, under cover of the shrubs, was solitary; thereupon I felt brave, and gave him the usual "Good morrow!" Doubtless the apparition of a lady on horseback, in a habit and hat, startled the savage as much as his appearance had surprised us. To the question where was he from, and whither was he bound, he replied he was a messenger; but, as we could learn nothing of him at the Mancazana Fort, it was probable he was a thief, and fortunate for us that he was alone.

At the Fort we learned the wretched tidings of the death of five officers, at the hands of Kafirs, on the banks of the Kei; but the names of the sufferers were unknown, and with hearts anxious for many friends, we hurried on our way to the garrison at Fort Beaufort where the sad intelligence was confirmed. By a strange oversight in my former narrative of the war, I omitted the names of the sufferers which were as follows:—Captain Baker, Lieutenant Faunt, Ensign Burnop, and Doctor Campbell, seventy-third regiment, and Assistant Surgeon Loch, of the seventh Dragoon Guards. The head of the latter was never found.

It is not in a page like this that the question of Emigration should be canvassed. At present the general opinion is greatly in favour of it, but the numbers who have left our shores for America and Australia within the last year, have so far exceeded all anticipations, as to call forth the serious attention of the public journals, hitherto favourable to the undertaking.

Meanwhile, I may be permitted to speak from experience. Landing in June last, from South Africa, after a residence there of nearly six years, I saw around me in England, pauperism, disease, and discontent nay, even rebellion was talked of! and lo! my thoughts went back

not merely to wealthy tradesmen who had made rapid fortunes, not to thriving farms, rising from the ashes of homesteads, but back to that happy valley, where, in the year 1830, a party of Scottish emigrants—part of a body of enterprising British settlers—first outspanned their wagons, pitched their tents, and laid the foundation of a location which now offers not merely a temporary refuge for the destitute, but a home to the industrious; while its present inhabitants reap the benefit of the patience, perseverance, and integrity of the first adventurous tillers of the soil.

“ Oh, when could prophecy foretell
The cornfields in that fertile dell,
How Glenthorn House and Pringle's name,
Would the rough wilderness reclaim ;
The flocks and herds that bleat and low,
The golden oranges that grow,
The vines, and figs, and luscious fruits,
Along the Manczana *spruits*,
While school, and chapel, and the manse,*
The beauties of the scene enhance.”

With this description, Mr. Beaver closed his lines, begun at the Bushman's haunt, and never shall I fail to remember the Emigrants of Glenthorn, their home, their loving-kindness, and—their good example.

INVOCATION TO DEATH.

Why dost thou raise thy poison'd lance, O Death,
Against the breast of youth? Why pour thy breath,
With all its blighting power, upon the hope
Of our humanity? Find other scope
For desolation: not the joyous heart
That bids dull sorrow from its throne depart;
In combat cope not with the gentle maid,
Whose mind with jewell'd thoughts is thickly laid;
Whose crimson founts in gushing gladness play;
Whose dreams in brightly fashion'd visions stray.
Take not the stripling, who delights to hear
Sweet words of music mingle with the air;
Whose eyes of laughing blue rejoice to look
Into a dear one's face, that, like a book,
Reveals its beauties to the searching gaze
Of him who loves to see the pleasant maze
Of goodly feature, and delights to find
The God-wrought traces of a gentle mind.

Go, rather seek among the aged food;
Take those whose paths with bitterness are strew'd;
Take those who care not for the joys of life;
Take those who fear to battle with its strife;
Take those who see nought in this world to trust:
These, only these, should mingle with the dust.

Is this impiety? If so, O God,
Teach me to stop and kiss thy righteous rod:
If I have err'd, do Thou direct my way;
If thou wilt lead me, then I shall not stray.

Nottingham.

THOMAS WHITEHEAD.

* Besides the chapel a manse adorns the valley. Both have been built from united, but private funds.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

“ My powers of memory will be shewn in the two following instances. I learned my tables of logarithms by heart ; that is to say, a number being given in geometrical proportion, I could tell at once from memory its relative value in arithmetical proportion, and *vice versa*. After evening prayers, which were generally read in the chapel belonging to the college, the principal delivered a lecture, and one of the boys selected at random was obliged to give the substance of it. We always went into prayers tired from play and ready to drop asleep, and threw ourselves upon the benches, endeavouring to get into some quiet corner where we could not be perceived, and consequently should not be interrogated. There was a confessional especially, which we all tried to reach, on account of its being a safe retreat ; one evening I was fortunate enough to secure this seat, and I imagined myself safe from the principal ; he, however, perceived my manœuvre, and resolved to make an example of me. He read the second division of his sermon very slowly, and everybody fell asleep. I do not know how it was that I contrived to keep awake in my confessional : the principal, who only saw the points of my feet, thought that I was nodding like the rest, and suddenly addressing me, asked me what he had been reading. The second head of the sermon contained an enumeration of the different ways in which God may be offended : I gave not only the substance of the discourse, but I took up the several divisions in their respective order, and repeated almost word for word several pages of allegorical prose scarcely intelligible to a child. A murmur of applause ran through the chapel ; the principal called me to him, patted me on the cheek, and allowed me, by way of reward, not to get up the following morning till breakfast-time. I stole modestly away from the admiration of my companions, but I remember taking advantage of the favour which had been granted me.

“ I no longer possess in the same degree this accurate recollection of words, but this species of memory has given place to one still more extraordinary, about which I may afterwards have occasion to speak. One thing humbles me. Memory is frequently a faculty with which fools are endowed, and belongs generally to those dull minds which it renders only additionally heavy, in consequence of the lumber with which it overloads them ; and yet without memory what should we be ? We should forget our friendships, our affections, our pleasures, our avocations ; genius would be unable to collect her ideas ; the most loving heart would lose its tenderness if it no longer remembered. Our existence would consist in the enjoyment of the present : there would be no past. Oh, miserable part of us, our life is so vain, that it is but a reflex of our memory !

“ I spent my holidays at Combourg. Life in a *château* in the suburbs of Paris can give no idea of country life in a remote province. The visitors who were received at the *château* consisted of the inhabitants of the town and of the nobility in the neighbourhood. These good people were my first friends. Our vanity makes the part which

we perform in the world of too much importance : the citizen of Paris laughs at the citizen of a small town ; the nobleman at Court sneers at the provincial nobleman ; the man courted in society disdains him who lives in obscurity ; forgetting that time will do equal justice to their various pretensions, and that they are equally ridiculous or indifferent in the eyes of the generations who succeed them.

“ The principal inhabitant of the place was a M. Potelet, formerly captain of a vessel belonging to the East India Company, who narrated wonderful stories of Pondicherry. As he usually related them with his elbows upon the table, my father felt always inclined to throw his plate into his face. Then there was M. Launay de la Billardière, *entrepositaire des tabacs*. He was the father of twelve children : like Jacob, he had nine girls and three boys, the youngest of whom was my playfellow. The seneschal Gébert, the solicitor-general, Petit, the chaplain, the Abbé Charmel, formed the principal society of Combourg. MM. du Petit-Bois, de Château-d’Assie, de Tintemac, and one or two other gentlemen came to hear mass in the parish church and afterwards dined with the lord of the manor. We were more particularly intimate with the family of Trémaudan : its members were the husband and his wife, who was extremely beautiful, a sister, and several children. This family lived in a farm-house which could only boast of a dovecote as a proof of its nobility. The Trémaudans are still alive, wiser and happier than myself ; they have still the towers of the *château* in view which I quitted thirty years ago ; they still do the same things which they did when I was in the habit of eating brown bread at their table : they have not yet left the place to which I shall never return. Perhaps they are even speaking of me while I am writing this page. I almost reproach myself for dragging their name from its peaceful obscurity. For a long time they were in doubt whether the man whom they heard mentioned was the *petit chevalier* or not. The rector or curate of Combourg, the Abbé Sévin, to whose dull discourses I formerly listened, evinced the same incredulity : he could not persuade himself that the young rogue, the companion of peasant boys, had become the defender of religion ; but at length he believed it, and in his sermons quoted me, whom he once used to nurse on his knee. Would these worthy people, who picture me to themselves as I was in childhood and youth, recognise me now after the various changes which time has created ? I should be obliged to tell them my name before they would press me to their arms.

“ I went back to Dol with considerable regret. The following year a descent upon Jersey was contemplated, and in consequence a camp was pitched at Saint Malo. Troops were quartered at Combourg. M. de Chateaubriand from courtesy successively invited the colonels of the Touraine and Conti regiments to take up their abode with him : one was the Duc de Saint Simon, and the other the Marquis de Causans.*

“ Twenty officers dined every day at my father’s table ; their jokes displeased me, their walks broke the stillness of the woods. It was from seeing the lieutenant-colonel of the Conti regiment, the Marquis de Wignacourt, gallop under the trees that the first desire of travelling passed through my brain. When I heard our guests speak of Paris, and of the Court, I became sad, and tried to imagine

* I felt great pleasure in meeting with this brave man after the Restoration, who was alike distinguished by his fidelity and his Christian virtues.

what was meant by society. I had certain confused notions of it, but I soon felt myself quite perplexed: in endeavouring to gaze beyond these innocent and quiet shades upon the world, I experienced the giddiness of a person who looks down upon the earth from one of those high towers which stretch far into the skies.

"One thing especially delighted me, and that was the parade each day the mounted guard filed off to the sound of the drum and fife at the foot of the steps in the Cour Verte. M. de Causans offered to shew me the camp which was upon the coast, and my father gave his permission. I was taken to Saint Malo by M. de la Morandais, an agreeable person, whom poverty had compelled to become steward of the estates of Combourg. He wore a grey camlet coat, with a little silver lace on the collar, and a head-stall or helmet of grey felt. He seated me a-straddle behind him on his mare Isabelle. I clung to his broad belt which buckled his hunting-knife to his side, and I felt myself thoroughly happy. M. de la Morandais took the cross-roads, and we stopped to dine at an abbey of Benedictines which had just been associated with the chief town of the order.

"We only saw the deputy-father to whom the disposition of the movable goods was intrusted, and who was to superintend the felling of the timber. He had an excellent *maigre* dinner, prepared for us in the ancient library of the prior; we devoured a quantity of fresh eggs with enormous carps and pikes. Through the arch of a cloister I perceived some large sycamores which bordered a pond. The hatchet struck at their roots, their top branches trembled in the air, and they fell to the earth, forming a spectacle for us. Some carpenters from Saint Malo were lopping off their green boughs, like rich locks from a youthful head; my heart bled at the sight of these broken-down forests and this forsaken monastery. The general sack of religious houses has since brought to my recollection the stripping of this abbey which in my mind was a prognostic of the future.

"On reaching Saint Malo I met the Marquis de Causans; under his care I visited the streets of the camp. The tents, the piles of arms, the horses, formed a beautiful scene, with the sea, the vessels, the walls of the town, and its spires in the distance. I saw the Duc de Saxgum (one of those men with whom a generation ends) pass by in the dress of a hussar at full gallop. The Prince de Carignan, who joined the camp, married the daughter of M. de Boisgarin; she was a little lame but very charming: this match caused considerable excitement, and furnished matter for a law-suit, in which the eldest M. Lacretelle is still counsel.

"My brother was at Saint Malo when M. de la Morandais accompanied me thither. One evening he said to me "Get your hat, I am going to take you to the theatre." I could scarcely believe my senses, and I went to look for my hat in quite an opposite direction to the place in which I had left it. I had often seen puppet-shows, so I imagined only that there would be still more beautiful polichinellas on the stage than in the street. When we reached the theatre my heart was beating with expectation. This building was constructed of wood, and was situated in a deserted part of the town. It was not without a slight feeling of fear that I passed through a succession of dark corridors: at length, however, we came to a door which was opened for us, and I found myself with my brother in a box which was only half occupied. The curtain drew up, and the piece commenced; the "Père

de Famille" was to be performed presently. I saw two men advance upon the stage, who paced up and down, and I observed that everybody looked at them. I thought they were the managers of the puppet-show, and that they were chattering together before the arrival of the public. I was only surprised that they talked so loudly about their private affairs, and that people listened to them so silently; but my astonishment increased when I saw that other persons came upon the scene, and began to gesticulate, and to shed tears, and when, at length, I perceived that they all wept as if by contagion. The curtain fell without my having understood anything that I had seen. My brother left me to go to the green-room, between the two pieces, so that I found myself amidst strangers, and my timidity rendered this position exceedingly painful to me, and I wished myself at college.

"The third year of my stay at Dol was marked by the marriage of my two sisters. Marianne married the Conte de Marigny, and Benigne the Conte de Québriac. They followed their husbands to Fougères. This was the signal for the dispersion of a family which was very soon to be separated. Both my sisters received the nuptial benediction at Combourg on the same day, at the same hour, and at the same altar, in the chapel of the *château*. They wept, and my mother wept, their sorrow very much astonished me at that time, but now I can perfectly understand it, and I am never present at a baptism or marriage without experiencing a certain bitter feeling of emotion. Next to the misfortune of being born I cannot imagine a greater one than bringing a man into the world.

"This year worked a revolution in my mind as well as in my family. Chance threw in my way two books of a very different kind, the complete works of Horace, and a "History of *Confessions Mal-faites*." The confusion of ideas which these two books produced in my brain is inconceivable. A new world seemed to open upon me. On one side I began to have a suspicion of things incomprehensible at my age; of a different sort of existence to mine, of pleasures beyond my amusements, and of charms of the nature of which I was ignorant. On the other side I beheld spectres dragging chains and vomiting flames, who disclosed to me the eternal torments with which one hidden sin would be punished. Sleep fled from my eyes. At night I fancied that I could see alternately black and white hands pass between my curtains: at length I pictured to myself that these last were accursed by religion, and this notion increased my terror of the infernal powers. In vain I looked to heaven and hell for an explanation of this double mystery.

"I was shaken at once morally and physically, and I still struggled in my innocence against the storms of passion, and the terrors of superstition. I construed the fourth book of the Eneid; and read, "Télémaque;" suddenly I discovered beauties in Dido and Eucharis which completely captivated me: I became sensible of the harmony of these glorious verses and this antique prose. I translated at sight Lucretius with so much spirit that M. Egault snatched the book away from me, and set me to learn the rudiments of Greek. I managed to conceal a Tibullus; when I came to the "Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem," the tender melancholy which those sentiments convey seemed new to me. The volumes of Massillon which contained the "Sermons of the Pécheresse," and of the "Enfant prodigue," were never absent from my side. They allowed me to peruse them, little

guessing the attraction I found in them. I stole small ends of wax candles from the chapel in order that I might read at night the seductive descriptions of the disorders of the mind, and I fell asleep, muttering incoherent sentences, into which I endeavoured to throw the smoothness, the harmony, and the grace, of the writer who has been the most fortunate in transferring the Racinienne euphony into prose.

"If I have succeeded in the end in painting, with some accuracy, the impetuous feelings of the heart, mixed with Christian remorse, I am persuaded that I owe this success entirely to the accident which made me acquainted at the same time with two entirely opposite influences. The mischief which an improper book produced upon my imagination, was corrected by the fears with which another description of book inspired me, and these were again softened by gentler recollection of more pleasing images. The same observation which is generally made about a misfortune never coming alone, may be equally applied to the passions; but with the propensity which now began to torment me, a feeling of horror sprang up within me, an elevation of mind which prevents the heart being corrupted amidst corruption.

"When the weather was fine, the boys walked out every Thursday and Friday; we were very frequently taken to the Mont Dol, upon the summit of which were some Gallo-Romanic ruins. Another of our rambles was to the meadows which surrounded the seminary of Edistes, of Eudes, brother of the historian Mézerai, the founder of their society. One May day, the Abbé Egault, who was prefect for the week, took us to this seminary; we were allowed complete liberty in our games, being only expressly forbidden to climb the trees. The professor, after having fixed us in a grassy spot, moved away to a little distance that he might consult his breviary. Some elms grew by the wayside, and on the top of one of the loftiest, to our immense delight, we discovered a magpie's nest; as we pointed out the eggs to each other, we each began to think how we might secure this magnificent prey. But who would hazard an attempt? The order was so strict, the *abbé* so near, and the tree so high! All hope rested with me. I could climb like a cat. For a moment I hesitated; but the glory with which I should be crowned decided me. I tore off my coat, clung round the elm-tree, and began to mount; the trunk was without branches till about two-thirds of its growth, where they spread out into a kind of fork, upon one of the points of which the nest was situated. My companions, who were gathered round the tree and were applauding my exertions, first eagerly watched me, and then looked anxiously towards the spot from whence the *abbé* might come, trembling with exultation at the thought of possessing the eggs, and almost dying with fear in the expectation of punishment. I reached the nest, the magpie flew away, and I seized the eggs, placed them inside my shirt, and began to descend. Unfortunately, I slid between two stems and found myself seated astraddle. As the tree spread more at this part, I could not rest my feet either on the right side or on the left, either to raise myself or to catch the outer branch, so that I remained suspended in the air fifty feet high. Suddenly the cry arose of 'Here comes the prefect!' and in a moment I saw my friends abandon me,—unfortunately too commonly the case. One only, called Gobbien, endeavoured to assist me, but was defeated in his generous purpose. The only method by which I could extricate myself from my difficult position was by suspending myself by my hands to one of the two

prongs of the fork, and then trying to cling to the trunk of the tree with my feet just below its bifurcation. I performed this manœuvre at the peril of my life. In the middle of my tribulation I had taken care to preserve my treasure: I should have done much better, however, to have thrown it, as I have frequently since thrown others, away. In sliding down the trunk I scratched my hands dreadfully, scraped my legs and chest, and smashed the eggs.

"It was this accident which betrayed me. The prefect had not seen me in the elm-tree, and I managed pretty well to hide the stains of blood on my person, but I did not find it so easy to conceal from his sight the glaring golden colour with which I was daubed. 'Very well, sir,' said he, 'you will be flogged.' If he had declared to me that this punishment would be commuted to that of death, I believe I should rather have rejoiced. The idea of shame had never occurred to me in the uncivilized nature of my previous education: at all periods of my life there is scarcely a torture that I would not willingly endure rather than have occasion to blush in the presence of a human being. I was seized with indignation, and I answered the Abbé Egault in the tone of man and not like a child, and told him that neither he nor any other person should ever lift their hand against me. This reply exasperated him: he called me a rebel, and declared that he would make an example of me. 'We shall see,' answered I; and I began playing at ball with so much composure that he was utterly confounded. We went back to the college, and the professor sent for me and insisted that I should submit. My lofty sentiments gave way to a flood of tears. I represented to the Abbé Egault that he had taught me Latin; that I was his disciple,—his child; and that he would not, surely, dishonour his pupil, and render the sight of my schoolfellows insupportable to me. He might put me in prison, and make me live on bread and water, if he chose; he might deprive me of my amusements and load me with *pensums*, and I should be very thankful to him for this clemency, and should love him more for it. I fell upon my knees, and joining my hands, intreated him in the name of Jesus Christ to spare me; but he was deaf to my prayers. I started up, swelling with rage, and kicked his legs so violently that he uttered a cry; he ran limpingly along to the door of his room, double-locked it, and returned to me. I drew myself up behind his bed; he hit me across the bed with the ferula. I wound myself up in the counterpane, and becoming more excited as the combat continued, I shouted out—

"Macte animo generose puer."

"This bit of erudition in a raw schoolboy made my enemy laugh in spite of himself. He began to talk of making a truce, and we drew up a treaty: I agreed to refer the question to the arbitration of the principal. Without allowing me a successful issue in the contest, the principal was unwilling to make me submit to a punishment which was so repugnant to me. When the kind-hearted priest pronounced my acquittal, I kissed the sleeve of his gown with so much emotion and gratitude, that he could not help giving me his blessing. Thus terminated the first struggle, upon which I entered for honour's sake, the idol of my life, to which I have so often sacrificed repose, pleasure, and fortune."

MERLYN MANOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROUE'S CHOICE."

"Our ancestral tree was planted, in ages long gone by,
 By those whose names are nothing now, but then were proud and high;
 Among the loftiest of the land, that ancient tree hath stood,
 Its bed was dug by Victory's sword, and watered with brave blood.

And if the laurel wave not there, the rose at least shall bloom,
 In honour and in stainlessness above the wanderer's tomb."

The Patrician.

I AM a daughter of the house of Merlyn, which has so long been seized of the manor bearing this name that no tradition points to a prior possessor. The ancient hall in which the family had so long resided, presents a curious specimen of incongruous architecture; for each successive proprietor, whilst he indulged his own fancy in making additions, had, with hereditary conservatism preserved of the edifice all that could be saved from time, rather than rebuild the whole on a new model; thus, the eye glances through a Norman arch at a Grecian portico, and from beneath the gates of an Elizabethan wing looks upon a pleasure-ground in the Dutch style, with its angular hedges and circular summerhouses. The interior of the mansion is no less fantastic,—long dark corridors and break-neck stairs connecting its several parts. There was furniture of every age, from the stern simplicity of the manorial banqueting hall to the highly decorated upholstery of some fifty years back. One peculiarity pervaded the building—a bird of prey, with its talons fixed in a scroll bearing the motto "I holde my owne" peered from every cornice, fluttered in the painted windows, and sunned itself in the parterre. Two rivers form a kind of natural boundary to the estate, which had from time immemorial been handed down from father to son, without addition it is true, but at the same time free from incumbrance. Here a knoll is crowned with the clumps of firs, whose denuded trunks and plumed heads have long served as landmarks, and there a glade shadowed by hoary oaks, spared when in their prime in honour of the ancestral hand that placed them there.

My father, Sir Geoffrey Merlyn, was a tall spare man, with an intellectual forehead, a countenance which betrayed extreme sensitiveness, and a somewhat anxious mind. Nothing, however, could detract from the high manly bearing which distinguished him, not *from* a class, but as *belonging to it*, that of the old English country gentleman. My father had, like most of his progenitors, taken his wife from a noble family, and though this alliance added but little to his fortune, he found in her a gentle and intelligent companion, who studied her husband's character not to unveil its infirmities, but to soften or throw them into shade. My mother died before I was ten years old, leaving, besides the infant Amy and myself, one son, my junior by a year. My father's manner had always been cold and reserved, but from this time he became almost inaccessible to his neighbours, whilst his dependants regarded him with awe. He allowed me, however, to approach him with something like familiarity, an indulgence attributable, perhaps, to the likeness I bore to his lost wife. Many were the petitions of which I was
 entirely made the bearer, from members of the household, or from

cottagers, who took this method of appealing to him from the hard dealing of his land-steward; but I watched his countenance most earnestly, and employed my most skilful entreaties whenever my brother Geoffrey was the client. In our secluded home he and I were everything to each other; we were inseparable both in our studies and in our sports. My father himself acted as our preceptor, and Geoffrey shared with me whatever skill in the arts of music, drawing, and dancing, professors from our county-town could impart. He would gather flowers for my dried collection, and cultivate them for my garden. I triumphed over every finny prize which he drew from the stream, and praised the young marksman's skill, whilst I pitied the victims of his gun. When my brother was eighteen, my father judged it advisable to send him for a year to a private tutor in the south of England, in order that he might devote himself exclusively to the classics, preparatory to his going to Oxford. This period of separation appeared to me interminable, nor did a weekly epistle from Geoffrey by any means satisfy my intense curiosity as to all that concerned his happiness in a new home; for these letters, though addressed to myself, were also destined to be submitted to the stern criticism of the paternal eye. Such a tumult of feelings had never yet agitated my breast as those which crowded round it when the hour of his expected return drew near. My father was growing nervous and impatient: at length a ring was heard at the outer gate, then the hollow clattering of hoofs and the rumbling of wheels across the draw-bridge—whilst I strove to hush the throbbings of my foolish heart, that I might catch the first sounds of his voice; yes, it was his own kind greeting to the servants as he passed them—the same, but more manly in its tone.

The first happy meeting had passed, when Geoffrey presented to my father a packet from his tutor. We waited whilst he read, in breathless suspense; his hand shook; he refolded the letter without raising his eyes—they were closed, and his hands pressed together; he then took from his side the gold embossed watch which he always wore, and after detaching from it his great bunch of seals, said,—

“Geoffrey, my son, you have done well, persevere—persevere, and you will bring no disgrace on your name. This watch your grandfather gave to me eight and forty years ago, when I brought home the first prize from Westminster; here, boy, it is yours.”

My brother took the gift, and kissed his father's hand, his face flushed with pleasure, but he looked to me to be his spokesman. I had no words, so I threw my arms around my father's neck and sobbed; I felt his tears on my cheek as he kissed it and bade us “be off to our beds.”

“I must take Geoffrey first to see little Amy.”

“Well, well, then, good night.”

Geoffrey mounted the stairs by two steps at a time—“Here we are, in the old place” he exclaimed, as he reached the nursery and gave the fire a rousing thrust—“Is it not jolly, Bertha?”

“Well, to be sure! Master Merlyn, how you are growed,” cried Nanny, “I declare I never seed the like—but look, sir, how you're a rumpling my frill!” continued the old nurse, as Geoffrey proceeded to administer his somewhat boisterous salutation.

“Never mind, Nanny, I've brought you a fine cap ribbon, and that will make up for it.”

"Bless your dear heart,—but sit you down a bit; I know you two will want a talk to yourselves, so I leave you; only be sure not to waken Miss Amy."

We were now in the dilemma common to those who have much to communicate, of not knowing where to begin; the ideas which erewhile struggled for precedence appeared to have suddenly evaporated: at last Geoffrey broke forth,—

"Bertha, I am sure you have been growing prettier since I left; I wish Cotton could see you."

"And who is Mr. Cotton?"

"Oh, don't you know the fellow that was with me at old Vickery's? We used to talk about our people at home, and find out likenesses in the annuals. Cotton has no sisters, only cousins, but I don't believe there is one so pretty as you; they live in London all the year, and are always going to parties and that kind of thing."

Geoffrey's fund of anecdotes, of which his friend was usually the hero, seemed almost inexhaustible; their recital was resumed in many succeeding rides and walks, to which his presence restored the zest they had so long lacked. So passed the summer months, and though passages from a life so eventless might seem dull in recital, for Geoffrey and myself—

"The sun ne'er rose a blink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day."

Langley Abbey, the residence of my uncle, Lord Evington, was only ten miles from Merlyn Manor, yet the intercourse had been slight between them. My father and uncle differed in politics, and, indeed, on most topics of frequent discussion between neighbouring gentry. Lord Evington promoted education amongst the people, delighted in experimental agriculture, was, in short, a general improver, whilst I have often heard my father say, that he considered innovation but another word for anarchy. He had, however, promised, long ago, that I should make my *début* at a ball which Lady Evington intended to give on the occasion of her eldest son's coming of age. Being profoundly ignorant in all modish mysteries, I referred the matter to Nanny, who had attended my mother before her marriage. She gladly undertook the arrangement of my toilet and accomplished it very much to her satisfaction. "It was just so my poor lady looked," she said, "when my master fell in love with her." The same idea may have struck my father, for he started on seeing me, and the smile with which he had prepared to welcome my first appearance in a ball dress, was suddenly saddened.

During the drive, which was a very long one, my imagination speculated curiously on the scenes which were about to be disclosed to it. My nursery governess had represented a ball as the very ambush of peril to young days, and, on the other hand, Captain Marshall's daughters, who sometimes joined me in my walks, declared that "balls were the only things in the world worth living for." At length we found ourselves in the grounds of Langley Priory; coloured lamps were hung in the trees on each side of the winding ascent by which it was approached, and a flood of light was poured from its windows on the lake below. This external brilliancy was, however, soon to be eclipsed by the glitter within. We entered through a magnificent conservatory, where tropical plants spread their broad foliage overhead and breathed their evening essence; the gentle splash of water

playing in two miniature fountains, mingled with the shrill screech of the cockatoo, as it swung round on its perch gazing askance at the passers-by, and the twitter of many gaily-painted birds from distant lauds, that fluttered hither and thither as though they took part in the general excitement. I am little qualified to do justice to the artistic decorations of so splendid a *fête*, having been too much bewildered at the time to receive a distinct impression of anything, save my own personal sensations. My aunt Evington received us with great demonstrations of affection, said, and "she was so much obliged to my father for keeping me to come out at her ball, as it would give quite an *éclat* to the affair," and then she observed, in a loud whisper, to my father, that "Geoffrey was decidedly handsome." Fresh arrivals at this moment claimed my aunt's attention, whilst I listened somewhat longingly to the stirring sounds which reached my ear from an adjoining apartment, and wondered at the interest with which Lady Evington heard a Mrs. White's account "of the post-boy being drunk and taking them the wrong way, or they would have waited on her ladyship an hour earlier," and then Mrs. Brown's elaborate description of "a cold which she felt coming on last week and how she had nursed it, and that after all, it was at the risk of making Dr. Bolus cross, that she ventured to pay her compliments on this auspicious occasion." At last they had all passed on, and Lady Evington, turning to me, proposed that we should proceed to the dancing-room. A quadrille had just concluded as we entered, and the moving mass of human figures before me, gave me the idea of some great game at "hide and seek." I am certain, more than once, I observed a couple lose themselves in the crowd, whilst a good old lady, with upraised glass and outstretched neck, enquired anxiously, "If any one had seen her daughter?"

"Oh, here is my son," exclaimed Lady Evington, "he will, I know, be so proud to dance with you."

I had not seen my cousin Edward Drury since he was a careless school-boy; he now had his hair and moustaches arranged with the utmost precision, carried himself stiffly erect, and holding out two fingers to me, he said, "Dye do, Bertha, will you dance?" Without raising his eyes to my countenance or deigning to wait for a reply, he was about to lead me into the middle of the room; I felt both annoyed and frightened, for such a demeanour by no means accorded with my notions of chivalresque politeness.

"Thank you, I would rather not valse."

"Indeed,"—he bowed haughtily and withdrew.

"If you don't mean to dance," observed his sister Laura to me, "I think you had better sit down!" as she spoke, a quick glance followed by a slight curl of the lip, drew my attention, for the first time, to my own appearance, and made me aware of its extreme peculiarity, contrasted with that of the fashionably-dressed ladies around. I felt like the dreamer who becomes suddenly conscious that he is at a party *en déshabille*. I wished that all I saw and heard were indeed a dream, and that I might waken in my own quiet chamber at Merlyn Manor; I sat some time thoroughly disconcerted, brooding over my miseries, when Geoffrey approached with a gleeful countenance.

"Only think, dear Bertha, Cotton is actually in the room; he came with the Atterburys, he is dancing now with one of them, but the moment he can leave her I will bring him to you."

Presently my brother returned, accompanied by a youth taller and

more developed in figure than himself, with a cheerful, intelligent countenance. I fancied that I should have known him at once from his friend's description, and I very soon forgot that I was in conversation with a stranger, so perfectly did he shew himself acquainted with all my tastes and belongings, even to the names of our horses and dogs.

"What a happy idea that was of yours, Miss Merlyn, to dawdle on your cousin's birth-night in that most graceful costume? Drury will think himself highly honoured." Then I remembered having once been shewn a miniature of my mother, in the character of Aurora, which she had been much admired, some thirty years ago, and I thought Nanny had adopted this as her ideal of taste in dress. "Dancing is evidently not amongst your favourite diversions," continued Mr. Calton, perceiving that his former observation had caused me an embarrassment.

"I should have said before this evening that I liked dancing very much; but now I see what a ball-room is, I fear that I should be quite lost in threading my way amongst so many people."

"Pray, then, accept of my services in finding you again; I will speak to some of our party, and we can make a little quadrille for you on the spot."

I thought I could venture to stand up under those circumstances, and his plan succeeded admirably in removing my fears.

"A very respectable youth," observed my father, when he had seen me, "for the son of a shopkeeper."

"Is that Mr. Calton you are speaking of?" interposed my mother. "Why, my dear Sir Geoffrey, Calton and Badger are amongst our principal merchants, and his father was at the head of the firm; this young man has some immense fortune waiting for him; he will be made end of whenever he shews himself in society."

Then followed a splendid banquet, at the close of which some of the principal guests made complimentary speeches on my cousin's character and prospects, when such a variety of high and noble qualities were attributed to him, that I felt quite ashamed of having so little appreciated his merits. Before we returned home, my father had some conversation with Mr. Calton, who won upon him so much that he ended by giving him a cordial invitation to Merlyn Manor. Geoffrey could scarcely repress his delight when this visit was arranged for the following week. My heart, as usual, responded to his, and if aught stirred it, that voice was as yet inarticulate. I felt, however, somewhat puzzled for a reply to his simple enquiry, "Now, Bertha, what do you think of my friend?"

My brother was entered as a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, and set off for Oxford after the Christmas vacations. I remember that though I had heard them but yesterday, the words which my father addressed to him the evening previous to his departure.

"I have bestowed on you such training, and have provided you with such means, as shall enable you to take your place amongst the proud and noble of England's sons. I do not ask you to thank me for rendering you your birthright; but, Geoffrey—you will, you must remember that this is a sacred trust which I consign to you. The honour of this ancient house is from this hour in your hands; that name which our ancestors have through ages borne unsullied to the grave, it now rests on you to preserve, to raise, or to cloud with shame;—yes, my son, e

this I hope from you. Think, when temptation approaches, think of these grey hairs ; and if my poor child,"—here his voice faltered—" if you need a gentler, a holier memory, think on your angel mother."

My brother had hitherto always seemed so much under constraint in my father's presence, that it was a delightful surprise to me when, bending on one knee, he pressed my father's hand in his, and said, calmly and solemnly :—

" Father, I receive your trust gratefully, but in trembling ; you cannot at the same time endow me with your strength of mind. If I could depend upon myself as I do upon Bertha, then I should promise, now—whilst your dear hand is on my brow—that it shall ever be borne above reproach ; as it is, I can only pledge myself that if I fall, I shall labour to efface the stain, though it were with my own blood. Father, are you content ? "

The youth raised his head, the old man bowed in silence, and left a blessing there.

PART II.

" Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow ;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe !

" Home of our hearts ! our father's home,
Land of the brave and free ;
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee."

PRINGLE.

Two years have elapsed since the events lately noticed. Geoffrey had for the last time returned to Oxford ; all else proceeded at Merlyn Manor as since my childhood it had ever been, save that my father seemed in vain struggling to repel gloomy visitings—other than the tranquil melancholy he had before cherished ; save, that in my young experience had arisen a memory which was not joy. It was that of the hour in which I first discovered that my brother's affection, which hitherto had "grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength," had declined. I had, unwisely—no doubt, calculated that feelings such as these must always endure ; and that I should hold the foremost place in his confidence till I resigned that part to a wife. He had now acquired an evident disrelish for his old pursuits at home, and seldom alluded to those in which he engaged at College ; he avoided instead of seeking, as he had hitherto done, occasions of conversing with me ; in short, I could scarcely recognize in him the frank, warm-hearted brother of former days. My father, however, was well satisfied with his studies, as reported from time to time by his tutor, who pronounced—" That he would very soon be prepared to take the highest honours, which, united to my father's interest with men in power, must secure to my brother a brilliant career." Such intelligence served as a ray of sunshine on my father's darkest days. Many circumstances led me to the conclusion that his income was at this time more straightened than any one would have imagined who witnessed the style of living which he considered it a point of honour to maintain. I became aware that it was not without difficulty he made my brother quarterly payments, which, if less than were received by many

of his contemporaries at College, equalled the most liberal allowance made to gentlemen commoners in my father's youth. I once hinted this to Geoffrey, and asked him if it was possible to do with less. He looked surprised, shook his head, and unkindly, as I then thought, turned away. I prevailed with my father to allow me to impart to Amy the instructions I had received from him, instead of engaging a governess, as he had intended. My chief occupation and pleasure now consisted in fulfilling the task I had undertaken.

We set out for a walk on one of those first genial mornings of the year which so pleasantly remind one of Nature's *renaissance*, in silent tokens from budding hedge-rows, in whispers from insect-wings, and in louder accents from the feathered choir. To my little sister's heart these voices spoke but of hope; to mine they bore also an echo of the past.

"I am sure the south coppice must be full of flowers; do let us go and look for some. See, Bertha," added the laughing girl, "I have picked the poor solitary daisy you were all this time admiring on the lawn, and now I am sure there can be nothing to keep us here."

We had soon reached the coppice, through which a private path led to the village. Amy ran forward to examine the well-known haunts of primrose and violet; almost at the same moment I heard a quick step approaching from behind. I turned—my brother, haggard and travel-soiled, stood before me. For the first time in my life I was not glad to see him: I shuddered—for I felt that his unannounced presence there argued misfortune.

"I must have startled you," he said; "I saw you and Amy coming, and I stepped aside, waiting till I could speak with you alone; but, Bertha, you look ill and sad, and I know that what I have to say will make you more so."

I tried to smile as I answered: "I shall feel that I have one sorrow the less if, dear Geoffrey, you will tell me yours as in the old time you used to do."

"I believe you, Bertha; for you have always been the same kind, gentle sister to me; whilst I blush to think how negligent and ungrateful I have seemed to you: but I shrank from confiding my errors to you whilst you might have saved me, and now—it is too late. I cannot take my degree till all my bills are settled; and I owe thousands."

"Oh, Geoffrey! did you forget that you have a father?" I uttered this exclamation in the first moment of surprise. Geoffrey became pale as death, and I now felt myself the guilty one.

"Bertha, you may well reproach me: I deserve no pity, and I claim none. I am here to take leave of you for a long absence, and then *you* may forget that you have, or that you had a brother."

He grasped my hand convulsively, pressed it to his lips, and, plunging into the thicket, disappeared. I made an effort to retain him,—my arms were utterly powerless; and when I strove to call him back, voice too failed me. I must have long remained in a state of unconsciousness, and was only roused from it by Amy's mirthful appeal—

"Well, Bertha, I do wonder at your choice of a couch amongst the long damp grass. You slumbered serenely, I suppose, however; for I never answered, though for the last half-hour I have 'made the bling gossips of the air cry out'—Bertha! Ah! 'I see Queen Mab

has been with you,"—and she seized exultingly a small packet which had lain unperceived at my feet, and which no doubt Geoffrey had left there.

This sight brought our late agitating interview vividly to my recollection, but with assumed composure I desired her to return to me what she held. I placed it in my muff, and calling Amy's attention to some natural wonder before us, she was soon beguiled of the curiosity this incident had excited. She only once or twice looked up at me with a droll smile when some inapposite remark betrayed the distraction of my mind.

On reaching home I hurried to my chamber, locked the door, and tore open the packet. It contained the watch which Geoffrey had received from my father and a letter to myself, from which I transcribe the following passage:—

"My father will hear from others that my college rooms are vacant, and that I leave them without having fulfilled what he expected of me. I am miserable already in anticipation of the sorrow it will cause him, nor can I seek to avert his displeasure—it is too just. I have erred much,—not wantonly, but weakly. Tell my father that I held the watch he gave me my dearest, my proudest possession: I have forfeited the approbation of which it was the sign, and I restore his gift. If by any toil, any exertion, I may one day succeed in recovering the position I have lost, I shall feel myself well repaid when I receive it again from his hands in token that I am forgiven."

This letter, sad as was its import, reassured me a little, for it told me that hope and some fixed purpose for the future prevailed in the writer's mind, instead of the reckless desperation which his manner indicated.

My heart was heavily burdened when on the following morning I sought my father in his study: there I found not him, but Mr. Calton seated and alone. His first visit to Merlyn Manor had not been his last, and each had rendered him a more welcome guest; but on this occasion the arrival of my brother's friend seemed too nearly associated with that brother's misfortunes to afford me unmixed pleasure. One glance at his expressive countenance told me that my conjecture was correct: he read anxiety in mine, and forbore to protract my suspense.

"Sir Geoffrey knows all, Miss Merlyn; I have told him everything. He has taken a letter from the dean and some other papers away with him, requesting me to remain here. Those are the only words he has spoken since I opened the subject to him."

Distressed as I was for my father, it was no small relief to be spared the task I had so much feared would fall to me, of communicating to him these woful tidings, and I expressed to Mr. Calton the gratitude I felt.

"It is not often," replied he, with a smile, "that the messenger of evil meets with any reward so agreeable as your thanks are to me. I asked permission to take this office on myself, because I was aware that you and Sir Geoffrey were quite unprepared for a catastrophe of this kind. Indeed, ten days ago poor Merlyn himself had no idea of the extent of his liabilities, and I hoped in some measure to soften the blow which a more formal announcement must have caused to you both: I am very glad that in acting thus I have not appeared to you too intrusive. But, Miss Merlyn, you must think it very strange that I,

who possess the means of helping your brother out of his difficulties, have not done so."

Such a thought had never before struck me, and I eagerly inquired, "Can nothing be done for poor Geoffrey now? and could not you, who are so much his friend, have checked him—have warned him of his danger?"

He hesitated before he replied, "Your brother had other friends nearer to himself in birth and position. It was only when I knew him to be on the brink of despair that I ventured to recal to him an older—perhaps, without presumption, I may say a truer friendship. I placed my purse most heartily at his disposal, he might then have gone up for his degree, and nothing would have been known: but he nobly refused to reap honour where he had sown folly. One other alternative was open to him, that he has chosen."

"You know then, Mr. Calton, where my brother is gone? Do, pray, tell me all."

"I regret extremely that any request of yours should be denied, but I am strictly bound by a promise to your brother not to reveal his present purpose. Thus much I may say, that an absence of some years from this country will be necessary, and that there is every prospect that at the end of it your brother will, by his own energies and talents, have acquired a sum far more than sufficient to clear off all his debts, and to start him anew on that path to distinction which no one is more worthy to tread."

A fortnight only had elapsed since Mr. Calton's visit, when our family coach drew up at the railway station nearest to Merlyn Manor. My father, Amy, and myself were inside, Nanny and my father's valet behind. The carriage was to be placed on a truck.

"Will you please to alight, Sir Geoffrey?" inquired a porter.

My father shook his head.

"Then you must take your osses off, master, and look sharp too, for the up-train will be due in ten minutes."

Our coachman, whom he addressed, set about detaching the four blacks: I never saw old Philip so slow and awkward in performing that manœuvre. It was to be their last service for an old, much-honoured master.

My father had resolved, whatever the sacrifice, at once to discharge Geoffrey's debts. His establishment was to be broken up; the horses and other live stock were to be disposed of; we were to quit Merlyn Manor for three years; and, if possible, a tenant was during that time to be found for it. Before any public announcement had been made, my father's man of business informed him that a Mr. Bird had come forward, and was anxious to take the place at whatever rent he should fix. It must have cost my father a bitter struggle when he consented that the stranger should become lord of his ancestral halls; but to this mortification even, he submitted, rather than that a property, of which he considered himself the life-steward, should suffer detriment in his old age. We were to travel; for my father's physician prescribed a change of scene as essential in reviving his depressed spirits. The prospect of excitement is usually grateful to young minds, but it seemed to me to compensate either Amy or myself for the quiet joys we had in our own "happy valley."

The period of our banishment has expired ; the family-coach, considerably weather-beaten during its continental pilgrimage, again rests at the station from whence it departed. Mr. Bird, whom we had not yet seen, remained at Merlyn Manor till our arrival, that he might himself surrender possession to my father ; and had sent his horses to meet us.

"He has kept old Philip," exclaimed Amy, in delight ; "there he is : and here come Selim and Sultan, Mufti and Mogul, fatter and sleeker than ever."

My father acknowledged the old man's obeisance with a more cheerful smile than I had seen for a long time ; he then threw himself back in the carriage, and though at almost every step Amy announced some recognition of familiar sights, it was not till the carriage stopped under the portico, and the door was opened by a servant in his own livery, that he roused himself from his reverie. A favourite old blood-bound lay on the step ; it was nearly blind, but it rose and rubbed its grey head on his hand. My father moved forward in silence ; we followed ; everything seemed as though we had been absent but a day. In the entrance-hall, the old hats and great-coats hung upon their accustomed pegs ; sticks, bows, and battledores, reposed where we had left them.

"I am glad to see you here," said I to our old butler, who now shewed us into the drawing-room.

"Thank'e Miss—Mr. Bird will wait on you in a moment, Sir Geoffrey," and he retired hastily as though he could not trust himself in our presence another moment.

The door again opened—some one entered ; it was my own loved, long lost brother, who knelt to embrace his father's knees.

That father is now no more ;—but through a glass case, and resting on an alabaster pedestal, his grandchildren often look reverently at an old-fashioned gold watch, on which are inscribed three several dates, with these words—"Once lost, twice given."

I am now the wife of Mr. Calton. It was he who had caused my brother to be appointed by his firm to negotiate for them the right of exclusive traffic with some States in central America. This mission, to be successful, required no little tact and discretion ; for the journey through a disturbed district, both courage and fortitude would be necessary ; all these qualities he knew that my brother possessed, they required only circumstances to draw them forth. The event proved the justness of his calculation, for the premium awarded to my brother for his services by the firm nearly doubled the amount of his Oxford debts : this he immediately entered to my father's credit at his banker's ; whilst the annual salary was, during his absence, employed by his friend in rendering Geoffrey, under an assumed name, the unconscious tenant of Merlyn Manor.

AGNES—A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF COUNT STOLBERG.

IS THE LAD OF MANY A SIRE,
 SEES KNIGHT RUDOLPH'S warrior arm :
 ARM THAT FRUGHT WITH patriot fire,
 ALICE MADE GALLIC hosts retire,
 AND MORGAN'S pavnim swarm.
 HE, THE LAST OF ALL HIS RACE,
 MOURNS HIS SON'S untimely fall ;
 NISSA GROWS paths his footsteps trace,
 ECHO IN EACH desert place,
 RESOUNDS his plaintive call.
 AGNES, WITH THE golden hair,
 NOW HIS sole remaining stay,
 THE dove—the swan—less soft and fair)
 FROM HIS cheek would kiss the care,
 AND WIPE THE tears away.
 ALICE—herself is weeping now,
 WHEN THE moonbeam glances dim ;
 ALBERT, WITH THE open brow,
 LIVES.—has whispered love's soft vow—
 AND THE MAID LOVES HIM !
 SO TO woo the maid he went,
 AND he kissed her lily hand ;
 AND her soft eyes would resent,
 BUT IN dewy smiles relent,
 NOR could his suit withstand.
 FROM his hand the glove he drew,
 AND the soldier's pledge of faith
 IN fair AGNES' lap he threw,
 AS he sighed his last adieu—
 " THINE—thine—in life or death !"
 SHE, TO ALBERT'S pledge replies :
 Silent, then, he mounts his steed ;
 TEARS OF love, which honour dries,
 DIM the maiden's soft blue eyes,
 AS she bids good speed.
 REDLY gleams the coming war,
 AS the shades of night prevail ;
 SOUND the horses' hoofs afar—
 STARTLED, 'neath the evening star,
 THE deer fly through the vale.
 MORNING dawns ;—its sights appal,
 YET the maiden watched untired ;
 SAW, FROM highest lattice, all—
 SAW the noble ALBERT fall—
 AND swooned as he expired,
 RUSHING thence, all scared and spent,
 DRAGS the foam-dewed steed his lord ;
 HARK, A voice of loud lament
 FROM the lady's chamber sent—
 SHE falls upon his sword !
 RUDOLPH clasped her, cold and fair,
 TO a heart that mocked relief ;
 TWO long days hung o'er her there—
 TEARLESS—worldless—his despair—
 THEN died in silent grief !

ETA.

POPULAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Western World; or, Travels in the United States in 1846-7; including a Chapter on California. By Alex. Mackay, Esq. of the Middle Temple. 3 vols. Bentley.

No country in the world has undergone such a variety of experiments in dissection as America. Statesmen, political economists, lawyers, novel-writers, actors, soldiers, sailors, idlers, and *blues*, have tried their hands upon the huge *corpus* of the United States. It would be impossible to conjure out of the obscurest depths of literature such a chaotic mass of contradictory evidences as might be gathered together upon this single subject from the books with which we have been inundated during the last twenty years. Any self-tormenting gentleman, who is in want of an inexhaustible source of irritation, may be confidently recommended to try a course of reading through the books of Hamilton, Hall, Trollope, De Beaumont, Featherstonhaugh, Power, Dickens, the immortal Mrs. Mytton Maury, and half a dozen other tourists, whose effusions he may pick up amongst the circulating libraries, and, if he do not find himself at the end of them utterly bamboozled and bewildered, his brain battered to a pulp, and his sense of right and wrong, or rather, his power of discrimination between black and white, totally and hopelessly annihilated, he may go and knock his head with perfect impunity against the first wall he meets. That man's organization is indestructible.

It must not be supposed that we desire to convey the remotest imputation against the integrity of these books. Every one of them has its grain, or grains, of truth—some of them are distinguished by largeness of treatment and weight of purpose. But the bulk of them reflect merely the individual opportunities of the writer, the particular medium through which he looked at the society and institutions of the country, his class prejudices, his limited experience, his partial knowledge, his ignorance, his speciality. If we take the trouble to bear in mind how much an European has to forget before he can arrive at an accurate judgment upon the peculiar machinery of American life and manners, what feudal distinctions, old ceremonial ideas, and artificial conventionalities he must fairly get rid of before he can thoroughly comprehend and adjust himself to the new modes and influences that chafe him at every step on the broad highway of an open republic, it will not appear very surprising that most of the travellers' books should be chargeable with misconceptions, caricatures, and palpable errors.

In addition to the prominent difficulty which the vexed problem of Transatlantic existence presents to an European on the ground of radical dissimilarity, it exhibits the further impediment of incessant mutability. There is nothing stationary in America—men, manners, or houses. What was true yesterday, is modified to-day, and will be false to-morrow. The tour-book of five years ago is as useless as a five-year old almanac; and you might as well consult such an authority for a correct view of the present state of things, as a Red-book of the last century for a contemporary address. But this process of rapid change and eternal movement, while it renders old books comparatively valueless, establishes the want, and enhances the importance of new ones.

Mr. Mackay's work is the last, and, independently of its freshness, one of the soundest and ablest reviews of the actual condition of America that has appeared in this country. His qualifications for the undertaking are of the highest order. He has lived many years amongst the people. He has not satisfied his curiosity by snatching up traits on the surface, but has penetrated to the core of the national character. The life he has studied is not that of hotels and steamboats, but of the inner circles of domestic intercourse, the homesteads of the rural population, and the interiors of manufactories. Instead of rapid dramatic sketches, displaying at best nothing more than stray oddities and floating characteristics, he gives us the results of careful generalization deduced from close and constant enquiry. Many of his English readers will be inclined to dissent from some of his opinions. It will be thought, for instance, that he compromises the question of slavery, and that he softens down the repugnant features of American society. But we suspect that even where the greatest differences exist on such points, the honesty of

his statements, and the practical good sense that pervades his observations, will be frankly acknowledged.

The distinguishing merit of the work is its remarkable candour. Mr. Mackay has perfectly succeeded in disenchanting himself from the spells of his English education and English habits. He approaches his subject without bigotry, and examines its details with philosophical impartiality. The interest he creates is not that of a writer who seeks to amuse and dazzle the public, but of one whose exclusive object is the earnest pursuit of truth.

The course of the journey traced in these volumes describes the circuit of the United States; starting from Boston, traversing the seaboard states, passing through the south and north-west, ascending the Mississippi and the Ohio, thence to the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain, and the Hudson, to New York, and back again to Boston. This comprehensive tour, throwing open *en passant* a variety of striking scenes and sketches, is the framework of the greater design to which the work is substantially addressed. In the form of a book of travels, Mr. Mackay develops the working of the institutions of the Union, commercial, legislative, and social, seizing them at those points where he is able to command the most complete view of their aggregate manifestation. The plan is admirable, preparing and bringing up the attention of the reader in the proper places for elaborate disquisitions, which Mr. Mackay's intimate knowledge of his topics enables him to treat with clearness and facility.

A passage or two from the descriptive parts of the work will shew that the author has not neglected the popular elements of his subject. Landing in Boston, he goes in search of an hotel. The sketch is graphic:

"Passing the Tremont House, which is full, we draw up at the United States Hotel, an enormous pile of red brick, perforated by, I am afraid to say how many, rows of windows, having a large wing on one side called Texas, and one in process of completion on the other, to be called Oregon. The next addition made will, doubtless, be California. We were ushered up a marble staircase into a spacious hall, the floor of which looks like a gigantic chequer-board, being composed of alternate squares of black and white marble, looking exceedingly elegant, but, during this season of the year, being both very cold and very slippery. We apply for rooms at the bar, which, in the usual sense of the term, is no bar, but the counting-house of the establishment, in which a clerk, elaborately caparisoned, sits enthroned, at a considerable elevation, before a desk, which, in point of cost and construction, would be a piece of extravagance in the Bank-parlour. The walls around him are literally covered with bells, each having beneath it the number of the room to which it corresponds, and they count by hundreds. My flesh creeps at the bare contemplation of the possibility of their being all rung at once."

Of another kind is the following picture of the House of Representatives.

"This is a representative from Maine, his fresh complexion and hardy frame bespeaking him from the north, where his constituents are now clothed in furs: then again is one from whose body the hot suns of Alabama have nearly dissipated all the juices, except that of tobacco, with which he is at this moment overflowing; behind him sits a member from beyond the Alleghanies, aye, even from beyond the Mississippi, in whose keen eye, wrinkled face, and general quickness of movement, you can read whole stories of adventurous life in the Far West; while close beside you is the languid Carolinian, accustomed to have everything done for him at his nod. And what pages in the history of the Union may be read in the varied physiognomy of the House? In the assembly before you, of two hundred men or thereabouts, you can readily trace the dark hair and eye, and the high cheek-bone of the Celt, the sleek and rotund contour of the Saxon, the ponderous outline of the Dutchman, the phlegmatic temperament of the German, the olive-hue of the Spaniard, and the nimble figure of the Frank. It is a true reflex of the great busy mass without, scattered far and wide for thousands of miles from where you stand. It is at once a type of the past and the future of America. In the representatives of the American people, you have an epitome of the story of their ancestry, and a *clue* to that of their posterity. In one respect the scene rises to the dignity of a moral phenomenon. You have different races, with all their diversified habits, predilections, histories, needs and traditions; you have the representatives of almost every country in Europe living together, not a paralytic life, but a life of constant industry and active competition, and regulating their political existence by the machinery of a constitutional and democratic régime. In one sense, truly, you have a Congress of Nations in this Congress of the United States."

Mr. Mackay's investigations into American society enable us at once to estimate fully those fundamental differences which too often escape the calculation of travellers. "European society," he observes, "in its different manifestations, is constituted, as it were, of a series of different layers, which, though in close contact, only partially fuse into each other." Each class looks within itself for its sources of enjoyment and intellectual gratification, recognizing others more as political necessities than social adjuncts. The basis and manifestation of society in America exhibits the reverse of this. "There," he observes, "social inequality has never been a recognized principle, moulding the social fabric into arbitrary forms, and tyrannically influencing each person's position in the general scheme." But our sagacious author carries his speculations rather too far when he adds, "Society in America started from the point to which society in Europe is only yet tending." Is it true that society in Europe is tending to this point? Would it not be more correct to say that American society, starting from equality, is gradually, but inevitably, tending to inequality? Does Mr. Mackay really believe that it is possible for any society to maintain this singular equilibrium, this constrained equipoise of conflicting classes, this suspense and uniformity of diversified elements? And has he not, somewhat hastily, confounded the European tendency towards a more equitable distribution of political rights, with a tendency towards social equalization?

The consequence of social equality is an "ease and sincerity of manner" which strikes a stranger at once. "There is very little," observes Mr. Mackay, "of what we understand by acquaintanceship. Intercourse leads to friendship, or it leads to nothing, it being contrary to an American's nature to feel indifferent, and yet look cordial:" by which we presume Mr. Mackay intends to express, not what is meant by "friendship" in England, but a greater warmth of familiarity of intercourse, and a greater readiness to interchange acts of service than we associate with the word "acquaintanceship." The secret of this open and unreserved intercourse is easily explained: "Having none of the sympathies, the Americans have none of the antipathies of class; his circle is his country; and in that circle, admitting of no superiors, he sees none but equals." Out of this levelling system, which brings all men together upon the same free and easy footing, springs that familiarity and frankness which so frequently offend the visitor, whose taste in the matter of social intercourse has been educated in a different school.

The result of all experience shews that equality is liable to be gradually sapped by the growth of classes rising out of the mass through the force of superior attainments or the accumulation of property. Even Mr. Mackay, who is not disposed to attach much weight to this opinion, admits that the realization of the theory is not quite secure from danger. "It is difficult," he observes, "where there are such accumulations of wealth, to adhere to a horizontal scale in social conditions." And, accordingly, we find that the pattern democracy already contains within itself the treacherous seeds of class prejudices. When they shall have struck their roots in their soil, who shall foretell to what height they may grow, or what fruit they may bear? This is a very curious part of the investigation.

Having shewn the state of society in its grand general manifestations, our author proceeds to say that this freedom and equality of intercourse must be understood to exist only in an out-door sense, as applied to the great social life of the people, considered as a people; society, in its domestic or in-door character, is quite another affair. And here we find the seeds of class divisions thickly scattered. "The social position of the husband," says Mr. Mackay, "is not carried, in all its extent, into the social relations of his family. His sphere of action is without, where all are on an equal footing; but in the position of his family, and in their intercourse with those of his neighbours, he finds no such principle generally recognized. Equality without—exclusiveness within—such seem to be the contrasts of American life." The case is clearly and honestly put. To use our author's words, "in-door life in America is fenced round by as many lines as social life in Europe." The whole truth has seldom been expounded or admitted so plainly before; and the only thing that surprises us is, that Mr. Mackay does not discover in this anomaly a practical incongruity which cannot go on, and which must right itself, one way or the other, in the long run.

The effect of banishing married women to nurseries and back-parlours, while the whole arrangement and control of society is surrendered into the hands of young girls, is to produce a frivolity and restlessness which must render an American assembly painfully oppressive to all persons of common sense and refined breeding.

"Society in America," says Mr. Mackay, "is like a young hoyden that wants taming—like an inexperienced romp, as yet impatient of the fetters of conventional propriety. * * * It is deprived of the best of all teachers—experience; for, by the time a lady learns how to act an easy and more subdued part, there is no prominent place for her in the social circle." The influence of this system upon the formation of the female character is obvious enough. The whole course of a young girl's education in America is one habitual lesson of self-reliance; from the earliest age she understands her position, and begins to test her strength. But mark the issue: "This very freedom of action precipitates her into an influential social position, at a time when she is neither fitted for it nor able fully to appreciate its responsibilities. Her course of education tells unfavourably on society, before it has fully succeeded in telling favourably on the individual." She is exposed to more dangers than the young girl in Europe, and her whole education is to resist them. "How far this may strengthen the character at the expense of the affections—how far it may fortify the judgment, but weaken the heart—it is not necessary here to enquire." By no means necessary—the answer is on the surface.

There are other evils in the domestic life of America which Mr. Mackay traces with similar perspicuity and acuteness; and his observations derive additional value from the impartial spirit by which they are everywhere distinguished.

We have merely touched upon two or three points that were susceptible of being dealt with briefly; for our space is too limited to enter upon larger questions. But we cannot dismiss this work without recommending it to the earnest attention of the English public. The disquisition upon education, religion, and slavery in America; the expositions of the working of the political system; and the descriptions of the country and the people, are marked by great ability, sound judgment and literary power. A chapter on the future of America may be particularly pointed out as full of curious speculations, which, whether we agree with the writer or not in the conclusions at which he arrives, prove that he has investigated every particle of his subject with a thoughtfulness and sincerity of purpose which entitle his opinions to be received with deference and respect.

A Glance at Revolutionized Italy: a Visit to Messina; and a Tour through the Kingdom of Naples, the Abruzzi, the Marches of Ancona, Rome, the States of the Church, Tuscany, Genoa, Piedmont, &c. in the Summer of 1848. By Charles MacFarlane. In Two Volumes. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A residence of upwards of eleven years among Italians, and a familiarity with their manners and customs, well qualified Mr. MacFarlane to pass an opinion on the state of their country in the revolutionary year 1848. His work is not one, consequently, which conveys first impressions on visiting a foreign land, but offers a comparison between its former and now altered condition. It is a political "Glance" at a revolutionized country, rather than an ordinary book of travels, and contains also some unsparing animadversions on our own foreign policy, with which we by no means coincide. The writer gives us his honest opinion of what stuff the men are made who have commenced the work of Italian nationality and independence. His pictures of transalpine regenerators are opposed to those of Mr. Whiteside, whose "Italy in the Nineteenth Century" favours Italian liberalism. It is not our province to enter into a political discussion, but we may not be far wrong in concluding that, after making due allowance for the political bias of these two writers, we shall find truth to lie between them. We cannot accept Mr. MacFarlane's testimony that Gregory XVI. left his dominions in an unexampled condition of prosperity, though at the same time we do not entertain the extreme opinion that he was a destructive tyrant. Both Mr. MacFarlane and Mr. Whiteside, however, are equally foes to the Papacy as a system; and both agree that whatever political reforms the exiled Pope sought to effect, he was far from contemplating any in the Church of which he is the head.

Mr. MacFarlane is correct in asserting that the sympathies of Englishmen were in the first instance with the Italians, though these sympathies have, in some cases, taken a wrong direction among those who have least studied the peculiarly varied character of the Italian people. But be this as it may, we have read with much gratification the openly avowed convictions of Mr. MacFarlane, which are those of an eye-witness, on the state of Italy. He is by no means blind to many defects and

much maladministration under the old Italian *régimes*; and with the expression of warm affection for the Italian people in general, he condemns only "their two hurried scheme of nationality and union," and "the violent factious men who have misled the more active portion of the people, and spoiled their chance of success."

The larger half of the world, who are content to base opinions upon the floating rumours of the hour, will do well to peruse Mr. MacFarlane's investigation of the charges brought against the King of Naples, and his remarks on the atrocities imputed to the Austrians. No inconsiderable portion of these volumes bears upon our own *corps diplomatique*, which of all the corps in our service our author considers most in need of revision and reform. He inveighs against what he states to have been our premature salute of the Sicilian tricolor, and condemns strongly the conduct of our officials in the part they took in Italian affairs. Thus it will be seen that the book is brimful of politics, but these, apart from any value they possess, are mixed up and enlivened with the description of scenes, and the narration of occurrences by the way.

Mr. MacFarlane had a foretaste of the temper and quality of Italian "patriots" at Constantinople. When the news of the French Revolution reached the city of the Sultan, beards and hats seem to have been at a premium. Our author writes:—

"To shave or to touch any part of one's face with a razor, was considered a certain sign of monarchical and aristocratical tendencies. Political opinions were also strongly pronounced in hats. The Liberals sported hats of all manner of shapes, the favourite colour being white or drab, for the most part decorated with tricolor ribbons or cockades. And how contemptuously did they look down upon us peaceable matter-of-fact Englishmen, who wore none of these fashions or emblems!"

"O Liberty!" we are tempted to exclaim, slightly varying Mr. Thackeray's phrase, "what the deuce have beards and hats to do with you?"

At Messina Mr. MacFarlane found that the liberals had "out-Frenchified the French." Not satisfied with calling the Messinese a "people of heroes," an "invincible people," a placard, wet from the press, called them "POPOLO DIVINO." At Loretto a Reform banquet had been held by the female patriots of the town and its vicinity.

Speaking of Pius IX., Mr. MacFarlane says:—

"I believe that Pius's ambition overvaulted 'and fell o' the other'—that instead of recovering his Church by his alliance with democracy, he has given it a blow which must hasten its extinction; but, from all I saw now, and had previously seen and known of Italy, I equally believe that long before the hour of that extinction, there must be a violent Roman Catholic religious re-action."

The concluding part of this sentence is a curious prophetic enunciation, and, if realized, of much import to the Christian world.

The following is an account of the appearance of once more revolutionized Rome:—"The hotels were empty; the lodging-houses shut up; the hackney coachmen forlorn; the ciceroni desperate! The printshops abounded with French wares, and trash of the day; with lithographs of the barricades, and the combats and heroes of the February revolution; with portraits of Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, &c. Mixed up with the sorts of prints I have enumerated, were others of a *lighter* kind, which the Roman dealers were now selling, and openly exposing, without any fear of the police or of church censure. The windows of the booksellers' shops exhibited Thiers's mendacious "History of the Consulate and Empire," George Sand's novels, Alexander Dumas's romances, and other productions of that disorganizing, thoroughly demoralizing school. There were also epitomes of the works of Fourierrier, and translations of Tom Paine. The drama at Rome was as French as all the rest. One of the dramas, which attracted great crowds, was a revolting story of double adultery, ending in a murder and a double suicide."

Another circumstance that struck our author was the fewness of the priests and monks in the streets of Rome.

During Mr. MacFarlane's stay at Turin, "the theatres were open, and seemed to be subjected to the rule or dictation of the Ultra-Liberals. Two of the companies were French. The popular feeling was anti-Anglican. One night the Italians played 'The Revolution of Naples of 1799,' wherein Lord Nelson was turned into the envious assassin of Caraccioli. They were representing another piece, called the 'London Market,' wherein the dramatist very wittily represented the selling of wives in Smithfield, with halters round their necks, as a very common English practice, and not at all opposed by the English Church."

"These are trifles, straws," observes Mr. MacFarlane; "but straws will shew which way the wind blows."

On the whole, it would appear, according to Mr. MacFarlane, that the revolutions in Italy have destroyed trade, sown dissensions of the deadliest character defaced churches and monuments of art, emptied colleges and seminaries of learning, or converted them into barracks—stopped improvements of every kind; that the Italian liberals sympathize with, or are an emanation from, the red faction of republican France; and that the name of England is held in little esteem throughout the peninsula.

Memoirs of the Life of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B.
Ac. By Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A. Two Vols.
 London. T. and W. Boone. 1849.

Whether the errors and failings of great men should be published to the world is a question upon which Dr. Johnson has expressed two quite opposite opinions. He has observed that the knowledge of such facts may prove of service as warnings and he has also said that it is not well they should be made known. In the one case the Doctor spoke from his understanding; in the other, from his feelings.

There are few, we apprehend, who have bestowed any amount of thought upon this subject, but have at one time or the other entertained the two opinions of Johnson; yet they will probably have at last decided that it is absolutely necessary, although not out of an abstract reverence for truth, that the faults and vices of conspicuous men should be made known, but that they should be indicated with tenderness, and only treated of at all when the precept or the example is likely to affect public morality. This, at least, may be said, that after the foibles and imperfections of a great man have been published to his countrymen,—after they have been bruited abroad till the whole world is cognizant of them,—after they have been made the subject of ingenious essay and moral comment—that an author engages in no creditable work, who seeks still further to prove an already proven case by the publication of every scrap of paper in the form of note or letter he can lay his hands upon, that may more poignantly illustrate those faults and imperfections. What is to be thought of the author who does this work under the pretence of an admiration of his hero, we will not at present inquire.

This, however, is what Mr. Pettigrew has done in his recently published *Life of Lord Nelson*. He has given us, he says, in two bulky volumes of so-called biography, “upwards of six hundred letters and documents which have never before been printed, and the existence of which were scarcely known.” The knowledge of the existence of these letters being a matter thus restricted, it would have been as well had Mr. Pettigrew informed us whence he got them, and what assurance he has that the whole are genuine. That some of them are fabrications may fairly be suspected, for we do not think Lady Hamilton would be above resorting to such arts, if she had had a purpose to serve.

Mr. Pettigrew’s alleged reason for publishing his six hundred letters and documents is a curious one. He says, that in 1806, a Mr. Harrison put forth a *Life of Nelson*, under the sanction of Lady Hamilton, and that he ill-requited her kindness and confidence by “printing, in 1814, a collection of private letters, *having no apparently ostensible or justifiable object, nor tending to the elucidation of any matter of public interest*, without the knowledge and sanction of Lady Hamilton and occasioning to this unfortunate woman an undeserved portion of censure.” Mr. Pettigrew then goes on to remark, “Whatever may be said of the indelicacy or impropriety of such a publication, there can be no doubt of the genuineness of the epistles. . . . Had not this imperfect and injudicious portion previously appeared, and other letters since furnished to Sir Harris Nicholas, and printed by him at the conclusion of his collection of “*Dispatches and Letters*,” and had not the public been so well acquainted with the intimacy which existed between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, an intimacy which no means whatever had been taken to conceal from the public eye, I might have felt considerable hesitation in printing some of the letters, which are now, for the first time, laid before the public in these volumes.”

What is this but saying, that a certain Mr. Harrison having done a bad thing in 1814, a certain Mr. Pettigrew sees no great harm in doing a similar thing, although to a greater extent, in 1849? The intimacy which existed between Nelson and Lady Hamilton being so well known to the public, why should it not be made extra-notorious: why should not that be blazoned in six hundred letters and documents, which was plain enough before in a less number?

The question we must ask Mr. Pettigrew is this, what *new light* is thrown upon the character of Nelson by the publication of his letters and documents? What do they tell of his public spirit, his heroism, or his policy, which we did not know before? Where is to be found in these two volumes the paragraph, the sentence, or the syllable, which is calculated to raise the great naval captain in our estimation? Mr. Harrison's collection, it seems, had "no apparently ostensible or justifiable object: it did not tend to the elucidation of any matter of public interest." Let us ask what object Mr. Pettigrew had in his publication, and what matter of public interest his collection elucidates?

The truth is, the tendency of Mr. Pettigrew's book, whatever the object may have been, is to pander to a vicious, morbid, and prurient taste. Let there be something "according to the fair-play of this world," when we deal with the private lives of public men. We protest, in the name of honourable feeling, of humanity, of decency, against publications of this class. The errors of a man like Nelson could hardly have remained hidden, had he taken any pains to conceal them. His countrymen, who honour his many great and noble qualities, have long known them and have mourned over them with profound concern. At least enough respecting them had been heretofore printed, and accordingly we shall not let the present work pass without the most stringent and indignant reprobation,—this work which, under pretence of honouring the memory of our greatest naval hero, shoots a filthy mass of garbage upon his grave.

We know not in what spirit Mr. Pettigrew undertook the defence of Nelson from the heavy stigma that weighs upon his fame in the matter of Prince Caracciolo. That matter has been sifted many times, and with the most anxious care by men jealous of Nelson's honour and eager to maintain it—by men, too, of a sagacity and penetration to which Mr. Pettigrew can put forth no claim whatever. What has been the result of their investigations? the sad and only too sure conviction that the execution of Caracciolo was nothing more nor less than a murder, effected at the instance of one worthless woman to serve the ends or to gratify the vengeance of another.

Never was defence more weak and unsatisfactory than is the attempted vindication of Nelson by Mr. Pettigrew; yet, never was advocate more blandly confident of the success of his special pleading. He alludes to it in his preface, saying—

"The papers relating to the treaty of capitulation of the castles of Uovo and Nuoro, emanating from the King and Queen of Naples to Lord Nelson, investing him with extraordinary powers, and solemnly denying the right of Cardinal Ruffo to treat with the rebels, or to conclude any treaty without the sanction of his Sicilian Majesty, and the observations of the Queen upon each separate article of the treaty, will, I hope, serve to place the position of Lord Nelson in a different point of view to that in which, by many, it has been considered in this affair."

Now what has his Sicilian Majesty's solemn denial of Ruffo's right to conclude a treaty without his sanction, and what have the Queen's observations upon that treaty, to do with the question, so far as Nelson was concerned. On his arrival at Naples, Nelson found that a treaty had been entered into with "the rebels" by Cardinal Ruffo, the King's Vicar-General, who had plenary powers to make treaties, —and that that treaty had been consented to and subscribed by—not only Ruffo, but the Russian, Turkish, and British Commanders, who were duly authorized to enter into such an engagement. Nelson repudiates that treaty—holds it as nought, and in effect says, "No terms ought to be kept with rebels;" but this, observe, after terms had been made with the King's own delegate, and confirmed by the authorized officers of the King's own allies. The conduct of Nelson in this matter is difficult of defence, and for difficult matters of this nature Mr. Pettigrew is not the man.

He says, "That neither the King, nor the Queen, nor the Prime Minister, Acton, were satisfied with the treaty, or disposed to admit the conditions of it, is apparent from the letter of her Majesty, &c."

Doubtless, these personages were not satisfied with the treaty, or disposed to admit the conditions of it. All who know the weakness and meanness of Ferdinand, and the unscrupulous ferocity of his Queen, will readily believe that no treaty they had the power safely to break would have been held in a moment's respect: and now they had that power. Backed by so formidable a friend as Nelson, whose vanity had been flattered by the "entire trust" reposed in him by their Sicilian Majesties, and whom their too ready and willing agent, Lady Hamilton, had by this time made all their own, they were in a position to do what was ever most congenial to them, that is to say, an act basely and safely.

Now, as to the case of Prince Caracciolo. When Ferdinand fled from Naples, on board Lord Nelson's ship, to Palermo, taking with him every farthing of the money that had been destined for the payment of his troops, Caracciolo accompanied him. This brave officer had been a commodore in the Neapolitan navy, and had been honourably engaged in Lord Hotham's action against the French, in March, 1795. On the King's flight, the nobility, gentry, and middle classes of Naples established the Parthenopean Republic, one of the first acts of which was to declare the estates of all the Neapolitans forfeited who did not return to Naples. Upon this, Caracciolo, who was possessed of considerable property, solicited and obtained permission from the King to return to Naples, who told him "to avoid the snarls of republicans," adding, "I know I shall recover the Kingdom of Naples;" which was an admission that he had lost it. On Caracciolo's arrival at Naples, he entered the service of the new Republic, and in his capacity of Chief of the Marine, undoubtedly fired on those vessels freighted with brigands, which were sent over from Sicily by the Ex-King, for the recovery of the Kingdom of Naples. For this act, after the treaty had been set aside, he was brought to a Court-Martial on board Nelson's own ship, by virtue of an order issued by Nelson, who, as a British Admiral, had, and could have, no authority to issue a warrant for the trial of a Neapolitan subject.

But Mr. Pettigrew is of a different opinion. He says that "Nelson was vested with authority as Commander-in-Chief of the Sicilian squadron, and that he possessed unlimited powers given to him by the King, at whose request he had come to Naples. It is true the powers have never been fully and circumstantially expressed, but they must have been admitted and acknowledged, or" &c. This is a miserable begging of the question. That Nelson did what he did at the instance and with the warm approval of Ferdinand, no one need doubt; but that he possessed unlimited powers in the shape of a commission (if he had, we contend that he could not, as a British Admiral, accept them), we have the best reason to disbelieve; for the warrant for assembling the Court-Martial sets forth that it is issued on the authority of "Horatio, Lord Nelson, Admiral of the *British Fleet* in the Bay of Naples."

Then, as to the trial on board Nelson's own ship, Mr. Pettigrew observes,— "What reasons may have occasioned the trial to take place on board a British ship have not been detailed, nor is it possible now to ascertain them; but few persons would, I conceive, argue that a different issue would have been the result, had it been conducted on board *La Minerva*, or any other Sicilian vessel."

It is painful to be compelled to say so; but although it may not be possible "now to ascertain" the reasons for this course, they may, without much difficulty, be inferred. Nelson had no law for his proceeding. We say, that had he held a commission from Ferdinand, he could not, as a British Admiral, have acted upon it; but he had no such commission, and, as we have seen, he did not profess to have. He feared lest Caracciolo should escape were he tried before a court legally constituted. Hence the mockery of a trial on board his own ship—hence the precipitancy with which it was conducted. Captured early in the morning, Caracciolo was brought on board the *Foudroyant* at nine, the trial began at ten, and lasted two hours, and at five o'clock the same evening, this victim of treachery and tyranny was hanging from the yard-arm of a Sicilian frigate!

Says Mr. Pettigrew, "The trial lasted two hours; the proceedings were conducted in Italian; the ward-room in which it took place was open to any one who chose to enter." O wretchedness!—a decent defence, truly! Two long hours devoted to the trial of a man who was accused of high crimes and misdemeanours against his Sovereign; who had an hour given him for refreshment (but this he declined), and the preparation of his defence—against whom no witnesses were brought, and for whom none were permitted!

But by what name are we to characterise Mr. Pettigrew's suppression of the fact, that the first sentence upon Caracciolo by the Court-Martial was imprisonment for life, that Nelson would not receive that sentence, and that by his direction it was changed into a sentence of death!

Mr. Pettigrew informs us that he flatters himself, "that the private letters of Her Majesty (of Naples) printed in the succeeding pages—letters written in full and entire confidence to Lady Hamilton, never intended for the public eye, and composed as the events of the day occurred—will serve to relieve her Majesty from the charges so repeatedly urged against her, and so injurious to her memory." This is said in reference to Caracciolo's case, and because the letters referred to show on the face of them no vindictive spirit; as though the woman would be such.

fool as to commit to paper, even to her dear friend, the violent feelings that actuated her. But why does Mr. Pettigrew "flatter himself" as to this point? What retaining fee does he hold for the deceased and detested Queen of Naples. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" Again, why the zealous interest in behalf of the memory of Lady Hamilton? and further, what is it but folly and stupidity to prate about Nelson's general humanity, as a reason why he could not have acted and meant wrongly in the case of Caracciolo? Does not Mr. Pettigrew, in common with the rest of the world, know that Nelson was infatuated by that profligate woman, and that the Almighty alone can tell what tricks the reason will play when the passions gain the ascendancy?

But is it not monstrous to be once more dragged into this most painful subject? Yet a moral may be drawn from this. "The evil that men do lives after them," and men are deterred from committing bad actions by the stigma that attaches to their memories. That stigma might fade,—might vanish in the course of time; but inexorable justice commonly provides against that, by raising up a Pettigrew, who, undertaking to defend, renews and prolongs the shame.

The author tells us that his original intention was simply to have made a selection from his "upwards of six hundred letters and documents," but that, besides other reasons, "to do justice to the subject," he resolved to embody the whole in the form of a narrative. What Mr. Pettigrew's notion of doing justice to a subject may be, we know not; but we think he must mean "executing justice upon," for in a *Life of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson*, he has left untouched the Battle of the Nile. But the whole narrative has been scrambled together in a very slovenly manner, and is written (but that could not be helped) in a most slip-slop style. When we saw in the dedication to Lord Auckland, that Mr. Pettigrew expressed his hope that "England may long enjoy the services of your Lordship, in presiding over the Naval department of this country with that zeal, ability, and independence which has ever characterized your Lordship," we thought that esteem or gratitude towards the peer had made the author forget the respect due to Priscian; but the work is studded with similar elegances.

Take the following piece of nervous writing. "With all his devotion to the Navy, and a strict regard to the duties of his profession, embracing a consideration of them in every particular, and an enforcement of the correct performance of that which belonged to every branch of the service, Nelson proved susceptible to the tender passion."

Another specimen.

"The *Albemarle* was a French merchant-vessel, captured at the close of the year 1779, purchased into the King's service, and had many imperfections which were remedied by Nelson, who had her mast shortened, and he used to say that the French had taught her to run away, as she was never a good sailor except when going before the wind. The readiness and tact of Nelson was manifested whilst in command of the vessel. He conceived it likely that, having been a French one, she might easily be mistaken for now belonging to that country if French colours were hoisted."

This is a fair specimen of the twaddling and washy style of the narrative. Can the fate of such a work be questionable?

Remarkable and Eccentric Characters, with numerous Illustrations,
by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A. Vol. I. Bentley's Cabinet
Library.

An anthology of individual eccentricities, although abundantly amusing, would be neither novel nor instructive, unless it were compiled with a distinct aim, and for a higher purpose than that of administering to the credulity or superstition of its readers. Strange lives and personal singularities, considered merely as materials to provoke curiosity and wonder, will always possess a certain kind of interest for ignorant and uneducated minds. Much the same sort of excitement is produced by the tricks of a conjuror, who performs extraordinary feats by means which baffle the ordinary tests of experience. The true business of a book in which such matters are recorded is to reconcile them to the general laws of nature and science, to expound the obscure *rationale*, and to extract from apparently solitary instances a special or universal moral.

In the little volume before us Mr. Fairholt has launched an excellent design,

which, if it be carried out with the care it really deserves, will open a new and suggestive investigation into human character. From the specimens of remarkable and eccentric biography in the present selection, Mr. Fairholt appears to be guided in his choice of subjects not solely by their extraordinary and marvellous traits, but also by their bearing upon the age, by the issues to which they led, and the practical examples they hold out for imitation or avoidance. There is not one of these instances which does not bear a flower of reflection, and throw up a utility of some kind. Mr. Fairholt does not look out through his pages,

Like Katerfelt, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders wondering ;

he shows you how the peculiarities of the Miser and the Calculator, the Dwarf and the Strong Man, the Regicide and the Witch-finder, were fostered and coloured by the events or manners of their day,—how they were originally developed, the influences which acted upon them, and which they exercised in turn over surrounding circumstances, and, tracing his Characters through their lives, as through their mental and physical idiosyncrasies, he shows you how far they were exceptional, and how far they harmonised with ordinary experience. Various striking results are shown in these startling sketches: the use and abuse of great powers—the lonely nurture of morbid passions—the chase of chimeras—the ascendancy of the will over the moral faculties—the growth of strength in a particular direction, by the focal concentration of the energies on a single pursuit. The volume contains ten biographies; amongst the most memorable are the strange story of Elizabeth Canning, the adventures of the Chevalier D'Eon, the lives of Jeffrey Hudson the Dwarf, Elwes the Miser, Hopkins the Witch-finder, Peter the Wild Boy, and Antonio Magliabechi, whose extraordinary powers of memory are probably unparalleled.

The materials for such a series as Mr. Fairholt contemplates are abundant; and it is hardly necessary to say that he must exercise a proportionate scrupulousness of judgment in the choice of them. Great temptations (alluded to in his preface) are no doubt presented by the lives of eccentric individuals not hitherto included in collections of this nature; but intrinsic value is of more importance than novelty. It is wiser to draw even upon well-known sources that are worthy of re-production, than to exhibit unprofitable freaks of nature that are recommended to notice by the slender attraction of never having been chronicled before.

John Jones's Tales for Little John Joneses. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Two Volumes. Cradock and Co.

These "Tales of a Grandfather" embrace the history of England from the time of Caesar to the death of our first Henry. Being written in a plain easy style, they are well adapted to the end the author had in view—to interest and instruct juveniles in the annals of their native country.

Austria. By Edward P. Thompson, Author of "Life in Russia." Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Thompson tells us in his preface, that, "although familiar with Germany from early associations, he felt, on entering Austria, how little he understood of the institutions and policy of the Empire, and how many false impressions he had entertained with respect to them." Rightly judging that a like ignorance prevailed among his countrymen, he has been at the pains of embodying in the present work more information respecting Austria than has been before given to the British public. Unfortunately, owing to recent revolutions, the subject is now in great measure bygone, as it respects only the past; for it is very unlikely that the political torrent which has been let loose, will, even in Austria, ever subside again into its former channels. For this reason Mr. Thompson's observations on the defects and benefits of Austrian rule, sensible as they are, have lost much of the interest they would have possessed a year ago.

He has treated under distinct heads the extent and population of the Empire—its State-policy and Statesmen, its system of Education—the Army, the Nobility—Middle Class and Peasantry—the Revenue and Statistics—Police and Prison Dis-

pline, and other matters connected with the so-called paternal government; and upon each of these subjects he has either thrown new light, or brought together information which before lay scattered in various quarters. He gives a brief sketch of the leading statesmen of Austria; Prince Metternich, Count Kollowrat, Baron Kübeck, and Count Sedlnitzky, which will be found interesting. The section on the system of Education is well worthy of perusal.

"Austria," observes Mr. Thompson, "although situated in the centre of Europe, is less known, and less understood, so far as relates to its institutions, its government, and the general administration of its affairs, than any other country. As regards education, this is particularly the case. She has exhibited a certain degree of determination and vigour in her plans for national education, which is the more remarkable when we take into consideration the difficulty she must have met with in organizing a scheme embracing the whole of her vast empire."

The success of Austria in this respect Mr. Thompson fairly attributes to her form of government, which, in this instance, has been productive of much good.

The Church of Rome, Calvinists, Lutherans, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Unitarians, we are told, all receive the same description of popular instruction, varied only in some slight details to suit the language and the religious tenets of each particular people. Education, moreover, is not left to the option of parents, who are compelled to send their children, when of a certain age, to the national school of their parish.

We were glad to be assured by Mr. Thompson that "religious toleration in Austria is not only authorized by statute, but is looked upon as a matter of fact and right by the followers of the different creeds."

Speaking of "the jealous, caste-maintaining system" of Austria, our author gives the following example:—

"The surgeon (Wundarzt) is held in the most degraded position, from which he can never rise, whatever may be his talent or ability. He is still the barber-surgeon, and is compelled to exhibit the emblem of his trade—the brass basin, namely—pendant before his door, to keep open a barber's shop, and to shave for two kreutzers, —somewhat less than a penny."

Mr. Thompson states that public opinion in Germany is decidedly in favour of monarchy; and in his closing remarks suggests that a convocation of a great European Congress should settle the difficulties which surround most of the European States.

A Book for a Corner; or, Selections in Prose and Verse. By Leigh Hunt. Two Vols. Smith and Elder.

A charming book for a window or a drawing-room table. The art of selection is difficult, not merely from the embarrassment arising out of superabundant riches, but from the rarity of the universality of taste requisite in the selection. It may be readily supposed that a choice of "elegant extracts" from our poets and prose writers, guided by such sympathies and close intimacy with the inner spirit of our literature which Leigh Hunt has shewn in his own writings, would make an exquisite book to loiter over before breakfast of a summer's morning, or round the fire in a winter's evening,—and just such a book is this—scintillating with delicious bits of criticism, and scraps of literary gossip. It may be commended to all ages and all kinds of readers. It is full of sweet and wise things, culled with a most careful and gracious hand, and made up into an anthology which will long preserve its beauty and fragrance.

My Uncle, the Curate. A Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," &c. Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.

The scene of this novel is Ireland,—the time, the viceroyship of the Marquis of Anglesea. The author is well acquainted with the social and political elements of Irish society, and without sacrificing the dramatic interests of the fiction to graver matters, he has made his story the vehicle of some capital sketches of domestic and national life.

The strength of the work lies in the portraiture of character, its weakness in the tenuity of the plot. Every person concerned, from Jerry, in his tarnished livery,

he thinks at last of getting into Parliament; manufacturing Miss M. of Irish Rebecca Sharp, who settles down into a post-office, where she arts of melting the wax, and exploring the secrets of letters; the burly ward and Spenser children; and the second-hand aristocracy at Dublin are each and all as well known to us in two or three hours, as if we had known them for the last six months.

This truthfulness in the characterization is obtained, too, by the means. There is no excess in the colouring; the features are not by violent contrasts or artificial lights; no advantage is taken of the pezzation or disorganization of Irish society to produce startling effects; the picture is painted in carefully and quietly, and the impression on the mind is that of an accurate transcript from real life.

The descriptive portions of the work are equally excellent. The lochs and mountains is sketched with a free and brilliant straggling and miry town of Redcross, full of unmistakeable hovels, of which the aborigines may be seen, stretching themselves in a high serve the thatch from being blown away; the *ménage* of the curate; the smuggling hold of the Dawsons; and the official interior of Dublin are severally admirable, and possess that charm of freshness and originality which even the English reader intuitively recognizes the merit of fidelity.

In his occasional allusions to the topics of Irish agitation, Irish misgovernment, the author shews good sense and sagacious observation. The land—or, rather, of Irish characteristics—packed up in a concise chapter, *Piggledy*, is a capital piece of satire: and the sly humour which pervades similar subjects, and on in-door eccentricities (if we may so vent the singular anomalies of domestic life in the Emerald Isle) remind us there, of Swift and Peacock, writers who present some curious points with the author of this novel.

Of the story there is not much to be said. It is simple and slight, just enough of interest to carry our attention to the close. The act breaks down, and there are intervals of what may be called suspense which would be dangerous if the skill of the author, in filling up the attractive matter, did not reconcile us to the lapses of the drama. Agreeably detained by the way that we seldom feel the tedium of incidents, we have no great inclination to find fault with the paucity of incidents. The plot of this story exhibits a considerable improvement upon the author's former fictions. It is naturally conducted through a series of probable circumstances towards the close, as in the "Bachelor of the Albany," the incidents are hurried; and the narrative, after flowing on tranquilly up to that point, is rewarded and punished in which all catastrophes are lost, suddenly and hoisterous, and floods the scene.



Lara distributing her money.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

CHAPTER XII.

A CONTEST FOR THE CORONERSHIP.

"All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good nature."—MONTAIGNE.

PASSING away from Norfolk, and the melancholy scene near Wymondham, I resume my narrative.

Some eight weeks after Mrs. Kempthorne's demise, the Coronership of a division of the county fell vacant, and Mr. Biedermann submitted his pretensions as a candidate. The speeches—the flattery—the promises with which that fluent and silver-toned adventurer beguiled the freeholders of the district were adroitly conceived and pleasingly uttered. This abuse was to be redressed, and that heavy expense was to be retrenched. This crying evil was to be remedied; and that disgusting nuisance was to be abated. Inquests were to be held, if he succeeded, upon "a totally new principle." Crime, to a most extraordinary extent, was to be suppressed, and the convenience of jurors to be marvellously consulted. To this day it remains doubtful whether some of those whom he beguiled had not come to the cheering conclusion, that if "Biedermann"—that "friend of his race"—became "Crownor," every juryman would be taken to and from an inquest in a close carriage, and at the termination of the inquiry be requested to "partake of dinner and wine" at the king's expense! What a convivial interlude for the agricultural interest to anticipate! No wonder the cry was heard "Biedermann for ever!"

Meanwhile his activity, close and unremitting canvass, liberal promises, and specious oratory, perplexed his opponents greatly. Wholly at sea as to the extent of his financial resources, they imagined it to be his intention to persevere in going to a poll. The expense of such a procedure was formidable. One after another quailed before it. At length the candidates were reduced to two: Biedermann and a medical gentleman of the name of Lance. The latter requested an interview. It was granted. The place of rendezvous was our office; and my instructions brief but pointed—*"Out of sight: but within earshot."*

"So there is to be a poll, Mr. Biedermann?" said Lance;—"I was in hopes *that* alternative would be avoided."

"I resort to it with inconceivable reluctance," said Biedermann, with a flourish, "but encircled as I am with determined supporters, I now regard it as inevitable."

"I learn as much, and with regret: the experiment will be a costly one to both parties."

"To him that loses, specially so," said my principal, with emphasis.

"Hah!" said Lance: he winced involuntarily at the remark.

"It will ruin the losing party," continued Biedermann, with quiet complacency—"a grave consideration for a family man."

Again Mr. Lance started—he had nine children: one a cripple: and the gaze he fixed on his opponent—long and anxious—had an amount of anguish and apprehension in it, painful to contemplate. At length he spoke.

His voice—usually clear and firm—was husky and tremulous. My wary principal noted this, and it heartened him in his purpose.

"Biedermann," said Lance, frankly, "I am not a needy man: I have some few hundreds in the funds: but they were scraped together by honest toil, and I should be averse to squander them in an election contest: prove to me that you have a chance,—only a fair chance of success,—and I will either retire myself or make it worth your while to do so."

"On the honour of a man!" said Biedermann, throwing open the facings of his coat, and calling up an oratorical air—"on the honour of a man, whose thoughts bound away from the fleeting present, and flow onward to the mighty future,—who, at each moment of his earthly existence, has a solemn recollection of his dread responsibilities,—I will tell you my real and true position. *Minus* about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy votes, I have more than one-third of the freeholders of this district pledged to me—positively and personally pledged to me."

The surprise and chagrin of poor Lance were ridiculously apparent.

"I may not win," continued Biedermann, with an air of smiling frankness, that had a visible influence upon his opponent—"I may not win. I am not prepared to say as much *positively*; but I shall run you very—very close; and my *impression* is—*SHALL BEAT YOU.*"

A look of inexpressible chagrin was the sole reply.

"I am at this moment," continued Biedermann with a gay smile, and in his most dulcet tones, pointing as he spoke to a mass of letters by his side, "busily engaged in maturing my arrangements for bringing voters to the poll. The assurances of support which greet me alike from town and village are most cheering."

Here with an admirably feigned semblance of measureless complacency the speaker rubbed his hands vivaciously.

Poor Lance sighed once—twice—thrice, heavily, and then surveyed the handsome face, manly form, and joyous bearing of his opponent. These did not disarm his apprehension; for another heavy sigh—close akin to a groan—was audible. At length he took his resolution, and murmured in a low, anxious tone—"Are you open to an arrangement?"

"I catch but imperfectly your inquiry," said the lawyer; "what may be its import?"

Dissembler! He perfectly understood the question! When did the faintest whisper, uttered within ear-shot, escape him? But it was part of his by-play to make ally or opponent—it mattered not which—irretrievably commit himself.

"By what false friends have I been surrounded! misled to the last! ay, to the very last!" was Lance's mournful soliloquy. "And your promises, Mr. Biedermann, are so many? Say: *Are you open to an arrangement?*"

"That question can hardly be answered off-hand," returned the other thoughtfully. "If I reply to it promptly—if I reply to it at all—will my answer be held sacred?"

"As a promise given to the dying in a parting hour."

"I think of Leon," began Biedermann, in his most winning tones. The father shrank from the allusion to the poor cripple as if stung by an adder. "It would grieve me to deprive that hapless boy of a single comfort. Bearing in mind—as I trust I ever do—the unfortunate,"—Poor Lance's colour came and went like a girl's—"I will at once prove myself a generous opponent, and say three hundred down: *down*—you understand me—before noon;" it was then past eleven, "and my opposition terminates."

"I can ill spare that sum," said the other dejectedly; "and as to raising it on the instant, it's impracticable—impossible!"

"It's a trifle, a very trifle," smoothly remarked Biedermann; "but if, unhappily, the proposition appear to you extravagant, here our negotiation terminates. We can still decide our differences by a poll."

Without awaiting, or appearing to care for a reply, the lawyer began to seal leisurely and deliberately a handful of his heap of letters.

"Biedermann," said Lance, after a few seconds bitter conflict, "I have not a thirtieth part of the sum you name in my possession."

"Your credit is good," replied his opponent, with a smile. "You can borrow it easily and instantly."

"I have never been a borrower yet," was Lance's reply; "and at fifty am unwilling, for the first time, to assume the character."

"We are dependent creatures," cried Biedermann with gusto: he was now on a topic peculiarly grateful to him, and he revelled in it. "We must all lend and borrow in turn. We are links in a vast chain; each dependent on the support of his fellow. There is no independent being in creation. The great family of man is so constituted by its Almighty Framer, that no member of it can be self-sufficing. Each, at one moment or other of life, must be indebted to his fellow. Borrow the money; borrow it without delay; transfer it; and then *take the field without opponent*."

"I will endeavour to do so," said Lance faintly; "and if I succeed, will see you again in about an hour."

"*Within the hour*," said the lawyer firmly: "*within the hour*, or the visit is fruitless."

The doctor withdrew, and his opponent again bent to his task, that of tracing the rough draft of a deed of release. Amid the silence of the office, the racing of his pen over sheets of paper was distinctly audible. But his thoughts wandered. He could not, with all his inflexibility of purpose, chain them down to his employment. Ever and anon he watched the progress of the finger-hand upon the dial with the calm and complacent air of a man who feels assured that a moment of triumph is approaching him.

The hour, by many minutes, had not expired when the office bell was lightly rung, and Lance, with measured and noiseless step stole in. Not one syllable did he utter; but with the silent salutation of a bow, held out to his adversary a thin roll of Bank of England paper. Biedermann, with a look and attitude in which self-respect and wounded feeling were dexterously blended, mutely waved it from him.

"There is no occasion for mistrust," said Lance, wholly misconstruing his opponent's gesture; "you will find there the stipulated amount; six notes for fifty each."

"You don't imagine that I purpose accepting this sum?" said my principal with an offended air.

"Accept it! why you asked for it!" exclaimed Lance, bluntly.

"Ah! you don't understand me."

"Never shall!" mournfully ejaculated his perplexed listener.

"I engaged in this contest," pursued the other, "upon public grounds alone."

"I hear that avowal for at least the fortieth time," said the doctor brusquely.

"On public grounds only," resumed Biedermann with emphasis, "do I covet success. Personally, office would be hateful to me;" and, forgetting that he had no other auditors save Lance and myself, B. threw back his coat and faced round, as was his wont, to receive from his supporters the confidently expected cheer.

"We are alone," said Lance bitterly; "entirely alone. You are neither addressing a mob, nor a full committee."

"But what is infinitely preferable, a thoughtful and high-principled man," interposed the Lawyer, with a ready bow.

Neither by word nor gesture did Lance acknowledge the implied compliment; he had not yet surmounted the pang of parting with his hardly-earned three hundred pounds.

"When I commenced my canvass," continued the ex-candidate, unobservant in his triumph of the silent and abstracted air of his companion,—“I assured my supporters that no sordid motives should ever induce me to relinquish it. All compromise I spurned. A bribe,—a sop,—a consideration,—a pecuniary compensation, was loathsome to me. On public grounds I provoked the contest: on public grounds do I abandon it.”

"Their nature?" said Lance, drily.

"An unwillingness to disturb the peace of the district, unless my prospects of success were unequivocal and incontestable."

Lance whistled.

"You see, therefore, at a glance, my position. I cannot approach, far more touch any sum; cheque,—*rouleau*,—note. No! I must remain as my countrymen have as yet ever found me,—unsailable in my integrity, and inaccessible to a bribe."

After the delivery, in his mellowest tones, of this personal encomium, the virtuous Biedermann settled his cravat, and blandly smiled.

"Then you decline accepting the amount after all?" said Lance, with a puzzled air.

"For myself and for my personal requirements, unquestionably; but," continued the wily speaker, "there has always been a dash of romance in my character, and I plead guilty to taking the strongest interest in the '*Anti-Infanticidico-Strangaico Society*?' Ah! every feeling within me is roused when I reflect on the rapidity and impunity with which little female innocents are slaughtered in China,—in the picturesque city of Shanghai more especially. Are you aware that in "The Celestial Empire" out of every four female infants two are despatched immediately after birth? afflicting! alarming! appalling!"

"Oh!" said the impassible Lance.

"Yes! those who ought to be, and who are intended to be, the sture happy mothers of the literary Chinese are thus early disosed of!"

With immovable gravity Lance struck in:

"Strange that *young* females should be so obnoxious! I have known a vulgar prejuidice obtain in certain quarters against *old* mes."

(That wicked and irreclaimable Lance!)

"Tender buds!" proceeded Biedermann. "Early nipped! Smothered blossoms! The theme is too painful to pursue! But I may with ample propriety use the phrase "smothered blossoms;" since the reckless parents rid themselves of their female off-shoots by smothering them—by putting grass into their dear whimpering mouths. Grass! damp, green unwholesome grass! But you do not heed me. Your thoughts are elsewhere. What subject engrosses them? Name it—name it."

"The difficulty," said Lance, sadly, "of finding bread to put into the mouths of one's little ones—a difficulty experienced at this moment by many a better man than myself throughout the length and breadth of England. And then to raise a whoop about the nursery arrangements of Shangai! Better far investigate the accounts and doings of our Manchester Burial Clubs. Shangai forsooth! Bah!"

"An interesting city!" continued Biedermann, "somewhat too much addicted to cruel and idolatrous practices: but the more engaging on that very account."

Lance replied to him with a look which implied an earnest inclination to floor him.

Biedermann talked on.

"I have organized an association for crushing this frightful Chinese tendency, and rescuing these interesting beings from the grasp of the destroyer. I am the founder of this society: its president, and mainspring. It is supported by donations and subscriptions. Behold one of the depositories for the free-will offerings of the gentle-hearted."

He glanced, as he spoke, towards a hideous mandarin, which nodded for twenty minutes together on his mantel-piece; and whose mouth, by some mysterious mechanism, would yawn asunder, and then close with dexterous rapidity.

"There, deposit your—your—contribution."

"It's immaterial to me where I pitch the blunt," returned Lance, carelessly, "provided the conditions are duly understood and observed. On this head there must be no mistake. You withdraw your pretensions to-day?"

"I retire from the contest this hour: rejoicing that by so doing I shall largely benefit the society,—the city of Shangai."

"Oh! burn the city of Shangai," said Lance, profanely: "but there's the money: and good morning."

"Not to be touched,—not to be touched by *me!*" shouted Biedermann, hastily interposing and arresting his steps—"the deposit for free-will offerings is open;"—the mandarin's mouth gaped horribly—"complete with your own hands the arrangement."

"As you will. Come, worthy Bonze," said Lance, thrusting his

notes down the mandarin's throat,—“be civil and don't snap. Here's money for ye which—good morning—which—will as assuredly reach the city of Shanghai—as I shall!”

And with this most indecent aside, very audibly uttered, the unbelieving Mr. Lance bowled away from the office.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAUGHTER.

“It is hard to personate and act a part long; for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.”—TILLOTSON.

THE exit of the departing visitor was watched with profound and obsequious gravity by Biedermann; nor did the expression of his countenance for one instant vary, till the door had closed on the doctor's square, stunted figure, and all necessity for restraint had terminated.

The rôle was then played. The result was then attained: and the owner of the mandarin approached that monstrosity which nodded away blithely over the mantel-piece. To a sickly fancy its grinning air and endless bows might indicate mute approval of its master's wickedness. Patting it fondly and familiarly, he burst out:

“Ha! ha! ha! not an unproductive morning! *Fifly promises my whole stock-in-trade! Well sold! well sold!* I must consign to safe guardianship this venerable old gentleman.”

He then gingerly removed the “decoy,” and carefully locked him away.

“Bonze,” continued he, “demands heedful custody, for he is intrinsically valuable. Ha! ha! ha!”

Again his measureless content vented itself in a long and prolonged burst. The impression it left was melancholy. *It was a laugh in which there was no mirth.* It expressed triumph, hardness, scorn. There was in it somewhat of self-complacency; and much of the exultation of unscrupulous and successful villany.

Of real, hearty, downright merriment, there was none.

While I listened—for the laugh was more than once repeated—the idea—is it Addison's?—occurred to me.

“Man is the merriest species of the creation: all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause pity or displeasure in higher natures.”

And Biedermann's laugh was the more painful, for I fancied I heard an echo responding to it from below, as if there was one unseen, who was then rejoicing over an immortal being's rapid proficiency in deceit—one to whom falsehood in every guise is grateful—who welcomes alike the equivocating word and the fraudulent deed—well knowing the doom that sternly awaits, and inevitably overtakes the deceitful heart and the deceitful tongue.

CHAPTER XIV.

TIDINGS FROM HOSELEY BAY.

"Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding."—POPE.

THE morning following the advent of Mr. Lance and the retirement of Mr. Bonze, I waited on my principal and tendered my resignation. I assigned as my sole but sufficient reason, an unwillingness to occupy a post in any office where I could be called upon at my employer's bidding to remain, "*out of sight, but within ear-shot.*"

The practice seemed to me "unmanly," and I preferred "sacrificing my situation" to submitting to it.

The "friend of Shanghai" heard my statement and reasons without the slightest visible emotion. Neither surprise nor annoyance were discernible in tone or manner, when he blandly replied, after a brief pause, "Needless scruples often bar a young man's advancement."

The coolness with which this was uttered somewhat posed me.

My employer saw his advantage, smiled benignantly, and proceeded,—"*Your opinions need the sobering influence of experience. You view events through a faulty medium. Don't throw away a friend. Pause on this.*"

"No, sir—not for an hour; I have played the part of spy for the last time."

"You err," said Biedermann, with unruffled brow, and in his gentlest tones. "You err deplorably, and even mischievously. But past recollections prevent my even attempting to upbraid you. At your age I was to the full as impetuous and opinionated. Alas!"—and he sighed profoundly—"the lessons of life are lost if they do not impress us with the necessity of making ample allowance for the immature conclusions of others."

He watched to see what effect this carefully rounded sentence had upon me, and was rewarded with a grin.

"Ah!" continued he, "like myself in by-gone days, rash and over-confident. But heed a friend's well-meant counsel. Let my present statements be weighed and well remembered by you."

"They will, sir, long after the moment of utterance," was the truthful rejoinder.

"Good! The business of life cannot be carried on independent of *espionage*. You reject this conclusion; it is based on thorough and accurate knowledge of human nature. We are all under *surveillance*. Lord Sidmouth, the most decorous of men and the most conscientious of statesmen"—my principal's motive it were hard to guess; but whenever anything peculiarly base, or petty, or cruel was to be justified, the name and practices of this immaculate nobleman, so enamoured through life of capital punishment, were sure to be appealed to—"Lord Sidmouth, the exemplary Home-Secretary, countenanced the practice. He had his informants. He had, of spies—"

"A rare assortment, so it is said,—miscreants from whom he must have turned with loathing: let us quickly pass from such a debasing topic."

"We cannot, if justice is to be done to eminent men or to their motives," persisted Biedermann. "The parties you allude to are essential to a ruler. The duke had them in the Peninsula. An army cannot dispense with them. Even in the sovereign's palace there is surveillance. Depend upon it that the Regent himself regards some of the great officers of his household as little better than spies upon the details of his daily life. He is subject to surveillance, like some of the meanest of his subjects."

"And likes it as little."

"Perhaps so; but we will banish this matter for the present, and resume it—when?—let me name a distant day—say this day three months."

"When we separate," said I firmly, "with, I trust, friendly feelings on either side."

"You will regret this, Haslam," rejoined Biedermann, with greater sternness than he had as yet shewn. "The advantages you at present possess should not be lightly forfeited; they are weighty, and cannot be replaced on the moment at any hour of the day. But having taken your course, abide by it!"

He turned and left me. His cautions recurred with greater force than they deserved, when, an hour afterwards, the following missive from Oldrich was put into my hands:—

"Ho'seley Bay, Friday, Nov. 13th.

"DEER FRIEND,

"A letter from me will, I hope, be exseptible. I am lo! in the world, lo! in puss and in sperits. I have never recovered that hawfle insadent at Rafforde's. They say he walks; but weather or no I'm sure that that Tillett is a detummind roag.

"But he doant thrive upon vellumy. He looks hawfle to be hold. And Pleasant Ellis makes a pint of way laying him at hevery Korner, and hasking him 'how he fares?' and what 'he thinks of matters by this tyme?' and whenever he sees her he seems reddy to phaint. Besides this there ayr such onearthly sownds erd by dey and by night in that upper office. I shak and quack whenever I think of em. I am going to the great meteropolis. My birth is to be in a Surance Office. Deys very long; celery very lo! But I wont igspose my feelings. I'm got to my furddest. The wild waves is before me. They dash and splash against Ho'seley cliffs. They foam, and break, and iss. The owl and uproar of the winds is inkumseavable. At times it hoppresses me to agny. Some folks say they've a voice; but for my share I could never hear owt but a roar. Hoh! Aslam you're a lucky lad; well tiled and well pyed! Hold your own, and never sa dye. Now none of your orrid joax, but write soon to one womb you may truly call

"Your deploring friend,

"ORFORD OLDRICH.

"P.S.—Larst fift of November there was a grand dey at Bawdsey, near Ho'seley. They made a uge bunfire, some folks said in honor of the Pope, piled it up igh, and lighted it on the top of the Steepel. It burned furdher than they thort for, for it blazed and blazed till it burnt to hashes the knave of the Church. Stamming! Ain't it. I never see such a phansy!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE BARTER OF LIFE.

"Hast thou ever felt thyself thoroughly forlorn? Dost thou know what it is to call no friend thy own? to know no heart on which thou can'st lean? to have no friend, no brother? to stand solitary in the midst of a whole nation?"

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

His Majesty's post-office had no light task in conveying the correspondence of my indefatigable master.

It was a rare epoch in his life when he was wholly free from speculation and project—when there was no "promising scheme" which he was seeking to mature. His tactics, too, were peculiar. The arena of his speculations was generally far distant. He preferred fighting the battle away from the homestead; and his main weapon a versatile, pliant, and mercenary pen. The packets of letters I have known him receive and destroy! Unlike other legal men who, on principle, lay aside written documents for careful preservation, his object seemed to be their immediate destruction. Few letters that reached him escaped the flames. The substance of the communication he accurately remembered: the document itself was gone. This habit I resolved—perhaps erroneously—into the apprehensions of a guilty man who dreads some impending and inevitable disclosure; and is resolved that when the final *éclaircissement* shall arrive, there shall be as little written evidence to criminate him as possible.

Did the old writer err, who affirmed—

"It is hard to say whether there be more pride or ignorance in ambition?" This is clear. "All sins will easily go down with the man who is resolved to rise."

During the period immediately following Miss Clarissa Kempthorne's demise, Biedermann's industry was untiring. Letters were written with marvellous rapidity: and packets of printed papers abounded in reply.

These last were scrutinized and compared with elaborate and unusual earnestness. There hardly seemed any limit to the calculations which they originated: or any termination to the reveries into which the sum total lulled my employer. At length his brow cleared; his bland smile returned; and his mellow unctuous voice gaily babbled deceit as heretofore. *The schemer had decided on his project.* His mind was made up. He had taken his measures and was prepared to abide the issue.

A mass of papers blazed upon the hearth: but *there* the sibylline leaf I felt persuaded was not. *That* lay elsewhere *perdu* and secure. Among the smouldering embers might be the chaff; the grain of wheat was already husbanded.

The same evening a clue was given to the meditated *coup d'état*.

"Zara," said the lawyer, addressing his sister as she was about to retire for the night, "you must indulge us with an early breakfast to-morrow. And listen, fair one, you must array yourself in your most becoming bonnet; and shawl yourself in your warmest wraps; and don your winter furs; and be prepared for a long and fatiguing day's journey. We start at eight."

"Why: and for what place?" inquired the lady with a surprised and frightened air.

"For London, Zara;" was the reply.

"To see sights?"

"Undoubtedly."

The poor Imbecile's manner altered at once.

"Oh! charming! charming!" cried she, clapping her hands joyously, and bursting into a prolonged and silly laugh. "Ah! then I shall see the wax-work in Westminster Abbey at last! A grand sight I'm told. Oh, yes! the kings and queens of England—Every one of them, and all in a row. It will be like being presented at Court. Capital! Capital!"

And again this excitable being gave way to a burst of merriment.

"The idiot! The wretched and incurable idiot!" muttered Biedermann, between his teeth.

"And the Tower of London—I *must* see the Tower of London and the Traitors' Gate—and above all, Pope's grotto in the Regent's Park. What a delightful time it will be?"

"Delightful! ugh!" echoed Biedermann, savagely. Then in a milder tone—"But, Zara, English sights are not to be seen without money: you must bring your note-case with you; and take care that it be well stored."

"Yes! Yes!" said she, quickly, and with a well-pleased air. "I understand. The whole expense shall be mine. I'll pay for all—cheerfully—readily. You know I'm rich, dear Harvey—rich—quite rich; and the rich should be open-hearted and open-handed. We are told as much——"

"*Sabbatically*" interrupted her brother—"we understand you, Zara; but the pressing question is our journey: you can undertake it?"

"At any hour,—at any moment," returned the sister, eagerly.

"Then, good night!"

At seven, to a second, on the following morning, the poor Imbecile presented herself in the breakfast-parlour fully equipped for her London journey. Who so mirthful, eager, and happy as she? In her step, smile, greeting, voice—hope, the hope of anticipated enjoyment avowed itself. There was the usual assortment of bonnet-boxes and small paper parcels, and fragile packages, indorsed in large capitals "WITH CARE," which make up the complement of a lady-traveller's baggage. Touching the stowage of these, Zara seemed thoroughly indifferent. One matter alone moved her—the due preservation of a small bag, of bright green silk—weighty and well-filled—which she bore on her lap, and which ever and anon jingled queerly. Her brother vainly offered to relieve her of its custody. I, with a like result. "No. It must not pass out of my own keeping. The bag must remain with its mistress: for the present we are inseparable." Again the lumbering stage made a lurch over a deep rut; the jingle was renewed, and Biedermann, for the third time, inquired what this precious bag contained. Zara remained silent: and the question was renewed.

"Beggar's money," said she, at length, reluctantly and timidly.

"I don't understand you."

"Sixpences, dear Harvey—sixpences for poor famishing beggars. I've heard that many starve, or next to it, in the gay streets of London. Ah! they little think what a friend the Old Norwich Blue is bringing up to them to day. There are five hundred sixpences

in this bag. You may well stare! I can assure you I've had endless trouble in collecting them; but now, in a day or two, I shall send them all on their travels again."

"Lunacy!" said the brother, with bated breath—"stark, staring, lunacy. Zara, I can't permit this. It's absurdity; madness. Let me dispose of this money?"

"It's my own," said the lady quietly, but the while holding the bag with the most tenacious grasp—"I've a right to dispose of my income as I please: and the beggars shall have a share of it."

"But they are impostors—cheats—gaol-birds. Money and pity are alike wasted on them."

Zara disdained reply. She now sat on her bag: and looked intently and immovably on distant objects.

"You are committing a great sin." The Imbecile instantly listened, and earnestly. "You are robbing the deserving; and supporting the profligate and mendacious. London beggars pass their lives in laying schemes to outwit the wealthy."

"We must not expect the poor to be perfect," was Feeble-mind's reply. "Poverty sorely tries a man: his must be sad thoughts who walks the streets of a gay city famished and faint. But I fear, Harvey, that London beggars are not the only beings who pass their lives in laying schemes, and deadly ones, against their fellow-creatures!"

Something there was in this brief speech, naïvely uttered, which jarred the feelings of him to whom it was addressed. Biedermann shuddered. His lips were livid, and his utterance failed. A few seconds and he recovered himself sufficiently to bow sportively to his sister, as though, as a matter of courtesy, he deferred to her arguments. But for the next hour he sat abstracted and silent.

We reached London late in the evening. The morning of the coming day Zara mentally devoted to her cherished scheme of visiting the Abbey, and becoming acquainted with departed kings and queens—in wax-work.

It was an abortive project—speedily and effectually over-ruled by the master-mind which swayed her.

"Undoubtedly, my love—undoubtedly—these grand people must be seen," was Biedermann's reply to her eager inquiry, 'when they should start for the Abbey?'—"but business must precede pleasure. I have affairs of moment to regulate: these arranged, command me."

"Ah! but this is a holiday trip," objected Zara, smartly:—"no business for me but Pope's Grotto, the Traitors' Gate, and the Wax Work."

"Exactly—at a fitting opportunity; but Zara, you guess, I presume, the real purpose for which we have hurried up to Town—that of effecting a Life Insurance. It is *your* business—understand me—*yours* alone—entirely and exclusively. I have nothing to do with it. You have decided, and wisely,—on forthwith insuring your life."

"What! is that terrible idea revived? I had hoped, Harvey, that you loved me too well again to advert to it." The poor girl shuddered—"You know my objections; indeed—indeed—they are sincere."

"Zara!" cried Biedermann, "have you this opinion of your brother, that he would ask you to do that which is wrong in the sight of either God or man?"

"I hope not, Harvey," said his sister, timidly; "for you are far-sighted and strong-minded; and I a poor weak, silly, girl. No! you could not—you could not be so cruel as to mislead me!"

With a helpless, touching, and appealing look, the poor Imbecile gazed on her only protector.

"I would not be so insane," said Biedermann, bluntly, "since our interests are identical: the affair will occupy some twenty minutes—no more. Haslam will accompany you: and a very old friend of mine, a Mrs. Brickwell. She will take you in her carriage to the office in about an hour."

He then beckoned me aside: and added, in one of his grave whispers,—

"I don't appear in this business. But I can trust the ladies confidently to your care, Haslam. It is possible the directors, one or more of them, may wish to see my sister, as the proposed insurance is large. Understand me, neither Mrs. Brickwell nor yourself are to leave my sister's side till the affair is concluded. She may need a little—a—a—little prompting. You comprehend me?"

"Zara!" added he, with a gay smile, "we will see the Abbey, and the kings and queens, before the sun lights up the western window! Farewell, then, till noon. Haslam accompanies me into the city: and for the interval we must leave you to be amused by the scene around you."

A look of peculiar satisfaction accompanied the significant reply.

"I shall find an occupation, brother; an agreeable one, and shortly."

As the noise of his footsteps died away Feeble-mind drew from its hiding place the chinking green bag, unclosed it, gave it a hearty shake,—a second—a third,—and smiled merrily at its response.

Poor Zara! Talent, and accomplishments, and sparkling wit, and ready insight into character,—these, each and all, were denied thee! Thou hadst them not, and the world called thee simple, silly, childish. But that was no crude or rash conclusion, which, calmly gazing at the passers by, thou didst then avow, "THE GREAT SUPREME says, do good while you have time and opportunity; we cannot surely be too speedy in carrying out the commands of THE GREAT FATHER: we may be too tardy, ah! much too tardy: yes! yes!"

The hotel where the Biedermanns were staying, was in a short, quiet street, leading westward from Piccadilly; in it were some eighteen or twenty first-rate houses, inhabited by wealthy people,—a fact not forgotten by the mendicant fraternity. But a few seconds had Zara stationed herself at the window when a meagre, half-clad, miserable-looking woman, dragging a child of three years old after her, more famine-stricken in aspect even than herself, tottered feebly into the street. Her eye scanned eagerly window after window, and at length rested on Miss Biedermann. The starving outcast curtsied; again, and more humbly; then pointed to the child, and held out her hands imploringly. If distress was simulated, the acting was admirable, and it was rewarded. If the want of food was real, temporary aid was at hand. The window-sash was slowly, gently, and noiselessly raised; a little fair hand appeared, and some half-dozen sixpences, carefully wrapped up in paper, fell at the woman's feet. In an instant the child pounced upon the packet, and

both parties withdrew. But the scent of the vulture is keen. Two minutes could not have elapsed before another party made his bow directly under her window—an old veteran, with a wooden leg, hair white as snow, age about seventy, and yet clean, and neat, and smart looking, as if just turned out for parade.

"Oh! I must take care of him—good care of him," cried the Imbecile; "he has seen service—fought for me—bled for me!"

And again the window slowly opened, and a little hand was seen; and from it fell a shower of sixpences in and around the old soldier's hat.

Ere long, a blind man, led by a dog, made his appearance and *salaam* under the window: and he was succeeded by a widow attired in weeds, with a babe of a fortnight old: and she gave place to "two distressed children, orphans, fatherless, and motherless:" and still Zara's largesse was bountifully given, and her compassion unexhausted.

The lame, the halt, the blind, the stricken, the helpless, and the disabled, accumulated. A crowd was under the windows.

Meanwhile Zara's proceedings were creating the greatest possible consternation in another part of the mansion. Mrs. Bussell, the active landlady of the Oldenburg hotel, who with the aid of an eldest son—regularly snubbed and admirably kept under—conducted that establishment, was a female who had "had great experience of life;" her career had been beset by perils. "No missionary," she maintained, "in Cornwall, the Scilly Isles, or other *furren* parts, had gone through half what she had. Her existence had been one long and lively martyrdom." She had "encountered footpads in Copenhagen fields;" had been "thrice relieved of her pocket-book in a City 'bus;" had once "been locked up by mistake with a raging, tearing, mad lord in her own house;" had, "on a Christmas eve been 'burnt out from over the way;" never could forget this last occurrence, and had the smell of fire in her nostrils ever since;" had been "all but scalded to death in a rotten river steamer;" and termed herself "a truly and undeniably misfortunate person:" those who fell into her clutches, and had to cope with her charges, were infinitely more so.

But this by the way.

Mrs. Bussell was actively engaged in superintending and scolding her household on this memorable morning, and in the course of her multifarious duties became greatly scandalized at the abominable increase of beggars in Lord St. Vincent Street. She "certainly would report the police in Scotland Yard for allowing such *purseedings*. They, the police, were, as all allowed, the most idle, gluttonous, over-paid, lazy, gossiping, love-making, good-for-nothing set that she and other industrious housekeepers were compelled to maintain; and she was truly and undeniably a most misfortunate person for having her house of business in a street so grossly neglected as Lord St. Vincent Street. But to Great Scotland Yard she would go, and speedily right that matter before she was eight-and-forty hours older. What did the audacious wretches mean by "drawing up close to her house, and begging under her windows?"

Her son Edwin, pausing in his employment of reforming and restoring a furred decanter, humbly represented to his august parent his belief that somebody was throwing money into the street from a sitting-room window above.

"A likely matter! Don't open your lips unless you can speak more to the purpose."

Edwin took a fresh glass-cloth, another cloudy decanter, and resumed his task.

"Money!" pursued Mrs. Bussell, derisively; "who's to sport it? Where are the parties? Old Lady Glowrowrum who's dozing over the fire in the damask drawing-room, and who invariably discharges her bill with tears in her eyes? Or Sir Rupert Wildbody, who is puffing away in the blue smoking-room; who exists by borrowing half-crowns from his valet; and has'nt an acre free from mortgage. Likely people these to pelt the populace with money! As for the pale simpleton in the front sitting-room——"

A hearty, merry, ringing British cheer interrupted the speaker. It rose from the street; and was caused by a fresh shower of silver from the laughing and excited Imbecile.

"That's unusual," remarked Mrs. Bussell, gravely.

Edwin was silent. He indicated his existence only by applying with greater unction than ever to the furred decanter, by spinning his glass-cloth in it, about it, and around it, with laudable and enviable rapidity.

"I must make this out!" continued his energetic mother. "Cheers, indeed! and in this aristocratic street! Atrocious! Iniquitous! It amounts almost to a breach of the peace."

Quitting her private room, Mrs. Bussell rushed hastily to the main entrance; and there faced a crowd of at least two hundred and fifty persons, gathered around her doors. It was a popular meeting—quite a *matinée*; and, unlike many morning parties in the great metropolis, every body seemed in the best possible spirits. Blind—halt—maimed—withered—all were represented there: and with all, one feeling was in the ascendant—that of the most unbounded satisfaction. Nobody seemed passive; nobody silent; nobody ill at ease; nobody reserved; nobody at all cramped or hampered in the mode of expressing his feelings. Some were laughing, some screaming, some cheering, and all more or less gesticulating. Four old ladies there were, who, forgetting that it was the month of November and that catarrhs were prevalent at that season, braved the elements bare-headed, and held up their battered bonnets to Zara's window. Others there were very matronly in appearance—who, with arms a-kimbo, spread to their utmost width checked aprons, slightly the worse for years of wear and tear. Tattered caps were held up in countless instances by grinning urchins. And one specimen of the rising generation—a young gentleman with a tray upon his head—who, it would seem, had been singularly fortunate, and dreaded losing his hardly-acquired spoils, had stored the silver treasure in his mouth; by some ill-considered movement his gains had become partially dislodged, and he was now undergoing, much to his own inconvenience and the terror of the surrounding bystanders, a process which, from the erratic movements of his eyes and shoulders, seemed very near akin to that of strangulation. Bating this trivial incident hilarity ruled the day.

All were more or less mirthful, save and except the panic-stricken Mrs. Bussell.

She gave but a glance at the crowd shouting and hurraing and

pointing to her windows : and the one idea ever uppermost instantly possessed that active and mercurial personage.

"Fire!" cried she. "Fire! once more! Fire! Where is it? From what room? Where? where? Let me see it. I *must* come out; and I *will* come out."

So saying, with a spring she dashed in amongst the crowd.

The mob thought this was part and parcel of the morning's fun. The leap of the adventurous lady devoid of cap, shawl, or bonnet, was an unexpected and much-admired incident. Anything that astonishes the mobility gratifies them. And they welcomed the spring and scream of the half-distracted landlady with a round of cheers.

At this juncture Mrs. Brickwell, Biedermann, and myself drove up. The lawyer understood the scene at once. He rapidly gained the sitting-room, and as he entered it, peremptorily addressed the offender—"Zara! what folly is this? Desist!—Desist!"

"Folly!" returned his sister, quietly. "Nothing of the sort; I'm only distributing my *beggars' money!*"

"The street, I tell you, is in an uproar, and the house besieged. Desist!"

"Be it so, Harvey; I've done very well. I've made the most of my time; I've only a dozen sixpences left!"

"Police!—Police!" shrieked Mrs. Bussell from below. "What! are there no police in London? Police! I say."

"I certainly must have joined a most extraordinary set of people," said the stiff and staid Mrs. Brickwell as she majestically loomed into the apartment. "Mr. Biedermann, present me to your sister: a scene apparently"—this was an aside—"which people of education and intelligence invariably avoid! A scene! to me the most odious occurrence in the world! Miss Biedermann, I make your acquaintance with the most lively satisfaction."

O truthful Mrs. Brickwell!

"These country people are never true to their appointments—know nothing of the value of time," muttered a sharp-visaged old gentleman who, about the same hour, was fidgeting around a little dungeon on the ground-floor—called, by courtesy, an office—in one of the courts behind King William Street.

"The directors are arrived, and the medical-officer is arrived, and the policy has arrived; but, hang it! the petticoats ain't arrived. Never knew a woman punctual to an appointment yet! Never—never, one excepted—that which referred to her wedding morning. And there are those—hem! who could wish—hem! that that appointment had been broken like all the rest."

The speaker's matrimonial antecedents had, it may be inferred, proved infelicitous.

"Parliament ought to interfere, and impose a fine on all unpunctual people. They wrong—they rob their fellows. O! that I, Peter Potchetty, actuary to the old established Salamander Office, was in the Cabinet for one single session! I would certainly—"

His intentions remain to this hour a mystery, for his soliloquy was terminated by the arrival of our party—Mrs. Brickwell, Miss Biedermann, and myself.

"You are welcome, sir," was his address to me; "at last—yes, at last; seven and forty minutes behind your time! The directors are

in the board-room. They will summon you, sir, shortly, for the purpose of putting to you certain questions—Mr. Haslam, I believe?—I bowed assent—"certain questions touching this affair."

"I attend for that object."

"Very good! You will see,"—continued Potchetty,—“the ennobling principle of life insurance receive a beautiful exponent in the business details of this old-established office. What an all-important—all-absorbing duty that of life insurance is? Do you wish for a tranquil mind and an easy digestion?—Insure. Do you wish to attain supreme indifference about the future?—Insure. Do you desire to have a stake in the community?—Insure. Do you covet the pleasure of making a will, and the gratification of having something to leave?—Insure. Would you be thought a man of prudence and foresight?—Insure.”

Potchetty was in his glory. Worthy Christian as he was, he had long since adopted this conclusion—that the great end of man's coming into the world was—to insure.

A faint cough, significantly repeated from a dark corner of the office, seemed familiar to me. I listened: and then turned round. There sat the Ho'sely Boy, surprisingly altered,—silent and subdued! I addressed him by name: he smiled; but the smile was his sole response.

Potchetty's observant eye watched us.

"You know that Suffolk gentleman? Ah, he has much to learn! Figures well, but such spelling! Daren't trust him with correspondence. His blunders are inconceivable."

The Suffolk youth sighed.

Potchetty shook his pear-shaped head; and the next instant had mounted his hobby and was off once more.

"Life insurance has saved many families —"

"And ruined not a few," struck in Mrs. Brickwell, boldly.

Potchetty paused abruptly in his harangue; and eyed, fixedly and fiercely, this daring objector.

His opponent returned him glance for glance.

Mrs. Brickwell was a hard woman. Her face was hard. Her eye was hard. She had a hard dry cough: drove hard bargains; used hard words: quoted hard mottoes: and seemed—she was upwards of sixty, and her skin resembled parchment—in feelings, impulses, words, and conclusions—a Flint.

"I should imagine, Madam," said Potchetty, tartly, "that you can have no practical acquaintance with the principle of life insurance. Offices do not generally ensure parties who are far advanced in years."

She took him up in a trice.

"Advanced in years! a most improper phrase. I'd a sister that reached ninety!"

"A divine old woman!" was the actuary's ejaculation. "And you, Madam, are her sister?" An air of profound respect took possession of his crabbed features. "Pray take the easy chair—I intreat—I implore—" and, dragging forward a shabby green morocco, he forced the shrinking Mrs. Brickwell into its greasy recesses. "Ninety! what a life to insure! venerable and illustrious woman! was she, may I venture to ask"—another deferential bow—"—connected with any London life insurance office?"

"Yes: for very many years."

"Would that it had been ours! what a prize! A life that extended to ninety,—and well insured—paying a heavy premium, perhaps for half a century! ah!"

And Mr. Potchetty heaved a sigh so prolonged that it was cousin-german to a groan.

"Undoubtedly," babbled Mrs. Brickwell, faintly, from the depths of the stuffy green morocco. "My dear sister, of blessed memory, was an acute woman. She had a passion for works on political economy: and they confirmed her in a most religious regard for the comforts of "Number One!"

The actuary's rejoinder was ready.

"Madam, you deservedly honour her memory. It ought to be embalmed in your recollection." Potchetty grew eloquent. "Doubtless this venerable lady had an annually accruing bonus. Do you happen to remember its amount? One is always desirous to collect facts and figures." The actuary here looked up to the ceiling: winked with both eyes: and nibbed his pen. "Statistical details"—here he arranged his glasses, and seized a folio sheet of paper—"invariably turn to good account. The bonus ma'am—unless it's a family secret—the bonus?" And Potchetty looked in a fever of expectation.

"No secret whatever! My exemplary sister bought an annuity of 'The Aged Grandmothers' Life Insurance Office,' when she was rather ailing, and somewhere about sixty two or three. She held them to it till she was ninety. 'The Aged Grandmothers' calculated that she would drop somewhere about seventy. She only laughed at them annually for a period of twenty years."

Potchetty looked aghast, and dropped his pen. The change in his tone was marvellous.

"A most inconsiderate old woman! What! become an annuitant at sixty-three, and live on till ninety! Atrocious! What office could bear up against characters of that description?"

A yawn was the sole response vouchsafed by the business-like Mrs. Brickwell. Jest and censure were alike wasted on that hardened personage. She was of the flints flinty.

Potchetty resumed.

"Some old women have no conscience: none whatever. To live to ninety! And AN ANNUITANT! Inconsiderate did I say? A robbery! A dead robbery!"

Any further remarks the irate actuary might have contemplated were suspended by the abrupt entrance of a messenger, who made some pantomimic communication. This Potchetty translated aloud.

"The medical referee awaits the ladies in the drawing-room."

Zara made a feeble attempt to rise, trembled, and turned pale.

"Courage! young lady! courage!" cried Mrs. Brickwell, coming promptly to her support—" 'tis but an affair of three minutes—mere form—soon over—catch me permitting the *medico* to put a single question more than necessary!—unlikely, though, that he should do so—glad to earn his fee in the shortest possible period. *Allons!*"

Zara tottered feebly onwards.

"And you, sir," Potchetty proceeded, "the directors are awaiting in the board-room. Access to them lies through that door."

Another moment and I was before the deliberative conclave. A more keen, observant, shrewd-looking crew than this "council of five," it was never my fortune to face.

"We have requested your presence, sir," said the chairman, "because your name has been given to us as one of the parties—Mrs. Brickwell is another—from whom we are most likely to obtain authentic information relative to the lady on whose life it is proposed to effect an insurance. You live in the same house with Mr. and Miss Biedermann?"

"I do."

"And see the last-named party daily?"

"Yes."

"And frequently during the day?"

"Undoubtedly that pleasure is mine."

The usual routine questions were then proposed, answered, and minutely recorded.

"Now sir," said a little dark-visaged gentleman, with small, keen, glancing eyes from the extremity of the Council Board—his name was Mouser, and he looked as if he had the spring and activity of a ferret, "I have a question to propose, somewhat out of course; but to which I attach grave importance. The sum proposed to be insured upon this life is large; and it behoves us to incur no needless hazard!"

Biedermann will do you to a certainty, was my inward ejaculation.

"A hint has been given me," continued he, "that this lady is a person of weak intellect. Say—since it appears you see her daily and hourly—whether my information be accurate or erroneous?"

After a momentary hesitation, there came a reluctant, but, I trust, honest reply.

"The lady referred to is, in my judgment, of weak intellect."

"Well!" exclaimed the chairman, "that question is at last answered; and now let me say, it ought never to have been put."

"We have nothing to do with such matters," said one of the board, emphatically.

"The very persons we want," contended another, quite as vivaciously.

"Imbeciles live for ever!" cried a third: "there's no wear and tear of mind: life with them is almost mechanical; and their longevity is proverbial."

"I had my reasons," resumed Mouser; "and, if need be—"

Rap! rap! rap!—a note for the chairman. "The summary," said he, proceeding to read it, "of our medical referee; reports favourably; life healthy; habits unobjectionable."

"I shall proceed," said Mouser, intrepidly.

"You will do anything," exclaimed a feeble, wearied, and hungry-looking director, "except allow a question to be quietly decided on, without cavil or debate."

"Don't spare me," said Mouser, smiling: "relieve your mind, if you will, by a volley of personal imputations, but come to no hasty resolution. This lady is but one remove from an idiot."

"You forget the presence of Mr. Haslam," exclaimed the chairman, angrily.

"I am in thorough recollection of that circumstance," returned

Mouser; "and shape my statements accordingly. She proposes to insure her life for 7000*l.* in our office. That life,—mark me! I state a fact that I have incidentally ascertained,"—*well done, Mouser!*—"has already been insured elsewhere for 2000*l.*, by means of country agents; and with little privacy, as I am informed, on the part of the lady, so that there is a sum of 9000*l.* staked upon a single life!"

"What then?" asked Mouser's weary-looking opponent.

"This: that so many thousands staked on the life of an idiot is a circumstance loaded with suspicion; and—"

"Pause one moment!" interrupted the chairman. "Mr. Haslam—it has been said that the party so often referred to is a lady of fortune: is such the case?"

"It is."

"Does she manage her property herself: receive her income; and pay it away?"

"She does."

"She is at the head of her brother's establishment?"

"Certainly."

"And manages his household?"

"Unquestionably."

"Trying undertakings for an idiot," was the dry comment of a white-headed old gentleman.

"The policy will issue," was the conclusion arrived at, and assented to by all but Mouser.

That refractory personage was unconvinced.

"You'll rue this morning's work before many months revolve," said he musingly, "wilfully and resolutely blind, you are furious with those who can see." And the rebel with a laugh moved away.

"What a disagreeable person that Mouser is, with his fears and forebodings!" said the hungry and thirsty-looking director, quakingly.

"And the most disagreeable part of them is this, that, in nine cases out of ten, they are true."

Glad that the sitting was over, I was hurrying through the office, by which you gained the street, when a beseeching whisper from Oldrich, agonizing over some orthographical exercise, checked me.

"There is no o in onion?" murmured he, softly.

"The popular prejudice is in favour of two."

"Indeed!—and two r's, as a matter of course, in Claret?"

"Try the effect of one."

"Oh, Haslam! don't jest with me."

"No, verily, there's no jesting in your case, Mr. Oldrich: your blunders are far too serious for merriment," cried the actuary, reprovingly.

He had approached us unperceived.

My once pert and boisterous companion instantly shrunk back rebuked, and waved me a mute adieu.

Nor did matters wear a more exhilarating aspect at "The Oldenburgh." Mrs. Bussell had waylaid Biedermann, and made it "her humble request, that the young lady, so long as she honoured the hotel with her presence, might never be left by herself in a private room. That she (Mrs. Bussell) was a poor weak widow woman, whom the least uproar upset; and that, after the scene of that morning, which, she was persuaded, had driven many a nail into her

coffin, she should never have an easy moment, if she thought Miss Biedermann was in a room alone; all which inuendoes were of course grateful to the haughty brother! Zara, to whom the insurance scheme was still hateful, looked spiritless, anxious, sad. The personage most at ease was Mrs. Brickwell. That stoic made an excellent dinner; did not shy the champagne during its progress; wound up at dessert with a fair allowance of port; and then looked as hard, and snapped as fiercely, as if she had just risen from prison fare.

"The *cuisine* below is not bad," was Biedermann's remark.

"Bread's bitter," said Mrs. Brickwell.

"The wild-duck was roasted to a turn," continued he, fixing his approval on a dish of which the lady had partaken freely.

"Sauce bad: great want of Chili vinegar," was the instant rejoinder.

"We cannot complain of want of attention," persisted the lawyer.

"The dinner attendants wait in white cotton gloves: should be kid."

Mrs. Brickwell could not be charged with having "a contented spirit!"

The next day the imbecile claimed for "sight-seeing." Alas! poor Zara! The kings and queens were no longer shewn at the Abbey. Mrs. Salmon's collection of Wax Work had vanished from Fleet Street. Pope's grotto was to be heard of neither in the Regent's Park nor at Twickenham. Disappointment upon disappointment! The Tower she compassed, and Lambeth Palace: with which latter lion the lady was marvellously delighted, on account, as she told the astonished attendant, "of good Archbishop Laud, who made away with himself *there*, because the people wished him to turn papist, and *he would not!*"

Clear-headed Zara.

But, though absent from Great St. Vincent Street, she was not forgotten. Odd-looking groups during the day slowly sauntered by "The Oldenburgh," eyed the front windows askance, and looked fierce, when a policeman, who had the street under special charge, desired them to move on, and bullied them till they did so.

The last sight only remained behind—that of the bill. Biedermann winced when he glanced at its total.

Mrs. Bussell had given it "her best attention." Handing it to her son, when completed, she desired him "to cast it up carefully, and see that *there was nothing omitted.*" He pointed to some dozen items which even to his seared conscience appeared "*above the mark.*"

"They are so; I know it:" responded his exemplary parent. "Do you think that, at my time of life, I can run into the public streets and cry 'Fire!' gratis?—assuredly not. The frolic must be paid for—and *in the bill!*"

SIR JAMES BROOKE AND THE PIRATES.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF
THE ANCIENT GREEKS," ETC.

THE number of families directly connected with the settlement on Labuan is not at present very great. We know how many Englishmen are in the island, and can easily figure to ourselves the extent of their connections in this country by blood, marriage, or otherwise. Some estimate may consequently be made of the degree of anxiety experienced on the arrival of the China mail, when the postman, going about from house to house, scatters news of fever, wars, pestilence, conflicts with pirates, negotiations, treaties or projected expeditions. And almost every month the circle of interest is enlarging. Fresh individuals are passing over perpetually from Singapore, and new houses of business are founded. Ships of war also and steamers are often arriving or departing from Victoria harbour, and as time proceeds a considerable portion of our home population will find their sympathies revolving round that distant point in the Indian Archipelago.

Hereafter, when the colony shall be able to reckon up several years of existence, it will be less instructive and important to follow its minute movements. But it is now like the specimen of some rare tree, whose leaf has scarcely put above ground, and for the sake of which, partly from curiosity but partly also from higher motives, we are eagerly watching every vicissitude in earth or sky. Chiefly, however, the solicitude of the public centres in the health and life of Sir James Brooke, who holds at this moment the enviable post of herald and guarantee of civilisation to a large division of the globe. There are those, I am aware, who, in order to diminish his claims to our interest and sympathy, disparage the field of his labours, deny the importance of his undertakings, and seek to inspire the country with the belief that there never has been any danger in his position, and consequently little or no honour to be derived from maintaining it.

But they who are at present on the spot, who possess sufficient sagacity to comprehend the nature of the work to be accomplished as well as the character of the man best fitted to perform it, watch with unceasing anxiety the fluctuations in his health, the manner in which the climate affects him, the condition of his animal spirits, and all the nameless accidents of every-day life, which disclose to those around him the extent of a man's physical force and capacity. One of the most unequivocal signs of intellectual superiority is the power of inspiring attachment. All great men have possessed numbers of warm friends, the strength of whose affections has almost always been in proportion to their intimacy. The man who excites admiration from a distance but repels and disgusts when approached is essentially little and mean, though there is no amount of genius or virtue which will suffice to subdue the envy and malice of some individuals who generally hate those most from whom they have received the greatest benefits.

With respect to Sir James Brooke it is extremely refreshing to read the reports of those who are placed under his authority, and who either accompany him in his political excursions or aid in carrying out his designs during his absence. All speak of him with affection and gratitude, they look up to him as a father, while they evidently live with him as with a friend. At the same time they appear thoroughly to understand his official and social value, and to be sensible of what paramount importance it is that he should remain in the midst of that society which he may be truly said to have called into existence. Recently, therefore, when he was suffering from fever, all the young men in the colony who were not likewise suffering experienced great anxiety on his account. The malady, however, would not appear to be of a deadly nature. It attacks the patient with sickness, it prostrates the strength, it disperses and oppresses altogether for a time the animal spirits, and leaves neither hope, nor confidence, nor elasticity of mind. Whether or not it is capable of being propagated by contact is undetermined, but the native servants have a great dread of it, and sometimes desert their masters at the time of their greatest need. When the marshes there have been drained it is expected that the fever will cease altogether or that it will be so slight and unfrequent as to deserve little attention. Every step towards this desirable consummation will of course diminish the evil, and it may, perhaps, be said that the island has already begun to be more healthy than in its primitive state.

Every one knows that there is great virtue in a name, and that in most places, however remote or barbarous, where that of England has been heard, it serves as a protection to the individuals who take shelter under it. Occasionally, however, as in the Punjâb, the lives of Englishmen are not deemed sacred; and in the midst of sanguinary piratical states it were better not to place unlimited reliance on the influence of the mere fame of Great Britain. What is the strength, or rather what is the weakness of the infant colony on Labuan, most persons know. It consists literally of a handful of men, while the seas are infested by powerful fleets of pirates, Sakarrans, Illanuns, Balanini, who would be happy, should a favourable opportunity offer, to wreak their vengeance upon our countrymen for the losses which they have already sustained from them, and for the ruin which they see impending over them from their hands. A fleet of Sakarrans, reported to be manned by twelve hundred men, has for some time been cruising along the north-west coast of Borneo, where the Illanuns lately murdered thirty-seven of the Sultan's subjects. Many persons expected they would make a descent on Labuan, which, as the reader will presently perceive, was not in a condition to have offered a very obstinate resistance.

When our flag waved in solitary grandeur over the point of Victoria harbour, our admiral on the station left a ship of war to protect it from insult. The prahus passing up and down channel beheld the venerable colours of England flapping in the breeze, with a formidable floating battery close at hand to teach them how to respect it. But when Sir James Brooke had arrived, and been located in Government House, when Bungalows had been built, and property deposited in them, and when officers, some with their wives and children, had placed themselves unhesitatingly under the protection of the British flag, the admiral considered the presence

of a ship of war altogether unnecessary, and withdrew towards the Straits with his whole force, if we except that singular specimen of it which I am about to mention.

I request the reader's attention to this point, as similar incidents have more than once occurred in the career of Sir James Brooke. On a particular occasion in Sarawak, when his life was openly threatened, when his enemies were numerous and his friends few, when nothing would consequently have been easier than for a paltry force of Malays to reduce Kuching to ashes and massacre the few European inhabitants it contained, all the ships on the station were withdrawn from the Bornean coast, and the adventurous rajah left entirely to the metaphysical influence of his own genius. He got through the trial triumphantly, and as yet no inconvenience has befallen him from the state of isolation in which he has been left. But this does not render less inexplicable the proceedings of the admiral, who has doubtless good reasons to offer for the course he pursued, though it would be difficult at this distance to conjecture what they may be. I have said that the force left for the protection of Labuan was ludicrously insignificant. It was as follows:—first, there was the *Mæander's* barge, but without a crew, two men only having been left in charge of it; next, the *Rance* steamer, with engineer, stoker, two boys, and two carpenters; then came the *Jolly Bachelor*, a government private boat, manned from the *Mæander* with six men; and to complete the list, there was a small body of marines, of whom eighteen only were well enough for active service. Here then we behold the entire garrison of Labuan amounting in all to thirty-two men, and under the protection of this imposing force Sir James Brooke and his government lived during eighteen days; on one occasion, sickness had reduced this small body of colonial heroes to nineteen men, with which it would have been necessary to resist one thousand two hundred Sakarrans, had they just then made a descent upon the colony. It ought not to be forgotten that a body of three hundred labourers was every day expected from Bruné; but this, instead of diminishing the difficulties and anxieties of the governor, would have only augmented them.

We have often in this country felt ourselves called upon to put forward very severe remarks on the conduct of the Dutch in the Archipelago, where commercial jealousy has impelled them to misrepresent our movements, and grossly to libel Sir James Brooke. In this not very reputable enterprise, the Netherlands government has employed the pen of Mons. Temminck, a man not altogether without distinction in the scientific world, who should therefore have been above being employed by any authority whatsoever in conducting an unworthy attack upon an honorable and distinguished man. But Mons. Temminck's delinquencies have already been pointed out elsewhere, and if a specific reply has not been given to all the random allegations of the Dutch, it is simply because they are too vague to be susceptible of any other than a general contradiction.

Our surprise, however, at the hostility of the Netherlanders will be much diminished if we consider the extraordinary jealousy with which the inhabitants of Singapore regard the new settlement. That mercantile men should experience some alarm is intelligible enough, but that they should be induced by that feeling to misrepresent the

state and prospects of Labuan would seem altogether incredible, if it were not that circumstances compel us to extend our belief to the fact. But we trust, that this jealousy will not be of long duration. It will be found that the prosperity of Labuan is not to be built on the ruins of Singapore, which could bring no advantage to this country, since it would not be creating a new commerce, but simply transferring an existing commerce from one seat to another. Labuan will constitute the centre of a fresh trade called into existence by its establishment; while it will at the same time greatly contribute to the extinction of that system of piracy which has hitherto paralysed the efforts of commerce and rendered stationary the civilisation of the Archipelago.

Some writers in this country, ignorant of the real facts of the case, and at the same time intensely envious of Sir James Brooke, have laboured to shew that piracy cannot interfere with the development of European commerce, because the buccaneers, as they pretend, are incapable of attacking a square-rigged vessel with their prahus. But if this were as true as it is the contrary, it would not at all touch the merits of the question. For while the European merchant-men resemble the great rivers which drain off the superfluous humidity of a country, the native prahus resemble the tributary streams which feed the great rivers and render them what they are.

There exist several marts or emporiums in the Archipelago, to which its products are brought by the small craft of the natives, which employ the greater part of the year in painfully collecting them from the smaller islands, and from ports, harbours, and inlets inaccessible to navigators from the West.

Now to destroy or paralyse this subsidiary trade, is totally to prevent the development of that superior commerce which depends on it; and therefore if Europeans ran no personal risk from the pirates of the Archipelago, which is far from being the truth, we should be equally interested, as a maritime people, in putting an end to the buccaneering system which, so long as it subsists, will unquestionably confine the great body of the natives within the limits of barbarism. Infinite credit, therefore, is due to Sir James Brooke, for his indefatigable exertions in the suppression of piracy, and for his anxiety to conclude treaties with those native princes who have hitherto countenanced and encouraged it. Among these none is more prominent than the Sultan of Bruné, with whom we have concluded treaty after treaty, but without hitherto being able entirely to detach him from his evil ways.

Some perhaps may be tempted to say that such treaties can be of little use, if they have to be incessantly renewed, from time to time modified, altered, relaxed, or enforced, according to the shifting of circumstances. But the object being to eradicate the source of a certain mischief, it is not quite so easy as many persons imagine to hit the mark at once. When one remedy has been proposed and adopted, it is suddenly found to be only calculated to cure a part of the disease; fresh facts have come to light, fresh symptoms have displayed themselves, and then the necessity is felt of going over the ground again, and by new contrivances and precautions endeavouring to accomplish a greater amount of good than before.

With this preface, we shall proceed to lay before our readers a picturesque and rapid account of the latest expedition to Bruné,

undertaken for the purpose of concluding a new treaty with the Sultan—a man stained with the blood of his own relatives, and animated but a few years ago by the most deadly hatred of Great Britain.

"*October 25th.*—Started for Brunè about half-past twelve, in the Jolly Bachelor, with the Mæander's barge and another boat in company, the steamer waiting for us in the river; we had a beautiful run across, with fresh wind and smooth water, our little cabin was rather crowded but we had a merry evening. The aspect of the shore, as you will remember, is highly striking on both sides of the river's mouth. In front are the small low islands of Moerra, Chermin and others, and behind, the land rises into considerable eminences, and further still into mountains, which were clothed with splendid hues by the setting sun.

"Our party consisted of His Excellency, who is in every respect a glorious man, four or five officers, a guard of five marines, and twenty-two sailors. The ground near the banks is very low, but behind the mountains rise to a great height, occasionally towering to seven thousand feet.

"*26th.*—Worked and towed up the river. The scenery is very fine, with beautiful undulating hills on either bank, very low and covered with brushwood and diminutive jungle; some are almost bare and these, I believe, were formerly covered with flourishing pepper gardens. About ten we arrived at the city, which is large with tolerable Malay houses, built on piles in the river, which here expands almost to a lake, between the houses runs the water, slow, sluggish, and muddy, with strong effluvia proceeding from either bank. The moment we arrived we were surrounded by scores of boats of all sizes and shapes, from the large canoe to the little swimming hollow log, paddled by a boy not exceeding ten years of age; every house sent forth a crowd of anxious faces, all staring at us, the little steamer occupying the principal portion of their attention. On the left bank, clustering in groups each of several hundreds, was a fleet of sampans, paddled by women, with large umbrella hats, buying and selling—this is, in fact, the market of Brunè. You know what our friend Forest says on the subject. His account was no doubt extremely correct when it was written, but as the condition of Brunè has greatly changed since then, we must make allowances for the alterations; what we now behold is a diminutive representative of the splendid market which unfolded itself before the eyes of the old traveller, when a large portion of the wealth of the Archipelago, as well as of the neighbouring countries, was brought by commerce to Brunè. Just as we anchored, the native guns commenced saluting, which we returned with twenty-one. About two we landed at a house between the Sultan's residence and a shabby wooden mosque. Having dressed, we proceeded to the audience; the Sultan's palace is a cluster of common houses; his hall is of an oblong form, with some ornaments, and boarded, with kadjang sides. At one end sat his Highness the Sultan, on a tolerable chair or bedstead; Sir James on his left, Pangeran Mumin at his feet, we around, with some of the Pangerans. The ceremony was short; during the interview there was much fidgetiness on the part of the Sultan, who seemed desirous of appearing confidential and at his ease; but it was all outward show. The

treaty with its silver seal, was presented to him in a silver box, which he placed on his right hand. Its delivery was accompanied by a salute from the shore and boats. His Highness, by the imperfect light in which I saw him, appeared about fifty, but is, I believe, considerably more. Just before dinner one of the officers and I had a pull round a little of the town; the houses are not so neat as those at Sarawak, and there is more comparative insolence in the manners of the people. They call out, shout, and laugh at you, scandalized perhaps, by the strangeness of your costume and the novelty of your complexion. How different from the same class at Sarawak!

"The Sultan sent a present of fowls and fruit, and the Chinamen some of the far-famed birds'-nest soup, dressed in different ways; one very sweet, another boiled with a fowl, like common soup, with an indescribable isinglass taste. I have not yet enjoyed an opportunity of visiting the caverns whence these nests are obtained, or of investigating the history of their formation; possibly, however, as I extend my researches through the Archipelago, I may be able to collect and transmit to you more precise information than we hitherto possess on the subject. It is certain, meanwhile, that the taste for birds'-nest soup is not dying out; on the contrary, in proportion as the Chinese colonies multiply, there will be an increasing demand for the article, which may lead to a more thorough examination of the less known islands, and to an enlargement of the field of commerce and science.

"In the evening called on Mumin. A great dread appears to exist here of the Kyans, who are gradually driving out the Malays, and even extend their incursions to within a day's march of the capital. Of this people something is already known in Europe through the Rajah's journals, but events are probably impending which will still further familiarise us with their character and habits. They are a bold, fierce, and independent people, divided into numerous tribes, who possess between them the whole interior of Borneo. No Malay prince has ever commanded even their nominal allegiance, as they despise servitude and would prefer death to it. It would be not a little curious to draw their picture as it comes to us, swelled into colossal magnitude by the terrified imagination of the Malays, who acknowledge, however, that they are just and upright in their dealings, hospitable to strangers, and not only willing but desirous to behold them in their country, which still remains for the most part a terra incognita. Their notions both of this life and the next are very curious. They marry but one wife, and bury their dead in trees, like that ancient nation whose customs you describe in your work on Ancient Greece. I have not seen a specimen of them as yet, but if things go on as there seems every reason to expect, we may be brought into contact with them shortly.

"27th.—At home, reading in the morning, little presents constantly arriving. An officer went to Mumin and the Sultan, to obtain the receipts for the presents which were made to him, to Mumin, and to Muda Mohammed, in good hard cash, which they prefer to everything else. In the evening I proceeded, in company with an officer of the expedition, to enjoy a cruize up the river in a canoe, to visit the upas tree, and to obtain a view of the town. We landed on the river-ground, and were there met by a Malay, who earnestly

warned us not to approach the deadly tree. We, however, continued our course, and forced our way through the tangled bushes to its base. It has a noble stem, rising some thirty-five feet without a branch, and then spreading out with foliage of the richest green; its base is about eighteen feet in circumference; the colour of its bark a light brown. The story even of the poison of the tree is very much exaggerated. Many men were wounded in the expedition against the pirates, with the sumpitans, but none, the Rajah tells me, felt any ill consequences, the arrow being immediately withdrawn and the wound dressed. Under and around the upas are numerous graves crowded together, and a small shed, in which are some more important tombs, one rather large and with something like a marble head. I dare say the Malays still give full credit to the stories related of the fabulous upas in Java, which extends its fatal influence for miles around, and the road to which is covered with the skeletons of the wretches employed to obtain its poison. The real method of preparing this deadly drug, for which the people of Eastern Java are celebrated, is little known in Europe, as well as the ingredients which they mix up with the upas juice, the alum, the onions, and the garlic, the pepper, and the capsicum seed, and the cause which produces the commotion in the liquor, and sends the capsicum seed a first and a second time whirling round rapidly in a circle, is still a mystery, but the ceasing of all perceptible activity within is a sign that the poison is perfect, and may be efficiently employed in tinging the points of the small darts thrown through the sumpitans or any other weapons.

“Leaving this cemetery we paddled down till we came to the path that leads to the Kiangi stream, where we mounted the hill, and saw the town spread out map-like before us. This is the most striking scene I have as yet witnessed in the Indian Archipelago. The sun was just setting, amid a broken mass of clouds, and threw its dimmed rays over everything around. The river, slowly meandering through the town and country, flowed past our feet, its waters faintly tinged with purple, while around, till hidden by the rapidly approaching darkness, we could perceive a succession of hill and dale, gilded here and there, and generally clothed with vegetation to the summit; but that the eye should not be wearied, many an eminence was clear, and presented its bare front to the cool breeze that came soothingly down the stream to fan us, as we stood heated by our exertions in ascending this little steep. ‘Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,’ as I found in Brunè. From our position the rows of houses, with patches of water glittering between them like tinsel, appeared very picturesque, while the vessels, the prahus and the little boats, added much to the interest of the scene. You have yourself, in your description, compared the city, in its palmy state, to Venice rising out of the waters of the Adriatic. But the elements of the comparison are becoming fewer and fewer every day. The good houses would seem to have been numerous in old times, when Brunè was really the capital of a wealthy kingdom; but poverty has long been substituted for opulence, and decay is everywhere visible. When the companions of Magellan came hither after the death of that great navigator, the Sultan possessed a number of state elephants, magnificently caparisoned, and indications of wealth were discoverable on all sides. To

compare the condition of that prince with the state in which we now find Omar Ali, trembling at the approach of the Kyans, scarcely master of his own servants, and eagerly coveting the present of a few dollars, we shall be made sensible of the moral and political revolution which time has brought about in the Archipelago.

“Leaving the position from which we had enjoyed so splendid a view of the city, we visited a very pretty little artificial waterfall in a large, natural grotto. It is from this place that the town is supplied with water. In the evening we went as usual to Mumin’s, where the guests were assembled in a long, spacious room. They were all men, of course, and ranged in rows on either side of the apartment. The natives do not get easily accustomed to our appearance, but stared at us a good deal, and we, through curiosity, involuntarily returned them the compliment. A little chat there was, but it could hardly be dignified by the name of conversation, though each party appeared desirous of making the best of the matter. We took tea and a roko, and then, after a great deal of smiling and bowing, departed, not a little pleased with our entertainment. I may here remark that the Malays are not a disagreeable people in the relations of social life. They are communicative and polite, though it is quite probable that they conceal a great many vices beneath their agreeable exterior; however, I shall not prejudge them, but describe their character and manners according to my opportunities for observation. I am rather pleased with them as yet, though I may very probably have to correct or change my notions as I go along.

“*October 28th.*—Started with a party for a cruise up the Kiangi stream to visit the coal-seam. This little river falls into that of Brunè a little before you reach the first house in ascending, and as you follow its meanderings inward you pass through a very agreeable tract of country. As soon as we had traversed the mangroves, every turn we made in our light canoe discovered to us some pretty nook, some elegant natural bower, and occasionally a lovely vista. Delighted with the constantly varied prospect, we continued to paddle along, till the stream at length dwindled into a ditch not more than three feet wide, and we then forced our way on with poles till the sides of the canoe touched both banks and we stuck fast.

“Here is the great coal-seam, which, neglected at present, will hereafter constitute an inexhaustible source of riches to Brunè, at least if it be half so extensive and productive as there now appears every reason to expect. We observed masses of the mineral in various places, and I believe it is generally admitted to be of the most excellent quality. There can never be any difficulty in discovering the spot, since whoever follows the course of the Kiangi from its confluence upwards, must inevitably be brought to it. Above, where the bed of coal crosses the stream, the Kiangi widens again, but is no longer navigable even in a canoe, its bed being choked up with rocks and sand. In returning we found another large outcrop of coal, where the river assumes the appearance of a ditch. The water, sheltered by the trees and banks, was delightfully cool, which tempted some of our party to bathe, though I felt no inclination to follow their example. Having descended the smaller stream and entered the city, we found ourselves in that part of the river which

had that day been selected for holding the market. You are aware that the natives appropriate no particular part of the stream for this purpose, but paddle with their merchandize, now in one direction and now in another, just as they are impelled by fancy. On the present occasion there was a little fleet of about 200 sampans, paddled, some by one woman and some by two, sheltered from the sun by large umbrella hats, which made them look like so many hovels put in motion. Beneath this portable circular shed they stood, cool and comfortable, offering their goods for sale, bargaining, chattering with each other, or enjoying the breeze, while waiting for customers. The articles for sale consist of fish, poultry, fruit, vegetables, and whatever else enters into the daily consumption of a native of Brunè.

“As we approached in our large canoe the sampans sheered off, and scattered in all directions to make way for us, not through dislike, respect, or serious apprehension, but for fear we should, through mere mischief, run them down for the pleasure of seeing their fair inmates scrambling in the water, which would certainly have amused more than one of our party. Hereafter, should an opportunity offer, I may visit the market quietly, with a native paddler, when I shall be able to contemplate the whole affair at my ease. Most of the boatwomen were old, or at any rate past the prime of life, which they are at a very early age, as hard work and exposure to the air soon take the shine out of them in this country. Of the few young women I saw two or three were pretty, but as, out of negligence or ostentation, they went bareheaded, their good looks will not be of long duration.

“*October 29th.*—Read in the morning. In the afternoon went to the Sultan's, where there was a meeting of Europeans, Chinese, and Klings, called together to consider the prospects of the trade of the place. A proclamation, by Sir James Brooke, was read, calling on all merchants and traders to respect the provisions of the treaty, and not to attempt to evade the rightful decrees of the Sultan. The Chinese and Kling merchants appear to be very respectable, and if protection be afforded, they will do much towards the restoring the prosperity of Brunè. It is well known that many years ago, during the reign of a prince possessing prudence and forbearance, a number of emigrants from the celestial empire settled in this capital, where tokens of their presence soon became visible in the increasing activity of commerce and the improved cultivation of the soil. The face of the hills was cleared of jungle and planted with pepper vines; gardens were laid out, in which the best kinds of fruit and vegetables were cultivated, and the whole neighbourhood began to wear the appearance of the environs of a great city in China. Numerous junks meanwhile from Amoy, Ningpo, and other Chinese ports came for the products of the island, such as camphor, pepper, birds'-nests, rattans, agar-agar, and timber. What is called the lumber trade was peculiarly profitable and flourishing, and had not the succeeding sultans entered into disgraceful relations with the pirates, and thus frightened away a majority of the Chinese settlers, Brunè might have been this day a wealthy city, whose sovereign would not have trembled in his house at the approach of a wild tribe from the interior; but it was left apparently for the English to regenerate this part of the island, and if it be practicable

Sir James Brooke will effect it, for his perseverance, humanity, and statesmanship render him, in my opinion, equal to anything.

"This being the last evening of our stay, we remained up very late, and started early next morning. In fact, we were moving down the river at half-past five. One soon gets used to the scenery of the tropics as to anything else. Admiration is a short-lived feeling, and it is only now and then that it is awakened, when my unusual magnificence of prospect bursts upon the sight. We landed on Moerra in our canoe, and afterwards pulled round the greater part of the island, on which the rajah shot a pigeon. After a short stay we returned, and anchored about eight, outside the river.

"October 31st.—Weighed anchor, and lost a canoe which a friend and I had purchased between us at Bruné. It had of course been badly secured. We regretted the loss, as it was rather handsome. Reached Labuan in time to breakfast on shore, and although the trip had been exceedingly agreeable, were not sorry to find ourselves in what, for the present, we must consider our home. We are now living in a little plain, with the sea in front and the jungle behind us; the waves wash nearly up to our houses, and, in bad weather, break over and flood the foundations. Standing at Government house door, you behold the sea stretched out before you, dotted with pretty islets, and in the background the bright mountains of Bruné; while occasionally you may obtain a glimpse of Keni Balu, the highest mountain in Insular Asia.

"Being now returned, I must recapitulate the results of our expedition, which, as you will perceive, was altogether as agreeable as it was successful. In the first place we have ratified the treaty, and delivered the present, with which all the recipients would appear to have been contented. Second, we have quieted the highly excited apprehensions of the people, who expected we were about to seize on the capital and on the country, by way of punishing, I suppose, the clandestine connection of their sovereign with the pirates. This belief was industriously circulated by all the Pangerans hostile to the English. Third, we have obtained letters from the Sultan, requesting the return of the Sarawak Pangerans, that is to say, the relatives of the late Muda Hassim, whose tragical death must still be fresh in your recollection. Fourth, the Sultan has been induced to dispatch letters to all parts of his dominions authorising the natives to trade freely with Labuan, which they have hitherto been restrained from doing by fear. In addition to the above, several English claims have been settled, and a moderate scale of duties has been definitively established. The Sultan has likewise agreed to send over several hundred labourers to Labuan, which he has since done, and these are now employed in draining the swamps, and other necessary operations. The greatest fear of the Pangerans now is, that all their slaves will desert them, and clandestinely make their way over to Labuan, where, by the English law, they would immediately be free. The old Sultan Omar Ali is, as you know, a very weak man; but at present inclined to be friendly. His chief minister, Mumin, would appear to be an easy, good-natured person, but over-gifted with sagacity, who manages the affairs of the country *à la mal*, under the influence, it is said, of that daring Panota, a fat, sleek, jolly-looking man, but to the last degree

crafty and unprincipled. His whole career shews him to be possessed of superior abilities; but he has been ruined by his own restless spirit of intrigue. Sir James Brooke has given him a world-wide reputation, but very far from an enviable one. Nothing could formerly exceed his hostility to the British, but time and experience having now at length convinced him that our influence is likely to remain supreme in the Archipelago, he is as anxious to obtain our favour as he once was to display his enmity to us; and as we found him a troublesome and dangerous foe, so we may hereafter, should his policy be what I suspect it is, make of him a useful friend. I like him as far as his manners go. He is trying to obtain his Excellency's favour, in order, through his influence, to share the government of Brunè. But he has to deal with one who is not to be overreached, and who cannot be betrayed into any course which he is not thoroughly satisfied will promote the good of the country.

"I thus close my account of our short trip to Brunè, which, as you will perceive, has been productive of many useful consequences. We are now making preparations for a voyage to Sulu, for the purpose it is believed of concluding a treaty with the Sultan of that group; or, failing in that object, to chastise the pirates who infest it. Pray continue to throw light on this part of the subject. Few in Europe would believe how widely spread the piratical system is, or how great would be the difficulties to be encountered in thoroughly extirpating it. Up to this moment it is not known even here where all the piratical haunts are situated. We are aware that the Illanuns issue from Magindanao and other islands of the Archipelago. That the Balanini have their stronghold somewhere in the Sulu group, and that nearly everywhere the daring marauders are found. However, we shall know more about the matter shortly, and immediately on our return I will write you an account of all we have learned respecting them. We start to-day, December 3rd. How long we shall be absent I cannot foresee. I look forward, however, with much interest to the results of the voyage. Adieu."

From the above journal, dashed off hastily on the spot, it will be perceived that his Excellency, Sir James Brooke, is labouring strenuously to establish British influence in the north of Borneo, and to extend it as far as possible eastward. His enemies here at home, inspired by the spirit of the Dutch, affect to believe that the whole Archipelago is effectually closed by treaty against the English, and one of these in particular, an extremely bitter writer, whom I will not name, has been recently very facetious on the subject of piracy. Dividing the whole Archipelago into two parts, he tells us that the Dutch have all south of the equator, and the Spaniards thus the remainder, so that the English are mere interlopers, who cannot move a foot without treading on the toes of their allies. This heavy antagonist of civilization, to whose lucubrations I may have, probably, many occasions to refer hereafter, seems above all things anxious to create the impression that the great island of Kalamantan, with the very name of which he quarrels, is little better than a mere desert, indeed he has compared it with the interior of Africa; and after maintaining that all beyond the coast is entirely unknown, undertakes to assure the world that it is nothing better than a series of swamps, bogs, and morasses.

At the risk of again arousing the angry, but not very dangerous

antagonist to whom I have above alluded, I reiterate my assertion made elsewhere, that the best, and perhaps the only, means of entirely suppressing piracy in the Archipelago, is to multiply stations and settlements, the cost of which will be amply repaid by the increase which will thus be made to our commerce. The funds of the nation cannot be better spent than in multiplying the means of developing the nation's industry, in throwing open new outlets for our manufactures, in diffusing the quickening influences of civilization among barbarous tribes, and thus inciting them to covet those things with which we, above all the other nations in Christendom, can best supply them. The Singapore merchants may be alarmed, and many persons here at home, penny wise and pound foolish, may object to the multiplying of such stations; but the solid advantages we have gained by the founding of Singapore, should induce us to despise these clamours, and persevere in that enlightened course of policy which led to the settlement on Labuan, and will lead ultimately, to our taking possession of Borneo, and many other islands in the mighty Archipelago of the East.

RIZPAH.

O'ER the dark naked rock the wild tempest is howling,
Where stars glimmer faint on the forms of the slain;
And wild creatures round in expectancy prowling,
With the night-winds a desolate concert maintain.

Oh, fair are those youths in Death's slumber reclining,
Who so lately in life breathed exulting and proud;
But to-night o'er their corse the jackal is whining,
And the ghastly hyena laughs fearful and loud.

But, Back! ye fierce jackals, ye may not come nigh them;
Hope not, ye stark vultures, to make them your prey,
For one constant watcher for ever is nigh them,
And her eye never slumbers by night or by day.

Nor beast of the forest nor darkness appals her,
Whose bosom stern Anguish has claimed for its throne;
What recks then the future, whate'er may befall her,
So friendless, forsaken, and childless, and lone?

All hopeless she sits there, and none may restore her,
With sackcloth her clothing, and ashes her bed;
Her children, her loved ones, lie blasted before her,
And Time may rush on but she hears not his tread.

The world with its sunshine, the world with its flowers,
Bring no beam to the heart that's o'ercharged with care,
And the world with its tempests, its snows, and its showers,
Can do little to deepen the darkness that's there.

J. T. H.

AN INCURSION INTO CONNEMARA; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A TRAVELLER WHO SURVIVED IT.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

"*Non sine pulvere palam*" is one of the thousand-and-one wise saws conveyed in few words, with much meaning, and in every language, living and dead, from the remotest era, even the confusion of tongues at Babel. I am inclined to believe that, although unconscious of the accident, I was bitten in early life by a rabid traveller; and that, if tourists are honoured by a distinguishing outline on the occiput, mine, upon investigation, would be found deeply-marked, and of unusual dimensions. I was a rambler from boyhood,—for I ran away from school as punctually as the quarter's note was transmitted through the post-office; and for the celerity and success with which this evasion was effected I was horsewhipped at home, returned with a suitable escort, and received, as might be expected, a well-merited reward. Dr. Shields—peace to his ashes!—was what sailors would term, built on the lines of a porter-butt. He was lame, and he was also left-handed; but, never was that villanous shrub called privet—many a time I cursed the hedge it grew upon—applied *à posteriori* by a more accomplished practitioner. Well do we remember that for a week after the operation our heart palpitated at the creak of his shoes, and we preferred every posture to a sitting one. As I ripened into manhood my early truancy became confirmed; it grew with my growth; it seemed as if the demon of locomotion marked me for his own, and entered into me accordingly. In rapid succession I was dusted on the desert, and half-frozen in Siberia, musquito-bitten on the Amazon, and flea ditto in the Scottish Highlands. Anthropophagi are my aversion; and I neither would commit my person to be carbonadoed by a Friendly Islander, nor baked after the most approved receipt to be found in a New Zealand cookery-book. But I have dared and done much; and, *laus Deo!* I survive to tell it. I am no braggart. I spent a fortnight at Boulogne, and made the grand tour of Connemara.

From recent information which has reached me, the desperate courage, and yearning after unknown lands, that instigated and successfully achieved this perilous adventure—I mean the exploration of the realms beyond the Shannon,—may now be undervalued, as, with the demise of the potentate who ruled it then,* I am told that the glory of that land of Goshen has departed. I make the statement on what appears to be respectable authority, but I do not hold myself accountable for its truth. It is said that the process called "tarring and feathering"† has fallen into desuetude, and "few and far between;" that attorneys have been seen wayfaring in apparent security, and unprotected by a troop of horse. Process servers do

* Richard Martin, Esq., an eccentric but kind-hearted gentleman.

† This was an operation to which process-servers and tithe-proctors were subjected when apprehended. It is easily performed. All the patient's raiment being removed, he is carefully coated over with warm tar, and rolled immediately in the contents of a bed-tick. The change effected on personal appearance is so remarkable, that, in ignorance of his identity, a bailiff has been repudiated by his own dog, and renounced by the wife of his bosom.

not specially agree for pecuniary compensation, should their digestive faculties be disorganized by swallowing, "upon compunction," the unpretending strip of parchment, whereon her Most Gracious Majesty conveys her compliments, and requests the pleasure of a private gentleman's company in one of the courts of law. Nor do personages, not in search of the picturesque, but in quest of private distilleries, as an equipoise to the writ of assistance* in one pocket, carry their last will and testament in the other. Such is the present state of that once-happy land, that had its Abdullum† ever open for all that were in debt and in danger, and whose lowliest cabin offered a safe resting-place to the debtor, even as a tower of strength; for rickety though the humble edifice might be, "the iron knuckles of the law," as Penruddock says in the play, "dare not knock at the

* An authority to demand the protection of a military party.

† This word, casually introduced, recalls to memory a friend no longer in the flesh, who, while in the same, was sorely tormented by the low harpies of the law; and oftentimes has the author listened to him while detailing with good emphasis and discretion—for poor Harry was both a mimic and actor—the following pleasant adventure, and one of his most fortunate escapes.

"I was," said the *raconteur*, "on my keeping"—i. e. keeping out of the way—"and never ventured a stone's throw from the hall-door, as I had the gout in both feet; and, worse still, had fallen into deep arrears with the hush money I paid to Jack B——." Well, one fine morning, the Devil and the weather tempted me between them to hobble down to the gate, and happening to look round by mere accident, whom did I see hiding himself behind a thick holly-bush, but Cormack Mauraghan, the most determined villain that ever tapped a sinner's shoulder. There is nobody but has his enemies, and people was wicked enough to whisper between gout, and the drop I had to take to keep it from my stomach,—it killed my aunt Nancy; and, God knows! she did not neglect the specific,—that I would use crutch, blunderbuss, or any lethal weapon next at hand, without fear, favour, or affection, whether Mr. B. acted in person or by deputy. Men, consequently, who had never blenched from executing 'writ or exigent' before, thanked the sheriff for the preference, and declined the dangerous honour; but Mauraghan, *suadente diabolo*, and emboldened by a one-pound note in expectancy, and a pint of poteine, duly and truly administered, desperately essayed the perilous adventure—and how he sped another page will tell.

"I twigged the villain at a glance," said my lamented friend, "toddled off at the best pace I could manage round the corner, and earthed myself in the greenhouse. Not a soul, big or little, was there: for they had left the door upon the latch, and cut off, bad luck to them! to the market. Wherever the bar was, I couldn't find it in the hurry; and Mauraghan whisked round the house, muttering his doubts as to whether I had taken shelter in the lodge, or treed myself among the bushes.

"'Feaks! I'll first try the house,' says the villain.

"'Will ye?' says I, as I hopped into the bed-room."

To explain the *dénouement* of this interesting story, the English reader must bear in mind, *imprimis*, that an Irish latch is generally uplifted by inserting a finger through a conveniency left for the purpose in the door; and, that my departed friend, though in all things beside, liberally accomplished—as all great men have their distinguishing traits to mark them from the multitude—prided himself, more especially, on two natural gifts,—a head of such endurance that it could carry, and with ease, thirteen tumblers of diluted alcohol; and a jaw, that in *grasp* and power would emulate a smith's vice. Indeed, his mouth was a curiosity,—it seemed as if the interior fittings had been furnished by a wild boar; and, in tenacity, when he fastened, a bull-dog could not hold a candle to him. Well, these personal matters being explained, it is enough to say that Master Harry retreated to the inner chamber, as Mr. Mauraghan entered the outer one.

¹ This is a stipulated sum paid to the sheriff for permitting a creditor to be in his bailiwick unmolested; for which indulgence as much as 500*l.* a-year is given to this functionary.

door,† and mar his tranquillity." Many a year has slipped away, and many a clime, from

"Egypt's fires to Zembla's frost,"

have been exchanged by turns for each other, since I paid my last visit to the kingdom of Connemara. Was it "suspicion of debt" that prompted the migration? No, I was an infant of twenty,—the said infant being five feet eleven. Was it love? That treads more closely on the kibe, as Hamlet says; but, as we have recently committed matrimony, our earlier *liaisons* have faded, as they should fade, from memory. We will, therefore, pass over both our in-going and its object, and restrict ourselves to the fortunes that befel us in coming out.

But why not make a clean breast in the one case as the other? I danced three sets with Julia French at the Ballinasloe fair ball, and according to grammatical progression, in number *one* I was a little bothered, and in number *three* superlatively and outrageously in love. At a Connaught *fête dansante*, of negus there may be a sufficiency, but of cold whiskey-punch the supply, though frequently and severely tested, will be found inexhaustible. In love incipient diluted alcohol generally proves specific, and the disease is much abated, if not entirely subdued, on the patient awaking in the morning. In love comparative (*vide* the advertisement to "Parr's Pills") the doses must be increased and continued. In the superlative stage, like canine madness, there is no remedy, and the only alternatives lie between the ring and a halter. In our first and only fit—and it was severe while it lasted—we followed the alcoholic plan. It succeeded—"verbum sat."

There was a time when our Connemara trip would not have been pleasantly brought to memory; but, at sixty men think and talk of love merely as an agreeable hallucination—a phantasy belonging to an age that follows that of top-and-bottom-whipping,—one half to be forgotten, and, as Scrub says, the other to be "laughed at most consumedly." "I do remember,"—in what better terms could a man usher in a melancholy reminiscence than in the words of a starved apothecary?—my first and only visit to Connemara. Nobody ever went there upon a prudent errand, I verily believe.

"Love will be the lord of all;"

"'He's among the bushes,' said the commencer of the law; 'nobody here but the cat in the corner. I may jist as well, howsomever, peep into the room,' and he tried the door, but the push was resisted.

"'No lock upon it ather, and it fast shut!' muttered the shoulder-tapper. 'Be gogstay! that's quare. Hollo! Is there any body inside there?'

"'No one but myself,' squeaked an infantine voice. 'Mammy's gone to market, and shut me in 'till she comes back again. Put e fingee in e hole, and the latch will lift.'"

Unsuspectingly, the man-hunter thrust the best of his bunch of fives through the aperture indicated. Was it mortal ivory, or a twist of a constrictor's tail, that secured the incautious lodgement? A roar of murder obtained no pity—threat and malediction failed; at last, terms of mutual release were ratified—Mr. Maunraghan proceeded to the county hospital, to ascertain whether the total removal of his digital member, so extensively commenced, had not better be completed, for the re-union of the damaged member was considered scarcely practicable; while Harry returned to that freeman's castle—the house, that he had incautiously quitted—with a solemn resolution that the best weather predicted in Murphy's Almanac for a twelvemonth, should not again, as matters stood, tempt him, save on the sabbath, to wander from his domicile.

† "The Wheel of Fortune."

and I book my Connemara *escapade* against the little vagabond. Enough—like a few insertions in my tailor's books,—then and there it must remain, until the recording angel can spare a tear or two, and obliterate it altogether. But, *revenons à nos moutons*.

My first set with Julia made me what they call in Connaught a little soft; in the second, I was what Yankees term "spifficated;" and, about the middle of the third, so regularly caught, that I plainly intimated—no hemming, hawing, or beating about the bush,—that I should seek a refuge from my misery either in her arms, sweet girl! or the waters of the Shannon. I was under orders for the Peninsula; must trundle off by the early coach; would return

"With war's red honours on my crest;"

purchase domestic conveniences,—cradle, of course, inclusive; turn my "king's-order spit" into a garden-dibble; and delectate for after-life beneath the shade of my own fir—as, let it be confessed at once, there are no fig-trees in Connemara. Did a dignified rejection annihilate my hopes? Oh! no—

"She blush'd, but chid not,"

The parting-hour came; and while her aunt was groping for her clogs at one side of the antichamber door—thank God!—as the bonnet-pegs had been driven into the reverse of the wood-work, I was enabled to press her red lips, swear eternal fidelity, assure her that she might question even what that blessed man, Father Malachi, propounded from the altar on the next holiday,—

"Think truth might prove a liar,
But never doubt my love."

What she responded in return it is not for me to repeat. She gave her feelings no stinted utterance, and I took it in, although on reflection afterwards, "methought the lady did protest too much."

What occurred for the next three years, were but customary events attendant on campaigning—and some very coarse usage that I received at the assault of Badajoz, gave me a good plea for six months' leave to patch up again. I had a short and pleasant passage home—embraced my honoured mother—underwent a chaste salute from my aunt Deborah—an operation I dreaded awfully, for Debby took that triturated preparation of the weed, called "blackguard," by the ounce—was *fêted* by the neighbours for a fortnight, in honour of my safe return to the sod, and gallant bearing in the field—and during that time none of the party—namely, the feast givers, or myself, the recipient, were what, on corporal oath, could have been declared in absolute sobriety.

And had I forgotten the object of my first love—the gentle Julia? Not I—even in the eternal scene of hilarity, that I have described, her image would return. Did the toastmaster name "lovely woman," Julia, with magical celerity, was before me—and if a stableman whistled "I'm o'er young to marry yet," back came the ball of Ballinasloe—and, in fancy, I went twice down the middle, set corners, and turned my partner. But the tenderest recollection by far, was when Aunt Macmanus was groping for her clogs, and we, in the innocence of our hearts, settling the bonnet on. Poor old lady, she lost all patience at last, for, to own the truth, we were an awful time fumbling with the ribbon.

When a man is bent on mischief, an excuse can easily be fabricated or found. I was dying to see Julia, and I fortunately recollected that I had a cousin, resident in Connemara, a relative whom the family had never seen for twenty years,—and, by every account, a more worthless and mercenary hound never screwed the last sixpence from a *fodeeine*.* He hated his own relations, and received a cordial return. On one occasion only, had he evinced any indication of affection towards his kindred, by transmitting a letter to me, when ordered to join the service-battalion in Spain, wishing me *toute sorte de prospérité*, accompanied by a ten-pound note.

“Well, you may go and see the devil,” said my father, when I hinted my intention. “There is no extracting blood from a turnip, and he would rather have parted with his best grinder, than the ten pounds he sent you. If we could keep his money in the family it would be desirable. I hear he gets more cankered as he grows older—and he’ll be sure, or I’m much mistaken, to make ‘ducks and drakes’ of all that he has been hoarding these forty years.”

The prediction was prophetic indeed—and “ducks and drakes” he made both of his money and himself. In a state bordering between dotage and drunkenness, he proposed to a young lady of sixteen, a gauger’s daughter—and she was graciously pleased to encourage hopes, which I had the satisfaction to see realized. But our own narrative of all that befel us will tell the tale of our kinsman’s opening course of love, and we will, also, and in timely season, duly chronicle its close. Profiting by my father’s permission, I speedily was ready for my incursion into Connemara. He, “good, easy man,” opining that deep designs were lurking in this friendly visit, against my kinsman’s real and personal effects—but, all the while, could the secret motive have been traced, I wished to practically ascertain whether a returning kiss was half as pleasant as a parting one—a point on which I had been at issue with a gentleman of ours, who was held to be on such matters excellent authority, he doing for many years a very respectable business in the love line.

I penetrated into Connemara. No onslaught was made upon our person—no attempt to lighten us of any portion of our metallics.

The hostelrie I stopped at was situated at the intersection of four roads, and overlooked a small bay—once, that little inlet had afforded a safe and sheltered harbour to the contrabandists who then frequented this wild and lawless district.

I have confessed already, that a double object influenced my Connemara expedition—and, on making local inquiries touching the abiding places of my loving kinsman, and the lady of my love, I found that they were nearly equidistant, and some six miles from the hostelrie; a “left incline,” in military parlance, leading to the domicile of my skin-flint cousin, and the right-hand road conducting me, should I select it, to the abode of beauty, where that impersonation of graceful innocence, whose flying footsteps I had erst while led through the mazes of

“The wind that shakes the barley,”

still wasted her

“Sweetness on the desert air,”

* A small freehold property.

and more was the pity. Plutus punched my ribs, and whispered "right shoulders forward!" Cupid tickled me in the region of the pericardium, and told me that I should find Julia prettier and kinder than ever. What the deuce was I to do? Why, order dinner first, and settle precedency afterwards, over a reflective tumbler of that illegal but agreeable fluid, which never contributed a farthing to the crown, or inflicted a headache on the consumer. I knocked upon the table—bells are not fashionable in Connemara—ordered dinner—and promptly the order was obeyed.

There are people abiding in the great metropolis, who imagine they have eaten a correct potatoe,—tell you that the flavour of a herring is familiar, and, under this double delusion go even to the grave. Let these unhappy citizens dream on. Ah! could they but have looked from my window, as the former were trundled from the ridge, and the latter laid beside the runlet of spring-water that went babbling past the door, to loose their silver scales, and, within an hour or two, pass from the net to the frying-pan. But ignorance is bliss, and why disturb the fallacies of a cockney, who firmly imagines that the flavour of the esculent and the fish, to him are not unknown? When Marischal Saxe favoured his half-starved visitors with a fricandeau, which, as all agreed, conferred, or should confer, immortal honour on the *artiste* who fabricated the same, would it not have been inhuman to whisper in the consumer's ear, that no fatted calf had bled to furnish forth the delicacy,—and the cook had nothing to depend upon but providence, his own skill, and the tenderest cutlets that were available from the leg of a departed troop-horse? But this looks very like a digression. I said that the scud-dawns* were undergoing purification in the rivulet before the house, when suddenly the red-shank discontinued her labour, and with half-a-dozen idlers who had been looking on, sprang into the centre of the road. All looked earnestly in the same direction for a minute and then bellowed, in English and Irish, "Holy Bridget! Here they come!" The loud alarum brought all from the hostellerie to the street,† and I flung up the window. The distant rush of cavalry was heard—on came the whirlwind, nearer and nearer still, until fifty horses, most of them with a cavalier in the saddle, and a lady *en croup* behind him, approached at headlong speed. Judge what was my horror and surprise, when the landlord exclaimed—

"Blessed Anthony! it's ould Hamerton's draggin-home! I thought he would have gone the short road. But it's civil in him to give neighbours turn and turn alike—and, for once in his life, drop a trifle in the way of trade, and try our poteeine at the Cat and Bagpipes."

He who has not witnessed the hymeneal ceremony, called a dragging home, will tax his imagination in vain. He may fancy a charge of drunken Calmucks, or Turkish cavalry careering while directly influenced by opium. Pshaw! neither of these will even distantly approach this Milesian feat of horsemanship. In the bridal cavalcade there was not a rider that had not a pint of poteeine, honest measure, under his belt—and were the truth told, the ladies

* *Anglicè*—herrings.

† The space in front of any detached cabin in Connaught is called "the street."

were also screwed severely. The best mounted led the van—the slow ones formed a rear-guard—the happy couple occupied the centre—and, in this order, the *troupe* reined up within a few paces of my window. Hymen, at times, makes strange selections—but he never played a more freaky prank than when he knotted the ill-assorted couple who halted at the Cat and Bagpipes for refreshment.

I hate to see a grey-haired pantaloon pirouette with a bread-and-butter *débutante* at a country race-ball. Well, 'tis but the silly weakness of the hour—a fugitive tomfoolery—laughed at, and forgotten. But, when the snows of seventy would intermingle with the sunshine of sixteen, 'tis hard to decide then which of two feelings will predominate—disgust at the senility, which should have brought wisdom with it, or pity for a being on whom life was scarcely opening, when consigned, for some mercenary motive, to that worst of graves—a living one, and chilling, in the icy arms of age, the ardent glow of youth, that every law of nature intended should have been faithfully reciprocated.

I had never seen my doughty cousin, nor was I at all prepared for an introduction to my new relative, and his "fair bed-fellow." While the bustling host, his helpmate, and his handmaiden, all were busily occupied in distributing alcoholic refreshment, I had ample leisure afforded me to view the happy pair, draw certain inferences which required little worldly wisdom to arrive at, and which a short time indeed confirmed to the letter.

With one or two exceptions, and by no means "*selon le règle*," the bridegroom was the only person who seemed averse to a joint-tenancy on horseback, for his steed—heaven knows a sorry one he was—"bore but the weight of Anthony." In youth, I had heard that Mr. Hamerton was but an indifferent equestrian, and no stranger, having weighty liabilities, would have put him in the pig-skin for the cup at either Knockcraghery or Kinsallagh. At present he seemed sorely distressed; for it was only in broken sentences that he urged a general circulation of the alcohol, gasping at intervals, and with returning breath, that he would be accountable for the amount. His hair was short-cut, and grey; his features extremely plain. If wrinkles be a proof, age had placed "his signet sage" upon his brow, and it was evident at a glance that in committing matrimony he was a very daring adventurer. From the happy man I turned to the lady who shared, or was supposed to share, in his felicity. She was mounted on the best horse in the cavalcade, and seated behind a very smart and good-looking young man. Her gipsy hat, flaunting with white favours, had fallen back, and the chin-ribbon alone restrained it, while a profusion of nut-brown hair, escaped from the ligature that should have bound it, clustered in wild luxuriance round her shoulders, and streamed in thick ringlets down her back. She looked a joyous, reckless creature, starting all-unschooled upon the world; the mind unmoulded; the manners just as nature framed them. To kindred youth her spirit might have assimilated; but, from this unholy union, which mercenary considerations only had produced, what but misery and misfortune could be anticipated? Enough; the natural harvest was reaped in time; and, were it needed, another proof could be adduced to shew how dangerous is the trial that age ventures on, when, to gratify a

fancy that only dotage prompts, antiquated folly demands a youthful victim; and, alas! too frequently, a being to effect the sacrifice is found.

The horses had now got second wind; the riders a glass or two additional. "Away! away!" was the word; and, at a Waterloo charge, off swept the bridal cortege. A turn in the road presently concealed them; and ere the collision between iron and flint had faded on the ear, the rumble of a vehicle was heard, and, seated on a jaunting-car, a lady closely muffled halted, and alighted at "The Cat." From a hasty glance as she dismounted, I marvelled that a gentlewoman whose situation was evidently so matronly should travel without an experienced female friend, were it for no other purpose than to balance the bone-setter.*

"Who is that lady?" I said to the red-shank, who was removing dinner.

"Fenks! who should she be, but young Mistriss O'Tool, as purty and plisant-spoken a lady as eye would find betwixt this and Galway," and she hastily retired from the presence.

A summer storm had been brewing in the mountains. Big drops fell; and, no doubt, they urged the bridal throng to gallop forward as they had induced the stout young gentlewoman to remain behind, and seek shelter prudently at the hostelry. I found the putaine unexceptionable. The rain now came down in earnest; and, as I fabricated a second tumbler, I thus communed with myself.—"And so that stupid ass, our cousin, has taken unto himself a wife. A wife! heaven shield the dotard! I have heard that he's crippled with sciatica; and what wants he with aught save an experienced manipulist to embrocate the suffering limb when rheumatism invades it? Schoolmen assert that the ways to heaven are numerous, while, 'tis said,—most irreligiously, no doubt,—that in a fair, frail wife, a husband easily attains beatitude. 'Faith! this might have been a shrewd speculation of my worthy cousin. No matter. He's married; the house of cards is fallen, and all my father built upon is prostrate. A few thousands, lent upon maiden security, and more in hundreds, doled out on gow *pecise*,† and all that my Aunt Debby loved to dwell upon, my great-grandmother's gold-box, and cups, and covers, salt-spoons and snuffers; a chest of brocaded silks, each gown able to stand upright, and tell, had it but a tongue, how, a hundred years ago, it had ruffled through a minuet. All are alienated—lost—gone for ever. Well! peace to their memory! I drink to it; and now their requiem is sung. Well, my ride will not be unrewarded, after all. Julia! had the price been a pilgrimage to the Pyramids, I'd cross the Desert to tie that bonnet-string again! How the rain comes down! If the bridal troop be not saturated to the skin, I'll put no faith in a Connemara summer-storm for the future."

As I soliloquized the door half opened, and a couple of the softer sex were heard, in friendly altercation.

"I might intrude upon the gentleman," said a *piano* voice.

"Arrah! whoever heard of such a thing?" exclaimed the maid of-all-work, in return. "Bad luck to their manners! the drunken vagabonds without there,—to begin drawing their *dhudecins*, and

* Name given to an Irish jaunting-car.

† *Anglicè*—usurious interest.

you at their elbow, and in the delicate situation you're in. Arrah! come on, ma'am."

The lady made no reply; but Brideine seemed determined to effect an introduction. A glance over my shoulder confirmed my suspicions. The fair intruder was the stout gentlewoman—I hate dumpy women worse than Byron did.—I decided on general incivility,—ensconced myself in the window,—brought Julia to memory anew, and thus communed with myself:—

"Was she altered? Had the sylphic figure that operated through the popular dance of 'Mrs. M'Cleod,' as if she had been infected by a dancing-fawn, or stolen his talaria from the god of thieves,—had it preserved its pristine symmetry? How sweetly moulded were its light proportions! A waist, that an aldermanic ring would circle; a neck that it were treason to describe, in that day of primitive simplicity (*i. e.*, five-and-twenty years ago), when crenoline petticoats were totally unknown, and the *exposé* of a bustle in a shop-window would have subjected the vendor to the wrath of the 'Vice Suppression Association.' All about Julia was innocent and inartificial, as if she had dressed as that unsophisticated personage described by Mr. Moore, called Nora Crina, who fancied mountain-breezes, and, like a sensible girl, eschewed tight-lacing."

A chair-leg grated on the sanded floor. It was a movement made, no doubt, by the stout gentlewoman, to attract attention. In politeness I was called upon to accept the challenge, and shew her a full front. I did so; and an invocation of some saint, whose rank and title I don't remember, with an earnest supplication for the especial interference of the Blessed Virgin, followed my recognition. I started, and looked surprised. Did fancy trick me? Was I in the presence of a former acquaintance, or a lady I had never seen before? I felt confounded, and respectfully inquired whether had I the honour of addressing Miss French or Mrs. O'Tool?"

The lady's explanation proved that, possessed as she might have been of Lucretian virtue, she did not unite to this estimable quality the perseverance of Penelope. Indeed, her defence for broken vows was what Connaught lawyers call rather "rigmarole." Deserters, who had sought Connemara, "*refugium peccatorum!*" as the priest said when cursing the flock,—had broadly asserted that the Peninsular army had been utterly annihilated; one moiety having perished by the sword, while the other, like rotten sheep, dropped off by hundreds in the hospitals. Could I be expected to withstand steel, and gunpowder, and medical treatment, before any of which Goliath himself would succumb? No; she concluded I cumbered the ground no longer, and was defunct as Julius Cæsar.

What could poor Julia do? She hated long nights, had an aversion to ghosts; and, what security had she that at the midnight hour I should not present myself headless at her bedside, that a four-and-twenty-pound shot had, as she might remark, curtailed my fair proportions,—remind her that our engagement was "play or pay,"—and head or no head, that she was expected to behave like a gentlewoman, and come to the scratch accordingly. What was to be done? Mr. O'Tool was a thriving man. He wanted a wife; and Miss French, as it was generally supposed, was open to an offer. He wooed; she wavered; the fortress was peremptorily summoned, yielded on honourable terms, and was taken possession of accordingly.

The shower ceased. The jaunting-car was ordered. I kissed the stout gentlewoman; sent my kind regards to her loving husband. She headed westward, and until the road intervened "kissed her lily hand," while I took the opposite direction.

Before I reached my paternal dwelling a dashing paragraph had announced in the "Galway Court Journal," that my cousin had led the elegant and accomplished Miss Arabella Shanaghan to the hymeneal altar. The bride's costume, and the festivities at Castle Crogherty we take the liberty of passing over. My father asked no questions; and I was profoundly silent on everything I had seen and suffered during my short incursion into the kingdom of Connemara. Next morning, fortunately, an order came for me to repair forthwith to Belgium. I obeyed it willingly. Six months rolled on, and Waterloo was fought. I passed the trial with a shot through the shako, and another through the arm. In Paris, whither I proceeded with the army of occupation, I found sundry letters waiting for me. Mrs. O'Tool had produced two chopping boys, and, as god-father, according to promise, I might take my choice; or, if I had a fancy for a double adoption, no objection would be offered to favour me with the brace.

Alas! the other was a calamitous announcement. The bridal revelry which I had partially witnessed was followed soon by grief and lamentation, and Castle Crogherty was now a house of mourning. Mrs. Hamerton had levanted, leaving behind a bereaved husband, but taking with her some of the house-linen, and the whole of the silver spoons. A minute description was given of the lady and the plate; but, I suppose, as no reward was specified, neither of the abstracted articles were returned.

If an annual presentation to stock his quiver should make man happy, Mr. O'Tool has cause to count himself blessed beyond ordinary mortals, he becoming in eight brief years undisputed owner of nine young O'Tools. So much for my lost love; and now for a parting notice of my loving cousin.

What Mr. Hamerton's secret sufferings were when he found his lady had levanted, and at breakfast sickened to observe a pewter substitute paraded on the table instead of the silver implement with which for half a century he had matitudinally assailed his eggs, it is not for us to say. He rallied, however, as the next assizes approached, and laid the usual story of blighted hopes and ruined happiness before a Galway jury, who, heartless mortals! balancing matrimonial delivrance against lost plate, assessed the damages at a farthing. Woman's ingratitude had bruised his spirit; but the attorney's bill, delivered a week after the verdict, concluded his history, and broke his heart. Reluctantly he made a will, after both priest and doctor had more than hinted that it was full time his house should be set on order. It was very short, but very much to the purpose; for, as in life he kept his goods and chattels fast together, in death he did not sunder them. He bequeathed all that he died possessed of—may he repose with the righteous!—to me.

THE MIRROR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC;

OR, THE PARISIAN THEATRES.

BY THE FLANEUR.

OVER susceptible as the French may always have shewn themselves with regard to the opinions and judgments passed upon them by their neighbours, they cannot, however, be accused of lenity to themselves in their political errors and abuses, although inclined to be lenient, shortsighted, and even blinded beyond the usual blindness of humanity to self, in their moral aberrations. They have, at frequent periods of history, bestowed upon themselves self-flagellation in pamphlet, satire, newspaper article and caricature, without wincing, and have even revelled and delighted in the self-inflicted scourging, and danced whilst they bestowed it, like their own dervish-like devotees of the eighteenth century. It is only when a neighbourly hand has helped them in their task of penance, however gently, that they have "put up their backs," not to receive the blow, but to resent it. At few epochs of their history have the French more called for that "castigation mild," which chastens and subdues the child, than during the memorable year of 1848, when France upset its master in his chair, broke not only out of the schoolroom, but out of all "bounds," "truanted" about in all manner of fantastic disguises, and acted all sorts of frantic games—when, without asking leave, it claimed a half-holiday in the name of Liberty, and took a whole one at the prompting of License. In this crisis, however, the French have not been sparing of their own self-chastisement.

In the very first days of the Republic, when the most frantic excesses were advocated as politic, the greatest absurdities voted sublime, and the most visionary theories of impossible society endeavoured to be enforced upon the nation, there were not wanting kindly monitors to give them a "custard" or two on the hands, a few tweaks of the ear, or even, now and then, a smart application of the cane across the back. The small daily satirical journals of Paris—the *Charivari* and the *Corsaire*—first took the *ferula* in hand, and bestowed upon the absurdities and follies of the Republicans some very stinging applications, that hit none the less hard because they were made with a smile and modified by a jest. The whip was, at an early epoch, taken up by the famous "Jerome Paturot"—that seeming caricature, which, in truth, is but a portrait—that apparently exaggerated satire, which, in truth, is but a faithful history; and never was the self-castigation, which the French, in accepting the work as the most popular book of the day, unsparingly administered: if, as has been said, Monsieur Louis Reybaud the author, was a republican *dela veille*, the nature of the self-castigation becomes even still more striking. But the success of Jerome Paturot has since been exceeded by demonstrations of a still more popular expression of public opinion in self-condemnation, in the shape of the broadest caricature, it is true, but under circumstances when popular feeling could best be expressed, and in a form in which outward and visible evidences could best be given, without coming into conflict with the restrictions of the law. The self-flagellation has been best administered upon the stage, where thus,

coram publico, each lash of the whip could be best felt in the sympathies of a congregated crowd, and could best tell in the applause, which, however slight or indirectly applied the cut might be, never failed to greet it.

The stage, we have been told, is the "mirror held up to nature." Whether the French have succeeded in making their stage a mirror of this kind, is a question with which the *Fidèle* has not to deal here. But, certainly, there is no country where dramatists have better succeeded in rendering the stage a "mirror" of the political physiognomy of the day, and of the grimaces and distortions made by political parties in their errors and abuses. This has even been the case under the strictures of a theatrical censorship, often unnecessarily severe towards what were considered political peccadilloes, however lax, on the contrary, it might frequently have been in offences against decency and morality; and now that a republican form of government has afforded a freer as well as a wider field for the satirical dramatist, he has galloped about it wildly, splashing the mud of scorn into the very face of the Republic. He has taken the "mirror" boldly into his hand, in order to exhibit to the French the physiognomy they have worn in their late grinnings through their republican horse-collar. In public opinion he has used it to show still more; for, although the political satire, with which the Parisian stage now teems, has been chiefly directed against the wild Utopian ideas of the Communists and Socialists, the still impending restrictions not permitting them openly to attack the republican form of government, as the constituted government of the country, such as it is, yet, where the arrow could be made to glance off from these children of the republic, in order to hit the parent, it has been directed with an adroitness of archery that shows a skilful hand: and the blow thus dealt, however slight, has been applauded by the public. In fact, although these semi-political dramatic squibs have only been hurled, with an affectation of the most innocent *bonhomie*, and in the name of common-sense, at the head of the social abuses of the day, or rather at the attempts to introduce them, yet the Republic is no less indirectly attacked in one and all: and the audiences who witness and applaud them, take good care, at least, to show their own feeling, as the feeling of the majority of the country, on the subject, by catching hold of the least allusion, or even perverting any such, if they can contrive to make it go their own way, and hit the game they would run down. It is a notorious fact, that the introduction of the anti-republican spirit in the new pieces of the day, has alone again brought audiences to the deserted theatres, at a time when all men were absorbed in politics, or were stinted in their means by the blow struck at the prosperity and commerce of the country, and when the bankrupt fortunes of the theatres appeared beyond the hope of salvation. At the present time (January 1849), the great opera, the pride and delight of the Parisian formerly, is almost the only theatre left to mourn over its decay, since it would be scarcely possible to introduce political squibs into a *grand opéra*, or to express anti-republican feeling in a *ronde de jambes*, or a *pirouette* in the ballet.

In the very first days of the Republic it was gently, but imperiously, led to the theatres by the Provisional Government that patriotic measures, applicable to the circumstances of the day, and calculated to encourage and support the republican enthusiasm of the Parisians, would be serviceable to their own interests. The theatres took the hint: they were far, poor things, from reaping any benefit from their

compliance with the suggestion. Such pieces as "*Le Réveil du Peuple*," "*Le 24 Février*," "*Les Barricades*," "*Les Filles de la Liberté*," were hastily written and produced: patriotic songs of olden republican time were revived and chorused between the acts: and *grands airs de circonstance* were composed to new versions of old phrases about the "breaking of tyrant chains," and similar allegories of presumed republican liberty: the very Opera got up the "*Marseillaise*" *en action*, with new republican "scenery, dresses, and decorations." But all would not do: the vaunted enthusiasm would not pay its money at the doors, or rather was found to be too visionary and ghostly to be expected to do so earthly a deed: the patriotic *pièces de circonstance* were acted to empty benches: the *claque* alone shouted for the *Marseillaise*: and, except a few genuine vapouring would-be heroes of the new Republic, and a second political *claque*, posted to applaud by the order of the police, none were present to back the clap-trap sentiments, or to re-echo the patriotic songs. The attempt was a perfect failure: the theatres languished, or even fairly gave up the ghost.

They then began to open their eyes to the fact that their only remaining means of attracting audiences was by turning round into the very opposite path, and by holding up that mirror, which public opinion every day more decidedly pronounced to be the only true and clear one. Consequently, in the beginning of the month of June, politico-satirical dramatic pieces began to lift their heads upon the stage. Although but indirect in their anti-republican tendencies at first, and levelled against the ridiculous excesses of the clubs, yet they made some sharp hits at the Socialists and Communists, gave several underhand blows at the red-Republicans, and certainly contrasted strikingly with those first *apropos* pieces, where the staple clap-traps rang the changes upon "*rois détrônés*," "*la liberté qui vient des cieux*," and the "*sublime République, au front calme, à l'œil radieux*," which had "*dompté les tyrans*." The enthusiasm, which these first productions had laboured so hard to excite, but had failed in exciting, was immediately and spontaneously bestowed by the Parisians upon what was called "the reactionary spirit:" and shouts of laughter followed every allusion which could be made to bear upon the republican follies of the day.

The first piece of the kind, produced by the *Théâtre du Vaudeville*, was nothing more than a very light farcical sketch, entitled "*Le Club des maris, et le Club des femmes*." But, slight as it was, the author contrived in his satirical caricature of the clubs of the time, and their workings upon the social relations of the community, not only to throw ridicule upon the very fundamental principles of their institution, and their republican affectations of former days, but also upon the imitation of their tumultuous abuses in the National Assembly. Indirect as was the aim, and gentle as was the blow, the public pointed out the true direction of the aim, and rendered the blow harder by its hearty applause of all phrases which might have been supposed to have been written *ad captandum*, in an anti-republican sense.

A few days afterwards, the *Théâtre des Variétés* followed with the "*République de Platon*:" and here, the ridicule was not only lavishly bestowed upon the clubs, but upon the ultra-republicans, their manners, and their exaggerated opinions, the famous *droits de l'homme*, and the attempt to make a practical use of such doctrines, the absurd cry against the *réactionnaires*, and similar topics, by which underhand blows might

be built as the Republic itself. The piece did more: it attacked the designs of some of the members of the ex-Provisional Government. "I have a right," says one of the characters. "*Je pousse tout droit vers le ciel, et si les cieux m'ont excusé en creux je l'emène à me promener au ciel.*" This allusion, taken up by the public as bearing hard upon Léon Rollin and his party, was marked by shouts of laughter and applause; and when in another scene, the same character exclaimed: "*Il n'y a plus de place entre nous la robe des exils,*" it could not be supposed, by the demonstrations given, how contrary to the proceedings of the day was the opinion of the Parisian theatre-public.

The reckless little theatre of the Palais Royal, now disguised under its republican name of the *Théâtre de la Montansier*, followed close upon the *Théâtre-Français* with its "*Club Champenois*," again, under cover of the club's drop of its bombs of satire into the ultra-republican camp. Heretofore similar attacks upon the tyranny and coarseness of the republican emissaries of Monsieur Léon Rollin, the chief ridicule bestowed upon the republican follies of the day was embodied in the representation of certain of the ultra-republican types, that successively appeared: the forms of candidates for the post of representative in the National Assembly. Among them were the pretended *ouvrier*, in the shape of the young family, who puts on the *blouse*, and assumes the title of *travailleur* before the eyes of the day, even as literary men have been known to call themselves *poètes* or *romans* or *romans*, and who, when detected, declare that his father was an *homme à faire*, and that he himself is an *ouvrier*—then, the ultra-republican, dressed à la *Saint-Simon*, and the *socialiste*, in socialist political economy, the vague evader of all questions put by good sense, who replies only in stereotype phrases, culled of the old conventionalists, or in the most confused and inconsequential half-burly of so-called modern social philosophy:—an *ancien* of the old Bonapartist General, insolent, arrogant, and disdainful of all questions, who leads the people to cry "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Really admirable, and most telling, was, in this squib, the satire against the ever-recurring class, the absurd *interjections* addressed to the candidates, the bombastical replies, and the eternal confusion and strife of such meetings: those who had, but shortly before, witnessed the "hermeneutic" of the original, could best answer for the truth of the laughable copy.

The *Théâtre-Français*, the stately classical stage of the Parisian drama, which had been its interest to follow in the lead set by the ultra-republicans, and even although its dignity might have been supposed to be compromised by condescending to put forward the allurements of burlesque literature, it angled for a share of that popular favour which was again beginning to be bestowed upon such theatres as exhibited these ultra-republican tendencies, by coming somewhat late into the market with its "*Triumphant Club des femmes*." Although more cool and cautious as beset by its dignity, the *Théâtre Français* none the less, found it worth its while to hurl the missiles of its satire not only against the clubs, their affected importance, their injury to a order and society, their ridiculous assumption of the old would-be Spartan and Roman virtues of the first republic, and their utter anarchy and confusion, but also against the misery and distress occasioned by the revolution, and the instability inherent in republican governments.

The outbreak of June closed the theatres of Paris for a season: and

upon their re-opening in the midst of a state of siege, they seemed to think it necessary to use some degree of caution in the production of their anti-republican squibs. But time went by : the reactionary feeling against the republic waxed stronger and stronger : the theatres once more took heart ; and, towards the end of August, they again took the rod of satire into their hands, and started forth upon their task of flagellation. As yet, in holding up the mirror in which the French Republic was to view itself, the Parisian stage had contrived that it should see its own portrait, slightly caricatured it must be owned, in traits of more or less outward and visible form, such as might be gathered from actions, costume, manners and public doings, as in the clubs and during the elections : but it now threw its light far more below the surface of the skin, among the nerves and sinews, and almost into the heart of the republic : from practices, it went more pointedly to theories—from the *physique* to the *morale* : it more openly attacked republican political professions, sentiments, opinions, and doctrines : and it was naturally the extravagant and Utopian theories of the Socialists and Communists that afforded the best and most piquant food for the satirist. The mockery of the Socialist doctrines now began to become the staple commodity of the new theatrical squibs, as that of the absurdities of the clubs had been before. It was one of the very smallest theatres in Paris, the "*Délassements Comiques*," that first "gave tongue" on this new scent, upon which the whole theatrical pack some time after followed : and it is worthy of remark that the principal author of the piece produced, was one of the very men who had been employed to write an *apropos* republican drama in the days of February, and had there exhibited Monsieur Guizot in a ridiculous light upon the stage, under the name of Bizot : he now seemed to find that his interest, as well as his talent lay more in the anti-republican tendency, and, with all the spirit of a veritable *réactionnaire* dragged forward the great Socialist chief, Cabet, before the bar of public mockery, under the name of Cadet.

The "*Voyage en Icarie*," was a farce of the very broadest description. The name of the famous fantastical work of Monsieur Cabet, adopted as its title, sufficiently indicated the game at which it flew. It is not easy to judge what effect a satirical piece of the kind, acted at so small a theatre, may have had upon the general feeling of a Parisian public : but that it attracted crowded audiences of persons, most of whom would have otherwise no more thought of entering the walls of such a theatre than an inhabitant of May Fair would have of patronizing the City Theatre, or the Grecian Saloon, is a notorious fact : and its success went even beyond the "unprecedented run" of theatre bills. The personal representation of Cabet, in his well-known exterior, upon the stage, had that zest of personality which so seldom fails of its ends : but the real cause of the success of the little farce lay more deeply : it lay in the pleasure felt by the audiences in the slur cast upon the republic itself, by the condemnation of the dangerous absurdities of those men who had stood forward as its chief supporters and admirers. This was very visible, even through the applause that was bestowed upon the follies of the communists, and the practical application of the doctrines of Cabet and Proudhon.

The *Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin* then followed with a sort of "burlesque," which it produced under the designation of a "*galamathias*," or a "pack of nonsense" in three acts, and "*à grand spectacle*."

After the fashion of all the theatrical squibs that had preceded it, the "*Ile de Tohu-Bohu*" went, in its execution, far beyond its apparent intention. It pretended to be no more than a fresh attack upon the absurdities of the Socialist and Communist doctrines of the day: and in its first act it only introduced the audience to different types of the deluded persons, seduced into taking the famous voyage to Icaria, and indulged in a mockery of the "*partage des biens*." But in its other two acts the "*galamathias*" evinces a far more decided purpose of throwing ridicule upon the Republic itself. The Communist party, on their way to Icaria, are shipwrecked upon the island of Tohu-Bohu; and Tohu-Bohu proves to be a picture of Paris in its revolutionary state, and under the uncertain changes and chances of a Republican form of government. The policy of the government of Tohu-Bohu is based solely upon perpetual disorder, and, according to the opinion of the islanders, it is in constant revolution alone, and in permanent conspiracy against "the powers that be," that is to be sought the true essence of progress and civilization. The satire of the clubs, the Socialists, and the prevalent crude ideas of Republican government, is direct, and happily and cleverly hit off throughout. But it by no means ceases here: from generalities it marches boldly on to personalities. The nomination of the best billiard player to a *Préfecture*, is a hard hit upon citizen Flocon of the ex-Provisional Government, and upon the Commissaries of citizen Ledru-Rollin: and the assumption of a *Ministère* by a notorious thief, because he finds it vacant, and consequently takes it as a revolutionary right, is a still severer blow against the pretensions of the whole Provisional Government in the days of February. But far the most striking allusion consists in the whole character of Olibrius, the governor of the island, who is actually employed in a conspiracy against himself: a "*conspirateur de la veille*," as he declares himself, he cannot be happy unless he is continually conspiring: and, being now at the head of affairs, it is against his own government that he is compelled to conspire. The whole scene, in which Olibrius describes his own character, is full of the bitterest and cleverest satire upon the Republican heroes of the day in general, and upon Ledru-Rollin in particular. The vaunting of ignorance, as a necessary qualification for men *en place*, the declaration that it is indispensable to upset the prevailing peace and calm, as the worst elements of government, and finally the distribution of arms by the Government in order to upset itself, are all satirical cuts which wounded to the quick the ultra-Republicans of the first months of the Republic. The aptness with which the Parisian audiences took up every allusion in this long dramatic satire (for it can be called nothing else) was very characteristic of the anti-Republican feelings of the day: this spirit alone ensured the success of the piece: and the words in the second act, "*au diable cet abominable pays! avec ses lois ridicules, et son gouvernement plus ridicule encore!*" rightly met with rounds of applause, and a demand for their repetition. It was scarcely possible for the self-allusion to be more complete: the theatrical "mirror" held up reflected the very vilest of physiognomies: and when Paris looked into the mirror, it knew the face as its own, and yet spat on it with jeers of scorn and shouts of applause.

That anti-Republican dramatic triumph of the day, however, was reserved for the representation of the "*Propriété! c'est le* famous axiom of the Communist and Socialist prophet,

citizen Proudhon, had excited much discussion in the National Assembly itself: the subject was well chosen—the moment favourable; and the extreme consequences likely to ensue from the application of the Socialist doctrines were cleverly imagined, and happily hit off in the piece. As a dramatic satire, however, this species of burlesque was not, perhaps, more “advanced” in a reactionary sense, nor more wittily written—perhaps still less so—than its less renowned cotemporary, “*L’Ile de Tohu-Bohu* :” its still greater success cannot then be ascribed to its greater excess of anti-Republican spirit: it must be attributed to the curiosity excited by the production of such men as Proudhon, the Socialist, and Cremieux of the ex-Provisional Government, upon the stage, as well as to the no little indelicacy and the tinge of blasphemy which colour the opening scenes of this dramatic squib—well-known allurements to Parisian taste. It is difficult even to allude to the introduction with which the piece commences; for the elements of attraction, above hinted at, abound rather too freely in the scenes between Adam and Eve in the garden of Paradise. From the very creation of the world, however, the dispute between the Serpent, which is made to represent the revolutionary spirit, and is throughout decorated with the physiognomy of Proudhon himself, and Adam as the possessor of all the bounties of nature, is supposed to exist, and to lead to the everlasting controversy between him who possesses and him who does not—between Man, who claims what he considers his own, and the Serpent, who denies his claim—between him who is called the oppressor, and him who considers himself the oppressed—between the *propriétaire* and the *prolétaire*. The existence of this eternal struggle from the very first being established, the contest is immediately brought down to our days, and the period of the French Revolution of 1848. Adam has become Monsieur Bonnichon, the *bourgeois* and *propriétaire*; and Eve is as Madame Bonnichon, by his side, with an everlasting craving for the *fruit défendu*. Bonnichon, with a party of friends, is clamouring like the true *bourgeois de Paris* for “Reform:” the revolution breaks out; and the Serpent enters, now on his two legs, and in the dress as well as with the physiognomy of Monsieur Proudhon, to announce that instead of a reform France is blessed with a Republic: he even compels the assembled party to cry “*Vive la République!*” It has been in this scene that the anti-Republican spirit of the Parisian audiences has more particularly developed itself. The party of *bons bourgeois* on the stage do as they are told: they sing “*Vive la République!*” but it is to a dirge tune, and with every gesture of consternation and despair. At every representation, the actors have been obliged to repeat this chorus of lamentation—frequently more than once—the spectators sometimes joining in this funereal way of hailing the advent of the “glorious Republic.” The scene and epoch again change. The Republic has been established four years—the scene is in 1852: the doctrines of the Socialists, Communists, and furious Republicans have had time to take their full swing: the consequences of these innovations in society are produced upon the stage. Monsieur Bonnichon appears as the eternal victim of the progress of Socialist civilization. The “right of labour” is established by law: Monsieur Bonnichon has been carried all over Paris by a cabman, who has insisted on his “right of labour” by force: he in vain seeks repose at home: his wife has been attacked by twenty *marchandes de modes*, and obliged (not unwillingly) to order a new dress

of each : his house is invaded by upholsterers and paper-hangers, all demanding their "right" to new-furnish his apartments : a variety of other claimants for the "*droit au travail*" assail him : a dentist insists on taking out his best tooth : and, to complete his distresses, the Serpent claims his privilege to measure Madame Bonnichon for a new pair of stays. The progress of Socialist civilization has, in the next act, proceeded so far—it is the year 1853—that all traffic by means of coin is forbidden : all purchases are to be made "in kind : " and trading communication is only carried on by the exchange of objects. The scenes which ensue, are of the most ludicrous description. The embarrassments of Monsieur Bonnichon, who exchanges his boiler for some beef, and then, finding that he has no receptacle to cook his meat in, sells his beef for a boiler, and afterwards discovers that he has again only his boiler without his beef, are of the most absurd order of caricature, but full of whim and provocative of laughter ; his purchase of a patty for a stuffed crocodile, and the "small change" he receives out of this object in the shape of an old chair and a *table de nuit*, are subjects of immense fun to the Parisian audiences. Monsieur Bonnichon is finally arrested by the Serpent for claiming the purchased patty as *his own*, the use of the *possessive* pronouns being interdicted by the authority of the Socialist Republic, and *propriétaires*, or those who call themselves so, being subject to the "utmost rigour of the law." The scene of the trial, where Monsieur Bonnichon is convicted of this heinous crime, is full of witty satire against the doctrines of Proudhon. The speech of the Serpent (Proudhon) as *accusateur public* against Bonnichon, in which he denounces the use of the possessive pronouns as a "*triste aveuglement*" an "*aberration de l'égoïsme*," is the very essence of excellent caricature. The counsel on the side of Bonnichon, under the guise of Crémieux, in pretending to take his defence, only abuses him still more : and the unfortunate *ex-propriétaire* is condemned. This scene is, perhaps, that which is written in the liveliest strain, and with the best humour throughout the piece : it certainly contains some of the happiest strokes against the Utopian Republican creeds of the day, and is consequently one of those most favourably greeted by the crowded audiences of the "Vaudeville."

The progress of Socialist-republican civilization still goes on in its course. Paris becomes a heap of ruins : men hunt each other down as savages : the last *propriétaire* is at last destroyed : the Serpent remains alone in the world. An absurd and disgusting scene of the Resurrection, in which the eternal enemies, Adam and the Serpent, are made at last to shake hands, closes this extravagant dramatic production, which can scarcely be said to have had, in many respects, its parallel since the days of the "mysteries," and "miracle-plays" of the middle-ages. The analysis of this extraordinary production has been dwelt upon somewhat at length, on account of the astonishing success with which it has been received in Paris, as well as for the purpose of shewing what has been the nature of the satire against the apostles of the Republic, and thus against the Republic itself, which has been hailed with so much applause by Republican Paris. Space has thus been scarcely left for more than a brief notice of the other dramas, in which the "mirror" has been held up to the Republic : but as may well be supposed, after so great a *succès*, acquired by several of the theatres in the anti-republican reactionary sense, the others have found it in their interest not to be left behind. Of two only a slight mention will be made.

At the *Théâtre du Gymnase* a piece called an "*Apropos montagnard*," and under the title of "*A bas la famille !*" followed in the same track as its more immediate predecessors, by attacking, with severe ridicule, all the paraphernalia of the "social and democratic" republic; to say nothing of the defunct provisional government, the Assembly, and the republican governments to come: and, as a specimen of the reactionary dramatic squib, although not so successful as its cotemporaries, it met with its share of applause.

At the Ex-Palais-Royal Theatre, a *révue* of the events of the year, under the title of "*Les Lampions de la veille et les lanternes du lendemain*," took almost as much hold upon popular favour, and proved almost as severe a cut upon the Republic, as the famous "*La propriété c'est le vol !*" itself. It lavishly bestowed its jeers upon the words "liberty, equality, fraternity;" the fickleness of Paris in holding its *lampions* ready to *fêter tous régimes*, the great revolutionary principle contained in the axiom, "*ôte toi que je m'y mette*;" the Assembly, the representatives unwilling to give up their twenty-five francs a day, the increased taxation in the name of a cheap government, the trees of liberty with their withered leaves, the suppression of the Press in the name of liberty, the state of siege, the weakness of the treasury bonds, the still greater weakness of the pure damsels of the republican processions of M. Ledru-Rollin, the political banquets, the gratis representations for the instruction of the people at the *Théâtre Français*, the Communists, the Ultra-republicans—in fact, all the evils, follies, innovations, and exaggerations of the Republic since its institution, an enumeration of which alone, in mentioning the subjects attacked by this piece, would be in itself of the length of Leperello's famous list. Enough has been said, however, to shew that the "mirror" is well held up to the Republic here also, and that the face is recognized. Even the "sovereign people" appears at full length: it is announced as "*Le Roi ! Messieurs*," and enters, under the type of a young bearded fellow *en blouse*, complaining bitterly of the weariness of its own royalty, and sighing in vain for its past days, when it enjoyed its dance on the grass at the barriers with Fanchette on its arm. The "mirror" shews a sad and haggard face: but the *peuple de Paris*, the so-called "*peuple souverain*" will not, at all events *cannot*, disown it as its own real physiognomy of the day.

Nightly still is the self-castigation bestowed: nightly still, is the "mirror" held up on the Parisian stage, in order that the French Republic may therein see its own face. It would be a vain attempt to analyze the eccentricities of the Parisians, still less to argue upon them: no endeavour shall be made, then, to reason upon that extraordinary character, which, although its chief and most prominent ingredients are notoriously vanity and conceit, thus ostentatiously betrays its own weaknesses in the face of the world, and publicly holds them up to ridicule and scorn. The only deduction that the *Flâneur* would draw from the present feats of the Parisians on the stage is, that the anti-republican feeling, which notoriously existed throughout the country at large, upon the outbreak of the revolution of February, is now daily gaining more and more ground in the revolutionary and capricious capital itself, which produced that very revolution; and that the spirit of Paris, as well as of the nation in general, chafes against a form of government which has, as yet, only produced results so disadvantageous to all the interests of the country, and is fully alive to the follies and evils of

those absurd Utopian doctrines of Socialism, Communism, or Ultra-republicanism—all nearly allied to one another, however much they may now squabble among themselves—which at one time threatened to gain the upper hand, and force themselves upon the social state of France. Perhaps, at the same time, the *real* Republicans have a right to clamour against the present state of the Parisian Stage; for this mirror, held up to the face of their idol, blasts it like the head of a Medusa. In no country of Europe is the axiom which the French have made more true than in France itself—"le ridicule tue!"

Note.—Since the above was written, the Parisian stage has continued to pursue its system of flagellation of the Republic, as well as of the doctrines of its most outrageous supporters. "*La Foire aux Idées*," at the Vaudeville Theatre, attracts nightly crowds, who applaud with vehemence every allusion of a satirical kind made to the Republic: the limping march of the new régime, the unwillingness of the representatives to quit their posts, the ruined condition of the country, and the thousand republican follies of the ultras, are all subjects introduced and greeted with enthusiastic jeers. And it is not from the public of the boxes and stalls alone that comes this "reactionary" applause; it is still more from the public of the galleries—the public of the "people" of the "only true and pure republicans." General Cavaignac, on witnessing the performance of the piece, is said to have left the theatre in despair. The ultra-republican journals clamour against this "licence of the drama;" but liberty of opinion and liberty of the press were two of the blessings for which they clamoured; they ought not, then, to quarrel with their blessings, when they see them thus fructify on the stage. Even the *Théâtre Français* has produced a comedy, "*L'Amitié des Femmes*," in which the hits of an anti-republican nature are so strong, that not long ago the President of the Republic left his box, while the public *en masse* looked at each hit towards him, to see what expression he would wear. The Gymnase has given its "*Grenouilles qui demandent un roi*," and nightly excites the clamour of a band of democrats, sent for the purpose of "damning" this "vile reactionary" production. On a recent occasion, however, when the first hiss broke forth, a burley fellow in the *balcon* arose, and asked, with an air partly of surprise, partly of indignation, "Is it possible? Can there be a Republican in the theatre?" *Ex eemplo!*

SMILES AND TEARS.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

THIS life is like an April shower,
Through which at times the sun is breaking,
And Hope, the rainbow, gilds the hour,
That Care would else be overtaking:
Thus smiles and tears,
Through passing years,
Alternate joy or grief are waking!
One moment—skies are all serene,
Then soars the gladdened heart elated;
Another—shades may intervene,
And man believes his lot ill-fated:
Thus smiles and tears,
Through passing years,
Come on and off life's varied scene!
As seasons roll, so natures change,
Now buoyant, firm, or feeble-hearted;
Within the pale of Wisdom's range,
Or from the path of Virtue started:
Thus smiles and tears,
Through passing years,
Arise, and are as soon departed!

FORGIVENESS.—THE RETURN.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE wind was north-east!

Everybody knows that the wind can't help being frightfully and biting cold when it comes from that quarter, said to be the place to which all the ingenuity of man has never been able to get him an introduction. I do not see the use of it if he could, for taking a long journey when he knows at starting he will only be received in a cold and cutting manner, is folly.

The wind, then, was north-east, as near as could be guessed in the dark. If you turned your face to that quarter, you might almost feel certain it was, as the whistling sharpness seized upon all prominences with such a numbing feel that it made your profile a matter of doubt. Your face became too rigid for a smile, and the tips of your fingers painfully obtrusive: rubbing your hands was a labour in vain; to put them into your pockets is, in such cases, most advisable, as it dislodges the cold air which creeps in the most insidious manner all over you,—ay, into your very boots, notwithstanding your patent straps.

The wind was positively north-east, and worked away in the most industrious manner, to do credit to the quarter from whence it came, undoing all that a soft south-west had been doing, in a damp way, for days.

It turned the mud into hardbake, and licked up as much of the puddles as it could, and then finished off by framing and glazing them in the cheapest and most fanciful manner. The roads were as hard as the solid rock, giving a sound to every footstep, enough to startle itself! Knock! knock! knock!—hammer! hammer! hammer! went the merry soles—men, women, and children, very little children and all!

All the undertakers, living where they are never liked, could not have come up to it, even with their unaccountable multiplied knockings. It was as if the cold-hearted north-east was making a gigantic coffin, at a short-notice, to bury the summer and autumn in. Like an energetic advocate for the early closing movement, it put up its sparkling frost-work shutters over every pane; so that the wooden ones might as well have been up, for what you could see of the goods and wares in the shopkeepers' windows.

Carters and working men began to belabour themselves with both hands, in the most insane manner, after the fashion of devout disciplants. Everybody seemed to aim at unusual velocity, carrying out the delusion that they were "putting on the steam," by the volumes of smoke-like breath that rolled palpably around them. Yet everybody appeared pleased, although the tears did come into their eyes, and their respiration became alternately hot and cold.

It was certainly bracing and invigorating, sending the warm blood to the heart, and giving birth to pleasant feelings: thoughts of home and comfortable firesides, and pitiful thoughts for those without them. A north-east wind appears a cold and boisterous

visitor, yet it blows open the doors of our hearts, and the doors shelter for the poor, that only open at its bidding. Even in severity it brings charity in its hand, and, with its cold finger, points out to us our duties, too often neglected at other times. So the north-east wind is not so bad after all.

The wind commemorated in the foregoing thoughts was a frolicsome visitor of a few winters past, and, having gained its point, went the way of all winds; what particular way that is I do not pretend to know; for although we are pretty certain as to where it comes from, if there be any faith in weathercocks, where it goes is a puzzler.

Long coaches were then on the road, at their very best. I, and my companion to whom I shall have much pleasure in introducing you, had rubbed the frostiness off the window-glass of one of those conveyances, which was taking us down the road some forty miles so, and seen all that I have written about. My companion—for it was with him this tale has to do, and not with me—was a fine hale old man between seventy and eighty—so his family bible said; but he was a boy. Age had rumbled his cheek into a perfect cobweb of wrinkles, but had left the rosy colour of youth almost as bright as ever. His well-turned leg was as active, and his eye as clear, as at middle age. Time seemed to have pegged away at the tough old man, until he found it labour in vain, and then given him up in despair, to take his own time about his journey. The truth was, he could not touch his heart: when that is young, man is never old.

He was an independent man in the village where he was born, which locality we were bound. The same roof sheltered his grand hairs that had sheltered him when sleeping in his cradle. He had watched for the London coaches, bent over the same gate that he had climbed up for that purpose as a child. His life, with few exceptions, had been one of calm and sunshine, undisturbed in his cottage with the turmoil and vanity of the great world.

I used to call him uncle, from a distant relationship by marriage I did not care how distant. There is always a pleasure and a pride in deluding oneself into a relationship with the good. He, at the utmost stretch of his jocosity, called me "my lord," as I and the lord of the manor were the only two seen about in black, except indeed, the gentleman who came over for an hour and a half on Sunday mornings to preach, from some distant village. He being only a very small visitor, his coat was very little seen. My uncle, in the kindness of his heart, excused him: "Poor fellow," said he, "he has two more churches to attend to!"

We had progressed some miles on our journey, and found the cold getting more severe at every mile; consequently, upon the first stopping-page to change horses, we alighted to knock some life and feeling into our feet. At the door of the little inn, a small covered cart drew on one side to give us room. After ordering something warm, we popped into the large kitchen, invited by the roaring fire which illumined the whole place. There, around its blaze, sat some poor shuddering wretches, who, we understood, were being passed through their parishes, in the little cart which we had seen on our entrance. One more particularly interested us, from her extreme old age, which, from appearance, must have been upwards of seventy. The cold seemed to have made her insensible: her almost equally froz-

companions were attempting, by every attention, to bring back some life into the poor old creature.

"She's blind, too, poor old soul," said one rough-looking fellow, who was rubbing her bony hand between his palms, as he saw our pitying looks; "she'll never live the way down, I'm sure; it's come on so bitter, and that tilt draws the cold through us dreadful."

"Where is she going to, poor soul?" said my pitying uncle, as he drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Thirty miles on, sir," answered the man; "the village of —."

My uncle turned his eyes towards me; — the very village,—his own!

"I do not know her face," said he.

"I believe, sir, she's been a long time away in foreign parts, or somewhere: I don't know rightly," continued the man.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" muttered the kind old man; "she must not go on, it would be worse than murder. Landlady," said he, turning to the kind-hearted woman who had brought in a cup of hot tea for the poor creature, "Black Will's coach comes through here in an hour, she must go with him. I'll pay. Put her inside. He'll set her down: he's a kind-hearted fellow. Do what you can for her, there's a good soul."

As he said all this, in a hurried tone, he kept gazing upon the death-like features of the old woman, and passing from one poor shivering object to another his hot glass of brandy and water. He drew out his purse, and put some money into the hand of the landlady. "Give her what you can to do her good," continued he, "and I'll see after her to-morrow. I live where she is going to. Wrap her up, you know, and—"

"Ready, sir," says the coachman; "the other insides are in."

We bowed away. For a few minutes we did not utter a word; at last the kind old man began to rub his hands, and exclaim, "Well, getting out for so short a time as that circulates one's blood. I feel all of a glow,—as warm as a toast!" No doubt of it, but not a drop of the brandy and water had passed his lips.

"Money!" said my uncle, placing the pegs leisurely and thoughtfully in the cribbage-board, as we sat toasting our shins before the sparkling logs on his hearth, after our cozy supper, on the self-same bitter night. "Money, my dear boy, is given to us as almoners. Woe betide us if we break our trust! The reward for charity is unquestionable, is immediate; witness the glow that pervades the heart when you give to those who are in sorrow and distress. On the contrary, see the continual misery of the foolish ones, who close their hands and their hearts against the call of the needy: scraping a mountain of wealth, that they may die worth so much money, but not one blessing. They drag the worthless weight with them to the verge of the unfathomable future, and it sinks them

"Deeper and deeper still."

"If I ever feel indisposed, or out of humour,' as the world calls it (and we are all liable to megrims), I go among my fellows, and give my mite where I know it is a blessing, and rightly bestowed, which is very easy to find out in such a small community as this is. You would be astonished what excellent physic I find it. Mind, my

and the old people blessed them as they passed on their way. It was all sunshine!

"The Feast or annual fair came round, and with it a host of visitors from far and near. The rich farmer and the poor cottager kept open house: all was innocent merriment and enjoyment. My uncle, and his almost bride, Annie Leslie,—that was her name, although no one, in my remembrance, ever mentioned it before him—danced with the best, and better than anybody else, so said the village gossips.

"Among the visitors was a gay dashing young buck from London, upon a visit to some farmer relation who had driven him over to see the frolics. The cut of his boots and the tie of his cravat almost set the village beaux mad. He was young, gay, and agreeable. His eye soon fixed upon the village belle, Annie; he sought her for a partner, and danced his best. My uncle looked on without the slightest spice of jealousy, only pleased to see her acquit herself so charmingly with the London gentleman. He felt proud of her.

"The feast was past some days, when an alarming fever attacked the young lover, who begged that Annie might not, in her anxiety, be allowed to come near him. He was obeyed, and, much against her will and entreaties, she was not permitted to approach his bedside.

"To the dismay of the village it was soon discovered to be that then most dreadful scourge, the small pox. Many fled the village; Annie, among the number, was forced away by her terror-stricken guardian.

"Dreary and painful weeks passed over, and his life was spared, but his features were much altered, though not disfigured. He hardly knew himself as he gazed for the first time in the glass upon his changed features. He would not see his betrothed until, by change of air, he had removed all fear of contagion. So that three months elapsed, from the feast week, before he stood in the road of the village, looking out for Annie's return.

"She came, she welcomed him with tears, but there was a strange chill in her manner that penetrated to his heart. Too soon the busy tongue of rumour whispered the fatal truth. The London spark, who was staying close in the vicinity of her friends, to whom she had gone upon her lover's illness, had been constantly seeking her society and her regards.

"The noble and upright heart of my uncle shuddered. He sought her, and found that the gay manners and engaging air of the more polished lover had estranged her affections. Like a martyr he sacrificed himself for her happiness, or what she considered as such—he bade her be free. He felt that she turned from his altered features with little less than disgust, and it was only his former self that she had supposed she loved.

"She left the village, as everybody knew, to be married to another: no blessings followed her—for all knew too well that she had spurned a true and affectionate heart. He never loved woman again. His yearning heart still sought to know her fate, and after-years were often saddened by the knowledge that she had placed her fortunes in a rotten vessel, and that she was unhappy in her choice.

"More than fifty years had passed away, and he had not forgotten her."

The pecking of the social robin at my casement awoke me early the next morning, soon seconded by the cheerful voice of the old man, exclaiming—

"Come, come, my lord! none of your London ways, up and stirring, the toasted cake and eggs are crying 'come, eat me!' You must be rapid in your movements, for I intend you to be my assistant this morning. It is my turn, I find, to see the coals given to the poor to-day, at the Crown stables—come, here 's your hot water and your boots," with that he popped them into the room and bustled away, humming with a merry chirping tone some old-fashioned ditty, of which he had stores, about

" 'Tis sweet in the morn,
When sounds the horn,
And bucks a-hunting go ;
For all my fancy
Dwells with my Nancy,
For she can cry, Tally ho! ho! ho! "

We breakfasted like princes, and then bustled across the road to the "Crown" stables, where we found men, women, and children assembled, with wheelbarrows, baskets, bags, in fact anything that would hold anything, waiting for the charitable largess of coals, provided for them by the richer classes, so that they might not suffer during the inclement season. "Half a loaf and a whole fire is better than a whole loaf and no fire," said my uncle.

He had a thousand kind greetings from them all. I could not help smiling, as I placed down their names and families, at the severe look with which he whispered me that "we must be very particular, and not give an ounce more than the rules allowed." God bless the old man! he was continually popping some round-coal into somebody's basket over and above the allowance; and the little muffled-up urchins were clustering around him in the most perplexing manner, interfering sadly with his dignity. Children are the best judges in the world. They believed in him, and well they might; he felt with them.

Opposite to his cottage there was a roughly fenced-in slip of an orchard, which had been a continual annoyance to him. Boys will rob orchards. Apples, it is well known, are gifted with a tremendous power of seduction. There is a positive wickedness about the tree; it throws its arms over its boundary wall or fence, right in the faces of passers-by, waving a load of golden temptation to their parched mouths quite irresistible. That orchard was not to be borne; it was the cause of more family squabbles, juvenile thrashings, and heart-burnings, than all the rest of properly walled-in, respectable orchards in the kingdom. The surly proprietor, however, wanted a small angle of ground belonging to my uncle, to enlarge his stable. For once my uncle *finessed*; nothing but that straggling bit of cankered orchard would he take in exchange, and he got it. Happy day for the children; for he took down the board of penalties, nearly obliterated by revengeful throws from juvenile depredators, and with much humour replaced it with one of more amiable temper. On it was written—"Don't steal. Ask over the way."

From that day puddings had more apples in them. That orchard became a valuable Mentor to infants; for my uncle took care that all deserving children should look forward to it as a positive reward of good behaviour in all instances, and a garden of Eden, from which all delinquents were excluded. It at last was only known as "the children's orchard."

We had just finished off our last claimant, when a boy came up to my uncle, saying that "Master Dover, the clerk of the parish, wished to speak with him," who, being very old, had sent a fleet messenger, "and that he was now waiting at my uncle's door."

"We soon reached the snow-covered porch, where stood the old man, who was parish-clerk, beadle, wheelwright,—in fact, a factotum. He was an old and respected friend of my uncle's. As we approached I saw that the old man wore a puzzled look and fidgety manner. He shook hands cordially with us, and entered the house.

"Well, Master Dover, what's the world's wonder that has brought you down so early this morning?" exclaimed my uncle, placing a chair for his visitor, and opening his little three-cornered cupboard, where he kept his unrivalled home-made wines, and producing a bottle and glasses.

"Why, my dear sir, I be rather puzzled, but they made me come about that poor creature you were so kind to last night, as old Black Will brought down. He wouldn't leave her anywhere, except at his cousin's, down at 'The Plough;' where, of course, she's been well-looked after. But, we want to know what to do, as we looks up to you, you know, and—" Here the old man rubbed his hair down on his forehead, and turned his eyes with an embarrassed look towards me, as if claiming my assistance in some way. I felt puzzled.

"Poor soul, poor soul!" replied my uncle, as he poured out the wine; "we must see about her, and find out who she is; and her right of settlement, and all that; but I'll pop down myself, and talk to them at The Plough."

"The overseer has been down, and—and he thought, as I was one of your oldest friends, I had better to come down and talk a bit about it!" continued the old man, twitching and shuffling about in his seat, in the most extraordinary manner.

"Oh! right, very right! Here is your health, and as many more years as you wish yourself!" said my uncle, as he finished his glass, and looked upon his old cotemporary with a benevolent smile.

As my uncle turned to the cupboard to look for a piece of cake, the old clerk motioned to me with a piteous look, holding up his hands and shaking his head towards my uncle, who, placing the looked-for cake upon the table, took his seat, and said: "Pray, Master Dover, who is the poor blind soul?"

"Ah, master, that be it: I ain't got courage to out with it; my heart gets in my throat! I wish they'd a sent any soul else but me. But, dang it! I be an old fool!" Here he wiped, with the sleeve of his coat, the positive perspiration from his brow, cold as the day was. "Dang the thing! it must out, my dear old friend. That poor soul that you saved last night from death—after fifty years' absence—is—your Annie Leslie!"

I started towards my uncle, for I thought he would have fallen

from his chair! A sudden paleness overspread his face, and his hands turned death-like, as he clasped them convulsively before him. His old playfellow and friend looked upon him, in his violent shock, with the tears coursing each other down his rugged cheeks.

"To think," said old master Dover, "that she, sirs, whom I remember young, happy, and well to do, should have come to this! It's now gone fifty year, and more, sin my dame went to school with her. She's down along with her now, sir. A bad husband she got when she chose to have that rakey ne'er-do-well! Ah, poor de soul! after fifty years, to come back a pauper to her parish! blind too!—"

"Dover! Dover!" said my uncle, in a hurried and hysterical manner, rising suddenly, with an effort, from his chair. "No, no, no no! Annie Leslie—for to me she will always be Annie Leslie—has not returned to the parish a pauper! No, no, no! poor Annie is not come to the parish! Annie Leslie has returned to me!"

We were soon hurrying along the pretty lane leading to the church, where dwelt many of my uncle's tenants. Here an old couple were quickly arranged with to receive the stricken wanderer and to afford her every comfort. The parish clerk was working like a horse, although surrounded by willing hands, between my uncle's house and the asylum for poor Annie, all the day, carrying everything for her comfort that could be thought of. Late in the day, she was installed in her new habitation, under my superintendance; for my uncle dared not venture within sight of the place.

What must have been the feelings of that poor afflicted creature when she found that the rejected of her youth was the shield and comforter of her age!

The sweet bells pealed out from the modest spire, and the sun shone upon the next morning, which was Sunday. My uncle took my arm to proceed to church, but not by his accustomed path. He took his course up the village; for the old route lay by the door of the cottage where Annie Leslie was sheltered.

"My dear boy," said he to me, "the imperfect light of last night and my failing sight, have left no impression of the appearance, thank God! of Annie Leslie. I am too old, now, to tear from my imagination the picture that it has long held. I wish, for the few remaining years of my life, that it should not be destroyed by the sad reality. Therefore, I never pass that way to church again. She is cast from a sea of trouble at my feet, and I am spared to save her! What more could I ask? The rejoicing that is in my heart is indefinable."

His friends, as they stood clustered round the porch to greet him, uttered not one word of the returned one; but every hand was held out for a grasp; no one would be denied. That morning, few eyes could be turned from that venerable old man; thoughts of him mingled with every prayer. His heart was at peace, for he had forgiven!

PARA ; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. B. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the sunshine of the torrid zone.—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure for Cajueiro.—Character of my Companion.—Influence of the Imagination.—Scenery of the Stream by Starlight.—A beautiful Arbour.—A Tapir.—An humble Meal.—Death of an Imperial Boat-bill.—Anecdote of an Alligator.—Account of the Boat-bills.—Arrival at Cajueiro.

LONG before the sun had tinged with light the dew-drops of the forest, we had left Jungcal, and were paddling by the pale light of the stars up the arboured and intricate windings of the stream.

We were alone, and almost perfect strangers to each other. My companion was a young man, possessed of an ardent love for nature and her infinitude of wonderful works, who had left his native country a year or two previous, in order that he might make himself acquainted with the different birds and animals which are peculiar to the vast and luxuriant forests of Brazil.

He was of a poetical temperament, and was wont to look at everything with the eye of an enthusiast. He had, moreover, assiduously cultivated the finer sentiments with which nature had gifted him, and was well aware of the exquisite delights which spring from a refined fancy and well-regulated imagination. Any one of a reflecting disposition must see that nothing is so apt to pervert the judgment, reduce the standard of appreciation, and result in grovelling materialism, as a total neglect in early life of these nobler faculties of the mind: hence the necessity and importance of their careful cultivation.

Our young Englishman, as I have said, was aware of this fact, and had educated himself accordingly. The result of such a course of intellectual training was palpably manifest in his character, which was rather of a romantic turn, and inclined to perceive beauty in all the works of nature, and to regard even the evils and sorrows of life as but passing clouds, which cast their dark shadows before only that they may intensify the coming sunshine.

To a mind constituted like this, how beautiful does this world appear—how magnificent—how grand—how like an earthly paradise! Objects are not viewed according to their proportionate size or value, but everything is regarded as inestimable, because it is the result of a consummate skill which defies imitation—the proof of an infinite wisdom, too deep to be fathomed or comprehended by the utmost stretch of the human understanding.

Such was my companion, who was now journeying with me up the streamlet towards Cajueiro.

Who could avoid being impressed with emotions of the solemn and sublime, at such a time and on such an occasion? Stillness, equal to that of the sepulchre, brooded over the enchanting scene, abruptly broken at intervals by the hootings of owls, or the voices of other

nocturnal birds. Now the grassy table-land would extend away for miles to our left, gemmed here and there with solitary trees, shaking their branches mournfully, and looking like spectres in the mystic starlight. On the other side, a gloomy yet splendid wilderness ran along the margin of the stream, flinging its tall shadows across the water, and adding grandeur to the imposing landscape. As we advanced the brook gradually narrowed, and became more and more crooked and serpentine in its course; until, finally, the thick clustering foliage met in a prolonged arch of verdure over our heads.

While winding through this natural labyrinth the sun emerged from his oriental couch, and besprinkled us with a shower of luminous beams, which, falling suddenly through the interstices of the leaves, seemed like the spirits of so many diamonds. A more divine spectacle of beauty never was beheld. The most gorgeous creations of the poet's imagination, if realised, could not surpass in magnificence this sun-lighted arbour, with its roses and flowers of varied hues, all set like stars in a canopy of green. Sprightly humming-birds flitted before us, sparkling like jewels for a moment, then vanishing away from our sight for ever. Butterflies with immense wings, and moths of gay and striking colours, flew also from flower to flower, seeming like appropriate inhabitants of this little paradise. But the indefatigable mosquitoes, who were continually pouncing upon the unprotected flesh of our faces and hands, as well as the mailed caymans, who now and then plunged under our canoe with a terrific snort, kept up a vivid conviction in our minds of our own mortality.

As we were moving through a wider passage of the stream, a sudden noise in the bushes on our left arrested our attention; in a moment after we perceived a large animal running along the banks of the stream, as expeditiously as he was able. We immediately raised our guns simultaneously to our shoulders, and fired. Although we evidently gave the creature the full contents of our guns, yet it was without producing any other visible effect than of causing him to give a boisterous snort, and then dart away furiously into the heart of the thicket.

"Pray, what kind of an animal was it?" I eagerly inquired of my companion; "to me, it looked very much like a young rhinoceros."

"It was," said he, "an animal which the natives call an 'anta,' but which is better known to naturalists as the tapir. Some persons consider them amphibious, but I do not think such is the case; they frequent the water merely for the purpose of bathing, and of escaping from their pursuers. Being of a timid nature, they are seldom seen except in wild and lonely places. Their hide is extremely tough, and hangs rather loosely about them. It was this probably, and the colour of the skin, which caused you to think that the animal bore some resemblance to the rhinoceros. The tapir is particularly remarkable for an extraordinary elongation of its nose, which looks somewhat like the proboscis of an elephant on a small scale. The neck, also, is supplied with a bristling mane, about six inches in length. These animals are frequently captured by the natives, and are easily domesticated: their flesh is, I believe, esteemed edible."

We had now sailed at least seven miles since leaving Jungcal, although, in a direct line, we were not half this distance off, so very rtuous was the course of the stream. Being a little fatigued with

our constant use of the paddles, and, moreover, quite "sharp-set" in our appetites, we guided our canoe beneath the shelter of an overhanging tree, where we remained for a few moments discussing the merits of our morning meal. "But, of what did it consist?" methinks I hear the curious reader exclaim; simply, then, if we *must* tell you, of pieces of dried beef and farinha, mixed together in a small bag. Taking in our paddles, we used the round part of them as plates, pouring a quantity of the mixture upon them, and conveying it to our mouths, after the manner of the Turks, with our fingers.

Humble as this meal was, those who have never been placed under similar circumstances can have no idea how we enjoyed it. In lieu of champagne or dark red port, we dipped up the pure water of the stream with our calabashes, and drank it with as much pleasure as if it had been the nectar of the gods.

"What an odd-looking bird that is!" I exclaimed, at the same time pointing out to my companion a queer kind of a bird seated on a dry branch on the opposite side of the stream, apparently watching for fish.

"That," replied he, "is an imperial boat-bill, a rare and valuable bird. But let me shoot him first," said he, "and I will give you a further account of him in an obituary."

Having said this he took up his gun, and in a moment the bird was floating lifeless down the stream. Putting our canoe in motion we soon overtook it, and picked it up from the water. Instantly the snort of a disappointed alligator, only a couple of rods from our canoe, told us of the risk we had run of losing our feathered prize.

"These alligators," said my companion, "are hungry fellows, and remarkably sharp-sighted. Not many weeks since, as I was taking a hunting trip one morning down the stream from Cajueiro, I shot a snow-white egret, which fell into the water within several rods of my canoe. My dog, who was in the boat, plunged instantly into the stream, and began to swim with great rapidity towards the floating bird. I kept my eyes on him with intense anxiety, fearing lest he might be seen by some one of the ferocious monsters of the stream. My apprehensions were but too well founded. No sooner had the dog reached the bird than the wide jaws of an alligator, more than fifteen feet in length, appeared above the surface, and, with a suppressed but awful howl, the dog and bird sunk to rise no more. For a moment the water around was crimsoned with blood, but the rapid current soon erased all traces of the catastrophe."

We now turned our attention to the bird which had been just killed; it was a fine specimen of the *Cancroma cochlearia* (imperial boat-bill), being in perfect plumage. It was of a light lead-colour and silvery-grey; its breast was of rufous-brown, and its head was furnished with a crest of dark feathers, not less than six inches in length. This beautiful crest gave quite a regal appearance to this singular and interesting bird.

"The boat-bills," said my companion, "derive their generic name from the form of their bill, being similar to that of a boat with the keel turned upwards. Their plumage varies with their age; hence some have supposed that there are several species, but I am inclined to think that there is only one, which is an inhabitant of Brazil. They are always found near the banks of streams, and live principally on

fish. The female is duller in plumage than the male, and is without the distinguishing crest of the latter."

Thus we proceeded on, without meeting with any further incidents of a surprising nature, although scenes of novelty and beauty were constantly presenting themselves to our delighted eyes. At last we perceived the thatched cottages of Cajueiro through the openings of the trees on our right: but here the stream made a bold curve, winding away in a bold curve to the right.

Arriving at the wharf, we were met by several of the kind-hearted natives, who gave us a cordial welcome, and escorted us up to the dwelling which was set apart for our occupation.

There was an excellent cook at Cajueiro: in a short time she had prepared our dinner, which consisted of fresh fish and roast beef, rice and tapioca.

After this meal we swung our hammocks, lighted our "cachimbos," and sought recovery from our fatigue and weariness under the soothing influence of a noon-day siesta.

CHAPTER XV.

Location of Cajueiro.—The Scenery.—Our Habitation.—Infested by Bats.—Conversation concerning these Animals.—Injustice done them.—A Trip before Breakfast.—Adventure with a Tiger Bittern.—Jacanas.—"Salted Ducks."—Method of preserving Milk.

THE dwellings at Cajueiro (which were not more than six or eight in number) were located on a sandy knoll, commanding a fine view of the country in every direction. Away off to the right and in front, the grass-tufted table-land or prairie extended, undulating in the soft breeze like an ocean of verdure. Here and there were groups of wild cattle grazing at a distance, and numbers of untamed horses prancing buoyantly over the vast meadow, their dark manes flowing like pirate banners, and their long tails streaming gracefully in the wind. Opposite the stream on our left was a beautiful grove, situated on a mound, somewhat higher than that which the cottages occupied. At a distance from this, stood a solitary group of half a dozen palms, garnishing the margin of the stream, and waving their delicate branches to and fro, when not a breath seemed to agitate the air. The effect of this little nest-like grove upon the general beauty of the landscape, was such as the poetical reader may imagine, but which the humble pen of the writer cannot describe. For hours together have I gazed and meditated upon it, while swinging leisurely in my hammock, until at last its perfection of form and colouring became so deeply impressed upon my memory, that I carried it about constantly with me, as a lover does the mental picture of his mistress. Yes, indulgent reader, shocking as it may sound to your sensitive ears, and painful as is the confession, it must be acknowledged that the writer was really in love with this pretty grovelet; doubtless you will think this very strange, and perhaps surmise that certain meetings by moonlight may have engendered this extraordinary affection for a mere collection of handsome trees. Most wicked insinuation!—most impotent conclusion!—for know, oh sceptic!—that there was not a single damsel at Cajueiro!

Our habitation was but a mere hut, and looked as much like a

common haystack as anything else. It had two apartments, one of which was appropriated by my English companion, the other by myself. By its side was a smaller hut, which served as a kitchen to our establishment, being under the sole dominion of our highly esteemed and rarely accomplished cook.

We were comparatively little annoyed by insects at this place. Bats, however, were exceedingly numerous, and for a time were regular disturbers of my repose. Sometimes a dozen or more would amuse themselves for the greater part of the night in flying round my chamber, chattering and squeaking in their peculiar manner, something like a bevy of cat-startled mice. "Were you ever bitten by these creatures?" I anxiously inquired of my companion, on a certain occasion when a large party of them were having a "noctes" in my apartment.

"No," said he, "I have never been bitten myself, but the natives here are often phlebotomized by them. The cattle too are frequently attacked, and I have sometimes seen them with their sides striped with blood, running down from the wounds inflicted by these merciless Sangrados."

"Strange stories abound in the journals of travellers, concerning the blood-sucking propensity of these animals. Pray, did you ever bear a well authenticated case of a person's having been bled to death by them?"

"No," said he; "most of these accounts of the depredations of bats are not only exaggerated, but are in many cases entirely without foundation. As far as my own experience is worth anything, I never saw a person in all my wanderings who had sustained any serious injury from their bites. I have no fear of them whatever, but on the contrary, look upon them generally as harmless animals."

"The ancients, you are aware, regarded the bats almost in the light of winged demons; they believed their bite to be fatal, and had many superstitious notions respecting their diabolical powers. The poets, also, from the time of Homer, have made use of them in heightening the effect of their supernatural relations, making them figure conspicuously with ghosts and evil spirits, in all their imaginary descriptions of the infernal regions."

"All you have said is very true," responded my fellow house-keeper; "and it is the association with such fabulous tales of the ancient poets, which has given to the modern bats more than half their horrors; poor creatures!—they never have had justice done them. Indeed, I do not think they are as much to be dreaded as the mosquitoes, notwithstanding that fearful, but absurd trope, of their inflicting a venomous bite, and then fanning the flesh of their unconscious victim with their wings, in order to lull him into a more profound repose, while they are drawing from him his life's blood."

"This is a richly poetical figure," I exclaimed, "and I have no doubt has contributed not a little toward keeping alive the ill-founded prejudice which exists against these unfortunate animals. I perceive that they have been hugely misrepresented. Henceforth I volunteer myself as their champion, and am ready to espouse their cause. Knight of the bats! a goodly sounding title for the jousts, methinks."

"A capital idea," responded my companion with a laugh; "the bats will always look upon you as their benefactor. Champion of

the bats!—Ha! ha! ha! But, to speak seriously, it is not so very singular after all, that the bats should have been made the victims of superstition. Their appearance certainly is decidedly against them. Nothing could be more demoniacal than their ugly countenances! Then what enormous ears they have,—what capacious mouths, and needle-pointed teeth. Besides their horrid aspect, their habits tend also to influence the superstition of the ignorant. They are never seen flying about in the broad daylight, but only in the gloaming of eve, or when the stars illumine the darkness of night. They dwell too in old ruins, or in the hollow of decayed trees; in fact, every thing connected with them is of a character, both to excite one's imagination, and to increase his credulity."

"On what kind of food do the bats principally subsist?" I then asked.

"They live chiefly," said he, "on insects, and this is the true reason why the mosquitoes are not so abundant here as at Jungcal. They are not very particular, however, in their feeding," continued he, "and will eat animal substances in any state, or of any kind, whenever it falls in their way."

"Do you know how many different species of these animals are now known to naturalists?" I inquired.

"I think the number is not far from one hundred and fifty," he replied; "they have been found in almost all parts of the world, but are the most numerous in the Torrid Zone. I have seen flocks of them so dense, hovering in the evening over the swampy meadows of the Guianas, that the effect was almost similar to that of a dark cloud floating near the surface of the earth. In some of the islands of the South Seas the natives do not scruple to eat them, and even on the island of Bourbon, the French are said to make a kind of soup of them, which is there considered quite delectable."

"The deuce they do," I vociferated; "upon my word, I would as soon be willing to masticate a Frenchman as one of these hideous animals. The French are a nation of gentlemen, but a sad set of epicures. Of what size was the largest bat you ever saw?"

"I have never seen one myself above two feet in breadth across the wings," said he; "but in some of the British museums I believe specimens are to be seen of more than double this size; the largest species is found in Egypt, along the banks of the Nile. Its body is a foot in length, and the extent of its wings nearly five feet. What a horrid-looking ogre it must be!"

"Yes, and if he don't give me the nightmare before morning," I exclaimed, "then I shall drink his health at breakfast with a cup of coffee. Good night, my friend. *Dormimus.*"

At sunrise we were both out of our hammocks, inhaling the fresh breeze of a new-born day. Wishing to take some exercise previous to making my morning's repast, I left the Englishman at the house, while I made a short trip down the streamlet. The sun shone brightly, and thousands of gay-coloured birds were chattering loudly among the trees, as my light canoe moved swan-like down the rapid current. The width of the stream was here from six to twelve feet, and for more than a mile it was like sailing through an extended harbour.

Having sailed for about a mile and a half down the stream, I came

to a low section of land, which was completely overflowed by water. On one side was a noble grove, growing as it were in a lake, and entirely free from underbush and creeping vines. On the other, the table land, with a few trees grouped along the margin of the stream, was all that was visible. It was a lonely scene, solemn and beautiful, even in its wildness and desolation.

Casting my eyes in all directions, I perceived a singular-looking object, apparently drawn into as small a compass as possible, perched upon a huge log which was lying motionless in the water. Putting my gun up deliberately to my shoulder, the startled and slumbering echoes of this solitude shrieked out the death-knell of the bird. I saw at once that it was a fine specimen of the Tiger Bittern, as soon as he fell off the log and lay floundering about in the water. But how to get at him was a question yet to be decided. On account of the bushes and trees which ran along the bank of this side of the stream, it was evident that it would be impossible for me to force the canoe to the spot where the bird then lay. For a moment I was uncertain what course to pursue, but stood still, ruminating upon the possibility of my being eaten by alligators, or struck senseless by electrical eels, should I venture out of the canoe. At last my resolution was made, and I jumped into the water, making a heavy splashing with my hands, in order to intimidate any caymans who might be prowling near. Seizing the bird, I made my way back to the boat with astonishing dispatch. Not five minutes had elapsed, before my eyes fell upon a large alligator, swimming about in the vicinity of the fallen tree. I fired both barrels of my gun at him, almost simultaneously, and with a terrific snort he vanished beneath the surface. For some time afterwards I felt inspired with a new and delightful sense of existence; the boon of life was intensified four-fold, and I thought of it abstractedly as a blessing, which cannot be over-estimated or appreciated.

Returning to Cajueiro, I shot on the way several Spur-wing water hens, or Jacanas. These birds are peculiar in having the shoulders of their wings armed with a sharp spur, of about half an inch in length, with which it is said they defend themselves against the attacks of larger and more powerful birds. The body of the Jacana is smaller than that of the robin, but its legs are of great length, and furnished with wide spreading toes, shewing obviously that it was intended for wading and seeking its food in marshy place. The colours of its plumage are black and chestnut brown, while the under surface of its wings are of a light azure, which glistens with fine effect when the bird is in flight. On the top of its head is a membranous flap of half an inch in height, and nearly as much in breadth. There is another also on each side of its head, which completely conceal the base of the bill. These birds are seldom if ever seen in flocks, but generally wander in pairs along the banks of solitary streams, on low meadows which have been partially overflowed with water. They are very shy, and when disturbed rise with a crackling whir-r-r from the high grass, and fly for twenty or thirty rods, when they sink down again into another hiding place. In flight they present a pretty spectacle, with their long slender legs thrown out behind, and the exquisite blue of their wings shining brightly in the sunlight. When separated by accident, they call upon each other with a loud and

shrill cry. Arriving some time at Cajueiro, I was met at the wharf by the Englishman, who had been delaying breakfast nearly an hour in expectation of my return.

"You have taken quite a long trip," said he, "on an empty stomach. I hope you have a good appetite, for I intend to give you a feast of salted ducks for your breakfast."

"Salted ducks!" said I, in amazement: "really I was not aware that birds were ever salted. However, I have no doubt that I shall like them, anything would be agreeable to my palate just now, for I'm as hungry as a cannibal."

So saying, we walked up to the house. A nice little table was set out under the verandah, teeming with a sumptuous variety of edibles, among which my eyes fell directly upon the platter of salted ducks, which was exhaling a cloud of savoury smoke from the centre of the table. My first taste was sufficient to convince me that it was delicious, and eminently superior in flavour to anything I had hitherto eaten on the island. Besides, it was admirably cooked, and the ducks were swimming in a lakelet of rich and luxurious gravy.

"What put it in your head to salt these ducks?" I inquired of my companion; "verily it was an original idea, as well as an invaluable discovery; without exaggeration they are the nicest things I have eaten in Brazil."

"Economy," said he, "gave me the first suggestion. During the prevalence of the dry season, the campos become dry and parched for want of rain, and the ducks are obliged to resort to the streams for food. So extremely warm is the water at this time, that it loosens the wing-feathers of the ducks and causes them to fall out. They are thus incapacitated for flight, and for weeks are necessitated to live entirely upon the land. The natives then hunt them with dogs, and sometimes capture several hundreds in the course of a day. Not being able to make use of one-tenth part of the number brought in, we salt them down for the rainy season, when food is comparatively difficult to be procured. We sometimes send boxes of them to persons in the city, who consider them a rare delicacy. As beef is the only solid meat we have, these we find very nice as a change."

"What kind of ducks are chiefly found on the island?" I asked.

"The Maraca ducks," said he, "are by far the most abundant, and these are the only kind which we salt down. I have seen them rising from the campos in flocks of many thousands."

In addition to excellent beef and abundance of salted ducks, we had plenty of fresh milk at Cajueiro, which is the more worthy of mention from the fact that we had hardly seen it elsewhere. In the city, no one ever pretends to use milk in their coffee, and the little which is used for other purposes is derived mainly from goats. The manner in which the milk was procured deserves perhaps a moment's notice. The natives having driven a herd of wild cattle into one of the pens, a number of the calves are caught and firmly secured by ropes. The cattle are then permitted to leave the pen, but the mothers of the calves always remain behind, only leaving them to graze on the nearest grass. Returning with their pouches well filled with milk to feed their offspring, the natives take from them a portion of the white fluid, leaving sufficient, however, for the maintenance of the calves.

THE DYER AND THE DOMINICAN.

A LEGEND OF AIX.

PART II.

HAD ye asked the brave Sun, on the feast of St. Flam,
 If his honour were well, he 'd have answer'd "I am;"
 For he rose from bed early, refreshed and serene,
 To perform a warm part in the wonderful scene.
 All the world seemed alive, and prepared for display,
 Being out for the day,
 Save mine host of the tavern, who loved to be in—
 For the tin.
 Deacons, nuns, friars, curés, and bishops, moreover,
 Issued forth from their clover,
 To welcome the faithful that thronged to receive
 All the goods the Pope promised to such as believe.
 Now the Pontiff had issued a pastoral letter,
 Recommending mankind, rich and poor, to live better;
 And according the "just" that in Aix should appear,
 This particular day,
 Absolution in full for the following year:
 That 's to say,
 By the way,
 That his long-headed Holiness meant by the "just,"
 Such as had wherewithal to come down with the dust.
 Ready cash! for the Church never took upon trust.
 Furthermore, certain wonderful relics were sent
 For the eyes of the flock!—thus the catalogue went:—
 "The bless'd motto which Constantine saw from his tent;"
 "Rusty cork-screw of holy St. Bibo and flagon;"
 "An idea of St. George, and some breath of the Dragon;"
 "The original score of St. Vitus's dance,"
 "With the skull of a rational being from France,"
 "All the bumps of the which were especially strong;
 "Certain tears St. Flam shed, when he did something wrong,
 "In the days of hot youth; and a Chinaman's gong;"
 "Bottled groans, duty paid, from the bottomless pit,"
 "With the government stamp: St. Cecilia's Kit."
 All attested in form by his Holiness' name,
 With the fisherman's seal duly fixed to the same.

Such a rich bill of fare was assured of success;
 Hosts of worshippers thronged into Aix to confess.
 Old and young, rich and poor—e'en the cripples came in
 To propitiate Flam, and be cleansed from all sin.
 Here, a wretch (that the Saint might dispense with the fees)
 Had crawl'd in from afar on his hands and his knees;
 There a pious Tom Noddy,
 For his soul's better health, was abusing his body;
 With a flail that he flourished on high in the wind,
 Did he bully that region located behind.

One disciple, half mad, *sans* a coat to his back,
 With his nails made a scratching, continued attack
 On the flesh—'Twas supposed he'd an "itch" for the Saint,
 Who was bound on his part to examine complaint.
 Such a flock, 'twas reported, had never appeared
 Heretofore, in the city of Aix, to be sheared.

When the Dyer returned to renew the attack,
 Brother Peter was looking decidedly black,
 From the white of his eye—

All the white that remained to the Priest, by the by—
 Moritz clearly observed *sans* a chance of mistake,
 That the churchman already was up and awake.

"*Pax vobiscum !*" quoth Stern ; " It were idle to ask
 How ye slept in the cask—

A divine so upright

Must have passed a good night ;

Yet the Sun waxes warm, we are something too late,
 It behoves us, my son, to prepare for the *fête*."

Quoth the Priest, " better far to remain in the firkin,
 Than emerge in this villanous pickled jer—jerkin.

By our friendship of old, let me linger below—
 Though, mayhap, still a man, yet I feel like a crow :
 Not an angel could yield me a clean bill of health."

Mutter'd Stern

In return,

" Why, thou lov'st to do good, Brother Peter, by *stealth* ;
 'Tis a virtue, my friend, how I honour the same !

Be it mine to go forth and to trumpet thy fame."

Thereupon Moritz stooped, and withdrew from the wood

Certain bungs at the base, whence a cochineal flood

Issued forth in a stream, 'twixt the pastoral legs,

To a cauldron beneath, until drained to the dregs.

Then the Dyer roared out, " What, Confessor ! a-hoy !

We will teach the idea how to shoot, my good boy.

Stand at ease !" and before Brother Peter could turn,

Or conceive the design, down he went by the stern,

Cask and all trundled on, though the Priest shot a-head

From his cochineal bed.

Quoth the Dyer, " No doubt

Thou dost know the way out."

But the pastor fell prone,

And besought of good Moritz to leave him alone ;

Yet, observing his foe to be firm and resolved,

Certain Aves and Paters, poor Peter evolved,

Cross'd his arms on his chest,

And invoked the Madonna with infinite zest,

Promised candles and paint, for her personal purity ;

But the Lady, 'twould seem, didn't like the security.

Quoth the Dyer, " 'Tis strange that a churchman so bold

In his faith, should thus suddenly blow hot and cold ;

Ye are loth to go out, and disliked to come in ;

In another than Peter 'twould savour of sin.

There 's a time for all things ; for the soul there is prayer,

For the body—fresh air ;

And bethink thee, thy flock will be bleating in vain,

E'en the holy St. Flam will have cause to complain.

Though a blackguard, indeed, there is still the Gold Coast

For instructing the heathen before they be lost.

Right about ! double quick !" and away through the shades

Went the Priest, Dyer, sword, altogether three blades.

Pricking on without pause, for the Dyer was fleet,
 They emerged, to the pastor's dismay, in the street.

What a shriek rent the air ! On their way back from mass,
 Certain maidens ill fate had appointed to pass ;
 Right and left, up and down,
 Rushed the fair devotees through the wondering town ;
 Not a few fell supine in their horror-wing'd flight,
 All forgetful of Flam, and their dresses of white ;
 But the priest, follow'd up by the Dyer, pass'd on
 Like a whirlwind—as soon as he came, was he gone.

Where to fly was the point, for the Dyer's assault
 Put the thought of a halt
 —Out of question ; poor Peter was clearly at fault ;
 Yet with rare penetration, rejecting the high-ways,
 He selected the lanes, and the courts, and the by-ways.
 But the star of the Monk was at last on the wane,
 For, i' faith, at the end of a long narrow lane,
 He emerged on the market, and stopped by an ass—
 Which standing, alas !
 Just across the defile, took a spring, but his legs
 Caught a basket, of what became, newly *laid* eggs.
 Over went the divine, up and off, by St. Jago !
 Moritz gained an ally, in an awful virago,
 Who, volcano-like, vomiting wrath, as she ran,
 Swore the *villain* should pay, whether devil or man.
 By the poker ! she gains on the Priest ; make a push,
 Or, i' faith, the beldame will be in for the brush.
 But “ a length ” supervenes ; now the vendors of fruit,
 And the fishwomen, join in the fervid pursuit ;
 While a volley of curses, that rise on the wind,
 Well admonish the Priest of the bloodhounds behind.

'Tis noon ! the faithful kneel, a mighty mass ;
 The golden Sun salutes each sculptured bier,
 Lending his glory to the stained glass,
 Whereon dim knights and pictured saints appear ;
 Grim effigies of flesh, long gone to grass,
 With hands upraised, do seem to lend an ear
 Devout. The organ thunders to the skies,
 Or in a solemn, soft cadenza dies.

Cluster'd around the altar in array,
 A hundred tapers, of prodigious height,
 Burn pale and lurid in the face of day ;
 To true believers an impressive sight.
 A sort of “ Will o' th' Wisp,” some authors say,
 To tempt to Rome, your errant Puseyite.
 The Pope, it seems, to catch such rats as these,
 With “ candle ” baits his trap, in lieu of “ cheese.”

Devoted cits, with tapers, head the throng,
 As if condemn'd to penance. A long file
 Of boys, in surplices, a shade too long,
 Precede a corps of maidens veiled ; meanwhile,
 In rich brocaded copes, the lords of song
 Discharge their anthems through the mighty pile,
 And, winking at the damsels as they sing,
 Conceive they do a wondrous clever thing.

Next, acolytes throw incense to the sky :
 Anon the priests, in chasubles, implore
 A blessing on the sheep attendant by ;
 'Tis all the faithful get, and nothing more.

A stalwart yeoman bears the cross on high,
 In velvet clad, and lace that smacks of yore ;
 The which rich mantle lets, through divers stitches,
 Bless'd daylight, to a pair of leather breeches.

Thus marshall'd on to every holy shrine,
 The vast procession winds its lengthy way ;
 Each saint receives occipital incline,
 Each *niche* unconscious of the solar ray—
 Its waxen tribute ;—choicest shrubs combine
 To lend unwonted cheerfulness to day ;
 While evergreens through crumbling arches steal,
 And bay-leaves strew the floor whereon the faithful kneel.

High Mass performed, a grim archbishop rose
 To aid the faithful with profound oration :
 By some peculiar gift he seem'd to nose
 All sins, except his own, i'th' congregation :
 One can't expect a prelate to disclose
 The faults of high ecclesiastic station,
 Although the preacher doom'd the mob to h-ll,
 The richer burghers came off pretty well.

" Vermin ! " quoth he, and here he eyed the mob,
 " Why come ye here, or wherefore go ye hence ?
 A few to gaze, perchance, and some to rob,
 None—none to pay the bless'd St. Peter's pence.
 Methinks I hear the sainted Flam to sob,
 The while I labour hard in your defence.
 Whoe'er discharges not his debt to day,
 Shall never own again wherewith to pay."

" Oh ! read the Pontiff 's bull, ye sinners hoary,
 Observe what mercies grace St. Peter's chair ;
 He first congratulates the saints in glory,
 And next extendeth his paternal care
 To poor condemned souls in purgatory,
 Remitting half their term, no slight affair.
 Even to you, oh, fickle generation !
 The Pope accords, on trifling terms—salvation."

Then the thundering pastor went on to demand
 Certain debts from the flock, that were due to the Church ;
 If they failed to dub up, they 'd be left in the lurch,
 And the Devil infallibly take 'em in hand.

Ere his sermon was over, an ear-splitting shout,
 Coming in from without,
 Put the flock to the rout,
 For on wings of the blast, sprang a horrible form,
 That with hop, skip, and jump, took the altar by storm,
 Where it clung to the rail
 With its claws, for the monster was minus a tail.
 " *Sauve qui peut !* " was the cry, and the deacons and priests,
 And the monks and the sisterhood, fought like wild beasts
 For the door ; and the prelate, in spite of his homily,
 In the *mêlée* made off, an astounding anomaly.
 To increase the dismay of the rest of the crew
 That were striving for exit, his devilship drew
 A few paces in front, perhaps to look for a pew.
 Were it so, he forgot in his anxious research,
 How peculiar are pews to the Protestant church.

As he traversed the aisle, the confessor's eye fell
 On an inner recess, called a private *chappelle*.
 Breathing lauds to the Virgin, the friar rush'd in
 Where a pious *Marquise* was compounding for sin ;
 All forgetful of Flam, yet oppressed with emotion,
 Tears and smiles did contend with each page of devotion ;
 But Old Nick, come to church, in the favour of noon,
 Was too much for her nerves, and she dropped in a swoon.

Down her missal fell prone

To the ground,

And when found

'Twas discover'd the "beast" couldn't leave it alone.

In the midst of her trance,

He'd transform'd the bless'd book, to a naughty romance,

Full of moon-lighted lakes,

With young ladies late up, and redoubtable rakes,—

A fresh issue, in fact, from the Newby of Aix.

On the morrow succeeding this wonderful scene,
 An epistle, drawn up and subscribed by the dean,
 Was attached to all churches, informing the flock
 That the Devil had split on the Catholic rock ;

But to keep the beast down,

Double fees must at once be subscribed by the town.

His appearance, *de facto*, was charged to their vices,

So it was but fair play that they paid double prices.

Brother Peter, the priest, disappear'd from that day ;
 His peculiar disciples were filled with dismay,

Many hinted foul play ;

And one Sister of Mercy so suffer'd in mind,

That she laid up at once, and was straightway confined—

In a convent, wherein

It was found that affliction makes some people—thin.

Many years passed away ; when an obstinate drain,
 Long of doubtful repute, thought it right to explain
 What became of the Friar. Beneath a *chappelle*,
 Which had oftentimes trembled to Dominic's bell,
 Now decayed, and, in fact, but a damp mossy bed,
 Only used, at rare times, as a place for the dead,
 Certain labourers (much to their terror) did fall
 On a skeleton stout, binn'd away in a wall ;
 And on further and careful inspection, laid bare
 A remarkable skull, with a mass of black hair,
 From the which sprung an odour of pure cochineal.
 'Twas exposed for a time as the sconce of the *De'il* ;
 But in these later days, to the wonderful skull,
 Has been added a genuine Highlander's mull.
 Both are shewn to the flock, when they come to be shorn,
 As St. Dominic's head, and his Majesty's horn ;
 Which the former obtained in a desperate fight,
 When all Saints in the calendar aided the right.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND,

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER V.

Our Ride to Newmarket, by Ely and Mildenhall.—The Heath.—The "White Hart."—Appearance of Newmarket.—The Merry Monarch.—Old Crocky.—His Mansion—and "Cut."—"Throwing out."—"Orlando's" Year.—The Partial Settling.

STILL keeping the bye-lanes, whenever a turnpike could be possibly avoided, and drawing rein at the "Old Yew Tree," "The Green Man," and other rustic hostels, according to our fancy, where large loose boxes of sweet wheaten straw, white-dimity-curtained beds, and rosy rashers generally awaited us, we crossed, after leaving Nottingham Forest, over a portion of the counties of Leicester, Northampton, and Cambridge, till we arrived at the ancient city of Ely; having made a slight *détour* for the purpose of viewing the cathedral and fenny district, preferring it to the university line, by reason of its greater novelty.

From Ely we diverged again to Mildenhall; being neither pressed for time, nor amenable to aught but the dictates of our own whim. Hence we rode by which route we fancied most, and baited when and where we pleased.

Here, in the paddocks of Sir Henry Bunbury "Smolensko" was foaled and bred. A racer of the old school; and, probably, more esteemed in those days than he would be at the present time.

At length "the Heath" appeared before us in all its health-inspiring, expansive reaches of gentle rise and fall, and quickly revived the slightly wayworn courage of both man and horse by its freshening breath and foot-soothing verdure.

It being the hour of afternoon exercise, we encountered numberless teams of high-bred cattle walking, in their gay clothing, on various parts of the Downs, as we headed across them to the town.

The many hollows of the Heath were in shade, whilst the western sweeps of coursing-ground, unequalled in Great Britain, lay basking in sunshine and brilliancy. Old Joe Rogers was jolting after his lot, in a gig with springs repaired with rope-yarn, and volunteered to point out his Derby winner, rather *too* amiably to induce us to back him. Young John Day—as well-behaved and accomplished a Jock to our notions at that period, as was ever lifted into pig-skin—was riding old "St. Lawrence" as a hack; the grand old horse being unusually docile and kindly.

But, as we purposed surveying the Heath at leisure, with the dew on it, and then taking a squint at the nags, we made our way, without further stoppage, to the White Hart, in Newmarket; where the smiles of Mrs. Bottom, a snug apartment, a *nice* bit of dinner, and a change of clothing, renovated us so completely, that, after a stroll through the town, and chat in the bar with our handsome hostess,

midnight found us by far less fatigued and disposed for bed, after our long ride, than when we got into the saddle in the morning.

Refreshed and gay, we sprang from our lairs with the sun, mounted our hacks—equally renewed and blooming with ourselves, and again made for the Heath, whereon we anticipated getting a sight of the great northern trainer's lot, which had arrived the preceding day; as well as a view of Dilly's, Stephenson's, Kent's, Old Forth's, John Day's, and other trainer's teams. Nor were we disappointed; for, before we returned to breakfast on Newmarket sausages and water-cresses, we saw several hundreds of race-horses out, of all ages, including the favourites for the "Two Thousand" and "Derby;" both of whom were, of course, the "observed of all observers."

The town had filled rapidly during the last twelve hours, and had now more the appearance of being a slice from the West End than the tranquil, thoroughly countrified place it was four-and-twenty hours ago.

Newmarket is composed of one main street, and in the "First Spring"—has an air of freshness and cultivated rusticity about its features peculiarly its own. The few large mansions built by gentlemen and noblemen for racing residences, have in no way impaired this simplicity, being, with the exception of Old Crocky's draft from St. James's Street, mostly walled round, and arranged in quiet taste; whilst the many quaint houses of entertainment for "man and horse," small, old-fashioned, excessively clean and full of comforts, serve to "illustrate" the country town by their motley signs, and thronged yards and doorways.

The "White Hart," kept by Bottom, is the head inn, and on most race-meetings is crowded by the multifarious votaries of the turf. On these occasions everything is in high order. Stables, hacks, dinners, beds, servants, are all personally attended to by the clever host and hostess, in their several departments, so as to leave little solace to the habitual grumbler.

There are an infinity of lodgings, at all prices, all equally clean and homely, to which numbers resort by choice; though the prices of many are exorbitant in the extreme, and highly detrimental, I should imagine, to the true interests of the place.

In addition to the "White Hart" there is the "Rutland Arms," also, I believe, an extremely well-conducted hotel; though, for the many good things I have enumerated at the "Hart" I can speak practically; of the other, only by hearsay.

The merry monarch, Charles the Second, had a house built expressly for himself during the races at Newmarket; an example, as I have before stated, followed by many of our nobility.

Old Crocky, the "father of hell and hazard,"—ye fiends! what a title! yet truly his own by infernal right,—built a splendid den in the main street, where many an orgie worthy of the Pandemonium—to which it was a "shooting-box"—has transpired over his gold-absorbing board; and many a scion of a noble house has flirted with the elephant's tooth. The country is *so dull*, and a race over, what *could* they do but set old Crocky at a "bit of chicken?" and *he*, good worthy man! how could he better entertain his youthful friends than by indulging them in their *attempts* to fleece him.

Rolling in a melodiously hung chariot, and assisted up a flight of steps, which led to a mansion as large as Apsley House, by one or more of his powdered lacqueys, the old *ci-devant* fishmonger, and the aristocratic hell-keeper, entered his gorgeous *Web* as we passed, from our gallop on the Downs.

We well remember the old gentleman, as we will endeavour to show by a draft upon memory. His cheeks appeared whitened and flabby through constant night-work. His hands were entirely *without knuckles*, soft as raw veal, and as white as paper, whilst his large, flexible mouth, was stuffed with "dead men's bones,"—his teeth being all false, and visibly socketed with his darling metal, as was foully developed when indulging himself with a hideous laugh with his friend Gully, or other "congenial," over the delicious flavour or odour of some little "plant," or lucky *coup*.

On a settling-day, old Crocky sat him down at the seat of custom, and generally had some thousands of Bank of England notes pinned to the table before him by the dainty, flexible fingers we have noticed; having the heavy figures secured by the thumb; the fifties, twenties, and tens, under his three longer "prongs," and a sheaf of "fivers" under the guardianship of his little finger.

I mind me, on *first* entering a betting-room on the settling-day, to have looked on with a feeling of disgust, and *want of faith*, as I beheld this old man possessed of thousands upon thousands of pounds sterling, who fed upon "fat venison," sipped "*lachrymæ Christi*," was swathed in fine linen, and rolled in a chariot padded with down and silks.

But, the day before I had parted from a *scholar*, a generous, high-minded man, to whom one of these little "fivers" would have been as a healing-balm and temporary salvation, and I became a sceptic for the moment.

Old Crocky loved to coax the tyro with an offer of a "thousand pounds" to some *ten* of the youth's pocket-money, against his naming the winner of the three great events, *viz.*, "Derby," "Oaks," and "Leger;" he would paddle his way into the ring, with a fin turned behind him, spreading out his death-like fingers, and working his flabby jaws, suffused in well-assured security and consummate coolness, which had been acquired through half a century's practice. Many a hundred, ay, a thousand, he picked up in this way, leaving the simple *taker* of the odds to gloat over the four grand figures *on paper*, thus: $\frac{10}{1000}$; whilst the astute lawyer invariably pocketed the "reality."

They served him out with a Ratan at last, and sent him to his final settling, killed by nothing more or less than sheer anxiety—corroding, gnawing, incurable anxiety!

It is an old tale, and too well known to bear more repetition than may be necessary to inform the modern reader, that the horse, "Ratan," a splendid animal in all respects, a tried and *proved* racer, with temper, form, and every essential for success, was "made safe" the very evening before the "Derby." We ourselves *saw* him grinding his last supper previous to the race, with a skin like satin, and muscles of iron. We saw the jockey, Sam Rogers, locked up with him, his bed being made up in the adjoining stall; and we saw "Ratan" hardly more than twelve hours afterwards, unable to make a gallop, with his coat blue and shivery, and standing in fright, and finally

beaten by wretches he could have distanced, had not villany marked him for her own.

Then the old dicer's hours were numbered! he could not "stand the torturing hazard of *such* a die;" he withered away, without exaggeration, quite perceptibly, and fell a martyr to that "blacklegism" of which he so long had been recognised as the honoured and patriarchal chief.

This affair made some *slight* sensation. The Jockey Club interfered; held a court, in fact; and reprimanded two or three "gentlemen of the ring," *begging* them to be more "guarded" for the future.

The jockey, and an accomplice or two, were formally banished from all courses in her Majesty's dominions, but have since been graciously pardoned, and allowed to practise in full swing again. However, Old Crocky "threw out." "Running-Rein" came in first, but succumbed eventually to "Orlando," the second horse, by decision of a jury, who pronounced the former over-age, from the evidence produced. The judge—a Yorkshireman—clenched the thing by ordering the horse in litigation to be brought into court, requiring neither Field, nor any one, to tell *him* his age. After putting his classic finger in his mouth, and barely looking into it, he winked at Serjeant Wild, and said, "He would lay three to one he named the winner!" Up to this moment, the odds were upon "Running-Rein." This was a droll Derby. Old Forth's "Pot,"—a terrific cauldron!—boiled over, and scalded the whole stable! The German nag, that ran in the names of "Mynheer," "Lychwaldt," and of any age you pleased, *over four*, broke his leg in the race, and was buried at Ashted on the sly. But, a jolly gang of revellers, who were celebrating the "Oaks" victory, at John Scott's, at Letherhead, headed by poor little Charley Robinson, resolved upon looking into the dead horse's mouth, and disinterred him for the purpose. But, when they came to the stiffened corpse of the veteran, lo! and behold, his lower-jaw was gone! Old Forth was rather too wide awake to leave even this remote chance of the damning evidence of his age to be brought against him.

A pretty nest of robbers was dispersed on this occasion! every wire in the atrocious plot broke, and cut their fingers to the bone. Yet, after all, the whole blame and indignation was showered upon the foreigner, even his very trainer abusing him, in his *subdued, respectable* way, for having so "grossly deceived him!" and the ball went merrily round as usual!

The most cruel and unfair proceeding, in reference to this Derby, was the partial settling that was ordered by the omnipotent Jockey Club, prior to the result being known whether "Orlando" or "Running-Rein" would get the stakes. Many members of the ring *drew* heavily on the first settling; and on the second muster were not to be found, by reason of the verdict not suiting them. That this might occur was evident to a child from the very first, and might as easily have been prevented. But, because a "little ready" was indispensable to a few of the party in power—bills *will* become due!—the edict went forth to settle partially; just as an act was passed, in defiance of all precedent, that old Crocky's "dead-reckoning" should be recognised because there was a balance in their favour.

MUSICAL NOTES FOR MARCH.

BY TARTINI'S FAMILIAR.

"Honest folks like me?—How do ye ken whether I am honest, or what I am? I may be the deevil himself for what ye ken: for he has power to come disguised as an angel of light: and besides, he's a prime fiddler. He played a sonata to Tartini, ye ken."—SCOTT'S *Redgauntlet*.

IN these days of Topsy-Turvy do not be surprised, inquiring sir or gentle lady, if your Asmodeus, who leads you through the music of this London spring, prove as dulcet and amiable in his humour as he was known to be sharp and unfriendly from time immemorial. Great Kings have of late become small subjects. Mr. Asterisk has perpetrated a novel which no one can get through: and the Poet *Anon* broken out into verse which there is a rational prospect of every one understanding. After having been reviled, neglected, ill spoken of by the sensible and learned English public long and loud enough to have driven a less sweet-tempered Angel into discord "for ever and aye," Saint Cecilia owns now more shrines than enough, and counts her worshippers by the million. Queen Mab must have been playing some tricks analogous to those of Oberon's horn which set the Pagans a-dancing to make all Christian England "break forth into singing." Episcopal aprons learn to *sol fa*; prime ministers in corners and by-places discuss "music for the million." It is pleasant to hear of such a man as the admirable and genial Sydney Smith in his last days turning eagerly to read books on the subject, "because," as he said himself, "he had lost so much pleasure by not having earlier attended to it." It is unsafe to make a stupid remark now-a-days concerning the altitudes of Lind's voice, or the depths of Alboni's register. The man who does so is voted an "unfinished gentleman." For all these reasons, and thousand besides, I, Asmodeus, being a Spirit of the World,—seeing that the World's heels are where its head used to be—declare hereby, that, in all love and kindness, and with no lurking malice or covert preference, I am about to turn my stores of information and tradition to account, while we talk of the operas, singers, players, and composers, who do tune fully conspire to make this year, 1849, unparagoned in the experience of the oldest *fanatico* of an Englishman or *filarmonica* of an English woman.

Where shall we first awaken our "dulcet notes?" as Handel's poet Dr. Morell, hath it. Shall we begin with an *imp's-eye* peep (why not as well as a "bird's-eye" view?) into Mr. Lumley's laboratory of managerial projection, into Mr. Delafield's drawing-room of dainty devices? Far from us be such a dip; since, were it undertaken, there would be no avoiding the hot-water of Opera polemics. In each managerial cauldron, suffice it to say, hath been brewed "a charm of powerful trouble," stirred incessantly by certain uncertainties regarding the Great Harris Match, which has withdrawn Mademoiselle JENNY LIND from her throne, for the less theatrical triumphs of concert and oratorio singing,—some say, with a cathedral in the background, and a parsonage in the blue distance. As the months roll on

we shall have to sit in judgment upon Mademoiselle Parodi, the pupil of Pasta, for whose introduction to the stage Pasta hired the opera-house at Bergamo for a fortnight some four or five years ago, herself re-appearing with her pupil; and who, of course, has never since been lost sight of by *Asmodeus*. Let her only fulfil her own great promises, prove a second Pasta (yet neither a daguerreotype nor a *parody*), and she shall have her crowns and sonnets, and her painters dying to paint her, and her link-boys fighting for the honour of lighting her to her Brougham. Then, too, our courtesies sit waiting for Mademoiselle Angri, the coming *contralto*, a Greek, and, as competent witnesses assure us, brimful of Greek fire. Was I not at Marienbad a couple of autumns ago, when she was setting that Spa in a flame by her energy and animation; and singing like a very angel,—no, rather let me say, like a very *near relation*,—with that best of all singing amateurs, and most Court(*enay*)ly and blithe of all good companions, the present secretary of his Excellency the Governor-General of India?—Thirdly, Miss Catherine Hayes is coming—yet another musical credit to the Emerald Isle; howsoever famous at Milan and Venice, and at *La Pergola*, Florence, and at the *Teatro Carlo Fenice*, Genoa, as yet unknown to the British public, save by a passing mention of her in the Irish sketch-book of Michael Angelo Titmarsh,—not to mention Mademoiselle Gazzaniga, who has a voice of Verdi power, they say; and Signor Calzolari, who is a tenor of the old, elegant, accomplished Rossinian order of vocalism. All these new stars will we admire in, and according to, their order.—Meanwhile, enough and to spare is to be said concerning Music which has had more than a hearsay existence “within our gates” since March came in. Have we not heard Mario, the Sardinian nightingale, more moving and mellifluous than ever, in “Masaniello?”—probably the most fascinating tenor singer that ever existed; who was not, also, a great artist,—which Mario is not yet. Have we not heard Alboni—most genial and jovial of *Cenerentolas*?—with that rich, joyous *fruity* voice, in which (as Mr. Serjeant Talfourd long ago wrote of Miss Chester’s *Mrs. Sullen*,) there is “corn, and wine, and oil:” and that grand Correggio head of hers. But in love and liking, and as one having professional experience, I must warn Alboni against that sin “by which fell angels.” There is a pleasant story abroad, telling how an admiring friend, calling upon her one morning, found *la valorosa Contralto* exhausted with labour—not scale-practice, but labour of pumping at a pump! Dear *Cenerentola* pleaded, in her own cheerful way, the necessity of hard exercise, “for, what *would* become of me, *ma chere*,” was the *coda*, “if I were to grow fat and lose my voice?” Now, the excellent Alboni would do well to reflect that there is such a thing as the possibility of losing a voice—by pumping!—not by gymnastical pumping, indeed, but by dragging up a high *falsetto* register from the depths of a rich sonorous organ. The feat can be only accomplished with success when the middle tones have originally been muffled and defective, as in the cases of Pasta, Malibran, and Miss Kemble. When matters are otherwise, it is a suicidal experiment at “a short life and a merry one,” the end of which is premature decay and forced retirement. “*Floreat Alboni!*” but, since no determination can force her into now becoming a *soprano*, why she should peril herself in the attempt is more than *Asmodeus* is able to tell. Being in an angelic humour, he won’t hear or believe what *Mammon* has to whisper regarding the motives of the metamorphosis.

It seems strange that neither Zadkiel, nor the Solitary of Orval, nor Mademoiselle Lenormand, nor any other

"sorceress
Who studied in a cup,"

(as Hood hath it) should have foretold that in this year, 1849, we English should be utterly conquered by French—music. Without "turning the corner" of the year to glance back at "Haydee" (pleasant as that opera was in introducing to us the most promising of recent English *prime donne*, Miss Lucombe), what have been the phenomena of the Spring? Not merely such indications as Hérold's "Marie," done into English in Oxford Street (I could have helped Mr. Maddox to a far more sentimental and poetical version of the text),—not merely the presence of vocalists from among "our born enemies" everywhere, concerning whom I shall have grave words to speak presently; but the complete triumph and appreciation, long in coming, of that liveliest, most *spirituel*, and most graceful of living composers, Daniel François Esprit Auber!

Don't dispute my facts, hasty amateur, or professor who goest slowly, till you have heard me to an end. Till this year neither a great nor a small opera by Auber the piquant has had a fit or fair presentment in England. "Masaniello," *alias* "La Muette de Portici," has come to years of discretion, having seen the light first in Paris in 1828. Now, about the time when it was born we Britons had the bad habit of treating foreign operas anything but respectfully. One manager laid hands on the work, boldly struck out every bit of singing from it, and served it up as a flashing, dashing *ballet*. Another allowed his musical director to stick in as much musical namby-pamby of home manufacture as he pleased, "by way of suiting it to the English taste." Fancy a perigord *paté*, with potatoes episodically introduced, to "make it less rich!" or a *soufflé* naturalized by a sprinkling of bottled gooseberries over the same! Nor in those days had any London theatre, Italian or English, Costas or Benedicts, or "Berlioz," or Balfes, to see after its orchestra. No offence to the best of bands,—'twas then a scranell machine at best. So that the version current twenty years ago was a *perversion*. More lately, in 1841, "Masaniello" was given in its musical integrity (so runs the phrase) by the German company then here. But, O ye Loves and Graces! O ye fishermen of Naples, with your ready southern mirth, and your lively redundant gestures! *Princess Elvira* was then a stout motherly lady with a most obtrusive nose (I remember that nose, "looming large," in the midst of the eruption of Vesuvius, which closes the drama); *Masaniello* was an elderly gentleman, nasal and pains-taking, whom it grieved one to see doing his best to gambol, and his wildest to grow mad,—and whose bare throat had in itself that time-honoured look which tempts the pensive public to muse rather than to yield itself implicitly to the fiery youth and Republican spirit of the throat's proprietor. Far from us be such "integrity!" We have now before us the Neapolitan tale in all its gorgeousness, with its fiery, flashing, volcanic music,—which, it was said, Paganini rated higher than the music of any other opera, —executed with true Neapolitan spirit, by Signor Costa's wondrous army, and by a chorus powerful, ripe, and animated (who knows but that it may have been its solemn and appealing prayer in the market-place which *de-brimstonized* me into my present angelic humour?). Mario's *barcarolle*, it is true, is not poor Nourrit's *barcarolle*—of which George Sand fancifully said, that

"the sunshine and the sea-breeze of the south were in it." But nobody has sung the patriotic duet with such brilliancy,—nobody the romance over the sleeping *Fenella* with such tenderness—as Mario! And, as regards *physique*—whereas Nourrit, and even the grander Duprez, being both French, were each more or less *grimacier*,—he exhibits to us the *disinvoltura*, and the fervid manly beauty of the South. A more fascinating personation has not been ever seen or heard on the opera-stage than this. Which among you, O ambitious and musical gentlemen of the rising generation, will make the "hit of hits," and—while our tenor's voice is in full bloom, and ere the period approaches, long after which German tenors "of integrity" still accost the public, as confidently as if they had not moulted a feather of youth, —will write a "Sardanapalus" for Signor Mario?

Again, I say, that every one should see the "Masaniello," if only by way of counting England's gains in luxury and completeness of musical presentment. A greater show, and a better performance, was never given at *L'Académie Royale*, under the auspices of that Arch image of managers, Monsieur Veron. Let it be recollected, too, that the fairy-work and the feat, which cost the lively Parisians three months, at least, to produce—can be in London accomplished within as few, or as many weeks. Never did opera-season, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, open so brilliantly!

So much for Auber's favourite five-act opera. But, how charming have been his comic works, brought by Mr. Mitchell to that little jewel-box, his theatre in King Street, St. James's. Of most of these dainty musical dramas we had already seen ill-executed versions, or else the work destroyed by being played on too large a stage. Therefore, "*Le Domino Noir*," "*L'Ambassadrice*," and "*Zanetta*," took the town by surprise as completely as though they had been three new-born Graces. For this thanks are largely due to Mademoiselle Charton, the *prima-donna*—a lady as pleasantly arch as one of the beauties whom Mignard, or Vanloo, or Watteau loved to paint; elegantly clear of that excessive *agacerie* which only boys as young as *Pendennis*, or men as ancient as *Lord Steyne* can abide in an actress—which Asmodeus doth, on principle, discountenance, and with which I observe that many *Parisiennes* seem to fancy it necessary to *brandy* their performances for the English market,—possessing a sweet, sympathetic voice, and sufficient art in the management thereof. Thanks, too, are due to Monsieur Conderc, whose sentimental comedy is a thing for the most fastidious critic to see and to study. But, when they are thanked, and afterwards a clever corps of secondary singers, who are not ashamed of being secondaries, how large is the share of the debt which still remains due to MM. Scribe and Auber! I defy the dullest of mortals, be his *habitat* Lethe's wharf, and let his taste and cultivation not get far beyond those of Hood's countryman at the *blue party*, who inquired.

"Do *Dis's* waggons go from the Ould Baa-ley!"

I defy (whom *shall* I specify, without being personal?) Antiquarian or Utilitarian, to sit through "*The Domino Noir*" without a delicious, distressful curiosity being excited in him,—though he would probably die rather than own it. Never was such a love-chase; never was ingenious youth so cruelly mocked and sprited as poor *Horace* by the beauty in the mask, and by the Aragonese servant-girl, and by the solemn and passionless lady Abbess! And, for music, when has there

been anything to compare with the grace of the opening ball-room scene, or with the nuns' gossip and the nuns' hymn in the last act, for colour, truth, expression and piquancy? Charming, elegant, fine, fresh—I know of nothing in the whole range of opera which is comparable. Shall I ever forget the corridor of the *Opéra Comique* at Paris the night "Le Domino" came out?—for, of course, I was there to see! Shall I ever forget the *rage* of pleasure among those who go with the stream; the scorn of affronted classicality enkindled in B— and M—, and half-a-dozen other unsuccessful opera-writers, whose grim or fæcid music makes the flesh creep, or the blood run cold?—forget how M. le Prince de la Moskowa, and Il Principe Belgiojoso, and an Omnibus full of noble amateurs, swelled the riot of delight, almost as ungenitely loudly as though they had been so many *gamins* thrown into screams of laughter by *Odry's* farce? Yes, let Beethoven be ever so noble, or Gluck ever so grand, "Le Domino Noir" is a possession,—an exquisite piece of workmanship, in which, out of diamond-sparks and filigree-threads a master-hand has wrought up a treasure of high art. And glad am I to see that the English have at last found it out, and prize it duly. Not, I suspect, that Monsieur Auber will care for a trill's length, over the possession of this new dependency of his. Never was King—so some folks say—so right-royally indifferent! While one set of anecdote-mongers will assure you that he can never support the ordeal of a first night's performance of a new composition, and on all such occasions may be found wandering on the *quais*, or *boulevards*, or bridges—another company describes him as little less sardonic and *poco-curante* than that living piece of indolence and provocation, *Rossini* the perverse,—and maintains that Auber cares for nothing about his art, save the coinage thereunto appertaining. Neither of these tales, let me whisper, is to be implicitly believed; and for the real portraiture of the clever Daniel Francois *Esprit*—the elderly man with grey hair and black eye-brows, you had best apply to our friend the *Flâneur* in Paris.

But we Londoners are not exclusively abandoned to Auberism. In regard of versatility, what was ever comparable to our present state? Though a French Emperor as we have seen, has been here crowned, with a crown of pure gold and real brilliants—none of your *Palais Royal strass*—Handel sits on his throne more firmly than ever he sat there even in the days of his contest, when his genius was new—when a Princess Royal protected him—when a nobleman harboured him—when the rivalry betwixt two opera-houses (as now) drove all manner of inflammable persons of quality into ecstasies of antagonism. Turn to Exeter Hall! Listen to that marvellous month's work, "Israel in Egypt" as it hath been there sung since March set in! What a tribute is that to imperishable genius! I know the Oratorio by heart (though *Asmodeus* may have been less of an oratorio-goer one hundred years ago than he is now), and am convinced that never was it so nobly given, so reverentially listened to, so enthusiastically appreciated in Handel's own day. "The Giant's" best orchestra was but a handful of lame men if compared with the squadron now assembled under Costa. His choruses satirized by Horace Walpole as "the singers of Roast Beef at the theatres," must have been coarse and few. Possibly the Master heard himself neither the lameness or the coarseness, being possessed with his own idea; which possession enabled him to garb that which was naked, to fill out that which was meagre, to correct every crudity, and to add all expressiveness desired. But we who

sit to listen without such animating imagination, cannot thus placidly eke out matters (supposing Handel to have done so, for the sake of argument), and are proportionately thankful for the present affluence of aids and helps. Then, how good is it to know and to feel that these excellent spreadings-abroad of some of the noblest pages of the world's poetry are due to the activity, and to the pleasure, and to the taste of that maligned tradesman class, for sake of whom we English have so long sat under the contempt of Continental praters about æsthetics! A Court command, say in Russia, where the Czar gives a Rubini a regiment, if pleased with his *ut de falsetto!*—might "for once in a way" get up such a performance as the one we are rejoicing in; but with us it has grown to be a habitual, easily-indulged, frequently-occurring, cheaply-purchased recreation, set up by the People for themselves! Henceforth any Sprite who shall sneer at the great English "million" as a beer-drinking, boxing, bull-baiting race of animals, capable of no poetry in their diversions, shall be sent off to the Brocken for a soaking in the mists round the "*Hexen Altar*," or to be blinded by the poignant French sunlight on one of the *cones* of the *Puy de Dome*!

But there is yet another musical world: an empire betwixt the golden parish of the opera-goers and the heartier domain in which operatives bear a part in making their own pleasure: a world of scientific amateurship, peopled by gentry who knit their brows over hour-long Symphonies—who listen intelligently to the stringed Quartett, score in hand (all nodding of the head in time being here impracticable!), who wrangle about the *extreme sharp twenty-sevenths*, who have ears which can penetrate the mystical meaning of music so abstruse, that the very thought of it is apt to give those frivolous folks, yclept amateur-singers, the brow-ague. This is the world of Musical Unions, Beethoven Societies, Chamber Concerts, &c., &c.; the capital of which is the Philharmonic Concert. In this province too, though rapid and frequent novelties are there impossible (since a concentration of the highest qualities must go to the production of anything which can keep its place therein), the Londoner's spring hath opened propitiously. We have been treated to one of the last unheard compositions of the last among the great German musicians, the lyrics of Racini's "*Athalie*," set by our beloved and lamented friend, poor Mendelssohn!

There is, of course, no creature more competent to speculate on the events which have never happened than *Asmodeus*; but even worse informed mortals, not commanding fate and metaphysical aid, cannot hear one of these stage compositions by Mendelssohn after another, without wistfully grieving over the German opera which he would have written. How unlucky, by the way, has been that same musical stage of Germany! The masterpieces of Gluck were composed for Paris, and with all their sempiternal grandeur, and their passion, which is of all countries, they have not escaped a tincture of the taste they were devised to satisfy. The one German opera of Mozart which was treated (as Beethoven bears me out in asserting) in the real German style, (the mystical, melodious, enchanting, tedious, and scarcely-comprehensible "*Zauberflöte*,") was wrung, by the false pretexts and importunity of the knavish puppet-show manager Shikaneder, out of a dying man, who was, probably, past caring to what words or to what manner of story he set some of his most superb and fanciful music. Then the rugged Beethoven was provoked into anathematizing his country's theatre by the very cold acceptance at first won by "*Fidelio*," which was produced in war-time. Weber was called away "to the silent house" at the happy

prime and period when—after long years of difficulty and of struggle, and of groping about in the mazes of uncertainty and mediocrity as regarded his art—he had found a genius and gathered a fame of his own, both intensely, brilliantly, enchantingly German. Mendelssohn was struck down just when he had determined to add the stage to his other fields of triumph; and when, after a youth of meditation, observation, practice, and genially-indulged sympathy, he was beginning to feel that there was still room in the world—even in the thickly-peopled and exhausted world of Opera—for individuality of form and inspiration;—and that he could not only conceive both, but give them due utterance and lasting life.

Here is, indeed, a cause for severest lamentation; a disappointment for which those of the present generation have small chance of receiving amends! And never did the loss become more clearly and tangibly present to me, than when I was hearing the music written by Mendelssohn to the lyrics of Racine's "Athalie." Glancing back to the incomparable music strewn by him with a lavish fancy yet reverential hand, throughout Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—to his wild pagan choruses for Goethe's "First Walpurgis Night,"—to the high Greek modes of his setting of the noble lyrics in the "Antigone,"—how could I help lamenting over the Court-service enjoined him to labour at tasks severally more or less musically incomplete, yet which, when laid together, reveal ideas sufficient for half a score of musical dramas? The King of Prussia, Mendelssohn once told me himself, *would have* Racine's "Athalie" framed once again in music. Every one, however, about the King's Court and the theatre conspired to hinder the representation of the dismal drama; some because the play made them yawn; others (being good-natured, I won't mention names) because they dreaded the entrance into the theatre of a rival composer so vigorous, so original, so rapidly rising in the world's good graces.—This last reason, let me emphatically add, was given to me, *not* by Mendelssohn, but by a distinguished Berliner.—The production of the Drama, then, was postponed, till the composer of the music laughingly used to say, that he was "sure that it never *could* be brought forward, and that some especial ill-luck attended it." It was during one of his visits to London, where he was hunted by new admirers, sought by old friends, chased by lion-hunters, and beset by musical speculators, from morning till midnight, to a degree which must have been seen to be believed, that Mendelssohn was officially apprised that his Majesty of Prussia might have his own way in his own theatre; that the "Athalie" would really be given. The Overture was still to be written,—for the Master had a touch of his country's perverse unpunctuality about time, which he at times defended with most illogical and comic earnestness,—and written it accordingly was "'twixt wind and water." Yet, forced out on the spur of the moment though it seemed to have been (no one knows better than I how long such things may have been simmering in the brain beforehand), this Overture is one of Mendelssohn's richest, most original, and picturesque compositions.

Now, as I am not going to talk counterpoint, will I refrain from going step by step through this fine music of "Athalie." Sooth to say, rarely has work been worse comprehended by its audience than this, when it was given at the Philharmonic Concert. Loss of effect was inevitable. The four separate choral interludes of which the music consists—between each of which an act of rhymed French-Israelitish-scriptural classicality ought to intervene—by being brought together without pause, are well

nigh as much damaged as (where find a simile best?) Mrs. Keck, or Miss Cushman, or Miss Helen Faucit would be, if compelled to go through one of *Rosalind's* or *Lady Macbeth's* scenes after another, without "stop, let, hindrance," interposition of other scenes or characters, or fall of curtain. B— (every one knows B—'s imperfections by reputation) called it a Mass full of "Ameens." On the repetition of the "Athalie" music in presence of Her Majesty (who is a faithful and intelligent admirer of Mendelssohn's genius, and delighted in shewing him honour whenever he visited England); the defect was to some slight degree, remedied by Mr. Bartley's recitation of a few of the connecting passages of verse, with the melo-dramatic music belonging to them: but the best expedient of the kind is merely a make-shift.

On both occasions I grieved over the incompleteness as inevitable; but since we have small chance of seeing an English or French "Athalie" properly acted with anything like a decent performance of the music, and since the music is filled with noble and glorious things which no one could bear to lose, how could I help also grieving at the hasty indifference of my dear English folk? Not one in five-and-twenty, I will dare assert, had looked into or thought about Racine ere he came to the concert—not one had fairly represented to himself the inevitable conditions of changes and loss under which he made acquaintance with a work of art so individual and so peculiar. Pedantry in judgment is a most wearisome thing, to learn the full meaning of which you must listen to the talk of a knot of German *cognocenti* "of the old school;" or mingle with the tide of infallible wisdom that flows out of the concert room of the Paris *Conservatoire* into the Rue Bergère; but presumption without due pains taken to understand it, possibly, of the two, the more injurious. With this truth, ponderous and solemn as the climax on a pedal bass, which brings the composition to a close is once handsomely and solidly, doth your *Armodes* conclude his *opera* on the music of March. Ere May-day comes there ought to be matter to talk about of much greater interest.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"THE holidays during which I entered my twelfth year were exceedingly dull; the Abbé Leprince accompanied me to Combourg, and was the only person with whom I went out. Our long walks were without object; he was gradually dying from consumption, and was silent and melancholy, and I scarcely felt much more inclination to be merry. We walked at the heels of each other for hours together, without uttering a word; one day we lost ourselves in a wood, and M. Leprince, turning to me, asked me which road we should take. I replied, without hesitation: 'The sun is just setting, and its lost rays are reflected on yonder large tower, let us go that way.' M. Leprince related this little incident to my father in the evening,—the future traveller was already beginning to shew himself in this decision; many a time, when I have seen the sun set in the forests of America, have my thoughts wandered to the woods of Combourg.

“The Abbé Leprince wished very much that I should be allowed to have a horse, but, according to my father’s ideas, it was only necessary that a naval officer should understand how to manage his vessel. My only resource, therefore, was to mount slyly two great fat mares, belonging to the carriage, or a large piebald horse. The piebald was not like Turenne’s, one of those steeds the Romans termed *desultorios equos*, fashioned to assist their master, but a great awkward Pegasus, which attempted to bite my legs whenever I compelled him to leap a ditch. I have never cared much about horses, though I have led a Tartar’s life; and the most singular thing is, that in spite of the rough nature of my early attempts at horsemanship, I sit more elegantly than securely on my saddle. The tertian ague, the seeds of which I brought from the marshes of Dol, freed me from M. Leprince. A vendor of antidotes happened to pass through the village at the time, and though my father had no opinion of medical men, he had considerable faith in quacks; accordingly he sent for the empiric, who declared that he would cure me in twenty-four hours. He came the next day in a green coat, laced with gold, with loose sleeves of soiled muslin, and small-clothes of well-worn black satin; he wore sham brilliants on his fingers, silk stockings, which had become a bluish-white, and shoes with enormous buckles. He opened my curtains, felt my pulse, and made me put out my tongue; then muttering a few words, in an Italian accent, on the necessity of purging me, gave me a small piece of burnt sugar to eat. My father approved of this treatment, for he maintained that all ailments proceeded from indigestion, and that for every kind of evil there was only one course to be pursued. About half an hour after I had swallowed the burnt sugar, I was seized with violent vomitings; M. de Chateaubriand, who was immediately informed of the circumstance, seemed very much inclined to throw the poor devil out of the window. The quack appeared quite terrified, took off his coat, tucked up the sleeves of his shirt, making all the time the most grotesque gestures, while he seemed to puzzle his brain to determine, if possible, what he should do next. He repeated my cries, exclaiming ‘*Che Monson Lavandier?*’ This Monsieur Lavandier was the village apothecary, whose assistance had been sought in this emergency. I scarcely knew, in the midst of my sufferings whether I was dying from the effect of the man’s drugs or from the fits of laughter which he drew from me; the mischief produced by this too strong emetic was arrested, and I was soon quite well again, so that at the end of the autumn I was sent back to college.

“The time of my first communion was approaching when the future destiny of a child was fixed by his family. This religious ceremony among young Christians took the place of the Roman custom of investing youth with the *toga virilis*. Madame de Chateaubriand came to Dol in order to be present at the first communion of a son, who, after dedicating himself to God, was shortly to be separated from his mother. My piety appeared sincere; I was an example to the whole college, my zeal was unbounded; my repeated abstinences went so far as to cause my master’s uneasiness, for it was feared that my devotion would be carried to an excess, and he endeavoured to moderate my fervour by a more enlightened religion. My confessor was the superior of the seminary of Eudistes, a man about fifty years of age, of a severe cast of countenance. Every time I presented myself at the confessional, he questioned me with much anxiety, and appeared surprised at the light nature of my faults; he did not know how to account for the dis-

truss which I manifested in confiding to him secrets of so little importance. The nearer Easter approached, the more earnestly did he put questions to me. 'Are you sure you do not conceal anything from me?' said he. I replied, 'No, my father.' 'Have you not committed such and such a fault?' 'No, my father,'—it was always no:—he sighed as he sent me away, and seemed to look incredulously into the very bottom of my heart. I left his presence pale and confused like a criminal. On the Holy Wednesday I was to receive absolution, I passed the whole of Tuesday night, till Wednesday morning, in prayer, and in reading the work entitled '*Confessions mal faites.*' On Wednesday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we set out for the seminary; our parents accompanied us. All the vain distinction which has since been conferred on my name would not have afforded my mother half so much happiness as she felt in beholding her son about to participate in this great religious mystery. When we reached the church, I prostrated myself before the chancel, and remained in that position as if I was annihilated. When I rose to go to the sacristy, where the *supérieur* awaited me, my legs trembled under me. I threw myself at the feet of the priest: it was only in a faltering voice that I could manage to say my *confiteor*. 'Well, have you not forgotten anything?' said this servant of Jesus Christ. I remained silent. He began once more to ask me questions. And the fatal 'No' again issued from my lips; he meditated a little, and sought counsel from him who conferred upon the Apostles the power of binding and unbinding souls, then, with a kind of inward struggle, he prepared to give me absolution. If thunder had been hurled from heaven against me, it could not have terrified me half so much. I cried out, 'I have not confessed everything.' This formidable judge, this delegate of the Supreme Sovereign, whose countenance had previously inspired me with so much awe, became at once the most tender pastor; he embraced me, and burst into tears. 'Come,' said he, 'courage, my dear son.' I shall never experience such another moment in my life; if the weight of a mountain had been suddenly removed from my shoulders, I could not have felt more relieved. I wept with joy; after the first avowal, the rest was not painful to me. My hidden faults, which would have made the world smile, were weighed in the balance of religion: the *supérieur* found himself in some embarrassment; he would have wished to delay my communion if I had not been going to leave the college of Dol, and to enter the navy. He discovered with considerable penetration, even in the character of my faults, insignificant as they were, the nature of my propensities; he foresaw what my future passions would be; he did not disguise from me any good which he imagined he perceived in my disposition, but he also predicted the evils to come. 'However,' he added at length, 'time is wanting for your repentance, but you are washed from your sins by this courageous, though tardy confession.' He then pronounced, with uplifted hands, the form of absolution; and now this terrible arm descended only to call down the dew of heaven upon my head. I bent my forehead to receive it, and then rushing forward, threw myself upon the bosom of my mother, who awaited me at the foot of the altar. I did not appear like the same person in the eyes of my masters and school-fellows; my step was light, my head erect, and my countenance was radiant in all the triumph of repentance. The next day, Holy Thursday, I was admitted to that sublime and touching ceremony, which I have in vain attempted to pourtray in the '*Génie de Christianisme.*'

"I left the College of Dol three weeks after my first communion. Many of my most pleasant recollections are associated with that place. The Abbé Leprince was afterwards appointed to a benefice near Rouen, but he did not long survive his preferment. The Abbé Egault obtained a living in the diocese of Rennes; and the good principal—the Abbé Porcher—died at the commencement of the Revolution. He was well-informed, mild, and simple-hearted. The memory of this obscure Rollin will always be cherished and venerated by me. My departure for Rennes took place immediately. There I was to continue my studies, and to finish my course of mathematics, in order that I might be competent to undergo the *garde-marine* examination at Brest. M. de Fayette was the principal of the College of Rennes. Here I met with my friend Gesril again, and became acquainted with two men—who both afterwards distinguished themselves in a different way—General Moreau and Limöelan, the inventor of the Infernal Machine, and now a priest in America. There is only one portrait of Lucile in existence, and this indifferent miniature was executed by Limöelan, who supported himself as an artist through the troubles of the revolution. Moreau was a day-scholar, and Limöelan a boarder. It has not often happened that persons whose after-life was so extraordinary, have been assembled in one province, in the same small town, and in the same school. I remained two years at the college of Rennes. Gesril left eighteen months before me, and went into the navy. My third sister, Julie, was married during these two years to the Comte de Farcy, captain in the Condé Regiment. She settled with her husband at Fongères, where my two eldest sisters, Mesdames de Marigny and de Quebriac, already resided. Julie's marriage took place at Combourg. I was present at the wedding; and on this occasion I saw, for the first time, that Comtesse de Tronjoll, who was afterwards so remarkable for the courage she displayed on the scaffold. She was the cousin and intimate friend of the Marquis de La Rouërie, in whose conspiracy she was concerned. Hitherto I had only seen beauty in members of my own family. I felt strangely moved on beholding it in the face of a stranger. Every step I now took in life, opened to me a new perspective. The soft and seductive voice of the passions already began to weave spells around me, and I eagerly yielded myself to the magic influence of these syrens, finding myself irresistibly drawn towards them by some unknown power.

"I set out for Brest immediately after Julie's marriage. I did not feel the same regret in leaving the college of Rennes, which I had experienced in bidding adieu to the little college of Dol. Perhaps I no longer possessed that innocence which enables us to find pleasure in everything around us. Time was rapidly advancing. My mentor in my new position was one of my maternal uncles, the Comte Ravenal de Boisteilleul, commander of a squadron, whose son was afterwards a very distinguished officer in Bonaparte's armies, and was united to the only daughter of my sister, the Comtesse de Farcy.

"I did not find my *brevet d'aspirant* awaiting me at Brest. How this delay occurred I cannot imagine. I remained, therefore, what is called a *soupirant*, and as such I was exempt from all fixed studies. My uncle boarded me in the Rue de Siam, where there was a *table d'hôte* of *aspirans*, and presented me to the Comte Hector, commander of the navy. For the first time in my life I was left to my own resources, and instead of mixing with my future companions, I shut

myself up with my instinctive love of solitude. My ordinary society consisted of my drawing and fencing master, and my tutor in mathematics. One day, in my rambles, I had strolled to the outer extremity of the port, by the sea-side, and finding it extremely warm, I threw myself full length upon the sand, and soon fell asleep. Suddenly I was awoke by a great noise: there appeared to be something of an exciting nature going forward. I stared around me. Volleys of artillery succeeded each other, and the road was filled with ships. The great French squadron was entering the harbour, on the peace being signed. All Brest turned out on this occasion. Some of the long-boats were disengaged from the vessels and came to land. The officers who filled them looked, with their faces bronzed by the sun, like people from another hemisphere, and their countenances wore the expression of triumph of men who had just retrieved the honour of the national flag. I was watching this gallant troop file off, when suddenly one of the officers separated himself from his companions, and fell upon my neck. It was Gesril. He appeared to me taller, but weak, and suffering from a sword-cut he had received across his chest. That same evening he quitted Brest to rejoin his own family. I only saw him once again, a short time before his heroic death. The sudden appearance and departure of Gesril was the cause of my forming a resolution which has altered the whole course of my life. It seems to have been decreed that this young man should exercise an absolute controul over my destiny.

“When I went with my uncle to M. Hector, I heard the old and young mariners recount their campaigns, and talk of the different countries they had seen: one had just returned from India; another from America; another was about to set sail round the world; and a fourth was going to rejoin the station in the Mediterranean, and would visit the coast of Greece. Among the number, my uncle pointed out to me La Perouse, whose death—like another Cook—is the secret of the tempests. I listened eagerly, and observed everything without saying a word, but the following night sleep fled from my eyes. I passed the whole of it in picturing battles to my mind, and in abandoning myself in imagination to the discovery of unknown lands. Then I began to think that there could not surely be any objection to my going home, as Gesril had returned to his parents. I should very much have liked a sailor's life, if my spirit of independence had not caused me to shrink from any kind of service. I have always found it impossible to submit myself to the controul of another. The idea of making voyages tempted me exceedingly; but then I felt certain that I should only be able to enjoy them in being able to follow my own inclinations. In short, I gave the first proof of my fickleness, by starting off suddenly, one morning, to Combourg, where I arrived as if I had dropped from the clouds, without even informing my uncle, or writing to my parents—without asking anybody's permission, or even waiting for my *brevet d'aspirant*. I am quite surprised, now, when I think of it, how I could ever have had courage to take such a resolution. Considering the great awe with which my father inspired me, the manner in which I was received is still more astonishing. I might naturally have expected to be severely reprimanded for such a proceeding; but my father contented himself with shaking his head, as if he meant to say—‘Well, this is a pretty freak!’ My mother chided me while she embraced me with her heart; and my dear Lucile received me with transports of delight.”

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

XVIII.—THE WAR OF LA VENDÉE.—ANGERS.

WE are now in the heart of the country which was the scene of the war of La Vendée. This great, green river, the Loire, runs through the centre of the battle-fields, and as we sail up from Nantes to Saumur, we touch every hour upon a spot famous for some incident of heroism or devotion. Of all modern wars the war of La Vendée was the most sanguinary and the most romantic. The conjunction is startling, but easily accounted for. The peculiar nature of the country gave a picturesque character to the struggle, which takes it quite out of the range of ordinary campaigns, while the constant presence of women, including those of the highest rank, in the midst of the conflict, under the banners which they had themselves embroidered, and beneath which multitudes of them fell, inspires this memorable episode of the Revolution with the interest of a chivalric romance.

One day's sail up the river gives a clearer insight into the actual details of the war than a library of memoirs and histories. It enables you to understand at a glance how operations were effected which are not always intelligible unless you have the scenery before you. The clustering of the population at certain points, the sudden evasions, the night-flights and scattering of large masses, the conveyance of fugitives across the river, and the despatch of scouts and agents through obscure tracks in the midst of the enemy's posts, are incidents which acquire a special interest from a knowledge of the surface of the country. To be enabled to appreciate them fully, it is necessary to penetrate the interior; but even the banks of the river, which you have plenty of leisure to contemplate from the deck of a lazy steamer, will furnish you with abundant suggestions, out of which imagination can sketch its own pictures of skirmishes, ambuscades, and villages on fire.

Between Nantes and Angers, a sail of some ten hours or so, you pass many localities inscribed with Revolutionary memories. It was at St. Florent, for instance, that the rebellion broke out, in a circumstance which bears a close resemblance to the first collision of William Tell with the authorities. Commissioners from the Revolutionary government were sent down to ballot for a forced levy or conscription, and being somewhat ungraciously received by the people, who were averse to the proceeding, they rashly fired a gun amongst the crowd. This was the signal for the outburst of the popular frenzy. The gun was seized, the commissioners were beaten, hunted away, and their papers impounded and burned, and the night was spent by the peasantry in singing and revelling over their victory. It was the first act of open resistance to a government whose severities against the priesthood had already brought them

into odium in this neighbourhood. The news of the riot reached the ears of an old man, a dealer in wool, whose name was Cathelineau. He was a person of weight and influence in his locality,—a man of sense, patriotism, and energy. He instantly left his work, washed himself, put on his coat, and, hastening to the market-place, harangued the excited multitude. There is never wanting on such occasions a man of strong convictions, whose power lies dormant till it is thus awakened, to rouse the masses into revolt: the crisis is sure to find its man to give impulse and direction to the first movement, although he is seldom adequate to the guidance of subsequent events, and is generally sacrificed in their progress. Cathelineau found the spirit of rebellion prepared and eager to respond to his call. Facilities were ready to his hands, which imparted unparalleled suddenness and decision to the popular action. The whole population had been outraged on the tenderest point in the degradation of their pastors; the life of the peasantry had always been bound up with that of their lords, who, unlike the rest of the French aristocracy, resided on their estates, and mixed freely in the amusements and occupations of their tenantry; the *château* and the hut had a common interest in the preservation of the existing order of things; and a sentiment of attachment to royalty and hereditary privileges was a tradition woven into the faith and habits of the people. Here were inflammable materials which a single spark was sufficient to explode. The spark was supplied by Cathelineau. His infuriated audience hardly heard him to a close, and crowding round him, followed him out of the market-place to the nearest military station, where they captured ammunition, dispersed the soldiers, and opened the war of retribution. From that moment it spread, with various fluctuations, like the rushing fire of a prairie, until at last it reached the profound solitude of Clisson, where, for the first time, it disturbed the serene heart of the most celebrated historian of these events, Madame de la Rochejaquelin, who had not yet forsaken her maiden-name of Lescure. It was here also, at St. Florent, that one of the most mournful scenes of the war took place, in the passage across the river of nearly a hundred thousand people driven from their homesteads by the victorious Republicans, whose lines, in the pursuit, were everywhere marked by the flames of towns and villages. Bishops, priests, old ladies, children, women of all conditions, from baronesses and countesses to vine-dressers and lace-makers, huddled together with teams of oxen, baggage-waggons, lumbering caravans, and tattered colours, all hurried to this spot to effect their escape to the opposite bank of the river, which they accomplished, for the most part, only to die on the roadside of fatigue and famine, or to perish in flying fights or on the disastrous field of Mans.

Ancenis, on the opposite shore, witnessed afterwards the ineffectual attempt of the remnant of the Vendean army to re-cross to the southern side; and as we advance up the river, reminiscences of a similar kind continually arrest our attention.

The wild character of the interior enabled the Vendean to harass the Republicans over a period of time almost incredible, in reference to the inferiority of their means and numbers. La Vendée and the neighbouring country, irregular on the surface, may be described for the most part as a wilderness of woods and orchards: hence the name of *Le Bocage*, which applies to the central district, as that nearest to

the sea is called *Le Marais*, on account of the swamps and dreary wastes with which it is covered, impracticable in winter, and difficult for the passage of armies in all seasons. Both districts were equally favourable to the feints and stratagems of the Vendéans; the interior particularly, where it was impossible to follow them, and where their knowledge of the woody labyrinths enabled them successfully to deceive the enemy, entrap them in detail, and escape at pleasure. The country is laid out in small enclosures, bounded by high hedges, and intersected by innumerable deep lanes and pathways, presenting tortuous tracks which run in and out of each other like the lines of a maze, so that even the inhabitants, most familiar with the topography, are frequently bewildered in the choice of their *route*. Throughout the whole of this department there were but two high roads, and these were carefully avoided by the Royalists. They kept to their woods and defiles, appearing in the morning in one place, and in the evening at another many leagues distant by the regular road, but which they were enabled to reach with celerity by passes with which the enemy were unacquainted. The Republican generals complained bitterly to the Convention of the difficulty they had in getting at their fugitive opponents. It was like fighting *Will-o'-the-Wisp*. When they thought that the Vendéans were in advance of them, they suddenly found them hanging on their rear. Their outposts were destroyed by unseen hands; their picquets were shot down by invisible assailants; it was impossible to bring the Vendéans to a pitched battle; there were hardly any open spaces to spread out their troops in for an engagement; they were buried amongst trees, and could hardly see fifty yards around them in any direction; whenever they attempted a movement on a grand scale it turned out a mere loss of time and tactics; and the Royalists, after decoying them into some such demonstration, would vanish into the woods, where they rapidly dispersed through dark defiles and entangled recesses, into which it was utterly useless to pursue them. The Republicans might as well have drawn up in solid array against the birds that sported in the depths of the forests. No country ever presented more remarkable agencies for defensive hostilities. Even the salt marshes and canals of the district called *Les Sables* were peculiarly available to them in their mode of warfare. The raised pathways which intersect the surface formed a species of fortification important to them, but of no avail to regular troops; and the canals, which the Vendéans easily sprang over by the help of their leaping poles, offered the most vexatious obstacles to the Republican soldiers. Wherever the canal was too broad to be taken at a spring, the peasant shot himself across in a light boat with a rapidity which enabled him effectually to evade pursuit, and rising on the opposite bank, he discharged his gun with fatal certainty (for these Vendéans were famous marksmen) and suddenly disappeared.

The view of the country obtained from the shores of the *Loire* is characteristic of these diversified features. Magnificent from its full, clear volume and magnitude, the river acquires additional beauty from the numerous wooded islands, which create such variety on its waters. It runs through districts generally very flat, but richly interspersed with hills, rocks, woods and towns. The most picturesque part of the *Loire* is from *Nantes* to *Saumur*; beyond

that point it assumes a monotonous aspect, which would be intolerable but for the pretty islands, hanging woods and flying villages which incidentally relieve the long succession of fields, hedgerows and sandbanks. The Loire is subject to two extremes—floods and droughts. It is difficult to believe that the thread of water, which, in the very hot season, drowsily ripples down the parched bed of the stream could be swollen into the fearful torrents which sometimes rise in the winter, inundating the fields, woods, and villages for many miles round.

The approach to Angers, up the Mayenne, makes an agreeable contrast to the more expanded scenery of the Loire. Passing through dark cliffs (if they may be so described) of slate, you emerge into open pasturages, through which the river flows, varied by occasional apparitions of schist appearing above the surface of the soil in a variety of forms. The town, surrounded by massive walls, erected early in the thirteenth century, by King John of England, is built on the side of a sharp hill, extending over a bridge to the opposite shore, where its increasing population finds house-room in a suburb called the Doutré, a corruption of *de l'autre*, by which is plainly meant to be indicated the *other side* of the river. The position of the place is distinctly marked out from a considerable distance by the ruins of the old castle and the lofty spires of the cathedral, which is built on the pinnacle of the rock, in the heart of the oldest part of the town. The deep colour of the slate formation breaking out here and there down the sides, gives a sombre and remarkable effect to the whole mass of buildings. In the dark, narrow and steep streets, rendered peculiarly disagreeable by the slate or coal-dust ashes, with which they abound, we have unmistakable evidences of the mediæval origin of the town. Some of the meanest houses, which have escaped the ventilating agencies of modern times, are clustered over with sculptures illustrative of the costume and customs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The details are well worth examination, especially the richly-decorated façade of a house which occupies the angle of the street behind the cathedral, and the house called the *Hôtel des Marchands*, in the Rue Baudrière.

The cathedral is the principal object of attraction. Its outline is extremely imposing as you sail up the river; but the charm vanishes the moment you have scaled the streets and stand in front of the entrance. The want of harmony between the original design and the additions which have been subsequently made to it, strike the eye at once. Having only a nave, without aisles, the narrowness of the building becomes conspicuously preposterous from the great height of the spires which have been raised upon the top of the screen. A single window, stained all over with gaudy colours, a single door squeezed up amongst heavy statues, and pressed down by superincumbent niches, filled with colossal figures of St. Maurice and other pious celebrities, and a high dead wall lowering above, are the prominent features of the great west front. The disproportion of the breadth to the height is enhanced by a gallery which runs between the spires, so as to shut out the play of the light as much as possible, and to give to the whole as blank, dismal, and spectral an appearance as an antagonist taste, endeavouring to spoil the abrupt and heavy style of the middle ages, could accomplish by the exercise

of the utmost ingenuity. Upon entering the church, after straining your eyes to the tops of the spires, you are instantly oppressed by the lowness of the roof, which seems even heavier than it really is, by the force of the sudden contrast. But it is only in the interior you get the true character of the building, and understand the intentions of the founders. Here everything is simple, plain, and massive; a dim old church, looking as gloomy as a prison, with gorgeously-painted windows, through which the "religious light" streams softly in, richly flooding the dismal interior, like the grace of heaven falling upon the despairing soul of a sinner.

Although this interior disappoints the tourist at the first glance, it affords a great relief to the gaudy churches he sometimes falls in with, in which doors, windows, walls, and niches are choked up with incongruous ornaments, exhibiting a distracting profusion of embellishments heaped together without any intelligible design, and apparently the work of artists of different ages. Inside and outside of these churches the spirit of lavish decoration appears to have exhausted its invention in columns and statues and fantastic foliage, and heads of angels and flying figures buried in fruit and flowers. The execution of these marvellous varieties is generally remarkable for so much beauty and delicacy as to excite surprise at the union of such artistical feeling and execrable taste. But the artists are less to blame in these cases, than the Church in whose service they were employed. Prodigality, without judgment, may with more justice be referred to the rich Establishment which desired to strike the senses of its communicants through the outward signs of its power, than to the poor sculptors who subsisted by administering to its display.

The ruined *château* is the most interesting relique of old Angers. It was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Anjou, and stands on a high rock, washed by the waters of the river. It had originally eighteen towers built of rough black schist, clasped with rings of tufa, procured from the neighbouring quarries of Tufeaux. The crowns of the towers have mouldered away, and they are nearly all reduced to a level with the ramparts; but the fragments that remain are remarkably picturesque. The white lines of tufa cutting into the dark schist, have a singular effect amongst the broken walls and battlements. The *château* is now converted into a prison and powder magazine.

With the exception of the *château* and the cathedral, there is not much to see in Angers. There are several churches and a museum —*fac similes* of churches and museums already explored; and a little column at the extremity of the street of the Faubourg Saint-Laud, with a terrible story attached to it, but curiosity is easily appeased in these matters. Having run over the sights, there was no great temptation to remain here, and a four hours' drive in the twilight, through a charming country, carried us to Saumur.

XIX.—THE PARADISE OF THE DEMI-FORTUNE.

SWEEPING over the handsome stone bridge, with which Napoleon, on his return from Italy, displaced the old wooden one that used to span the Loire at this point, we drew up at ten o'clock at night at the Hotel Belvedr, on the quay of Saumur. This is the best hotel

in the town, and one of the most expensive in France. The house is well kept, perfectly clean and thoroughly aired and ventilated; the apartments are furnished with splendour, and all the accommodations and arrangements are in the best style; but the charges are extravagant. The people, however, are never wearied of attending to your comforts, and doing all sorts of obliging things to put you at your ease, and the *maitre d'hôtel* is an artist in glass, which he blows into cupolas and arm-chairs, and necklaces, for his own amusement, graciously throwing open his museum to his guests, and one must pay something for the accomplishments of one's host.

There are three principal hotels in Saumur. *L'Ecu de Bretagne* is the oldest, and the worst. It stands in the centre of the grand street, forming the point of an angle where one of the ancient streets runs off into the midst of the town. This crumbling establishment is little better than an auberge. The rooms are low, dingy, and in every point of view incommodious, and it suffers under the further disadvantage of receiving some of the diligences which keep it in a constant state of uproar and filth. The *Hotel de Londres*, in the same street, is a building of such enormous magnitude that, considering the scantiness of the travelling population in this part of the world, it may be fairly doubted whether its chambers were ever yet filled. Why this vast edifice was dedicated to the purposes of an hotel, and why, above all places on the face of the globe, it was called after London, passes one's ingenuity to conjecture. The arrangements of the interior being on a scale of such superfluous magnitude, and its owners having in due course of time discovered the uselessness of their space, the house has unavoidably acquired a triste and paradoxical aspect. Sauntering through the empty chambers and silent passages, you feel, at one and the same moment, as if you were in an hotel and as if you were not in an hotel. There are, on the one hand, suites of rooms with numbers on the doors, and keys, and bells to no end; staircases and corridors, traversed by sundry sleepy *garçons* and *filles des chambres*, who tramp up and down, and in and out, apparently at predestined times; large court-yards, in one of which you may see a dusty travelling-carriage, and perhaps a stray servant in a foreign livery, looking as if he did not know whether he should stay or go; a large apartment, with "*Salle à Manger*" inscribed upon it, traversed by a long table, and margined by rows of chairs; a bureau, with a woman in it, looking as glassy and fixed as a wax figure, a few keys hung on a board over her head, an ink-stand before her, with a pen or two stuck transversely in it, and no further signs of life save a cat coiled up on a mat at her feet; a smart young man, very pallid, with his hair soaped backwards, a small growth of moustache on his upper lip, a black tuft under his chin, and no whiskers, a pea-green silk neck-handkerchief, lying as close to his neck as a sunbeam, a white shirt with emerald studs, a plaid waistcoat of divers colours, crimson predominating, a brown calico coat, fitting tightly and scantily, and black trowsers, his jaunty mien and a certain tournure of style, very easily understood, but very difficult to describe, proclaiming him to be the head-waiter: all these items are strongly symptomatic of an hotel. But, on the other hand, the *salle* is empty; there is scarcely a sound to be heard, except a shrill cry from the *cuisine* for somebody who has gone fast asleep at the top of the house, thinking they would not be wanted below, or a

guttural, gurgling *sacre!* from the court-yards; then, when you ring you must wait patiently, and, after you have held communication with the pallid young man, you must wait still more patiently till he has communicated with the executive department, to whose care the achievement of your desires is to be confided; so that with the slenderness of the actual evidences, and the inexplicable extent and apparent desertion of the building, you can hardly persuade yourself that it is an hotel, after all—in spite of the ceremonials, without substance, which indicate its theoretical uses. From these establishments one gladly takes refuge in the costly Belvedr.

Saumur was originally surrounded by strong fortifications, of which considerable remains are yet to be seen. Several picturesque towers and dilapidated walls, which fall into the private gardens and promenades of the suburbs, have a very charming effect, heightened by the peculiar whiteness and brilliancy of the stone, which is obtained from quarries in the neighbourhood. The *château* is built of this stone, and has a singularly light and delicate appearance, like a bright filmy web hung in the sky, and looking as fragile as if a breath would blow it away.

Close to the town are some of those residences, literally sculptured on the face of the naked rock, which always strike strangers with so much surprise. They are cut in the stone, which is the tufa, or soft gravel stone, and easily admits of any workmanship demanded by taste or necessity. There is no little care displayed in the formation of these strange habitations, some of which have scraps of gardens or miniature terraces before them, hanging from the doorways, and green creeping things, with other graceful adjuncts, which help to give a touch of beauty to their aspect. In some cases, where the shelving of the rock will admit of it, there are chimneys, in nearly all windows; and it not unfrequently happens, especially higher up the road near Tours, where art has condescended to embellish the *façades* still more elaborately, that these house-eaves present an appearance of elegance which it is almost impossible to reconcile with the absolute penury of their inhabitants. The interiors, too, although generally speaking naked enough, are sometimes tolerably well furnished, having an air of comfort in them which, certainly, no one could dream of discovering in such places.

These habitations are, of course, held only by the poor and outcast. Yet, in spite of circumstances, they live merrily from hand to mouth, how they can, and by means, perhaps, not always of the most legitimate description. Their exclusion, or expulsion, from the populous haunts and tracks of life has the effect which exclusion, or expulsion, ordinarily has,—of binding them more closely together to make common cause against the rest of the world. I have a strong suspicion that the denizens of these rocks are not a whit better than they ought to be; that their immediate neighbourhood is not the safest promenade after dark; and that, being regarded and treated as Pariahs, they are born and baptized in the resentments which are contingent upon such a condition of existence. You might as well attempt to chase an eagle to his eyrie amongst the clouds, as to make your way to some of these perilous chambers, which are cut into the blank face of the rock, and can be reached only by a sinuous track, that requires the fibres of a goat to clamber. How children are reared here is

more than I can conjecture. The wonder is that they do not constantly perish; yet such accidents, I believe, are rare. There are often long lines of these sculptured houses piled in successive tiers above each other: sometimes they are carved zigzag fashion, and sometimes with a view to architectural regularity; but in almost all cases they are equally hazardous to the unpractised foot of a stranger.

In spite of all obstructions, however, the dwellers in them have their own wild delights and amusements, which are evidently of a more riotous kind and fuller of real enjoyment than the comparatively subdued pleasures of their civilized neighbours. Stroll down the spacious quay of Saumur in the dusk of the evening, when night is about to set in, and the flickering tapers of the temperate town are going out one by one. Roars of merriment greet you as you approach the cavernous city of the suburb. There, the entertainments of the inhabitants are only about to begin. You see moving lights in the distance twinkling against the grey surface of the rock, and fitting amongst the trees that lie between its base and the margin of the river. Some bacchanalian orgie is going forward. The population of the cliffs have been evidently drawn to a point; their spirits are lifted up by music and dancing; the voices of uproarious singers ring upon your ears, mixed with drunken shouts and huzzas! tipsy speeches come up bubbling through the tumultuous chaos of sounds; and now a roar of laughter overtops the Babel of noises, and the lights thicken and stagger about, and you see dusky figures moving athwart them like wierd phantoms; and between the riot and the grim shapes that make such hideous pantomime in the revel, you begin to think that it is hardly safe to linger here any longer, and that you had better retreat into the peaceful darkness of the town, and betake yourself to your bed.

Saumur is lighted with gas. An English gas company established works here in the summer of 1841, and when I visited the town, some few years afterwards, they had ample reason to be satisfied with their undertaking. But gas is now so generally introduced into the French towns, that it has long ceased to be a matter of speculation. The only point is to be first in the field; and in this respect there is not much risk of being rivalled by the French, who, for the most part, are well content to follow the old routine, without caring to venture upon any experiments that involve the outlay of time, money, or surplus energy. When such experiments, however, are made by others, and the profitable results are clearly exhibited, the French are by no means slow in availing themselves of whatever advantages they present. The same observation applies to agriculture, which is in a very backward state. There are other reasons, no doubt, for this besides want of energy, the principal being—want of capital. Yet in the districts where English skill and economy have set a successful example, the French are found rapidly improving in their system of tillage.

When I visited Saumur there were scarcely any English there; and, few as they were, they belonged almost exclusively to the gas-works. There was a resident English clergyman, living scripturally on his hopes of hereafter, for when I was in the town his congregation consisted of ten persons. According to the published authorities, the population is under 12,000, but the people of Saumur will not be satisfied to set it down at less than upwards of 15,000. In either

case, the sprinkling of English units amongst French thousands is quite imperceptible. The place is yet undiscovered by our wandering economists.

On the opposite side of the river is the faubourg of Croix Verte, a village which was formerly of some consequence, and rather a lively, flourishing little place when the Paris diligences used to stop there, in preference to crossing the river; but now that the diligences and post-carriages have all gone over to wealthier Saumur, with its fine hotel, and its handsome quay, and its one wide street, poor Croix Verte is falling into ruins. By and by, there will be nothing left of it but skeleton houses occupied by people as wan and ghastly as spectres. It is fast tumbling to pieces, and, placed as it is in the midst of rich orchards and nurseries growing to seed in their wild fertility, and close to the bustling, well-paved, and well-lighted town, it has very much the aspect of a tattered beggar in a public garden, crouching down at the feet of some purse-proud citizen to solicit alms.

The decay of Croix Verte is much to be regretted, not altogether for its pretty name and the pictures which the imagination instinctively crowds about it, but because, with a little prosperity, it would have been a gracious moon waiting on a lustrous planet, if the system of Saumur permitted of such a satellite. The decline of all such small places is matter of regret, and has much the same sort of interest, humanly considered, as the most romantic history of a broken heart. While the little local business lasted that kept the suburb together in its entirety, and enabled it to go on with fair prospects of improvement, giving it room and time to take root and spread its branches on high, with destinies clustered in them as thick as leaves, all was well and happy; but when that business suddenly fell away, and in a single hour desolated the whole spot, think how many broken hearts were there—how much misery followed—how much struggling and shifting and devising—how much hoping against hope—what new efforts were made in new directions of industry—but in vain! and how at last, when it came to be felt in the very core of that little community that the doom of the place was sealed, and that no self-movement could ever restore it! then, how those who had the power abandoned it as if it had been stricken by the plague, and those who remained were buried in despair! and, finally, how crime came stealthily into the dismal village to supply the place of honest labour, and the desperate hands of the famishing remnant of the inhabitants were raised against social order and the laws from which they derived no succour! And such is literally the case with Croix Verte. It is filled by *gamins* and a dissolute throng of vagrants and idlers of both sexes, and the fragment of business that is left is confined to two or three wretched *auberges*, where the country drivers congregate without much improving their morals or mending their manners.

Nantes is the shipping-port of Saumur, as it is necessarily of all the towns on the Loire. There is not water enough here for heavy craft, and even at Nantes they are obliged to deliver their commodities twenty-four miles nearer the embouchure of the river, unless such as can be conveyed by vessels of or under two hundred tons burthen, that being the highest which can be at any time loaded at Nantes.

Saumur is as yet unspoiled by foreign settlers; but it presents

such temptations that it can hardly hope to remain much longer unexplored and uncaptured by English colonists. It has a magnificent climate, a soil fertile to a proverb, and is, in point of natural beauty, one of the most charming spots on the Loire, and, in point of economy, one of the cheapest places in France. This last is the grand attraction to the settler; and, as there are so many of my countrymen deeply interested in such questions, I went a little out of the way of my ordinary researches to obtain an accurate, and, as far as I could, a complete view of the state of the markets.

The first object in an inquiry of this nature is house-rent. If a man cannot sit down cheaply in a country, it is useless for him to dream of living there to economise; and as house-rent is generally the heaviest and most important item, and, above all, as it admits of no retrenchment in the way of consumption, it must be looked after with early and zealous scrutiny. In nine cases out of ten it may be taken as an infallible key to every other item of expenditure.

Well then, in Saumur house-rent is as low as any equitable gentleman, who really thinks it right and proper to pay any rent at all, can reasonably expect. It is always difficult to get at an exact estimate of charges, which must, in the nature of things, fluctuate from season to season, and which depend upon circumstances unsusceptible of generalization; but I have endeavoured to make all allowances of that kind. In the town, houses are of course dearer than in the suburbs. This is of little consequence to strangers settling down upon narrow incomes, since they could have little desire, and would have no inducement, to live in the din of the town, when they could breathe the balmy air of the country a few roods off at considerably less cost. Even in the town, however, the rate of house-rent, tested by our English average, is almost incredibly low. You could hire the best house in Saumur—supposing the best were to be let—for fifteen thousand francs, or sixty pounds per annum. Now this is an exorbitant rent here, and includes every luxury which the style of building affords, from the *porte-cochère* and inner quadrangle—with its boxes of gaudy magnolias and sprinkle of evergreens in front—to the outer yard and range of stabling at the back. The house itself must be understood to be of considerable dimensions; the rooms large, airy, and commodious, and decorated in the superb fashion of French papering and painting; and nothing must be deficient which is essential for the comfort of a family preparing to encounter a handsome expenditure in the ordinary way of living. But houses of this description are not to be had, or very rarely, in Saumur. Such houses are generally built by the owners for their own use, or purchased out and out, the class of persons who occupy them being, with probably not a single exception, merchants and *propriétaires*, and not very likely, therefore, to move from place to place. Besides, there are not many first-rate houses in the town, and the generality of such as are to be let or sold are not of so large a scale. They are sufficiently large, however, for private use; and ordinarily contain seven or eight rooms, with the usual accommodations for servants. The rent of such houses may average about twenty-five pounds—houses which, in any respectable part of London, would average about five times that amount. Splendidly furnished lodgings may be had too, in the best quarter of the town, for thirty pounds a-year.

A little way out of the town—at a distance of six minutes' walk—you have no difficulty about prices. Here, wherever houses are to be let, the rents are so small as to suggest a suspicion that there must be something rotten in the state of Denmark. I can testify to two or three. There is one house, half way up the hill on the banks of the river, commanding a complete panorama of the country across the Loire, and of the windings of the river for many miles up and down; it occupies an admirable position, is approached by a carriage-entrance from the high-road, and lies in a sweep of flower-beds, beyond which are extensive ranges of gardens and plantations, which, being merely parted by an invisible hedge, seem to belong to its grounds. In front of the house a handsome raised terrace, sheltered on all sides by lofty trees, and forming a shady and agreeable promenade, stretches away into the green gardens; and pleasant paths wind in all directions up the wooded hill at the back. The house itself has the cheerful aspect and poetical accessories of a *maison de campagne*, with something of the statelier character of the *château* in its turreted roof. It contains a *salle à manger*, a *salle de campagne*, four or five sleeping-rooms, extensive accommodations for servants, brewhouses, winehouses, magazines for wood, etc., stabling, and large premises behind for all conceivable domestic purposes. The whole of this establishment, which is close to the town, and yet buried in the foliage, was to be let for sixteen pounds per annum!

On the opposite side of the river, away amongst forest-trees and leafy nooks, a merchant of the town had built a costly mansion for his own residence. It lies in a beautiful dell, is planted all round with prodigality and taste. The house itself is perfectly modern, solid, and handsome, and is fitted up and furnished luxuriously,—a residence fit for an Englishman of fortune, to whom it would be especially recommended by the strength and finish of the architecture. It is chargeable with only one deficiency—it has no stable. The gentleman who built it, having a spacious town-house, which he intended, probably, to make his head-quarters, appears to have thought a second set of stables unnecessary at so short a distance. But the want of a stable might be so easily supplied, that it becomes an insignificant item in the consideration of the *agrémens* of this "very desirable residence." Our merchant had scarcely dismissed his last workman, and completed the house to his taste, when he found that circumstances rendered it imperative upon him to abandon his intention of residing outside the town. The house came accordingly to be let, although there was no public announcement of the fact. The reader might guess a long time before he would have the courage to guess that this house, with its grounds and plantations, was to be had for twelve hundred francs, or about forty-eight pounds per annum!

Generally speaking, on a rough, but sufficiently correct average, you may get a capital house, with two sitting-rooms and four or five bed-rooms, a garden producing more vegetables than a family could consume, with coach-house, stable, and out-houses, for three hundred francs, or twelve pounds per annum.

There was at that time an English gentleman residing in the neighbourhood with his wife and daughters, who kept his carriage, and lived in a style which made him an object of some observation in this tranquil place, and he certainly did not expend more than one hundred and twenty or one hundred and sixty pounds a-year.

The highest annual expenditure said to be laid out in Saumur has never exceeded five hundred pounds a-year; but this is extravagance, profligacy, useless equipages, and unenjoyable dinner-parties. Nobody lives in this way. It is a mode of life which would neither be intelligible nor acceptable to the people, and which would utterly spoil their social intercourse. The majority of people living *genteely*, and keeping servants, hardly expend more than sixty or seventy pounds per annum. These estimates are so low as to be scarcely entitled to credit. But it is, nevertheless, quite certain that a small income here enables people to *live* more comfortably than they could in England upon treble or quadruple the outlay. Indeed, in England a family could not live at all, without severe privations, upon a sum which would enable them here to live at their ease.

The wine of the country is excellent, and cheaper than beer. It is not the sour stuff we generally expect to find as the *vin du pays*, but sound table-wine. A barrel of the best quality will cost forty francs, and the *ordinaire*, for mere dinner use, about twenty francs. The barrel contains about two hundred and forty bottles. Within the town you pay the *octroi*, which is ten francs per barrel more.

In the markets we find everything equally cheap: beef, mutton, veal, lamb, six sous per pound; butter twelve sous in summer, but never exceeding eighteen sous per pound in the winter; eggs six sous per dozen; fowls and ducks from a franc to a franc and a half per pair; a large turkey two francs; fish is generally to be had in abundance, but salmon is held to be rather dear at ten sous per pound; a large pike, that would dine twelve people, one franc and a-half; game is dear, a brace of partridges twelve sous; a pheasant five francs; a hare fifteen sous; sugar nineteen sous; coffee thirty sous per pound; fruit is as cheap as air.

In addition to the advantages of cheapness and situation, Saumur possesses many delightful resources—agreeable society, baths, a handsome theatre, concerts, *soirées*, balls almost every week, with boats constantly passing and re-passing, and carrying you for a mere trifle up and down the river to Nantes, Tours, Blois, Ancenis, Angers, and Orleans.

Cheapness is the grand consideration to the class for whose especial benefit I have collected these particulars; although, generally speaking, it is the last to which they are willing to confess. Decent pride is a wholesome thing, and helps to preserve the independence of people who are not very rich; but Englishmen carry this matter of pride to an extremity of sentiment that reduces it to burlesque. Colman's "Poor Gentleman," in the long farce of that name, hits off this national foible with felicity. Exactly in proportion to the depth of his poverty is the height of his indignation at the offer of assistance. When the young man from Russia, who foams over with benevolence, talks of lending him money, he replies, with freezing grandeur, "I cannot think, young man, you came here to insult me!" To hint at the necessity which tempts abroad most of the English who settle in French towns and villages, would be regarded as an unpardonable affront; yet for what else do they expatriate themselves, if not for economy? People do not voluntarily select a location in a strange land, where a strange tongue is spoken, and where they are surrounded by strange faces; they do not choose such an entire change of habits for its own sake, or out of any whim or caprice; there must be a motive, and a strong one,

to induce them to make these sacrifices, for, isolated as circumstances may have kept them at home, this change cannot be made without sacrifices of the gravest kind, familiar scenes, old ties and associations, and friendships within call if not within the reach of constant intercourse. "The oak of the forest," as Grattan exclaimed upon being summoned to the British Parliament, "is too old to be transplanted at fifty;" and when fathers and mothers, who have been accustomed all their lives to a certain social routine, make up their minds to transport their families to places where they are compelled to begin the world again, there must be a motive which has a stronger influence over them than the claims and sympathies they relinquish.

The motive is transparent. At home they are exposed to a thousand distresses and humiliations; they cannot sustain their position; and there are children to be cared for, to be educated, and placed out in the world. The only alternative is to escape out of this shadow which oppresses and darkens their lives, into some country where the means of living are cheap, where education is cheap, and where they can hold their heads erect once more, breathe freely, and saunter about at their ease in the sunshine. What does it matter whether they live on one hundred or one thousand pounds a-year? There is no need to be ashamed of independence. Let nobody wonder, then, at the number of English, who, during the long peace, flocked into the cheap countries; the only wonder is that there were not more of them. But let nobody, out of false delicacy or base pride, mistake or make a mystery of the object which carried them there; or set up a mask of ostentation to conceal the defects of fortune.

There is really nothing in this question of domestic economy which does not affect all conditions of life more or less. It comes home (if he could be prevailed upon to acknowledge it) to the English gentleman who settles at Avranches, or Tours, on three hundred pounds a-year, quite as much as to the practical farmer who, converting his little property into capital, transports himself and his family to Van Dieman's Land. The only difference (an important one, which cuts both ways into the future) is, that the one can return when he pleases, or change his quarters at his own free will; while the other, having embarked his whole substance in a single venture, must abide the issue.

There are many people who, willing enough to enjoy the economy, have an ungracious way of depreciating its conditions. "Oh yes!" they say; "you get the necessaries of life cheap enough; but there the advantage ends. The necessaries! as if there were nothing else in the world to be thought of! In such places you are exiled from society, and must make up your mind to vegetate, resigning all hope of human intercourse. Bah! the best you can make of it is complete banishment, with plenty to eat and drink."

This would be an excellent argument, if people could do without eating and drinking; but seeing that eating and drinking constitute the elementary condition upon which all social arrangements are unavoidably founded, the said argument is not worth much. It would be well to inquire of people who cry out in this way about society, what society the demi-fortune had the happiness of enjoying at home, or whether he really had any society at all? If he had, and could afford to cultivate it, why, in the name of all that is cozy and

comfortable, should he ever dream of going into this wretched banishment where he is so vulgarly well fed? Now, the whole secret turns upon this very fact, that the man who complains of the want of society abroad, was compelled to expatriate himself because he could not sustain the expense of going into society at home. The mere current cost of keeping himself in a position to make and receive visits, supposing it possible, at the same time to avoid the consequent expense of entertaining company, would have drained his whole income.

But it is incorrect to assume that in these cheap places you are exiled from society. In the interior (seldom on the coast) there is excellent society—of a kind, too, which, for the most part, is rather too intellectual for the settler, consisting of the families of men of science and letters, who have taken up their residence in these localities for reasons connected with their pursuits or their personal affairs. In this respect, France is essentially different from England, and it is well to note the difference carefully. While the system of centralization renders Paris the focus of political movements, drawing into the capital much of the wealth and all the fashion of the country, Literature and Science, diffusive in their results, but retired and silent in their operations, linger lovingly in sequestered retreats, or in provincial towns and villages. Almost every town has its college, at all events its public school, its museum, its picture-gallery, its library; and upon these foundations several professors are established. These professors are often men of a high order,—antiquaries, historians, botanists, geologists; each, perhaps, a man of one idea, to which he devotes himself assiduously. The provinces are, in fact, full of a class of readers and writers unknown in England. Every province has its own capital, which attracts all the surrounding interests, forming a minor system of centralization in everything that concerns its own history, arts, science, and antiquities.

It must not be supposed that all the distinguished men of letters in France run up to Paris, as in England they run up to London. The men of fortune do, leaving their *châteaux* to go to ruin, while they indulge their love of pleasure and gamble away their resources in the *salons* of the capital; but men of letters stay behind to dignify and enrich the country of their birth and their labours. Fashionable novelists, dramatists, and mystics in poetry, philosophy, and religion swarm to Paris, as the only place where they can obtain encouragement and remuneration; but students who attach themselves to severer pursuits, are content with the reward of discharging a useful duty in the most useful way. While Dumas, Scribe, and Victor Hugo engross the reading world of Paris, such men as Bodin and Mahé are found publishing the fruits of their learned researches in the scenes to which they refer. This is so generally the case, that if you want to get a local history, or an account of the antiquities of a place, your best chance is to inquire in the place itself. It often happens that such works, in the ordinary course, rarely make their way to Paris.*

* The railway from Saumur to Angers was thrown open while these sheets were passing through the press—on the 18th of March. How far this will affect the cheapness of Saumur, or arrest the decay of Croix Verte, we will not venture to predicate.

THE OPENING OF THE OPERAS.

“ When Music, heavenly maid, was young,”

she was obliged to warble in the woods and streets. She had grown very old, when her grateful admirers built an Opera House for her. She has been kept in great state ever since, and whenever she throws open her house for the season, she produces a sensation which sinks poor Tragedy and Comedy into oblivion.

The ascendancy of music over all other forms of entertainment is no longer a matter of speculation. An opera, even indifferently executed, is more attractive than a play, however effectively cast, putting original genius, in either case, out of the question. We need not seek very far for the reason of this. The play, of whatever materials it may be composed, appeals to the reason, to experience, knowledge, taste; music to the passions and the imagination. The education of books and the world is, in some sort, necessary to the one; education may refine the enjoyment of the other, but is by no means indispensable to it. Music speaks an universal language, and is intelligible everywhere to all grades of people, old and young, rich and poor, taught and untaught, the grave, the gay, the critic, and the fool. Unlike the drama, it is sure of a wide audience, who, following Lord Chesterfield's precept, leave their common sense at the door, and go in with their ears. It reaches all sympathies, and awakens enthusiasm in the most unpromising natures. It has an invocation for every mood, the tender, the ludicrous, the grand, the dismal, the lively; it unveils the passions, it satirizes, it mocks, it laughs, it weeps, it springs into the air; some forms of music touch the heart, and dissolve the hearer into tears; others inspire him with heroic ardour; others fly to his heels, and set him off dancing like mad. The popularity of music is easily comprehended.

When the Italian Opera was originally introduced into England, it was regarded with undisguised jealousy by the players. Foreign shows of every kind have always a tendency at first to draw off a certain amount of patronage from the familiar amusements of the people; but nothing short of great excellence can perpetuate the attraction, and continue to repeated performances that support which was originally accorded to novelty. The Italian Opera has not only stood this test for a hundred years in London, but has made advances which have taken it out of the category of experiments and speculations, and established it at the head of our permanent pleasures. It has become as necessary to us as equipages and retinues. What would the “Tattlers” and “Guardians,” who made such a fuss about Nicolini and Mrs. Tofts, say to two Opera Houses instead of one, to half a dozen tenors as good as Nicolini, and to a crowd of sopranos, any one of whom would look down very superciliously upon good Mrs. Tofts?

The opening of these two Opera Houses is an event of high and peculiar interest this year. The antecedents of both supply matter of earnest consideration affecting the future, and every person who possesses any information on the subject, or who pretends to it (by far a more numerous class), launches his own notions as to what we are to expect, and what is to happen three months hence.

So far as the present development of the resources of these great establishments enables the unprejudiced observer to form a safe opinion, there is abundant reason to congratulate the public upon the efforts that have been made for their entertainment. "Masaniello," presented for the first time in its integrity, with great costliness of scenery, and marvellous beauty in the *ensemble*, is a work that cannot fail to please. The "Cenerentola" and the transplanted Alboni, an improved orchestra, and a brilliant ballet at the other house, exhibit a combination of seductions still more fascinating. On both sides, the musical amateur may rejoice in exquisite delights; nothing has been left undone, agreeably to the different aims of the houses, to realize his most extravagant expectations.

Looking at the prospects of the opera, the mind instinctively institutes a comparison between the rival theatres. This feeling was so strong at first that it generated two antagonist parties in the musical world; but time has worn out their animosities, cooled their ardour, and given space to art to assert itself above the jealousies of faction. If anybody expresses a strong opinion either way now, it is not for the sake of propping the fortunes of the old house or the new, but for the maintenance of some principle of taste, or the encouragement of excellence in some particular direction. One benefit at least has resulted from all the good music which this rivalry has produced to us—namely, that it has made the bulk of play-goers and opera-loungers *think* a little more of the matter than they used to do. Formerly, when there was but one house, and a few floating terms of vague enthusiasm sufficed to satisfy the demands of drawing-room or dinner-table criticism, there were many *habitués* who never troubled themselves to look below the surface, who took the thing for granted, swam with the current, echoed the popular phrase of censure or applause, and acquired a sort of elegant reputation in general companies, as accomplished frequenters of Fop's Alley. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* When Lind is pitted against Grisi, when Gardoni appears in the place of Mario, when Alboni crosses to the opposite camp, and it becomes necessary to weigh with learned accuracy the comparative strength of the companies and the probable issues of the season, old, shallow generalities will no longer answer the purpose. Your connoisseur must descend into details, and be prepared to defend as well as to pronounce opinions; he can no longer shelter his Sybarite faith behind the authority of fashion, or escape cross-examination by a display of vapid raptures.

Whatever effect the establishment of two opera companies may have had in other respects, it has undoubtedly exercised an important influence upon the musical taste of the country. Competition—ruinous in most cases to one party or both—is generally beneficial to the public. Operas have been put upon the stage with more care and completeness in the *ensemble*, a wider range of styles has been embraced, and more colour has been imparted generally to the performances within the last two years than at any previous period. A greater mass of musical talent, also, has been brought into action; the capability of the Lyric stage, in the way of producing grand choral effects, and of giving dramatic expression to its materials, has been more fully disclosed; and the assistance of auxiliary art in enhancing the charm of the whole, has been more skilfully and liberally employed.

In making these rapid steps in advance of the old system, some differences may be traced between the two houses. The strength of Covent Garden has hitherto lain in the orchestra and the chorus; that of Her Majesty's Theatre chiefly in individual vocalization. The lover of instrumental music and broad effects was "lapped in Elysium" at the former; the lover of melody at the latter. Both were admirable in their departments. To the majority of mankind, pure melody is the highest gratification music can pour out upon the entranced senses; the scientific few alone can thoroughly appreciate the involved harmony and profound combinations of numerous instruments and voices. The opportunity of enjoying both in perfection has been afforded by the contrast into which they have been thus thrown; while, reacting upon each other, they have been productive to a certain extent of further improvement; for, although as yet the vocal department of Covent Garden has not obtained additional force, but rather suffered a decline, the choruses and orchestra of the other house have been evidently strengthened, and are more highly disciplined than ever.

If the ballet does not legitimately enter into the scheme of the Opera, it has so long attended upon the scene that the public are in no humour to dispense with it. We believe, let people say what they may in a sudden fit of enthusiasm about music, that if the town could be polled on this question, the ballet would carry as large a majority of votes as Louis Napoleon. The Covent Garden management was perfectly right to drop the ballet altogether. Total omission is preferable to total failure. They can arrange an incidental dance capitally,—the groups and mazes, for instance, in "Masaniello" are full of picturesque scraps,—but their ballets were remarkable only for meagreness and incapacity. It was an ingenious evasion of the difficulty to fall back upon the completeness of the opera, and to pretend to expel the ballet as an interference with the serener and loftier purposes of the establishment. But we are bound to say it was not a very honest argument. The ballet was judiciously relinquished, because it could not be successfully presented. It is quite absurd to suppose that the new Opera, which undertakes to excel the old one, would voluntarily begin by dispensing with one of its leading attractions. To the credit of the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, this abandonment of the field has not diminished their desire to occupy it with all becoming splendour. The ballet of the present season is amongst the greatest triumphs in its kind which have been achieved at that house.

In a comparison of the relative attractions of the two Operas, the ballet cannot be shut out of consideration. It is a feature which has grown up of late years into conspicuous importance. Formerly our ballets were mere mists of indifferent scenery, and tawdry crowds of men and women, with a star or two shining through them every now and then in the form of a popular *danseuse*. The story was obscured under a prodigious flurry of nymphs and naiads, spotted over with bunches of flowers and coral-wreaths; the action was confused and unintelligible; and all the satisfaction that could be got out of one of those bewildering entertainments was when Elsler came glittering upon the scene with her dazzling luxuriance of motion, or when Taglioni, floating like a sunbeam in the air, seemed to deliberate her ineffable grace before she descended to the earth. The ballet is now a very different affair. The fable is luminously constructed; the scenes follow each other in intelligible sequence; the groups are dis-

tributed with skill, and assist the interpretation of the plot; the costume, no longer a capricious investment of spangles, is rich and appropriate; and even the dances, which constitute the main fascination, are rendered subservient to the dramatic design without suffering any curtailment of their intrinsic interest. The greatest propriety is observed in the *mise en scene*, and the painter and the mechanist contribute their most ingenious resources to heighten the vivid pantomime.

The worst of it is, that neither opera nor ballet can be thus brought to a high state of excellence without an inordinate outlay, and that the public, who enjoy these exquisite entertainments with so keen a relish, are occasionally reminded that what is sport to them is death to others. From the earliest days of the Italian Opera in this country, with some exceptions, its history has been a history of disasters. Cibber complains of the enormous sums that were paid to the great tenor of his day, and tells us that in the end the whole establishment was involved in ruin. "This so excellent performer's agreement," he says, "was eight hundred guineas for the year; which is but an eighth part more than half the sum that has since been given to several that could never totally surpass him; the consequence of which is, that the losses by operas, in several seasons, to the end of the year 1738, have been so great, that those gentlemen of quality, who last undertook the direction of them, found it ridiculous any longer to entertain the public at so extravagant an expense, while no one particular person thought himself obliged by it."

This passage strikes us with peculiar force at a moment when Operagoers are discussing in all companies exactly the same topic. It is perfectly notorious that the expenditure of our Operas during these seasons of costly rivalry has been enormous; and it is now admitted on all hands that we cannot support two such establishments. The contemplation of the results which flow from the failure of experiments of this nature counterbalances the fugitive pleasure derived from their progress. The gain to art is temporary; the loss to artists lingers long afterwards. To entertain the public at an extravagant expense, which no one person thinks himself obliged by, is, to say the best of it, a thankless piece of generosity; and when the curtain shall have fallen upon the scene, hardly any consciousness of the entertainment will remain, except a certain ungrateful sense of the folly of so much fruitless waste of money.

The subject is scarcely within the province of animadversion, but it forms too prominent a question of discussion in all circles to be wholly overlooked. We cannot affect indifference to it, for we are in a crisis in our operatic affairs which is not unlikely to bring about a speedy solution of the problem,—whether the two Operas can much longer co-exist. Grave speculations are abroad, but like all such speculations, founded on imperfect data, they are overcharged and exaggerated. It is clear, we think, that tradition, habit, and fashion all favour the house in the Haymarket, and that, with these patent advantages, it can sustain a long siege. In the meanwhile, let us watch with interest the progress of both, and recognise, as they deserve, their honourable efforts to elevate art and instruct the public taste.

THE OPERATIVE'S LEGACY.

BY LORD MAIDSTONE.

My son! my little drooping child! mankind's last path I tread—
 A little longer, and the mould lies turfless o'er my head.
 A few more sighs, a groan or two, set teeth, and clenched hands—
 And the poor Slave of Calico, before his Master stands.

I've seen in this unhallowed town colossal fortunes rise,
 While I have gnawed the crust of toil, and quenched my youth in sigh
 I've watch'd the track of heartless gain, from penury to wealth;
 Bale upon bale—and pile on pile—built up on poor men's health.
 Oh, envy not their sleepless nights, in villas rich and rare,
 Garnish'd with tasteless ornament, brave stuffs, and costly ware.
 Seething in vapours fat with Death—the ragged infants ply
 Their sixteen hours reduced to *ten*. Hurrah for sympathy!
 Droop, droop—drop, drop—how speedily—into the shallow grave,
 Where the rank "God's acre" festers, and the grasses never wave.
 What! though our masters speechify on trade's unfettered blessings
 While they bind us, and they grind us—what boot these lip-caressing
 'T is the soul too and the body that must pander to their will;
 Our tyrants make "one hiring" of the person and the skill.

A score or thirty winters of enterprise in trade,
 And strikes and speculation—and the monster fortune's made.
 He quits the town with *thousands*, and seeks a distant shire,
 And buys a landed property, and sets up for a squire.
 And the poor man in the village, and the tenant on the hill,
 And the hanger-on about the hall, and the widow at the mill,
 Say "Times are sorely alter'd," since the memorable day,
 When the good *decay'd old Family* with blessings went away.

A day of steam! a time of steel! the fling of false ideas!
 An age of artificial life, and riches wrung from tears.
 The verdure's blotted from the earth, the gases taint the breeze,
 And foliage droops supinely from the lank and smoky trees.
 The coal-shaft peeps out grimly from the waste of wither'd thorn,
 And vitriol's death-dew blisters the lean and hungry corn.
 On "the bite" upon the moorland, in the gullies shelter'd deep,
 In the little "close" beside the wood, a score of slattern sheep.
 A "cadger's" donkey browses between the yellow furze,
 A "fighting bull-dog" grins amongst a mob of village curs!
 The garden-door hangs open into the sludgy way,
 Where, yet too young for mill-work, a gang of infants play;
 The taper chimneys pointing (unhallowed Mammon's spires!)
 To where our rich ones worship the "Greed" that never tires.
 Each passer-by tells plainly, as flesh and blood can speak,
 Of licence for the bully, and hardships for the weak.

Oh for the ruddy faces that crowd the rustic street !
 The well-trimm'd plot before the door—the white-washed cottage neat,
 With lattic'd window opening out on trelliswork of flowers,
 The China rose and jessamine—alas, they die on ours.
 The village-green with cricketers—the blacksmith's open door,
 Where busy gossips cluster when working-time is o'er.
 The bench for travellers' comfort set beneath the spreading thorn,
 Where the "Squire's Arms" were creaking long, long ere he was born.
 The foot-path winding past the church, and near the good old hall,
 And crossing the clear trout stream, by the rushing waterfall.
 Sweet, healthful, cheering beauties, which lavish Nature throws,
 O'er hamlets not yet trade-blown—where still the violet grows,
 And the nightingale is heard o' nights in the thickets of the lanes ;
 And the collar-bells are jingling from the farmers' market wains !

The sick'ning whirr of straps and wheels—I hear it in my sleep !
 'Twill haunt me in the churchyard, an ye make not the grave deep.
 I see the surly task-master in peevisish anger stand,
 To tax the slips of vacant mind, and rate the failing hand.
 The task that withers us and ours is measured by the day,
 Not by the gentle lapsing years of unperceiv'd decay !—

Thy mother was an orphan child unfit for life's turmoil,
 Few spared to her the kindly word that blunts the edge of toil.
 She grew to age unnotic'd by the profligate and vain,
 An operative unit in the busy sum of gain !
 For many a year I watch'd her droop, of wildest hope bereft,
 She bore me sons and daughters—but thou alone art left.
 And now I'm going from thee—this thready pulse of life
 Must halt a little longer, and the mourner joins the wife.—

Beware my son of clubs and leagues—mistrust the specious tongue,
 There's a way of filling coffers by *manufacturing* wrong.
 Let them follow up misfortune to the dismal red-brick street—
 Where the stricken hand and faded heart in bitterness retreat,
 To rot within a stone's throw of the speculator's hall ;
 Who draughts them off remorseless as the foreign markets fall.
 There's full fling for our leaguers in the hovels of the poor—
 Let them shoulder srip and basket and trudge from door to door.
 And leave "Mechanics' Institutes" and evening "Halls of Trade"—
 Where plied with disaffection the working man's betray'd.
 They're a strong class, our masters ! a wordy and a loud,
 Resourceful in their grievances, and plausible, and proud !
 And a fashion's come upon us—a truckling to the cry
 Of a novel hybrid element, the "Calicocracy."
 Draw nigh and mark—"While riches are the guerdon of intrigue,
 And interest prompts the leaders, my son, mistrust a league."

March, 1849.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

"NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS."*

It is very rarely—once or twice it may be in a century—that a work of this high character is brought before us: if we except Sir Gardner Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," nothing comparable to it has been seen within our time; and prolific as has been the press within the last fifty years, of publications of great interest upon hitherto unknown lands, or of long since extinct nations, yet none have equalled this in its surprising and unexpected and most gratifying revelations: like a brilliant and unlooked-for comet, it has suddenly burst into view, arousing and astonishing, commanding our attention and claiming our admiration.

Charmed names, indeed, are Nineveh and Babylon, Assyrians and Chaldeans; for they are names of cities the earliest built, and of empires the earliest formed, which once held half the world under their sway, and that are intimately connected with subjects of the highest possible importance to us,—Jewish prophets, equally with heathen historians, having so spoken of them, as to give to these two great empires of the East a never-dying interest with the scholar and the Christian.

But, beyond the information which the Bible gives to us of Nineveh and the Assyrians, our knowledge of either is, at the very best, but meagre and unsatisfactory, since Nineveh was almost forgotten before profane history began; thus, when Xenophon passed over its remains, being ignorant of the name it once bore, he describes it as a large uninhabited city, *anciently* dwelt in by the Medes; and Herodotus, who was in that neighbourhood a few years previously, speaks of it as a city that had once been:—it had, in fact, been destroyed nearly two hundred years before; and having been built, as the cities of the East are invariably, in the main, with sun-dried bricks, it became very speedily, through neglect and desertion, but vast mounds and masses of ruin.

In the ruined capital of a fallen empire few at that time, probably, took any interest, and none sufficient to write the history of a city whose splendour and power had for ever passed away—whose palaces and temples were in ruins, whose walls and gates were broken down, whose streets were made desolate, and its houses without inhabitants; and therefore did the city, the exceeding great city of three days' journey, that had once held within it probably 600,000 souls, so totally disappear from the sight and the knowledge of men, that no one in our times has ever hazarded more than a conjecture where the city of sixty miles in circumference once stood.

Suddenly, as if by magic, and after being buried as in a tomb through two thousand five hundred years, this same city, that had its foundations laid two thousand years B.C., is again laid open to the light, dis-

* *Nineveh and its Remains; with an Account of the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis, or Devil Worshipers; and an Enquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians.* By Austen Henry Layard, Esq. London: Murray. 1849.

playing still much of the magnificence and beauty that originally belonged to it; and now, after twenty-five centuries of ignorance, we may all learn what the Assyrians once were, what language they spoke, what gods they worshipped, with what arms they fought, and with what nations,—what their military systems, their proficiency in the arts, their customs and peculiarities. One hundred plates embellish these volumes, and they are shortly to be followed by one hundred more, in illustration of the very numerous subjects of interest, the sculptures, statues, ornaments, and inscriptions with which the work abounds.

Of a book of this description, recounting labours so great, and discoveries so important, it would be difficult to speak in any moderate terms of praise. Its chief subject is one which is in itself of the most exciting interest, and that interest is, if possible, increased by Mr. Layard's lively manner of treating it and all its accessories. Necessarily he came in contact with strange characters; and was either aided or thwarted, plundered or befriended, by every Arab chief around him. The Governors of Mosul, under whose eyes he laboured, were more or less opposed to his excavations, and every slab and image he uncovered only added to the wrath and horror of the Cadi and Ulema of that city. Armed, however, as he was, through Sir Stratford Canning's kindness, with the Sultan's firman, he triumphed over all opposition; but his account of the proceedings of his friends, and of some of his foes, and of the habits of life, and the unrighteous doings of the Arab tribes around him, are not the least amusing portions of these most interesting volumes, and open to us quite new views of the Arab character and policy.

The astonishment of these wild people, as he successively uncovered or removed what seemed to them but as grim idols, was at times so great as to render them perfectly frantic with excitement; the women screamed incessantly the piercing *tahlebe*, while the drums and shrill pipes of the Kurdish musicians increased the din and the confusion caused by the war-cry of the men, and then would commence among them all "a most mad dance;"—and when he was about to remove to the banks of the Tigris the two gigantic statues of the winged human-headed lion and the winged human-headed bull, he invited an Arab chief, with whom he had exchanged courtesies and presents, the Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, to attend with his company of horsemen—a more animated description of the wildest scenes of excitement and enthusiasm we never read. Even the Sheikh himself shared in it, and, throwing off his cloak, danced as madly as the rest.

When, however, his enthusiasm had cooled down a little, and he was riding quietly to his tents, he gave way to some moral reflections, which in his case were so natural, and to the subject so apposite, that we cannot but quote a few of them. "Wonderful! wonderful!" he exclaimed, after a long pause; "in the name of the Most High, tell me, O Bey, what you are going to do with those stones—so many thousands of purses spent upon such things!—can it be as you say, that your people learn wisdom from them, or is it that they are to go to the palace of your Queen, who, with the rest of the unbelievers, worship these idols?—But God is great! God is great!—here are stones which have been buried ever since the time of the holy Noah—peace be with him; for twelve hundred years have the true believers been settled in this country, and none of them ever heard of a palace under ground,

neither did they who went before them. But lo! here comes a Frank from many days' journey off, and he walks up to the very place, and he takes a stick and makes a line here, and makes a line there;—here, says he, is the palace; there, says he, is the gate; and he shews up what has been all our lives beneath our feet without our having known anything about it. Wonderful! wonderful!—is it by books, is it by magic, is it by your prophets that you have learned these things? Speak, O Bey, tell me the secret of wisdom."

These magnificent specimens of Assyrian art Mr. Layard describes as in perfect preservation, the most minute lines in the details of the wings and of the ornaments being retained with their original freshness, and not a character wanting in the inscriptions. "I used to contemplate for hours," he says, "those mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history: through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated into Greece; they had awed and instructed races which flourished three thousand years ago. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown before the foundation of the eternal city—for twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eyes of men, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty—but how changed was the scene around them!"

But a worse change has since befallen them, notwithstanding all the labour and all the care of disintombing them, of transporting, and embarking, and floating them to Busrah; there they lay still utterly neglected and unheeded by our Government, who have taken no measures to bring them, as Mr. Layard designed they should be brought, to the British Museum; even the articles which he did send home received great injury from being most unwarrantably unpacked, to be stared upon at Bombay, and most carelessly repacked, excepting some of the most valuable, which, at Bombay, were purloined. Can nothing be done by the public, independent of the Government, in this matter? In the utter indifference shewn by every member of the Administration to all that Mr. Layard has done, and to all the treasures of art with which he is prepared to enrich his country, can no committee be formed of men of influence and taste, to direct the public mind aright in this business, to embody and concentrate the public feeling and liberality so as to enable him, and on a liberal scale, to resume his researches; for the mounds of Nineveh are only as yet scratched, three spots only have been examined, and the vast masses of ruins on the site of Babylon may be said to be yet untouched, although under them may be found the great obelisk of Semiramis. We have thus only opened upon a mine, and can scarcely be said to have drawn but a few fragments from it; and we may judge of the riches of this mine, when almost every burnt brick, and every stone employed in the ancient edifices of Assyria, has an inscription impressed or cut upon it, and when inscriptions in the Assyrian cuneiform characters are found on almost every slab on the walls and the floorings of the palaces.

Enough, however, has been uncovered to verify to the full all that Ezekiel wrote of the images of the Chaldeans, as portrayed upon the walls; there they are still, girded and attired exactly as he described them; and there are also depicted and sculptured the idols of the Assyrians; their Astarte, or Venus; the "Queen of Heaven" of Jeremiah; the "Chiun" of Amos—crowned with a tower, and standing

on a lion. Nisroch is an eagle-headed god, and the far-famed Baal is seen as in the act of walking, bearing in his right hand a dagger and an axe.

This is, we acknowledge, a most miserably meagre notice of Mr. Layard's extraordinary labours and their results; but our space forbids us to say more than that never was any man's triumph over difficulties more complete—never were discoveries made of greater interest and importance, and never were honour and recompense from his countrymen by any one more richly merited: his untiring industry and perfect disinterestedness, his patience and prudence, his courage and perseverance, his firmness and determination, entitle him to high praise, to the highest we can award, and to something beyond that praise which is given by the lips or the pen.

But who will stir to provide it and bestow it? Will the Royal Geographical Society, or the Society of Antiquaries, or the Royal Society of Literature—will the Church at large, or the Church of England in particular—will any one do any thing beyond prattling and babbling about Mr. Layard's wonderful discoveries? The Athenæum Club could of itself alone from its own members, and in a few days, raise 10,000*l.* to enable Mr. Layard to renew his researches, and to complete what he has so nobly and prosperously begun. Poor as we are, we would willingly add our hundred to the ten thousand, and there are many, doubtless, who would say far less than we do upon the subject, and give much more. That Nineveh is not at this moment what she has ever hitherto been, "a desolation and a waste," of which little could be said, and almost nothing known, is wholly owing to Mr. Layard's astonishing industry and ability; and it is exclusively through him that we have acquired "the most convincing and lasting evidence of that magnificence and power which made Nineveh the wonder of the ancient world, and her fall the theme of Israel's prophets, as the most signal instance of Divine vengeance."

"MARDI, AND THE VOYAGE THITHER."

By Herman Melville, Author of "Typee," and "Omoo." In Three Volumes. London: 1849.

Novelty in literature is always delightful, like novelty in love. When we have penetrated completely into the mystery of any form of composition it ceases to have attractions for us, and are consequently easily persuaded to quit it in search of something which promises more, whether it be able to keep the promise or not. In acting thus we obey one of the most powerful impulses of our nature, which impels us everlastingly forward, and gives birth to what is denominated progress, used as a synonyme for improvement.

Under this impression, the author of "Mardi," a man intoxicated with imagination, has evidently written. For feeling in its ordinary shapes he has no toleration, and he thinks, not altogether perhaps without reason, that the world also is growing weary of it. He endeavours, therefore, to imitate one of the most striking processes of civilisation, and to build up for fancy a distant home in the ocean. In the development of this design he is guilty of great extravagance; but while floating between heaven and earth, creating archipelagos

in the clouds, and peopling them with races stranger and more fantastical than

“—The cannibals that each other eat;
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,”

he contrives to inspire us with an interest in his creations, to excite our passions, to astonish us with the wild grandeur of his landscapes, and to excite in us a strong desire to dream on with him indefinitely.

At first we fancy ourselves about to engage in the adventures of a new Robinson Crusoe, who, eschewing the homeliness and simplicity of the old one, declaims and narrates in King Cambyses' vein. Starting with a whaler in the Pacific, we move northwards, traverse the Equator, and get at last into those sunny seas, where alone, in these commonplace and exploring days, oceanic romance and mystery can conceal themselves from the vulgar gaze. Then comes the incident of cutting away the whaleboat, drifting astern on a dark night, and escaping, slenderly provided, to traverse a thousand miles of sea without chart or quadrant. In a moment the whole story of the *Bounty's* crew is called to mind, and we shudder with presentiments of starvation and thirst. But not so. Our author's imagination is too genial and sunny for that. He invents new incidents, and it soon appears that if the hero be indeed a Robinson Crusoe, he is one of a much wilder stamp than he of Hull.

The hero is accompanied in the whaleboat at the outset by one Jarl, an old sailor from the Isle of Skye, taciturn, bold, and faithful, with whom he scuds on agreeably enough before the trade-winds. By degrees they engage in extraordinary adventures, and attach to themselves new companions, till the acme of romance interest is reached by the acquisition of a beautiful woman called Yillah, around whom all the poetry of the volume afterwards revolves.

Yillah is a sweet creation, like the Wept of Wish-ton Wish. She is in appearance only a savage. By descent a white woman, she has fallen by chance into the hands of the islanders, and is proceeding to be offered up a victim to the ocean gods, when she is rescued by the hero, who afterwards rejoices in the name of Taji. No love, no romance. Taji therefore exchanges hearts with Yillah, and for a while their happiness is complete, sailing over calm and balmy seas, beneath a sky of inexpressible serenity and splendour. But bliss is cloying: life is made up of vicissitudes, and the forms of misery and suffering are infinitely varied, while pleasure has only one aspect. Yillah disappears; and then come the restless search, the inquiries, the voyagings, and the infinitely multiplied incidents which, when emancipated from the restraints of probability, the prolific imagination can so readily devise.

Yillah henceforth floats before the mind like a shadow. No more seen, she seems yet always on the point of becoming visible, and incessantly beckons Taji forward—now worshipped like a god, now persecuted like a demon—to the point where the action of the tale is consummated, and he is left drifting away into immeasurable space, while the last words of his wild narrative are still ringing in our ears.

From such materials it is easy to perceive how much excitement and pleasure may be extracted. Yet the story is the least part of the

work, which consists of an infinite number of episodes and digressions, descriptions and speculations, theories and commentaries sometimes immeasurably fantastical. Occasionally the author determines to display his learning, when vanity gets the upper hand of him, bewilders his judgment, and makes us laugh heartily at the weakness of human nature. Rabelais himself, however, is scarcely more discursive. He has something to say on every imaginable topic, from the Berkeleyan theory to the immortality of whales, which he has not the conscience to dismiss into the night of annihilation, because they are eighty feet long and so many yards about the waist.

We have no objection to a writer's setting down his opinion on all possible subjects, and therefore we would rather encourage this intellectual gambolling, especially when it is done in jest, and no offence in the world is meant; but we have some dislike to meeting with ideas in so thick a haze that we are unable to perceive distinctly which is which, except where, as in the ultimate dalliance with Hautia, something so exceedingly delicate is to be shadowed forth, that the more opaque the veil the better. In such passages an author's skill is put to the test. He would not be misunderstood, and yet to lift the Eleusinian veil and expose the mysteries hinted at to the vulgar gaze, would be to forfeit all claims to the praise of an adept.

Of course, there is nothing in such cases to be said of mere style, which is a contexture of language and ideas framed after certain principles and accommodated more or less correctly to the rules of art. Mr. Melville abjures all connection with such rules and principles. His cardinal notion is, that provided you effect your purpose, awaken interest, and excite admiration, it signifies very little by what means your design is accomplished. He occasionally, therefore, soars into verse, occasionally sinks to the ordinary level of prose, but habitually operates through a medium which is neither the one nor the other, but a singular compound of both, which tolerates the bold licences of the former and the minuteness and voluminousness of the latter.

It must be allowed, however, that the subject being given, it would not be easy to find a style better fitted for recommending it to the reader. The thing to be achieved is no less than the reconciling of the mind to the creation of an Utopia in the unknown latitudes of the Pacific, to call into existence imaginary tribes and nations, to describe fabulous manners; and to glass them so distinctly in the fancy that they will appear to have been implanted there by memory. This was obviously to be effected either by the exaggeration of ideas, or by exaggeration of language, or by both. Had ordinary language been employed, as in Swift's "Gulliver," to mask the portentous extravagance of the ideas and inventions, our memory would have been thrown back upon numerous achievements of the past—there would have been no novelty. On the other hand, had the incidents and scenes been probable, but made known to us through the instrumentality of a highly exaggerated style, we should have felt the disparity between the things and their representatives, and disgust would have taken the place of pleasure. Nothing was left, therefore, but to give to strange thoughts and ideas a strange utterance, and by churning up language, as the gods in the Indian fable churned the ocean, to create in the reader a sense of bewilderment

and dizziness, which must put to flight all wish to revert to a simple phraseology.

To follow the fugitives from the deck of the *Arcturion*, from the time they drop their boat into the ocean till the last of them is swept from our view in a cloud of spray, is to move through a gorgeous dream, where the scenes change so rapidly, where danger and strife and plunder alternate with tranquillity and ease and serenity, and where the most stupendous of the known phenomena of nature are exaggerated infinitely by the insatiable appetite of human fancy.

And yet it is scarcely possible to set bounds to the magnificence witnessed by those who move among the wonders of the great deep. Sober travellers have sometimes been overtaken by visions of beauty which their pens refuse to chronicle, because they would not be suspected of dealing in the fabulous. It is not so much, however, what we see, as with what eyes we see it, that constitutes the difference between man and man. Our imagination may almost be said to make the world it looks upon, so completely does it mould and colour the aspect of nature. Language, besides, experiencing its inability to paint with precision the world without us, flings itself almost in despair into exaggeration, and substitutes towering images for a faithful report of reality.

Everywhere there is freshness, originality, or a new way of treating old things. The sea is not the cold sea of the north, veiled by chilly vapours, or reflecting from its surface the shivering shores, but a warm fluid, rolling over coral reefs, clear to the depth of many fathoms, and embracing, as it flows, innumerable verdant isles laden with fruit and flowers to the water's edge. It is, consequently, not greatly to be wondered at if Mr. Melville should run riot in luxuriant descriptions, that he should confound visions with realities, and take transcendental views of nature which render it preternatural. He deals with materials very different from those of the ordinary novelist and romance writer; wild and fabulous he is, and full of Utopian fantasies. But in his company we at least escape from those vapid pictures of society which, differently brushed up and varnished, have been presented to us a thousand times before. "*Mardi*" is a book by itself, which the reader will probably like very much or detest altogether, according to the measure of his own imagination. In us it has excited, on the whole, very pleasurable sensations. There is a good deal, perhaps, to which—in a lengthened critique—we might object; but in a summing-up like the present, it is unnecessary to be hypercritical when confessedly the agreeable greatly predominates over the contrary. We recommend the reader to try his luck with "*Mardi*," and to see whether a trip into the Pacific may not prove quite as agreeable as a lounge through Belgravia. The chances, we think, are in favour of the ocean.

MR. FROUDE AND "THE NEMESIS OF FAITH."

It were vain to deny that for some years past a very uneasy feeling has arisen in the public mind relative to the line of conduct pursued by certain distinguished scholars at Oxford. This feeling of distrust and apprehension will not be lessened by the appearance of a work, which in its sneers at the Redeemer, and blasphemous ridicule of THE SUPREME, rivals Paine; and in its morality transcends George Sand and Eugene Sue. And this well-weighed and deliberately written volume—for there are no traces of haste or immaturity about it—is the production of an Oxford Graduate; a Fellow of his College: of one who, at his ordination as priest, had this solemn question put to him by his bishop, and made individually this solemn answer:—

THE BISHOP: "Will you be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word; and to use both public and private monitions and exhortations, as well to the sick as to the whole within your cures, as need shall require and occasion shall be given?"

ANSWER: "I WILL: THE LORD BEING MY HELPER."

Ordination of Priests.

The spirit of the Work to which we refer is such—the venom spit at THE CREATOR so daring and incessant; the palliation of adultery so nauseous and revolting; that one is curious to know how the writer obtained his fellowship, and by what instrumentality he was admitted to holy orders.

This gentleman then, whose academical studies have been so happily conducted as to lead him to these conclusions:—that "*sin is a chimera*;"* that "once for all we must cease in this world to believe in the eternity of any creed or form at all;"† and that "it would be as reasonable to lecture on the organic structure of The Almighty,‡ because it is said the scent of Noah's sacrifice pleased him, as to build theories of the everlasting destiny of mankind on a single vehement expression of one whose entire language was a figure;"—has been, pretensions and performances considered, a singularly successful personage.

Mr. Froude's admission to a Fellowship in Exeter College was a dextrous piece of management. Oriel had the honour of sheltering him during his undergraduate career; but from that College he was withdrawn by his friends: chief among these Mr. Sewell—without paying his former Head, Dr. Hawkins, the usual and well-merited courtesy of requesting a testimonial under his hand, attesting his fitness for promotion, and thus sanctioning the step they were then taking—that of admitting him to a fellowship in Exeter College.

But to his book. It is neither a novel, nor a biography, nor a journal. It is an affair of scraps and shreds, mainly fragmentary, little connected, and best described under the title of *A Manual of Infidelity*; to which is added, *An Apology for Adultery*. The story, if story it can be called, for only snatches of a career are at intervals given, is that of a young man unduly biassed by parental influence to enter the Church. But the gentleman, Mr. Markham Sutherland, rejects the Bible, sneers at its Divine Author, views the Saviour as

* Page 92.

† Page 33.

‡ Page 17.

a man of somewhat superior powers, but still as nothing more than a man; and decries the doctrine of the Atonement.

A bishop offers this deserving person, *while yet a layman!* preferment; and this right-minded gentleman, at heart an infidel, by profession a religious teacher, commences his ministerial career. It is brief: his views are detected; he surrenders his living; quits the Church, and hies to Italy. There (the scene is laid by the lake of Como) he becomes acquainted with an English lady married to a simple-hearted and confiding man. Her affections he estranges from her husband; transfers them to himself; an elopement is decided on; but postponed on account of the illness and subsequent death of the lady's only child. It is at this juncture that Mr. Froude's delicacy of feeling appropriately displays itself. By the bed of death—by the inanimate corpse of her child—in a scene where one would imagine all the impulses of animal passion would be hushed—does the faithless wife urge on her paramour their long meditated project of elopement! This moment of all others is selected by the mother as a fitting one for the display of illicit love. Verily, if the theology inculcated by "*The Nemesis*" would ensure for it a warm reception at "*The Sterling Club*," its morality would gain favour for it at the bagnio.

But the courage of the infidel priest fails him. An elopement with his victim is a stronger measure than he had contemplated. He renounces it; flies from the presence of the erring woman; is goaded by remorse; attempts self-destruction; is saved by the intervention of a priest; and enters the Romish Church. The faithless wife is received into a convent: and that no opportunity may be lost of scoffing at Christian doctrine, and of ridiculing those solemn assurances again and again reiterated in Scripture, that penitence must precede pardon; and that by a "loathing" and "abhorrence" of past transgression must the heart of the offender be riven before peace can dawn upon it, we are told that the guilty wife died very peaceably, happily, and on the whole satisfactorily—though, to the last, hugging her sins; and declaring with her ebbing breath that she had "*not sinned in her love for Markham Sutherland*—her sin had been in her marriage, not in her love." (p. 225.) A truly moral and edifying conclusion! As for Markham, he ere long becomes weary of the Romish discipline to which he had subjected himself; finds that his new faith had been adopted, not from the calm suggestions of reason, but from morbid feeling,—is disgusted and disheartened; and dies disappointed, hopeless, and unlamented.

The moral of the story it were difficult to guess—unless it be, that that man is most likely to succeed in life who has no religious convictions of any description, and is resolved to be troubled with none!

The passages in which the writer ventures to assail the *The Fountain of Light and Life*—the Great and Beneficent Creator—are too flagitious for extract. But the following are the terms in which this gentleman, a clergyman, and fellow of a college, thinks fit to speak of the duty of disseminating the Bible:—

"Considering all the heresies, the enormous crimes, the wickednesses, the astounding follies which the Bible has been made to justify, and which its indiscriminate reading has suggested; considering that it has been the sword which our Lord said he was sending; and that not the devil himself could have invented an implement more potent to fill the hated world with lies, and blood, and fury; I think,

certainly, that to send hawkers over the world, loaded with copies of this book, scattering it in all places among all persons—not teaching them to understand it; not standing, like Moses, between that heavenly light and them; but cramming it into their own hands as God's book, which He wrote, and they are to read, each for himself, and learn what they can for themselves—is the most culpable folly of which it is possible for man to be guilty." (page 63.)

He who can thus allude to the sacred record is not likely to spare his ill-paid and over-worked brethren. Thus truly and charitably does he allude to them:—

"A clergy who not only thought not at all, but whose heavy ignorance, from long unreality, clung about them like a garment, and who mistook their fool's-cap and bells for a crown of wisdom; with whom was selfishness recognised practically as the rule of conduct, and faith in God, in man, in virtue, exchanged for faith in the belly, in fortunes, carriages, lazy sofas, and cushioned pews, Bentham politics, and Paley religion."

While penning this atrocious accusation, did not the remembrance of some who are gone to their rest, but whose memories are yet green amongst us, recur to him? Heber of Hodnet, and Blunt of Chelsea, and Simeon of King's College, and Henry Martin of Cambridge, and Daniel Corrie of Madras? Nay there exist—no ignoble band—to whom our Church may point proudly in our own day:—Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, and Bishop Perry of Melbourne, and Bishop Wilson of Calcutta—are these men, any or all of them, those whose "heavy ignorance clings about them like a garment," by whom selfishness is recognised practically as the rule of conduct? "Oh! it were a happy thing if charity would enlarge itself as much as malice!"

Our irksome task is now nearly closed. One flagrant instance of calumny deserves special notice. The smartest, but not the least offensive part of the Volume, is that which sketches the character and details the advice of the Dean of ———; and is supposed to hit off an existing dignitary. Markham, when beset with perplexities (that is, offered preferment by a bishop in a Church, all of whose doctrines he disbelieved,) goes over to consult his uncle the dean. The interview is thus described:—

"I made no mystery of anything with him: I told him exactly how it was with me, my own difficulties and my embarrassment at home. It relieved me to see *how little he was startled*, and he was so kind that I could ill forgive myself for having so long shrunk from so warm a mediator. He said he was not at all surprised; my case was the case of almost all young men of talent before they passed from the school of books into that of life. Of course revelation had a great many most perplexing difficulties about it—he treated my case simply as a disorder, like one of the bodily disorders *we have once in our lives to go through!* which a few weeks' parish routine and practical acquaintance with mankind would dissipate as a matter of course." We will venture to say there is no church dignitary of the present who would have thus basely and unfaithfully tampered with his duty. Advice, unquestionably, would have been given, and to this effect:—"With your present feelings dream not of becoming one of the ornaments of the sanctuary. Think not for a moment,—while your mind is thus racked with unbelief,—of preferring the petition—'Put me into one of the priests' offices that I may eat a piece of bread.'"

But public opinion has already righted itself. Mr. Froude's position will be speedily and accurately determined. All parties are desirous to disown him. His college has already repudiated his doctrines. "The Nemesis of Faith" has been burnt publicly in Exeter College Hall. The Bishop of Exeter writes a letter to the public papers distinctly denying that he was the prelate who gave this infidel writer ordination. That *heavy responsibility* rests on Bishop Bagot.

Dr. Richards, the rector of Exeter College, makes a dignified statement in an official letter, that the nomination of Mr. Froude to a fellowship took place during his absence from the university; and that on his return he expressed his disapproval of the measure and stigmatized it as unwise. But it is said that a lucrative position still awaits Mr. Froude in Tasmania; * that, in fact, he is going out to that distant diocese to assume the headmastership of a Collegiate School. *If so, what will he teach?*

He needs instruction himself. Will he learn from a master spirit in days gone by? (Bishop Hall). "Our faith gives us courage, boldness, and success: infidelity lays us open to all dangers,—to all mischiefs. *He cannot sink who trusts the power of his Master: HE CANNOT BUT SINK WHO DOUBTS IT.*"

"THE UNDERCLIFF OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT."

By George A. Martin, M.D. John Churchill.

This volume is thoroughly practical and scientific, and written at the same time in so popular a spirit, that it will be as great a boon to the tourist and the invalid as to the physician. Mr. Martin is a resident amongst the scenes he describes, has had the most favourable opportunities of acquiring an accurate knowledge of their natural history, climate, and resources, and has availed himself assiduously of a great mass of valuable information which he has been calculating for some years past. His meteorological observations are especially important; and his chapter on climate, in reference to disease, and on the botany and geology of that part of the Isle of Wight embraced in the district of the Undercliff, are full of useful matter. The descriptive portions of the work are equally novel and interesting; and are written with such just, and picturesque freedom, that they may be expected to supersede all the dull and elaborate guide-books.

SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH, K.B. †

It is probable, when the title of the book we have to notice presents itself to the reader's eye, that he may be tempted to inquire, "And who, or what, in the name of illustrious obscurity, is or was Sir Robert Murray Keith?" We will proceed to furnish an account of

* Since this article was in type, the following paragraph appeared in one of our daily evening journals (*The Globe*).—Ed.

"The appointment, by Government, of Mr. Froude, whose book has attained such an unenviable notoriety, to the headship of a college in Hobart Town, is said to have been cancelled. The preliminary proceedings said to have been taken to deprive him of his Fellowship in Exeter College, have been anticipated by his resignation, thus becoming a 'fugitive from discipline.'"

† Memoirs and Correspondence (Official and Familiar) of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B. Edited by Mrs. Gillespie Smyth.

him in a few words. Sir Robert was descended from a highly respectable Scottish family. His father had been ambassador to the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, and being a true Scotchman (we say it in no invidious sense) exerted his influence to procure preferment for his two sons. The elder, Robert, obtained rapid advancement in the army; the younger, Basil, became an Admiral, and was afterwards made Governor of Jamaica.

"Like the crow, like the egg," says one of the Greek poets. Old Mr. Keith had been a respectable diplomatist; who more fit, therefore, to try his hand at the same profession than his eldest son, Robert, who was our ambassador at Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna, and who, like his father, acquitted himself creditably whenever and wherever his public services were required? We have now before us his Memoirs, and official and familiar Correspondence.

The Memoirs are extremely meagre, and for that reason would be most unsatisfactory, if Sir Robert Murray Keith had succeeded in impressing his name upon his generation. But "this effect defective comes by cause." Admirable and truly great man as the Editress (Mrs. Gillespie Smyth) would have us to believe Sir Robert to have been, she seems to know very little about him. It is somewhat singular that she did not take the trouble of inquiring, or that if she did so, there should have been, in the case of a great man, so little to tell. She informs us that, at the time of Sir Robert's death, which took place at Hammersmith in July 1795, the care of a little girl, then eight years of age, devolved upon his estimable sister, Mrs. Anne Murray Keith. Now, this lady lived till the year 1818; the little girl of 1795, brought up by her, was, at the time of the old lady's death, a woman of thirty-one years of age, and was moreover the Editress, Mrs. Gillespie Smyth. How comes it that a great man should die, and that his adopted daughter, solicitous about his fame, should never have asked his favourite sister, or that that sister should not have been able to tell, where the great man was buried?

Sir Robert's official correspondence is as dry as the contents of the work made memorable by the ingenious Cornelius Webbe—a page of which being read aloud in the Lincolnshire fens, forthwith rendered any system of drainage unnecessary. We had thought that Sir Robert might have recorded something worth reading, concerning Queen Caroline and Matilda of Denmark, for he was Ambassador at Copenhagen before, during, and after the trial and execution of her favourite, Count Struensee; but nothing does he tell us that the world has not known long ago. The familiar correspondence consists of a parcel of letters between Sir Robert Keith and Lord Suffolk, Lord Frederick Campbell, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Richard Rigby, who (we may tell the Editress—for she is evidently unaware of it) was the most brazen red-tapist who ever disgraced Downing Street,—Mr. Drummond, the banker, and a few others. Sir Robert's letters are by far the most numerous; and our Envoy being an easy, good-natured person,—with however, no small opinion of "a Keith," and having, as he says, "a way of his own," writes pages of futility and nonsense, which comes upon the present age with a rather ghastly effect.

He himself says, "My chit-chat may be somewhat palatable at the first seething, but it must be mawkish enough at the second heating." A shrewd guess at the time; but we of the nineteenth century feel that the deceased diplomatist has not been well treated by the publi-

cation of these letters ; and that Time, the consumer of things, ought to have been permitted to thrust such documents into his capacious, and far from fastidious maw.

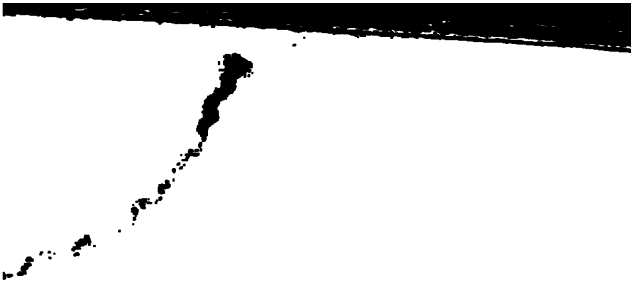
An absurd notice of this dull book appeared in a daily contemporary, more remarkable for its verbosity than critical acumen, in which a comparison is attempted between this pert man and Horace Walpole ! Imagine, reader, a comparison between dull, grave state papers, Grotius, and Puffendorf, and the amiable Walpole ! It is not possible to conceive anything more absurdly ridiculous. The fate of this heavy book may be safely predicted.

Adventures in the Libyan Desert, and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.
By Bayle St. John. London. Murray. 1849.

Few travellers in Egypt have quitted the fertile valley to visit even the greatest of the Oases, that of El Fayoom, which has for thousands of years been connected with the Nilotic system of cultivation by a canal. But of all the verdant isles which stud the Libyan Desert, that of Siwah, anciently of Jupiter Ammon, is the least frequented. Mr. Bayle St. John, with three other Englishmen for his companions, quitted Alexandria in September, and after examining the traces of ancient civilization in the province of Marmarika, reached the oasis. Instead of meeting that hearty welcome which Christians are now accustomed in most parts of the East to receive from the Mahomedans, Mr. St. John and his friends were treated with gross inhospitality. Still, the travellers were not prevented from examining the remains of Jupiter's temple, visiting the Fountain of the Sun, climbing the Mount of Tombs, and penetrating into all the beautiful groves and gardens which adorn the oasis. In the principal town, called Siwah El Meber, they were not admitted, because that is regarded as the harem of the tribe. Everything else they found accessible ; and after satisfying their curiosity, they returned across the desert towards Alexandria, following, both in going and returning, the track of Alexander the Great. The writer has described his journey with the most charming ease and simplicity, rarely indulging in description, but presenting the reader, from time to time, with a few pictures, rapidly dashed off, and full of interest. Nearly all he saw had the charm of novelty to recommend it. The descriptions, accordingly, are full of freshness, and the numerous incidents of the journey are felt to belong to a new order of facts : that is the result of personal experience, and not of imitation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ruxton's "Life in the Far West."—Landor's "Lofoden ; or the Exiles in Norway."—Ross's "Adventures of the first Settlers on the Oregon, or Columbia River."—"Shadows of the New Creation."—Evans's "Sermons on Genesis."—Putz's "Handbook of Ancient and Modern Geography."—Pemberton's "Attributes of the Soul."—Rev. Dr. Cheever's "Plymouth Pilgrims."—Rev. P. Duncan's "Wesleyan Mission to Jamaica."—Rev. Dr. Cumming's "Apocalyptic Sketches."—Rev. Dr. Mills's "Four Sermons."—Rev. W. Arthur's "Mission Mysore."—"The Emigrant Family ; or, The Story of an Australian Settler."





THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOOM OF THE IMBECILE.

"Wicked men cannot see their prosperity a part of their curse; neither can they imagine their actions, but the events."

Gems from the Writers of 'Old Time.'

UNREST is linked with crime.

The connection may not admit of easy explanation; but it exists.

The vicious are never peaceful. There is an uneasy, restless feeling, which is perpetually goading them on to the contrivance and commission of fresh deeds of villainy. Virtue alone is contented and tranquil. And this, perhaps, is one reason, among many, why over the better land beyond there broods a holy and unbroken calm,—blessed feature of a realm of uninterrupted rest and peace.

By the result of his expedition to town—triumphant as it proved—Biedermann's schemes were not bounded. Another project was speedily conceived, and fresh machinery put in play. The will of Mrs. Clarissa Kempthorne,—that will which had been pronounced so stringent; every clause of which had been so deliberately weighed; on which first-rate talent had been employed; which had been corrected, and revised, and re-transcribed, and again and again submitted to counsel, till it was characterized as "unassailable," was now found to be "open to objection." One of the codicils contradicted a leading clause in the main body of the will. Then followed divers consultations with counsel, and drawing up of "cases," and procuring of "opinions;" and "reading and comparing" the same. The result was an admission, in which all the lawyers concurred, that Zara possessed the privilege of selling her annuity. The codicil, by some strange oversight, over-ruled one of the previous provisions of the will. Though powerless as to anticipating her life-income, borrowing money upon it, or charging it with any debt, the poor lady could nevertheless sell it.

The brother's eager announcement of this much-desired conclusion was received by the party most deeply interested with chilling indifference.

"You don't seem elated by this discovery, Zara?"

The lady was silent.

"It materially alters your position," the brother continued; "before, you were in absolute bondage; now you are comparatively free?"

"My chains, then, were light," returned Zara quickly: "I did not feel their weight."

"Ah! but it was still thralldom: whereas now, under the present aspect of affairs, we will buy an estate, Zara, and live in the country."

"I am perfectly satisfied," was the contented reply, "with existing arrangements. My blessings are not few: chief among them," continued the confiding imbecile, looking up fondly into her brother's face, "your love, dear Harvey. That I know will never fail me."

A strange feeling of uneasiness—as if a sudden twinge of pain seized him—wrung the brother's features as the gentle being beside him thus spoke. He seemed to shrink from her endearments as if they scorched him. Whence arose the feeling? Was it conscience? or was it the struggle between the two natures—the evil and the good, which are constantly doing battle in every human heart? Or did it arise from some lingering embers of fraternal affection, which Mammon had not yet succeeded in quenching?

Be the feeling what it might, and arise from what source it would, it mastered him. Twice he attempted to resume his arguments, and each time utterance failed him. When he could command himself, he observed in a husky tone. "Come, let us banish this subject, and return to it hereafter."

But, resume it when he would, and urge it, as he never failed to do, in bland and cajoling tones, Zara's answer never varied.

"I wish to receive my income in its present form—by way of annuity. It was thus that my generous benefactress made me independent: and I desire no alteration." A dash of that folly, romance, imbecility, if you will,—never long absent from her conversation,—now intervened, and she added with great seriousness, "I'm not sure that the dead—that is, the *good dead*—don't know all that is going on upon earth! And, if so, my breaking my solemn promise again and again asked and as often given to Mrs. Kempthorne, that I never would part with my annuity,—never would tamper with it, nor allow myself to become dependent, would grieve her even in her grave. No! I part with my annuity only with my life."

"But, Zara, you could purchase an estate, a place, a country-seat,—you might be the Lady Bountiful of a pretty country village."

Feeble-mind seemed proof against ambition: no smile, no gesture, no glance upwards from her work, indicated that the bait for one instant moved her.

"Think what you forego by your scruples," continued the tempter; "you, to whom the freedom of a country-life is grateful: you, who love flowers—"

"Passionately," murmured the Imbecile; and her eyes glistened.

"And revel in the wild melody of the birds; and listen with delighted ear to the luscious warble of the thrush, and the merry note of the blackbird, and the joyous carol of the lark, soaring as he sings. Zara, the notes of each and all these songsters charm you."

"They do more," cried the excited girl. "They soothe me. They cheer me. They encourage me. They remind me of our common FATHER above, who 'feedeth the young ravens that call upon him,' and who, amid the government of ten thousand worlds, forgets not the prayer of the witless and the feeble minded, and the faltering. Harvey, I know well my deficiencies, and my class—"

A gush of tears, that would not be restrained, closed the sentence.

"I thought I knew your tastes, Zara," exclaimed Biedermann joyfully,—he fancied he was on the eve of attaining his object,—

"and believe me I shall be too happy to gratify them. The point, then, may be considered settled. This odious money-payment is to be sold, and we go to the country. There, an aviary crowded with singing-birds, and a garden fragrant with odours, await you."

"Day-dreams all!" said the other after a pause. The momentary excitement of manner had passed away, and she spoke with her accustomed firmness. "My duty is clear—to remember the injunctions of the dead; and my own promise so positively and repeatedly given. I shall never sell my annuity—never—never."

There was a smile of deadly meaning on Biedermann's lips, as, suppressing an oath, he hurriedly rose from his sister's side, and left her. It said—if looks ever spoke—"You shall!"

An interval of some weeks elapsed, during which the subject was apparently forgotten. Neither brother nor sister cared to revive it. At the end of this period, the former created an inconceivable bustle in his office,—emptied drawers,—examined papers,—destroyed duplicates,—packed books,—and put himself to the trouble of going through the various and unpleasant manœuvres to which unfortunates are inevitably subjected whom the fates plague with sudden removals. After three days thus happily occupied, Biedermann, late one evening, accosted the anxious and affectionate girl, who, pale with watching, had sat up hour after hour, awaiting his leisure, averse to seek her couch till she "had exchanged good wishes for the night with Harvey."

"Zara! I've no wish to startle you,—but if you've any thing of moment to say to me, embrace the opportunity,—my leisure is scanty; my hours are few; I'm on the wing."

"Whither?"

"Bound to Havre."

"Why?"

"To escape a gaol."

The poor girl looked up in his face, incredulously, and then smiled:

"No: no, Harvey, that cannot be; you are jesting with me."

"Never more serious! Debts prevent my remaining in England, Zara. Debts, you understand me—debts."

"I will pay them!" said the sister, proudly. "I can, and will do so. My savings are considerable! I have by me nine and forty sovereigns—nine and forty—not one less."

Had the amount been nine and forty thousand it could not have been stated with greater *empressement*.

"They are yours—yours from this hour. I always knew I was hoarding them up for some very good purpose when I carefully hid them in a battered, old bird cage."

The complacency with which this was uttered, nearly threw the conspirator off his guard. Recovering himself—

"A feather in the balance, Zara," cried he, with simulated sadness. "Nothing under a thousand will free me."

His auditor looked aghast.

"You can't assist me,"—resumed the wily speaker—"I'm aware of it. You can neither anticipate the payment of your annuity; nor raise a shilling upon it. But one course is open to me. I must fly the country."

"And I?" said the Sister, anxiously.

"Oh! *you* must remain behind. The rich need not go into exile. That is the doom only of the guilty, and the unfortunate, and the embarrassed, and the deceived."

"Where then, am I to be?" again demanded Zara, with increasing agitation of voice and manner.

"Here. You are independent. What have you to fear?"

"Here—and alone,"—cried the Imbecile—"alone!" She almost shrieked as she uttered the last word.

"Pursue your own plans and be happy."

"What! when you are struggling in a foreign land? Harvey, dearest, good or ill we will share together: *the annuity shall be sold.*"

"Do I hear aright? Have you decided on this?"

"Firmly."

"Is your mind made up?"

"Irevocably."

The traitor kissed his victim—'twas the kiss of Judas—and withdrew.

Oh! beyond all question there is a future state of righteous and rigorous retribution, or the triumphs of the unscrupulous and the unprincipled would not be so decisive and overwhelming! A day is surely reserved of equitable and *irreversible* adjustment, or the successes of fraud would be less galling and less flagrant!

Pending the negotiations consequent on this successful *ruse*, Biedermann asked me to reconsider my intention of leaving him, and to oblige him by resuming, if only for a short period, my position in his office.

"My mind," he urged, "is so harassed by matters relating personally to myself, that I cannot do justice to my clients. Office business distracts me. I cannot bring my mind to bear upon it. Remain—if only for a few weeks—till the current of affairs runs more smoothly. How irksome would be the introduction at this juncture of a stranger into the office you must be fully sensible! *Do as you would be done by.*"

I remained: not, I frankly avow, from any consideration towards my employer; or from any wish to exemplify in his favour, the beautiful precept which he quoted,—but from a passionate desire to circumvent him. I saw, or fancied I saw, the germ of a frightful project in which Zara was to be the victim; and I resolved that at least there should be one by her side to whisper "Treachery," and "Caution."

But no quiet counsel availed. Short of denouncing and exposing her brother no course seemed calculated to arrest her progress. He was her idol. She worshipped him madly, devotedly, intensely. Her purest prayers—her holiest feelings—her brightest expectations had reference to his welfare. The one, earnest, abiding, unwavering impulse of her existence was to save him. A costly sacrifice offered up at a most polluted shrine!

Preliminaries had been so carefully carried out that the sale of the annuity was speedily effected. It produced,—at the rate of something less than eleven years' purchase,—Six Thousand Guineas: a sum far below its worth; for the lady was barely two-and-twenty; but the schemer had stipulated for "inviolable secrecy," and those who were bartering with him made him pay for its observance.

Very shortly after the conclusion of the bargain, Zara's health began to decline. It was difficult to say when disease first seized her; so gradual was the transition from health to suffering, and so indefinite were the symptoms of her malady. With her habitual gentleness and submission to "ONE who cannot err," not a murmur escaped her; but spirits, energy, strength, appetite successively failed. The eye was dim: the cheek sunken: the gait feeble and tottering:—while the appearance of intense suffering and advanced age which her countenance suddenly and permanently assumed, alarmed all who approached her, *with one exception*. Biedermann affected entire unconsciousness of his sister's malady. He "was not aware she was an invalid:" and was at length only shamed into consulting a neighbouring empiric, Mr. Pillenor, by the spirited remonstrances of a very virtuous lady—Miss Prankard.

This personage was the terror of Water-Weston. She acted invariably from "*a sense of duty*." Did a son play chicken-hazard, or a daughter indulge in a moonlight flirtation, "*a sense of duty*" impelled Miss Prankard to communicate the facts forthwith to the agitated parents. Did an anxious and unhappy governess forget for a brief hour her toils and torments, and appear gay and unembarrassed at an evening party, or an over-worked house-maid attire herself in a full-trimmed cap and modish ribbands on an Easter Monday,—"*the unbecoming levity*" of the one, and the "*grave offence of dressing beyond her station*" committed by the other, Miss Prankard noted and reported to the proper authorities. Was a pinched and struggling clerk on "*seventy per annum*," seen by the merest accident in gay company, his principal was, in a few hours, conversant with his misdemeanours. Her "*sense of duty*" never slept. The revelations she made, the long-forgotten stories which she revived, the *mésalliances* she carefully treasured up and cited, lacerated those on whom she brought them to bear. While by no means the least irritating feature of her communications was this,—that her disclosures were rarely made till the evils they pointed at were beyond all remedy.

If this public nuisance had ever shewn signs of abatement, she might have been endured more patiently; but she was always in play. No periodical fits of illness,—no seasons of lengthened confinement to her chamber,—no intervals of inaction intervened for the relief of the chafed and harassed spirits of the Water-Weston community. Miss Prankard was always up to her work. That divine creature's rule of life was embodied in the two pertinent and oft-repeated sentences,—"*Never abate your efforts to expose malpractices:*" and "*Ah! you don't know what you can effect till you try!*"

True enough in her case!

The aching hearts she caused—the suspicions she roused—the matches she broke off—the domestic separations she prompted—the blighted friendships she effected, were inconceivable. But she had money; considerable house property in the devoted town which she honoured with her residence; was the niece of one neighbouring baronet, and the sister-in-law of another; held jointly with two others a manor—*fine arbitrary*; and thus commanded an *entrée* into society and an amount of personal influence which could not well be wrested from her.

Adroitly intercepting Biedermann, who was flying from her presence,—she had just closed a most unwelcome and interrogatory visit to his suffering sister, and had halted for breath upon the staircase,—“The world is talking about you, sir,” commenced she; “it has much to say, and a sense of duty constrains me to let you know how gravely and generally public censures visit you. Why do you not place by your sister’s bedside a first-rate medical adviser? Is the conclusion the world hints at accurate, that the poor girl’s departure would be a relief?”

The truthful Biedermann avowed himself “inexpressibly shocked;” and then proceeded to declare his entire unconsciousness of his sister’s indisposition.

“She is seriously ill — alarmingly ill; and her mental deficiencies—” here Miss Prankard significantly raised her taper forefinger to her shining forehead, “demand double caution from her friends. Many eyes are on you, Mr. Biedermann.”

“Pillenor shall see her,” was the brother’s response.

“When?” significantly inquired his inexorable tormentor,—“tomorrow, or this day week?”

“Before the evening closes,” replied the other, with well-acted eagerness.

Mr. Pillenor, a disciple of the modern school of medicine, who was eternally lecturing at some Mechanics’ Institute, or Hall of Science, or Literary Athenæum, on “the human frame,” or on “the nutritive properties of the cocoa-nut,” or on “the stomach as the seat of the affections,” or on “Dartmoor and its Druidical Remains,” and whose lectures were characterized by some wicked wag as being “all my eye and my elbow,”—averred that Miss Biedermann’s ailments were slight,—the effect of “atmospheric influences;” that “the fibre of the nervous system required bracing;” and prescribed “a very generous diet,” Bass’s pale ale, and horse-exercise.

His patient grew worse: and Miss Prankard’s sense of duty compelled her to waylay this philosophic practitioner, and to tell him that his treatment of Miss Biedermann’s case was very much canvassed; that it would be well for his reputation if by and by he did not hear more about it; that her brother-in-law, Sir Godfrey Gwoddams, had much to say on the subject, and that Lady Gwoddams was unceasing in her inquiries; and that for her part she (Miss Prankard) would advise him to “have a care how the case terminated, and not to take on himself the sole responsibility.”

Pillenor became alarmed, and begged that a physician’s opinion might confirm or negative his own. Dr. Henschman was called in: a man of high reputation and many years’ experience. The aged practitioner looked grave; said he did not like the “symptoms;” appeared astonished at the peculiar and aged appearance of his patient; and then sought a private interview with Biedermann. At its commencement he inquired, after considerable circumlocution, “Whether it came within the reach of probability that his sister could have taken anything deleterious?”

The brother professed himself “inconceivably distressed,” paused a few moments for reflection, and then replied, that he “thought the circumstance hinted at not merely highly improbable but almost impossible.”

Dr. Henschman vented a series of “hems” of the most dissonant

and dissatisfied description ; then indulged in a cough that sounded mightily like defiance ; and, finally, looked up into Biedermann's handsome and unruffled countenance with an uneasy, inquisitive, and suspicious air.

"Any questions, however minute, that you may please to put to me," said the lawyer, replying to his glance, "I will answer—"

"*As a matter of course,*" interrupted the old physician, sternly and promptly.

He then inquired, after a pause, whether, up to the commencement of her illness the invalid had taken her meals alone, or with the family?"

"With the family."

"Has there," pursued the old gentleman, "been any servant lately dismissed from your establishment?"

"Not that I am aware of?"

"Is there any dependent, any menial, any hanger-on about the household, whom the young lady may unwittingly have offended, and who consequently might cherish secret animosity towards her?"

"My sister's language is so gentle," was the reply, "and her disposition so forbearing and generous, that I cannot conceive of her having an enemy in the world."

"Humph!" and there followed another volley of "hems."

"I abhor disguise," said the grey-haired and experienced old man, after another long and careful survey of Biedermann's face, "and will, therefore, speak at once, and plainly. Your sister is in very considerable danger. The case is highly interesting, and the symptoms peculiar—so peculiar that I should wish another physician to be associated with me. May I suggest that Dr. Craufurd of Bath should meet me in consultation?"

Biedermann's assent was instant and cheerful.

"By all means. Name a day for that purpose. The earlier the better."

"To-morrow, then," said the aged doctor ; and, waiving his fee, departed.

Before mid-day on the following morning these eminent men stood beside Zara's sick-bed.

Deep and earnest was the interest they took in the case,—and kindly were the tones, and cheering the language which they addressed to the resigned sufferer.

But, on their descending to the sitting-room, grave, and grieved, and stern was the look of each. What passed during their private consultation must be matter of bootless conjecture. Their joint opinion eventually came abroad.

"The symptoms are most suspicious," said Dr. Craufurd, "and warrant the conclusion that some subtle poison has been administered. The coats of the stomach are injured beyond remedy: and the mesenteric gland is hopelessly diseased."

"I fear so," assented the other ; "and am persuaded that this train of evils is of no recent date, and that the noxious agent, be it what it may, has been taken in doses of almost infinitesimal quantity."

"But sufficient to destroy life," said Dr. Craufurd sadly.

"Too true," rejoined the other: "cure is hopeless; we can alleviate but not remedy; soothe, but not restore."

And to Zara a day of considerably less suffering, succeeded by a night of dreamless sleep, was the result of their able and anxious deliberations.

But the *dénouement* was nearer than either of her medical advisers anticipated. Skill and experience did their best; but the fiat was gone forth. The invalid sank gradually and perceptibly, and required little warning, other than that afforded by her own feelings, to convince her that the race was run and the goal in view.

Strange, in the waning hours of existence, how clearly she expressed herself; how accurate, mature, and well-defined her impressions appeared! Was it that, as she drew nearer and nearer to THE GREAT FOUNTAIN OF LIFE AND LIGHT, the power of Error over the mind sensibly diminished? Was it that, as she approached THE MIGHTY SOURCE OF ALL KNOWLEDGE, a passing ray from THE GREAT GIVER AND RULER OF INTELLECT stayed, strengthened, and healed that once perturbed and wandering mind? A mystery who may solve?

The parting hour drew on, and brought with it her last requests.

"I desire," said she, "that all my little charities may be carried out for at least a year; and that none of my weekly pensions be suddenly discontinued: they must all remain in force for at least eighteen months after my decease. At Harvey's particular wish, I leave no will, no instructions, no written paper of any kind behind me; but I have not a fear that such will be necessary, or that he will forget my wishes. But why does he not come to me; sit by me; talk to me; read to me; soothe me? I cannot, if I would, long tax his forbearance. Ah! I would not thus have deserted *him* in *his* last hours!" She checked herself. "Again murmuring? sad! sad! Read to me, nurse,—read to me, again and slowly, something about the mighty future,—no other topic now is grateful,—something about the Redeemer and the Resurrection."

The section finished, she added, with a calm but pensive smile,—
"As to my last home, bury me in the purlieus of no murky, dreary, crowded town; but lay me to rest in some village churchyard, where the breeze may blow freshly, and the sunbeam fall cheerily over me; and near a tree, that its branches may wave above me, and the singing birds warble, night and morning, over my grave."

That wish was fulfilled: and that alone!

The grief, again and again expressed, at her brother's strange desertion of her sick chamber, would have been the only earthly pang experienced by her, save for the unexpected intervention of the remorseless Prankard. That lady was an ally of Mrs. Henchman, the young wife of the old doctor: and after one of his visits,—his unavailing visits to Zara,—the feelings of the old gentleman mastered his usual and commendable professional reserve, and he expressed himself imprudently and incautiously to his pretty but gossiping helpmate.

The secret, ere many hours passed, was in the keeping of Miss Prankard. A "sense of duty" speedily dictated her course. Under the pretence of taking her some flowers and reading her to sleep, the firebrand sought the dying girl's chamber, and after commo-

place condolences on her early death, added, "The worst feature of the affair is, that it is not wholly the effect of disease."

The helpless victim eyed her tormentor anxiously, but made no reply.

"There is an impression abroad that in your case there has been foul play."

Zara's lip quivered, and her thin, shrunk hands opened and shut convulsively, but no syllable passed her lips.

"The agony you have constantly experienced after taking nourishment—your wasted and *aged* appearance—the unnatural hue of your complexion—constant thirst—and nauseous taste on the palate, always perceptible and removable by no remedy—strengthen the impression that something of a deleterious nature has been administered to you."

Zara eyed the cruel speaker fixedly; but asked no question, shed no tear.

"This is a painful communication to make," continued the elated and merciless visitor: "one does not willingly hazard such assertions: but a sense of duty is with me paramount to all other considerations; and I resolved, when I rose from my knees this morning, that out of this world you should not go in utter ignorance of the inhuman treatment so successfully practised on you. It is matter of great thankfulness that your senses have been spared to you so entire, that you can comprehend the statement."

The invalid made no reply, but continued to eye the speaker with an expression of countenance in which alarm, astonishment, and wounded feeling were more or less predominant.

"You understand me, I hope?" cried Miss Prankard, amazed at Zara's silence. "You understand me?"

"*Too well,*" said Zara; and then waived her gently but firmly from her presence.

She lay silent—apparently lost in thought—for very many hours; then calling a distant connexion and occasional visitant to her side, she whispered faintly,—

"Mrs. Edwards, you are fully conversant with our affairs; tell me candidly will Harvey be a gainer—a material gainer—by my death?"

"Oh, my dear, don't ask me such questions—don't—pray, don't," said the kind-hearted woman, catching and shrinking from the frantic eagerness with which Zara listened for her reply.

"But I must ask them, and you must answer them. He will be benefited by my death—largely and immediately?"

The compassionate Mrs. Edwards hesitated.

"A brief answer will suffice: yea or nay."

"The world says as much, and, I believe, truly," was the old lady's reluctant reply. "But, pray,"—observing the look of bitter anguish which Zara's features assumed,—"*don't credit it or me.* Nothing that others say or think can be of much import to you now."

"True," returned the agonized girl, after a prolonged burst of feeling: "there remains but one COMFORTER; and HE is ever accessible."

She survived this conversation a day or two, but never afterwards recurred to the subject; never asked for her brother, inquired

whether he was in the house, or why he did not present himself in her chamber.

Some twenty minutes before her death she summoned Mrs. Edwards to her side, and said, "I leave on your memory my last message to my brother. *Tell Harvey*"—her voice faltered and her eyes filled with tears as she pronounced his name—"that I forgave him; and that I prayed for him."

Shortly afterwards, and with her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, her gentle spirit passed.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TACTICS OF A CLEVER CRIMINAL.

"Fear guides more to duty than gratitude: for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation which he thinks he lies under to the Giver of all, there are ten thousand who are good only from their apprehensions of punishment."—GOLDSMITH.

It was the comment of Horace Walpole on a highly-gifted but unfortunate man of genius—"his whole life was a false emphasis."

To no remark of that nature was my acute principal obnoxious. If, unhappily for himself, he had no enlarged and generous views; if he possessed no confidence in his kind; if he cherished no wish to leave the world better, happier, and wiser than he found it; if it was no part of his plan to help or cheer those of his fellow pilgrims who journeyed sorrowing on the rugged road of life, he was vigilant in observing and dexterous in removing all impediments to his own progress.

In that he was emphatic throughout.

Zara's eyes had been scarcely closed in death when he recommenced his round of intrigue. A lengthy note was addressed to each physician; and a verbal summons, requesting his immediate presence, forwarded to Pillenor. This believer in "atmospheric influences" came with lingering step and lowering brow. He was amazingly chagrined at his patient's demise. She had died weeks before he prognosticated; and not as he prognosticated; and worse than all, Dr. Henchman had pooh-poohed his line of treatment; while Dr. Craufurd, with that winning courtesy of manner which he so eminently possessed, and which even in Bath is yet remembered, thus condemned his prophecies, "A few years hence, Mr. Pillenor, and you will say less, and reflect more. Medical predictions are perilous things, even when they fall from aged lips. Consider this warning as meant kindly."

But Mr. Pillenor viewed it as "an unmerited insult;" repeated the rebuke to every idler who would listen to him; and, the oftener he repeated it, the more irate did he become.

The weather was at that period peculiarly irritating, sultry, and stifling; and some wag was cruel enough to say that the dog-days were playing the vengeance with poor Pillenor, and that he was unquestionably becoming the victim of "atmospheric influences." A remark which, strange to say, though culled from his own vocabulary, goaded him almost to madness.

In this mood he presented himself to Biedermann.

"My poor suffering sister," began the lawyer,— "my poor suffering sister is gone—"

"Assisted by Drs. Craufurd and Henchman, you should add," struck in Pillenor viciously.

"In obedience to a summons which none can dispute," continued the survivor, with a reproving air and admirably assumed solemnity: "and I have now a sad but necessary communication to make."

"Not in reference to them, I hope: for, the rebuff of Dr. Craufurd—"

"In reference to her dear remains. It is my wish—"

"Allow me to say,—perhaps I should have done so before," interrupted Pillenor, "that there are some strange rumours afloat."

"I notice no rumours, arise from what quarter soever they may," observed the mourner, with a lofty air; "it is only the coarse-minded and censorious man who gives ear to the fables of the idle and frivolous. No, sir, I heed no rumours. To do so would belie one of the leading principles of my life."

Pillenor looked vastly uncomfortable. The remark seemed to him a *variorum* edition of the scathing comment of Dr. Craufurd.

"My wish is," resumed the brother, "to have a *post-mortem* examination of her dear remains. In consenting to this course, I inflict the utmost possible violence on my own feelings. But the interests of science are dear to me. They may be consulted and advanced by a proceeding which is inexpressibly painful to myself."

Pillenor was lost in astonishment. This from Biedermann! The "interests of science" dear to a man who was quoted as a sworn slave of Mammon. Inconceivable! He bowed a mute assent.

"You will assemble around you those, and as many, of your medical brethren as you may wish to summon. I have myself begged both the physicians to be present; and I trust the investigation, which cannot injure the dead, may be of some benefit to the living. My bereavement is so recent that I trust I shall be excused if I here terminate the interview."

Self-reproved, bewildered, and somewhat affected, Pillenor reached his home: repeating to himself more than once on his way to it,

"The world misjudges that man. He has natural affection, and love of science, after all!"

The desired examination took place without delay. Dr. Henchman was present, and reported the result to his colleague. The appearances presented were suspicious and unusual; but *the actual presence of poison could in no shape be traced*. The followers of Miss Prankard being specially busy, and that lady herself unusually bitter and active, Biedermann suggested to the authorities of the town the propriety of an inquest. They replied, that after the report of the medical men there seemed no necessity for such a procedure. He then pressed it, as an act of justice towards himself. It was held; but presented no feature of interest. The professional men examined were extremely brief and guarded in their replies. Whatever private opinion, unsupported by evidence, they might entertain, they kept deep in the recesses of their own breast. The result was a verdict, "Died from acute disease."

To one party this issue seemed peculiarly unpalatable. He sat near the coroner, and took notes. He was a small but carefully

coated gentleman—a stranger—who paid earnest heed to every question, and who was muzzled up to the eyes with handkerchiefs and wraps. One object these were to serve was, I felt persuaded, that of disguise. I watched him; and ere long recognized Mr. Mouser. He shook his head ruefully as he departed.

“*Pail and gashly*”—I quote Oldrich’s orthography, contained in a private dispatch,—was the actuary’s face at “*The Salamander*” when Zara’s demise was officially certified.

“Caps and aprons again!” was Potchetty’s ungalant remark. “Created purposely, I believe to baffle men of thought and calculation! Grant them an annuity and they live for ever! Insure their lives, and they die before winter. They torment us in life; and they fleece us at death; but now I’ll change my religion, and hold with the Turk, that *then* we’ve done with ‘em.”

Atrocious old man! He deserved to meet his doom at the hands of the *nine* Miss Harrisons, who talk all at once; who never answer a question; never make an inquiry; but patter on the whole day through; who never go to bed, rise, or dine, at the same hour; who have killed three *dames de compagnie*, and driven two butlers insane; and who are unanimous only on one point, *viz.*, the query, “What would life be worth without the excitement of conversation?”

Incredulous reader! don’t regard this family as a fiction. These gentle creatures exist.

Early in September, a gentleman dressed in deep mourning, and looking the image of placid resignation, presented himself at “*The Salamander*” and “*Aged Grandmothers.*” He was furnished with policies and papers, which the directors received not over-graciously. Each company made a feint, at first, of resistance; but it lasted not long. Biedermann’s scheme had been too carefully conceived and too warily executed. The amounts were wrung most unwillingly from each association. Did they prove a blessing to him by whom they were extorted? We shall see. Meanwhile, a scheme of greater villany —

CHAPTER XVIII.

RUSH: DURING AND AFTER THE TRIAL.

“Rage is the shortest passion of our souls.”

Rowe.

“Was never carried out than that so recently exposed in the Criminal Court at Norwich,” said my Norfolk friend, who had just returned from the county town, after witnessing the conviction of the murderer, and hearing some prison details respecting him.

“Conceive, if you can,” exclaimed my observant acquaintance, “a trial essentially dramatic! The entrance of Eliza Chestny into Norwich, borne in a litter and escorted by police; the removal of the witness-box, and the introduction of the poor wounded girl, prostrate on her sick couch, into court; the steadiness and deliberation with which, despite of weakness and suffering, she gave her testimony; her singularly agreeable and musical tone of voice; the emphasis with which she pointed the clenching portion of her evi-

dence,—*that of identifying the murderer*,—came home to the feelings of the most phlegmatic and impassive. She had previously stated that she had no doubt on her own mind who the assassin was: and her brief but telling reply to the counsel's question, '*Whom do you believe the assailant to be?*' produced an electrical effect in court. She was deadly pale; looked worn and wasted with acute suffering, both when speaking and silent. But the mind was uninjured; and the precision and confidence with which she replied, '*THAT MAN!*' and pointed as she spoke with her thin, white, and wasted hand to Rush, carried conviction to every bosom. There was visible emotion in court when she was removed in her litter: I fancied I could trace in it two distinct but kindred feelings,—thankfulness that the poor girl had been spared to give evidence so important, and cordial admiration of her courage."

"And Emily Sandford?"

"A truly wretched, dejected, careworn being, ladylike in deportment, and evidently a person of education; quailing before the prisoner's gaze, and wounded to the very soul by his brutal questions. What an expression of distress lurked in her troubled eye! could it be otherwise? She had repeatedly prayed for death, before the trial came on, in order that she might be spared the agony of giving her evidence. At its close—mark the revulsion of feeling—she expressed her deep thankfulness at having contributed to ensure his punishment! *His punishment!* The condemned man being the father of her children!! Those most in her confidence say that she fully believes his intention was at no distant date to have made away with herself; and that his telling her relative that she was gone to France was part of the scheme. Her father's name and residence she resolutely withholds."

"And the judge?"

"Connected with that high functionary the proceedings were interesting. It was curious to trace the struggle hourly going on in the mind of his lordship: a struggle between the disgust with which the Christian viewed the man; and the forbearance with which the judge regarded the prisoner on trial for his life—*undefended by counsel*. This betrayed itself again and again."

"And the bishop?"

"He sat on the bench, hour after hour, all earnestness and attention. What an intellectual countenance is his! What an impress does it bear of *mind!* The dark, bright, speaking eye, long, white, glossy hair, and kindly smile. You should have heard his sermon in the cathedral on the Sunday following Rush's conviction: a most impressive address; every way worthy of the station of the preacher."

"And the criminal himself?"

"His cunning, quickness, and hardihood can scarcely be surpassed. Take an instance or two. It was sought to connect with Rush the threatening notice left in the Hall by the assassin; to this end a cover of an account-book was produced found at Potash Farm, which cover tallied with that on which the threatening notice was written. The judge, in some passing observation to counsel called them the prisoner's books."

"Rush took him up at once."

"'Pray, don't call them *my* books, my lord; I know nothing at all about them! There's not a tittle of evidence to prove that they

ever were mine or in my possession, and the conclusion is manifestly unfair.'

"The judge assented, and immediately recalled the observation.

"Again, during his long defence, one of the jury asked for a glass of water. Rush had water and a tumbler beside him. Instantly, and with a great air of *bonhomie*, he raised his glass to his lips and pledged the juryman. You should have seen that worthy man's face. The astonishment, annoyance, and shame depicted on it were laughable. The honest agriculturist by no means relished the idea of drinking healths with a murderer in open court. During his imprisonment before trial, I have been assured by those who had ample sources of information, he assumed confidently his acquittal, named a day for returning to Potash Farm, and spoke of his plans and movements during the approaching summer. Since his conviction he has written a good deal; but it is not understood that as yet he has made any confession. His views, as has long been surmised, are sceptical, though he had used religion as a cloak to shroud practices teeming with dishonesty, licentiousness, and cruelty. He was always extremely concerned for the Jews! Thought their rejection of Christianity perilous and lamentable: warmly supported the society for converting them to Christianity; had a box devoted to offerings for that purpose placed conspicuously in his sitting-room; and was not slow in begging from his friends pecuniary aid for that object. In his household he had family prayer,—even while the most nefarious schemes were in progress. But if Emily Sandford is to be believed, and any importance attached to his own assertions in prison, he was at heart a sceptic. It was his constant habit to quote to his unhappy victim the instances of polygamy recorded in Scripture as fully excusing their own guilty connexion. His vanity was overweening. Ten days only before his trial he was urged to have counsel. He replied: 'What did counsel do for Quaker Tawell? *Hung him!* An innocent man needs no counsel but his own feelings. They shall be mine. And they want no fee.' Mr. Cann, solicitor for the prosecution, is the party against whom he inveighs most bitterly, and after him Emily Sandford. Her, he says, he can never forgive. 'The worst sin is *her-ingratitude!!*' She 'betrayed him.' *Who betrayed her?* As a specimen of his tone of mind, the following trait may be relied on. He exclaimed with glee the day after his conviction, as if the thought was grateful to him, 'Well! They'll never get a tenant for Stanfield Hall. Nobody'll like to reside there—that's pretty certain!' While of the witness Howes he bitterly prophesied—but let us leave him—leave him, let us hope, to penitence, submission, confession, and prayer. REPARATION in any sense is beyond him."

PARA ; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. B. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the sunshine of the torrid zone.—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Beauty and Utility of the Cashew-tree.—Capture of Wild Horses.—Manner of breaking them.—Slaughter of a ferocious Bull.—Turkey Buzzards.—Death and Burial.—Funerals in the City.—An Evening Conversation.—Importance of Studying nature.

CAJUEIRO derives its name from the Cashew, which is here very abundant. This tree was much admired by Southey, who thus eloquently expatiates on its merits.

"How beautiful it is to behold it in its pomp, either when it is reclothing itself, in July and August, with the brightest verdure of its leaves; or when, during our northern autumn, it is covered with white and rose-tinged blossoms; or, finally, in the three following months, when it is enriched with its ruby and golden fruits, which hang amid its leaves like pendent jewels! Its leaves have an aromatic odour; its flowers are exquisitely fragrant; its shade deep and delightful. A gum exudes from its trunk, in nothing inferior to that of Senegal, and in such abundance as to have the appearance of rain-drops upon the tree. This gum was used by the Indians as a medicine, being pounded and dissolved in water. This admirable tree is not common in the interior, but towards the coast whole tracts of country, which would else be barren, are covered with it; and the more sandy the soil and drier the season, the more it seems to flourish. The possession of a spot where it grew abundantly used to be of such importance as often to cause war among the natives. The fruit somewhat resembles a pear in shape, but is longer. It is spongy and full of a delicious juice; in any form it is excellent, whether in its natural state or preserved. What a blessing would this tree be to the deserts of Arabia and Africa!"

Many wild horses are still caught at Cajueiro. One day a party consisting of eight or ten of the natives, mounted on trained horses, and headed by the Englishman, went out on the campos for this purpose. Perched amid the branches of a tall tree, I had an extensive view of the grassy plain, and was able distinctly to observe all the movements of the equestrians.

The horsemen were riding rapidly in the direction of a small grove, when suddenly a troop of forty or fifty of the wild creatures emerged from behind it, and bounded away with astonishing velocity over the meadow. A spirited chase was now commenced by the mounted natives, who strained their swift horses to their greatest capacity,—never did I witness a more intensely exciting spectacle, than the one which was now before me. The manes and tails of the horses were flying wildly in the air, and a cloud of hoofs were rising and falling,

with a rapidity which shewed how tightly strung were the muscles of the animals.

To my surprise, the Englishman kept the lead, and was obviously gaining upon the quick-footed fugitives. Coming up with them, he seized his lasso, and began to swing it around his head, gradually enlarging the circles by permitting the smooth rope to slip gently through his hand.

By a sudden motion, at the same instant plunging the spurs into his charger, in order to increase his speed if possible, he dashed quickly forward, and hurled his lasso with unerring skill around the neck of the foremost horse. The herd were now thrown into a panic, and wheeling around in their course, they were completely surrounded by their pursuers. Several were lassoed by the natives, and the remainder kept together by two or three of the horsemen, who were continually circling around them: not one escaped; and ere an hour had elapsed, they were driven safely into one of the pens at Cajueiro, neighing loudly, and their mouths covered with snow-white foam. The best horses being selected from the herd, and properly secured, the others are again turned at large.

The mode adopted by the natives of breaking them, cannot be styled by any other term than that of barbarous; yet it is so efficacious that the poor animals are rendered perfectly docile and manageable, if not quite spirit broken, in the course of two or three days.

One afternoon an opportunity was afforded me of witnessing the operation. In the largest enclosure proudly stood one of the majestic animals, kicking up the earth with his hoofs, and shaking the heavy mane on his finely curved neck, while his bright eyes glanced fearfully around him, and his loud laughing voice, ringing wildly in the quiet air, seemed to be calling on his far-off companions for relief. It was the maniacal shriek of imprisoned liberty.

The fiery creature was held by a strong halter, of at least fifteen feet in length, manned by three of the muscular and bare-chested natives. Soon a lasso noose was thrown around his neck by a couple of powerful blacks, stationed on the opposite side of the enclosure. They then pulled with all their strength one way, while those who had hold of the halter, exerted themselves vehemently in the contrary direction. The object evidently was to effect partial strangulation, in order that they might weaken, and, in a measure destroy, the wonderful power of the spirited creature.

Violent were the plunges of the captive steed, as he sought in vain by superhuman exertions to free himself from the grasp of his cruel tormentors, who stood like heartless demons around him. His terrific leaps only served to draw the cord tighter and tighter about his neck; his breathing became more and more difficult, and might have been heard audibly at the distance of a furlong. His heart beat as if it would burst from his heaving bosom, and his veins stood out in ridges along his quivering flesh. At last, overwhelmed with the intensity of his agony, and powerless from suffocation, he fell, and for an instant lay without sense or motion upon the ground. The noose was immediately loosed about his neck, and shortly returning consciousness began to light up his glazed eyes—the fresh air swelled his nostrils, and his tremendous chest rose and fell like the billows of the sea. At the expiration of fifteen minutes, he was once more on

his feet, but how different from the magnificent animal who had stood in his native pride and dignity, pawing that sandy soil, an hour before! Weak—hardly able to stand—his head drooping, and his eyes without a ray, he looked like a miserable spectre of his former self;—like a monarch dragged from his throne, treated with inhuman cruelty, scoffed at by those whom he had despised, and forced to be a wretched and pitiable slave!

The persecution of the horse was now by no means concluded. As soon as he had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion, he was mounted by a naked Indian, who was rewarded for his temerity by being thrown to a considerable distance over the head of the animal. The native, however, was but little hurt, and in a few moments had resumed his dangerous seat. This time he kept his place, notwithstanding the vast efforts of the animal to shake him off; in fact, the horse and his rider, being of nearly the same colour, brought vividly to my mind the remembrance of an ancient Centaur.

The animal was now held tightly by a long rope, and forced to run round and round in a circle. Whenever he flagged, or manifested the slightest obstinacy, a native with a heavily knotted cord swinging around his head, would give him a terrible blow in his flanks, the pain of which was almost sufficient to drive him to madness. Gradually he became more and more passive, and at the end of another hour was quite tractable. I then left the spot, and returned to the cottage, feeling nearly as sad in spirit as if I had been witnessing the racking of a human victim in one of the gloomy dungeons of the Inquisition.

Says Captain Head, an interesting writer and traveller in South America:—"On the dry and sultry plains, the supply of water is often scanty, and then a species of madness seizes on the horses, and their generous and docile qualities are no longer recognised. They rush violently into every pond and lake, savagely mangling and trampling upon one another; and the carcasses of many thousands of them, destroyed by their fellows, have occasionally been seen in and around a considerable pool. This is one of the means by which the too rapid increase of this quadruped is by the ordinance of nature there prevented."

Thus much for the horse, who, whether seen sharing the humble tent of the Arab, or toiling laboriously amid the noise and bustle of crowded cities, or gliding fearlessly over his native plains, in all the nobility of freedom, is truly a splendid, as well as useful animal, well deserving the good will and admiration of mankind.

The cattle belonging to the different estates on Marajo, are distinguished by particular marks, which are branded on their sides with red-hot irons. Their ears are, besides, cut in a peculiar manner. Unmarked cattle are the lawful property of the first one who catches them, and are branded accordingly with the peculiar stamp of the captor.

Scarcely a week passed by at Cajueiro without the slaughter of one or more oxen, as food for the natives. On a certain day, an Indian horseman rode in from the campo, leading by the horns a ferocious bull which he had recently captured. The formidable animal, with his head bent down, pulled tightly on the lasso, apparently aware of the bloody doom which awaited him. Enraged be-

yond measure, he stood gazing at his antagonist, kicking up the sand with his feet, and at the same time roaring and bellowing in a manner indescribably awful and terrific.

The bold horseman, not at all disturbed by the wild fury and menacing attitude of the bull, and perceiving that it would be some time before he would be able to bring the savage creature on his haunches, determined to make an end of him by a skilful *coup de main*. For this purpose he sprang suddenly from his horse and put his small red cap upon his head. No sooner was this seen by the maddened animal, than he rushed frantically forward towards his dauntless adversary, lowering his horns in order to gore him to death. On—on he came with awful vehemence, and I could not avoid putting my hand up unconsciously before my eyes, so intensely horrifying was the spectacle. When the beast was within a few feet of him, Pedro jumped a little on one side, and with a quick blow of his long knife, he nearly severed the fore legs of the bull, whose own dreadful impetus threw him headlong upon the ground. The cold steel of Pedro glittered once more in the air, and was then plunged with a strong arm into the capacious breast of the prostrate animal. In a moment after it flashed again in the sunlight, followed by a jet of crimson blood, which spouted out indignantly from the wound.

A dramatic scene now ensued. Two of the natives, acting in the capacity of butchers, almost immediately commenced skinning and quartering the enormous creature, before life itself was hardly extinct. A group composed of all the Indians and blacks of the place, stood around, each one waiting anxiously to be served with his portion. In an incredibly short time, the flesh was entirely cut up and distributed among the islanders, and nothing was left of the fierce animal, who had raved and roared, and manifested such prodigious strength but a few moments previous, save a gory and grizzly carcase, smoking in the warm sunshine, and literally covered with a host of ravenous buzzards, who were busily picking off the small particles of meat which still adhered to the bones. These birds are remarkably numerous in Brazil, and are of great utility in devouring carrion of all kind, thus preventing disease by preserving the purity of the atmosphere. They are seldom molested by the natives, and in the city it would be considered almost a crime to kill one. Thus we see the infinite wisdom of nature, displayed in *all* her admirable creations, and perceive that no object is so odious, but will become both pleasing and interesting, if we will but give it our study and attention.

The death of an old female slave occurred while the writer was at Cajueiro, but this was an event which did not in the slightest degree impair the universal hilarity of the natives. The body was simply sewed up in a coarse cotton sheet, and then deposited in the ground, with as little ceremony as if it was a case of planting instead of burial of the dead. No one exhibited any feeling on the occasion, although the deceased had been much esteemed during her lifetime. Even while filling up the grave, the natives appeared to be overflowing with merriment, and indulged freely in boisterous conversation and jocund laughter.

The spot where the deceased was buried, was one of incomparable beauty. Two or three palms stood near, drooping their branches low, as if in sadness. The brook stole almost imperceptibly through the

thick shrubbery, with a mellowed rippling sound. The birds chirped cheerily in the adjacent grove—and insects fluttered in the air—but, alas! there was not a sigh to be heard, telling that the band of death had invaded this terrestrial paradise, and that an immortal soul had gone away from its beautiful shades for ever—had taken its eternal flight to the far-off “spirit land!”

The public funerals in the cities contrast strangely with the humble burial-scene just described. On these occasions, a splendid coffin, bearing the body of the deceased, is supported on the shoulders of six or eight men, and in this manner carried to the church, followed by an extensive and brilliant procession of hypocritical mourners. The men are generally dressed in deep black, and some of them carry blazing torches in their hands. On arriving at the church, the coffin is placed upon a pedestal, profusely hung with a costly drapery of silk and crape. The dead body is then removed from the coffin, and buried beneath one of the large marble slabs of the floor, or placed in a catacomb, made in the massive walls of the edifice.

Mr. Kidder thus remarks:—“The coffin used in the ceremony is not interred with the corpse, being kept by the church or brotherhood for the purpose of renting on such occasions. When the bodies are placed in the catacombs, quick-lime is thrown upon them to hasten the process of decay; and after the lapse of about twelve months, the cavity is opened, and the bones of the dead are taken out and cleaned. The friends of the deceased then cause the remains to be enclosed in a box, to remain at the church, or to be taken home at pleasure. These boxes are generally left in the church, the families preserving the key; but an instance was mentioned to me, of a gentleman who kept the bones of his deceased wife in his own sleeping-room. The cases and boxes are of different sizes and shapes, but seldom have any resemblance to coffins. Some are large, like mausoleums; others, with their ornamental exterior, resemble large dressing-cases. It is highly incongruous to witness, in such a place, the display of ornament; and yet some of these mortuary boxes are adorned with drapery of gold and silver tissue, wrought upon satin and velvet, to please the eye, and call forth the admiration of those who may visit the cloister.”

The evening was clear and serene, and the stars glittered as brightly as if seen through a telescope. We were seated alone under the rude porch of our little cottage at Cajueiro, inhaling the soothing fumes of our well-filled “cachimbos,” and gazing with admiration alternately at the world-studded infinity above, and the wild magnificence of luxuriant and varied scenery which surrounded us!

“How sublime is an evening in the tropics!” exclaimed my enthusiastic companion, “and how well calculated to refine the mind, and fill it with noble aspirations and sentiments! methinks the most corrupted mind on earth could not but be benefited, by visiting so lovely a spot as this!”

“There is no denying,” I replied, “the sovereign power which the consciousness of beauty exerts upon the mind. The appreciation of beauty seems to be the great prerogative which mind has over instinct; the brute is insensible to its divine influence, and can gaze upon the most exquisite objects, the most enchanting scenery, with-

out a shadow of emotion. Do you not think that there are some men with but little more perception?"

"I know that there are many," he replied, "who manifest scarcely any sympathy with the beautiful works of nature; but it is because the faculty has been stifled by the pleasures of sense: it exists in every man, and, like all mental perceptions, may be developed by proper culture!"

"Do you not think it would be better, if more attention was paid at our schools and academies in instructing young men in the natural sciences, and thus directing their minds to the contemplation of nature's wonders?"

"I certainly do," said he, "and the sooner such studies are commenced, the more powerful and beneficial will be the impression which they will make upon the mind and character of the child. *Character* I say—for who ever saw a lover of Nature who was a villain? who ever heard of a live naturalist, who was not moreover a Christian? If Heaven ever blesses me with children, I shall commence early to point out to them, and to explain, as far as I am able, the manifold wonders and beauties which surround them. I would strive diligently to impress upon their growing minds the universal beauty and utility of all the works of nature, however useless and ordinary some of them may appear to their imperfect comprehensions. A man may not be able to read the Hebrew language, and therefore say in his ignorance, that because the written signs convey no meaning to him, that they are of no particular value: while another person may perceive in those unmeaning signs the world-moving thoughts of the inspired penmen.

If, then, it is of essential importance that we should be made acquainted with those signs by which we can fathom the thoughts of the wisest of mankind, of how much greater importance is it that we should learn those marvellous signs which constitute the language of Nature,—a language by which we can read the very thoughts of God!

"I admire your philosophy," I replied, "and agree with you in believing that nothing was ever created without a wise object,—that not a bird, or an animal, or even an insect, was made in vain! But if you will pardon me for so abruptly changing the subject of conversation, I would delicately suggest, that as it is near midnight, and we intend rising at an early hour in the morning, to make an excursion to the rookery of the scarlet ibis, that we retire immediately before we become extremely involved in the mazes of a philosophical discussion!"

In ten minutes after, the bats were keeping watch over our slumbers!

ALICE MAY.

BY EDWARD JESSE,

AUTHOR OF "ANECDOTES OF DOGS," "GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY," ETC.

" Alice was young and lovely—in her eye
 The glance of beauty, in her cheek the dye ;
 Her shape was slender, and her features small,
 But graceful, easy, unaffected all ;
 The liveliest tints her youthful face disclosed ;
 There beauty sparkles, and there health reposed."

CRABBE.

PERHAPS there is no class of persons whose characters are so much opposed to what they were some fifty or sixty years ago, as the farmers of this country. Those of the present day have certainly more enterprise, more skill, and probably more capital, but still they are far behind their predecessors, those genuine English farmers of the old school, who lived a sort of patriarchal life with their labourers, housing, feeding, and watching over their welfare. How well do I recollect in my younger days the large, low-roofed kitchen of an honest farmer, with its ample fire-place, with black oak seats on each side of it, the bacon racks fixed to the ceiling, and the bags of dried pot-herbs suspended from it. Then there was the long well polished table, and the huge screen in winter, adding so much to the warmth and comfort of the room. Here the farmer, with his family and labourers, might be seen partaking together of their dinners and suppers ; while on Sundays there was a sort of feast of beef and plum-pudding, each labourer appearing in a clean white frock, looking both contented and happy. They accompanied their master and his family to the village church ; and in the evening heard a chapter in the Bible before they retired to rest. If they were ill, they were carefully attended to, and when they married, it was to some careful woman, who, like themselves, had saved up sufficient money to furnish a cottage.

Such a farmer as I have attempted to describe was William May. His land was his own, and he made a good and sufficient livelihood from its proceeds. His wife had been dead but a few years, and his only daughter was his comfort and his pride. Alice was not quite a beauty, although very near it. She had all the freshness and health which country air and country pursuits generally produce. She had, also, large dark eyes, full, pouting lips, and a plump and pretty figure. She was industrious and thrifty, superintending her father's household with great care, seeing the bacon cured, the poultry fed, the butter churned, and the bread made. If she was the least in the world of a coquette, there was too much genuine kindness in her nature, and too much real warmth of heart for the failing to grow into a vice.

Very happily they lived together, though at a distance from the excitements and amusements of a town, and dependent for society and variety upon the few neighbouring farmers. Of these, two were candidates for the hand of Alice May. They differed as widely in character as they did in appearance, one being young and well-looking, and the other of middle age, hard-featured, and unprepossessing. Joseph Gray, the former, was the only son of a wealthy farmer in the

neighbourhood. This character stood high as a steady, industrious young man, and, as his father used to boast when speaking of his son, "he had always respected himself."

The Grays were known, far and wide, as good people and regular churchgoers. Their word was always taken as being good as law or gospel, and not a few of the "gentry" were not above sharing in the hospitalities of the good farmer and his wife. Under these circumstances, and Joseph Gray being, moreover, a fair looking specimen of an English yeoman, it may naturally be supposed that the pretty Alice May did not look upon him with an unfavourable eye—quite the contrary; and although she had as yet abstained from shewing any marked outward preference, partly from a love of power, and partly from a little reserve of character, her heart, almost unknown to herself, was irrecoverably gone into the keeping of her true and faithful admirer, Joseph Gray.

Of his rival, it is now time to say something here, and to speak truly there was but little to be said in his praise. He was, as before remarked, not young, his fortieth year having passed and gone. He was hale and stout, with a lowering brow, and an habitual stoop, which somewhat took off from his actual height. James Sowten was supposed by some to be "well to do;" but there were not a few who doubted if his prosperity was real, and some even ventured to assert that owing to failures in some secret speculations, the apparently wealthy farmer was on the verge of ruin. A tedious lover was Master Sowten, and heavily, at least to the feelings of Alice, lagged the weary hours away which he spent at the Upham Farm. There the rivals frequently met, and generally in her pretty parlour which Alice had adorned with flowers, and made the picture of sweetness and cheerfulness. When this happened, not a few were the lowering looks, and half uncourteous words that passed between them with the haste and impetuosity of youth. Gray would gladly and speedily have brought matters to a conclusion by challenging Sowten to a fair fight, but the latter was a cautious man, and in no way disposed to encounter his rival in this manner. He trusted to time and perseverance, and to some underhand plan of getting the better of his antagonist, and he therefore waited patiently for coming events.

In the meanwhile Gray told his tale of love. It was one evening in the month of May, when all nature was redolent with joy and freshness, that he found himself with Alice in a shady lane. Its high banks were sprinkled with bright spring flowers, while the wild rose and the honeysuckle blossomed gaily overhead. There, while the little birds caroled out their loving music, and the grasshopper chirruped at their feet, while all nature was keeping holyday, did Joseph Gray ask and obtain the love of the innocent farmer's daughter.

But who was it that listened behind that flowery hedge, and who, when he heard that whispered vow, clenched his fists together in fierce passion? It was the rival farmer, who, while overlooking his labourers, had chanced to come that way, and had heard it all. Bitter was his desperate vow of revenge as he walked slowly and gloomily homeward, and, alas! it was but too faithfully kept.

Not many days after this plighting of their faith, Gray came to spend a Sunday evening with his betrothed. Their engagement was as yet a secret to old May. He had something of the selfishness of age, and he disliked to think of his daughter's marrying at all. He

indeed, suspected that his consent would be more readily granted if Lowten more than any other man was the suitor. Gray, however, was not an unwelcome guest, and on that Sunday evening the farmer was more than usually pleased by the quiet attentions, and respectful tenderness of his young acquaintance. It was, as I said before, a pretty little parlour. Flowers peeped in at the open casement-window, where the sweetness of the honeysuckle, offering its incense to the evening air, was almost overpowering. On a table lay the large family Bible covered with green baize, which Alice had been reading before the arrival of her lover. Near her father, who sat at a little distance from the window, was another old-fashioned table, on which lay a pictorial edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, and a huge pair of spectacles. The old man was asleep. The shades of evening were closing round the little group. In the window sat Alice and her lover. They noticed not how dark it grew, or how gradually the silvery moon lighted up the garden, and caused the old tulip tree to throw a long shadow over the grass. They only heeded it because they could look into one another's eyes, and see that happiness was there. I fear there never was, and never will be an Eden without a serpent, and one was even then creeping amongst the flowers of poor Alice's paradise.

A sharp pull at the door-bell, a loud barking of all the four dogs, and in another minute Lowten ushered himself into the room. The old farmer awoke with a groan—Alice started, and the two lovers looked both discomposed and angry. The talk was soon of farming business—the price of corn—the weather, and finally the discontent of the labourers. Lowten complained very much of the conduct of one of his, who, he said, had been both exacting and insolent. High words had passed between them, and threats interchanged; and which had ended in the dismissal of Jacob Jones, the labourer in question, from farmer Lowten's service. And so they talked on, Lowten apparently too much engrossed by his own affairs to notice the lovers. When the time came to separate, the two visitors left the house together. Their homeward path was, for some distance, the same, and the conversation still fell upon the conduct of the labourer Jacob Jones. When they parted, Gray's last words, uttered in a low tone, were—"He'll pay for all, if you don't take care." Little did he think at the time what an effect the speaking these few words would have upon his future fate.

Two days passed away, and no event occurred to mark the progress of time in the beautiful village, but on the night of the third, and just when the inmates of the Upham Farm were retiring to rest they were startled at perceiving a lurid light in the sky in the direction of Lowten's farm. A few minutes served to convince them that a fire, and that of no moderate description, was in rapid progress, and no time was lost in hastening to the assistance of the sufferers. On arriving at the spot, they found the house and outbuildings rapidly becoming a heap of ruins. Every exertion was made to save the furniture, and other valuables; and as the premises were insured, Lowten, although houseless, was not a much poorer man than he had been the day before. Farmer May offered him a temporary residence under his roof, which was gladly accepted.

It chanced that in the morning Alice and her lover had had a little quarrel, one of those pretty episodes in a happy courtship which serve but to make the whole more interesting and delightful; at least we

must suppose so by their frequent occurrence. Be this as it may, a lover's quarrel there had been, so that when night came, the pretty Alice could not sleep. The thought of poor Gray, and how sad he had looked—and she wished—she hardly knew what she wished—but at that moment a low voice was heard under her window, calling her name in gentle accents. Alice sprang to the casement—her lover was there. "Alice, dearest Alice, I could not rest without seeing you again, and saying how much I love you." What Alice's reply was we know not, but it sent young Gray home to his bed with a light step, and a happy heart. One thing, however, surprised him as he left the garden. He saw a dark figure of a man crouching under the espaliers in the kitchen garden. Morning came—the farmer's morning—proclaimed by the crowing of the cock, and the bursting forth of the light of day. All had assembled at the substantial breakfast of the family—all but farmer Lowten. For some time they thought that fatigue had kept him prisoner, and till eight o'clock came they forbore to disturb him. Then the hospitable farmer mounted the stairs, and proceeded to the chamber of his guest. Great was his horror at the sight which presented itself. Stretched across the bed, as though he had endeavoured to leave it, lay what appeared to the farmer the lifeless body of his visitor. The throat was cut, and he lay in a pool of blood which had trickled from the bed upon the floor and had now spread over it. He called loudly for assistance, for great, indeed, was the dismay and consternation of the whole family. Alice for a time seemed paralyzed by dread. On the arrival of the surgeon, he pronounced that the patient was still alive, and that by care his life might be preserved.

After the first alarm enquiries began to be instituted, and the question of who could be the assassin, was eagerly put, though by no means so readily answered. Search was made in the chamber of the wounded man, and it was discovered that his box had been rifled of its contents, and that even the pockets of his coat had not escaped the depredating hand of the villain. Of this the searchers were made aware by the circumstance of Lowten's pocket-book, which he always kept in the breast of his coat, being missing. Of course every one was ready with a suggestion or a remark, which he or she thought might throw some light on the subject. Of all those which were made, only one appeared at all likely to effect the desired object.

One of the farm-servants half reluctantly, for he had no grudge against the young farmer, stated, that so late as twelve o'clock the preceding night, he had seen Joseph Gray steal quietly and cautiously over the garden gate, a gate which was always kept locked. Alice heard not the remark. She had stolen to her own room, and there in solitude and silence was giving way to a flood of tears—tears caused by horror and dismay rather than grief—but still she wept. It is a woman's never failing resource in all the agitating events of life. Meanwhile, the neighbours had assembled, some from curiosity, and others to sympathize with the Mays. Among them came Joseph Gray. His cheek was somewhat paler than usual, as he looked upon his rival stretched upon the bed, apparently lifeless, but he looked with an untroubled eye, and there were those present who noticed that he did so.

Ere many minutes had elapsed, an arrival of importance was announced, that of the nearest magistrate, who had come to inquire into the facts of this mysterious case. The man who had seen Gray leave the garden, was examined, and then another, who had seen him near

his own house at one o'clock. The latter said his step was hurried and agitated, and that before entering the house, he had stopped at a spring close by, and appeared to be washing his hands and face in it. The fact of the well-known rivalry between Gray and the wounded man, was also commented on, and last, though by no means the least in importance, a man who had passed by said he had overheard some threatening words, addressed by the younger man to the one who now began to be looked upon by all present as his victim.

The magistrate was a just, though by no means a discerning person, and he felt, and perhaps with reason, that all things considered, he could do no other than commit Gray to prison, and a warrant was made out accordingly. It would be vain to describe the astonishment of the young man at this most unexpected event, and equally so to depict the despair of poor Alice, when the accusation was made known to her. She insisted on his innocence—upon the impossibility that her lover could have been guilty of such a crime. In the distraction of her mind she calumniated herself, declaring that for her, and her alone, had been his late and unseasonable visit, and finally, throwing herself into the arms of the prisoner, she was only restored to consciousness to learn that he was gone.

And now all was grief and gloom, where before sunshine and happiness had gilded the wings of the laughing hours as they sped swiftly past. Poor Alice had recovered from the first grievous shock, and with renewed courage, and spirits nerved for the struggle. She strained every fibre of her warm and devoted heart in her endeavours to cheer and comfort, and above all, if possible, to save the life of the innocent prisoner, so inexpressibly dear to her. She was as a daughter to his sorrowing parents, and as a more than wife to him. Not a day passed but she walked the weary six miles to the town where he was confined, awaiting his trial, and was amply repaid by the sad though heartfelt smile which lighted up the face she had come so far to see. Sometimes Alice would gladly accept the offer of a drive in a neighbour's gig or cart, to help her more speedily on her way, and many were the offers of service pressed upon her acceptance, for sympathy with her sorrows had spread far and wide.

Time passed away, and Spring was beginning to be replaced by Summer, when the day for the decision of Gray's fate arrived.

In the meanwhile, Lowten had long hovered between life and death, and as the former was doubtful, care had been taken to avoid giving him the slightest agitation or excitement. The best legal advice had been engaged for the prisoner, and when brought to his trial, it was postponed till the next assizes, when it was thought that Lowten might be sufficiently recovered to give his evidence. Anxiously did the friends of the prisoner look forward to this moment, some anticipating a triumphant acquittal, while others, less sanguine, limited their hopes that Lowten would not be able to swear to any one. Gray himself, had no doubt of the result, and he tried to raise the spirits of Alice, on whose mind a nameless dread had fastened.

The day at length arrived. The medical attendants of Lowten declared him sane in mind, and capable of giving his evidence, although not able to leave his bed. Gray was accordingly taken to that house where so many of his happiest hours had been passed. His heart beat wildly, with a sense almost of recovered freedom, as he approached the well known entrance, and when he saw Alice—not the bright-eyed

girl of former days, but still his Alice—standing at the door, the illusion was complete. With a light step he sprang from the chaise, and in company with the jailor he ascended the stairs, followed closely by Alice and her father. A magistrate was present to take the depositions. When Gray entered the room, the sick and apparently dying man, slowly raised himself, and fixed his glaring eyes upon him, while a dead silence pervaded the room. It was broken by the magistrate, desiring the jailor to place the prisoner in front of the sufferer. The order was obeyed, and then the latter was desired to remark him well, and to say if he had any accusation to make against him, the usual oath having been previously administered to Lowten. Intense was the anxiety and expectation now felt by all present, and this was shewn by their countenances. The prisoner alone looked perfectly calm and composed, as, conscious of his innocence, he knew no fear. Alice trembled in every limb. She was overcome by a nervous tremor, which shook her like a leaf agitated by the wind. Lowten, in the meantime, appeared to be scrutinizing the features of the prisoner, as if desirous of impressing upon those around, that he would do nothing hastily and without due consideration. At length, leaning towards him with a violent effort, he spoke in a voice far louder than could have been expected from his feeble condition, these fatal words. "I swear that Joseph Gray entered my room on the night of the 16th of June,—that he struck me twice, and then took all the money that he could find, from my box and from my clothes. I did not see him go. I was not able to call out, but I swear that he, and none other, did the deed;" and he signed this declaration.

When these words had been uttered, they sounded to all present as the death-knell of the prisoner. He, poor fellow, seemed too much astounded either to move or speak, and was only roused from his trance by the approach of the jailor who came forward to reconduct him to the prison. Then it was that Alice, fully aroused to a sense of his situation, rushed to the side of the false accuser. Wildly she clung to his knees, and in frantic accents implored him as he valued his immortal soul, to unsay the foul lie he had uttered. She entreated—she threatened in the agony of her despair. Alas! it was all in vain. With that awful falsehood still trembling on his tongue—that falsehood which made him virtually a murderer, the perjured man had gone to his last account! It seemed that he had but lived to fill up the measure of his crimes, and then, with all his wickedness on his head, had so suddenly expired. Nor could he plead that no time for preparation had been allowed him. In the weary hours of sickness, what had he to do but endeavour to make his peace with his offended Maker by prayer and repentance? This, however, was far from his thoughts, but instead, bitter jealousies and deep projects of revenge occupied his mind. Little did he dream that his foe would be before him in the race of life, and that the sands in his own glass were so nearly run out! Poor, weak, and sinful mortals! how few of your own designs can you work out.

Lowten lay a corpse in the very room which had witnessed his crime, and Gray was taken back to prison, deeply sorrowing, it is true, but consoled by his own freedom from guilt, and the warm sympathy, as well as the perfect confidence in his innocence of his betrothed and her father. The latter was not a man to desert a friend in his trouble, and now, when almost every one turned their faces from him (for who

would doubt such testimony as Lowten's), this kind old man proved that a friend may "stick even closer than a brother," and his kindness and support were, indeed, deeply gratifying to the prisoner. Who can underrate the blessing of a good conscience? Who can say that amongst the many good gifts of a merciful Creator to man, it is not one of those for which we should be most deeply thankful? In every trial it supports—in every vicissitude it cheers, and enables the fainting spirit to do and to suffer bravely. To Gray it was an inestimable blessing. That, combined with his trust in the mercy and merits of his Redeemer, caused him to bear up with apparent cheerfulness, and resignation under his weighty trials. In his dark and gloomy prison it was as a ray of light shining in upon his saddened mind, and pointing out to him higher hopes, and a more lasting world.

It must not be supposed, however, that he was willing to give up life without a struggle—to part with Alice—with his parents—to forego and to dissipate all those pleasant visions which love, aided by youth and a hopeful spirit, had once conjured up around him. His spirit also rebelled against the unjust and violent death which the crimes of others had brought upon him. Sometimes too he hoped—he thought that by some means or other, the real criminal might be brought to light before his own fate had been completed.

As time wore on, these fancies, which indeed rarely amounted to hopes, died away, and his thoughts became more occupied with preparations for the future. The day of his trial arrived, and the greatest interest was excited. Gray, with the characteristic bearing of an English yeoman, conscious of his innocence, appeared at the bar. His open and manly countenance would have prepossessed every one in his favour, had not the circumstances of the case preponderated so strongly against him. The trial proceeded. Lowten's declaration was given in evidence, and confirmed by the attending magistrate, as well as the evidence of the witnesses already referred to. Gray was ably defended but the case seemed so clear against him, that a verdict of guilty was brought in, and he received sentence of death.

His last day in this world now approached,—“the last of danger and distress,”—the last of human care and human uncertainty. On the evening previous to the day fixed for his execution, he had parted late with poor Alice, now reduced to a mere shadow of grief and bitter mourning. She had remained with him to the last moment, for what sacrifice is too great for a woman's love? It is neither selfish nor obtrusive, but it yearns over its beloved object, and is the last to forsake, and the first to comfort. So it was with Alice. Miserable, anxious, desolate, with a heart almost broken, and her body weighed down with sorrow, her affection triumphed over all, and she clung to the being she loved with the most devoted ardour. She would have comforted him, and she tried to do so, but grief choked the words her heart prompted her to utter. Gray, on his part, alternately tried to soothe, and even to chide the violence of her affliction, and while he did so, he wiped away the tears which he knew were shed for him. There is something inexpressibly affecting in the hopeless grief of a young female, from whatever cause it may arise. Even in those who have abandoned the paths of virtue, from placing an unguarded confidence in the seductive arts of selfish man, the sorrows of their broken and despairing spirits cannot be witnessed unmoved; but when, as in the instance before us, hope has left the breast of one who has fulfilled every

duty of life, and she sees the object of her warmest love and affection about to be lost to her for ever, she becomes, indeed, an object of pity.

Sometimes Gray would endeavour to describe his sensations—to explain how impossible he felt it to entertain, for many moments at a time, the idea of the great change about to be worked in him. It was so wonderful—so overpowering that he fell back awe-struck at his own wild feelings. Then came that more tangible one—the grief of parting from his beloved Alice—and here poor Alice could understand him but too well. She would sit at his feet, her head resting on his knee, while her tears flowed, and her father was sitting at a little distance, a silent spectator of the distressing scene. Alice would then cry out, “They cannot—they shall not kill the innocent.”

“Hush, dearest,” Gray would gently say, “I forgive all, even *him*, as I hope to be forgiven myself. My Alice must not be more harsh—speak, love,—say you are at peace with all, and I shall die happier,”—but Alice could not say it. Her heart rebelled against all who had act or part in what she called this most cruel murder, and though her tears flowed faster, she did not give the desired assurance. It was at this moment that the turnkey entered. The hour of locking up was come, and Alice must go. The sad and painful parting scene need not be described. With fresh bursts of grief she was led away by her father. And could she sleep during that tedious night? she heard, and heavily sounded the hours from that old church-tower, for each one brought her lover nearer to his grave, and Alice counted every moment that was left. She could not rest, but wandered a short distance from the town. The early morning life of nature was then beginning. There was the twitter of an awakened bird, and the murmur of the industrious bee, skimming along the flowers still sparkling with the dew, and the first rays of the rising sun, glowing with freshness and beauty on the distant hills. So delightful was the morning air, so sweet and fresh, that it almost made Alice for a moment forget her misery; but if she did, it was only for a moment, and then it came back more crushingly than before.

At length, and almost suddenly, the busy, actual bustle of the day began. The labourer went to his toil, the ox to the plough, and the lark rose toward heaven to pour forth its grateful song. Alice wandered back to the unsympathizing, worldly, and as it seemed to her, unpitiful town. The shopman was taking down the shutters, the busy housemaids were cleaning the door steps—all had a look of life and business—and then that draper’s window, with its garlands of black silk and calico, but too sadly reminded her of death, and the grave, and her own future misery.

As she was thus proceeding towards the prison, she met the constable of the parish in which her father resided. This man had been employed to collect evidence against Gray, and Alice, therefore, did not look upon him with a very favourable eye. She was about to pass him, when the man stopped her, and said that he had something particular to say. There was a sort of cunning, important look about him, as if possessed of a secret in which Alice was interested.

“I have been looking for you,” said the constable, “for I have something to shew you. Do you know this coin?” He took from his pocket an old and rather curious coin, which Alice immediately recognized as having belonged to Lowten, as he had shewn it the day before the murderous attack made upon him.

"Where did you get that coin?" said Alice, with considerable agitation.

"I found one of Jacob Jones's children playing with it," answered the constable, "and it answers the description of the coin which Mr. Lowten was said to have had in his pocket the night before he was robbed."

Conviction at once flashed on the mind of Alice that Jones was the robber and murderer of Lowten. The threats he had uttered—the fire—the midnight assault—and now the discovery of the coin—all served to prove him the guilty person; at least so Alice thought, and she acted accordingly.

Entreating the constable to follow her, she immediately went to the lodgings of the gentleman who had so ably defended Gray on his trial, for the assizes were not over. She told her story of the coin with all the eagerness of hope, and the conviction that Gray's innocence would now be proved. The barrister was both humane and energetic, a character which applies to many of these learned and excellent men. His first care was to procure a reprieve for Gray, which he had no difficulty in doing—his next, to obtain the necessary warrant for apprehending Jones, and for searching his house; and fearful that something might transpire to put him on his guard, he lost no time in sending a party to his cottage. Jones and his wife were both within. On shewing him the warrant, he at first changed colour, and then seemed to recover his self-possession, till he was suddenly shewn the coin, and asked if he had ever seen it before. Jones immediately turned to his wife, and forgetful of the consequences, began to abuse her for having given it to one of the children. After a considerable search, some bank notes, which were known to have been in Lowten's possession, were found artfully concealed. On this fresh proof of his guilt, the unhappy man made a terrified confession of the murder and robbery, and was led away to prison, and soon afterwards to his trial.

And where was Alice all this time? Unable to curb her impatience, she had followed the officers to within a short distance of Jones's cottage, and was the first to hear the intelligence of his confession and arrest. To describe her joy—her gratitude—would be vain. Its effects at first almost overpowered her, but joy does not often kill, and Alice after one hysterical burst of tears, was herself again, and overjoyed with the happy prospect of being the first to convey these glad tidings to her lover.

Evening was now come—a soft summer's evening. It was still light out of doors, but into the cell of the poor prisoner darkness had gradually crept. He knew that his fate had been postponed for a short time, but still long and wearily had the hours of the day sped on. When the morning had dawned, he had begun to watch for Alice who had promised to be with him the moment she could be admitted, and so through the day he had watched, but still no Alice came. And should he see her to-morrow—what might happen on the morrow? Was she ill? Were her senses forsaking her? These, and a thousand distressing thoughts overwhelmed him. Could she have forsaken him in his last most trying hours? No, such an idea never entered his heart. He knew the faithful, loving girl too well to do her such an injustice. But he grew restless, impatient and despairing. As evening closed in, and he could no longer apply to the Bible which lay open before him for comfort, his overtaxed heart gave way, he sank

weeping on his bed, powerless as an infant. How long he had wept he knew not. Time seemed to him, then, as not worth noticing, so little of it appeared to be left him.

While he was in this state, he was aroused by the entrance of a turnkey with a light, followed by Alice.

"Alice," he exclaimed; "dear Alice, why have you left me all this time?" But there was something in Alice's face—a look so cheering—so full of love—of so much happiness, that it arrested his attention, now excited to the utmost. He turned from her to the turnkey, and then again to Alice; and there was a strange sort of smile upon her lip. Poor Alice! She had been warned of the dangerous effects produced by the sudden announcement of joyful news, and she knew not how to reveal them. She longed to throw herself into his arms—to tell him he would soon be free and happy, but still she dared not. The turnkey left them, and then Alice took her old place at the prisoner's feet. He looked at her lovingly, but, oh, how sadly; and Alice could see the ravages which misery and care had made on his features. She took his hands and pressed them gently between her own. "I have seen the judge—and—and—" she knew not what else to say; "Joseph—dear Joseph," she cried, unable to contain herself; "you are free—it was Jones that did it. I saw him carried to prison. I knew the money—come away with me."

All this was uttered with breathless agitation, and she commenced dragging him to the door. Gray was now more and more convinced that she had lost her reason. He therefore strove to calm her, and smoothing back her dark hair from her forehead, he, the condemned one, spoke to her of resignation—of the necessity of self-command, till poor Alice was quite at a loss to know how to convince him of her sanity, and the truth of her words. Gray was so prepared to die—so convinced that nothing could prevent his execution, that it was not till the entrance of the jailor with the order for his release that he could be brought to credit the happy change that had taken place. Not to die on the morrow! Not to leave Alice! it was too enrapturing—too great a reality. Gradually, however, he became accustomed to the happy truth, and deep and fervent was his humble gratitude to heaven for his preservation. And Alice, too,—was he not grateful to her, who, under Providence, had been so instrumental in procuring his liberation, and had given him such proofs of affection? Indeed he was, and how could it be otherwise? Alice was so pure—so good—so meek—so worthy to be loved, that a life of kindness was devoted to her. And were they not both better for their trials? The lessons learnt in the gloomy prison had sunk deep in the hearts of both. They had been tried and purified by affliction, and happier and better were they for it. Alice soon became a loving and affectionate wife; but we must now part with her, although she is a favourite. Can it be doubted that she was beloved by both her richer and poorer neighbours, and she deserved to be so. Well might it be said of her—

"To woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer."

CRABBE.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND;

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER VI.

The Arrivals at Newmarket.—Lord Miltown.—Colonel Anson.—The commencement of "Business."—My introduction to Mr O'Fay.—Turf Illustrations.—Lord George Bentinck.—The Marquis of Exeter.—The Earl of Eglington.—The Professionals.—The Milesian Swell.—Mr. Harry Unwell.—The flash Bet.—The "Dollar."—What's in a Name?—Heraldic blazon.—The Break-up of the Ring.—Virtuous Public Men.

It was the evening previous to the "Two Thousand." The main street in Newmarket was alive with lounging turfites, "touts," lords, squires, and jockeys. All had dined; and, being as yet *unhit*, were in high good-humour.

It was the first great muster of the season, and the meeting of all others that might possibly give a clue to the mysteries of the approaching "Derby;" consequently, a vast number of men who did not attend the "Craven," contrived to make their appearance on this interesting occasion, and were now in full force from all parts of the three kingdoms.

Vehicles of all descriptions were pouring into the yard of the "White Hart," filled with country speculators, London legs, City traders, flash West-enders, itinerant hellites, a strong jock-whip in hand, and every other human ingredient of the turf, who had managed to join giblets at Chesterford, Cambridge, or Bury St. Edmunds, and make up a freight for the heath.

The old questions, of "Well, what's the betting?—Who's to win?—Has Meteor broken down?" with hurried salutations to acquaintance crowding round the "arrivals," were showered on all alike; and, in most instances, were answered according to the *wishes* of the respondent. There were no public betting-rooms at the period we allude to, at Newmarket;—the Ring being formed in the centre of the street, and, in wet weather, adjourned under partial shelter of a cheerless kind of half-open arcade, where Lord Miltown, if not seated in the old shabby black-and-yellow shandry, generally shook his shaggy whiskers through the grating at the passing throng outside.

His Lordship, from the waist upwards, was a very handsome man; but below, he fell off sadly from his fair proportions, being formed, or misformed, like our friend Punch, about the legs and thighs, and quite unable to shuffle, even across the room, without assistance.

His servants, two brawny Irish fellows, usually carried him out of his seedy britska, and set him down to play hazard, bet, eat, squint at the bullet, and other sedentary occupations, as if they were carrying a sick baby.

And a nice baby was he! I have seen him break the bank at a hell, and "bonnet" a four-legged Patlander into a favourite in "quarter-less-no-time;" *malgré* the loss of his lower limbs, I said nothing about any deficiency in leggism.

On mounting, or rather on having surmounted the long flight of stairs of the Royal Hotel at Chester, on one occasion, his hairy Lordship slipped and rolled to the bottom like a ball of worsted, and was, with difficulty, stopped at the doorway from bouncing across the street. Lord Milton was a very staunch patron of the turf, especially of the Curragh sod; and, at different times, was the possessor of several fairish horses, though, I believe, he seldom, if ever, owned anything really "first-rate." For a very short time, he managed to get into Scott's stable—no doubt for the advantages accruing from a peep behind the scenes; he was as quickly out again! from having reported—rather unparliamentarily—that the favourite of the stable "coughed," he being, as a matter of course, dead against him. A *scene* ensued on this unstable-like episode transpiring, between the Milesian peer and Colonel Anson; the latter of whom was the very last person safe or pleasant to trifle with, and a man far too resolute and *au fait* at the game in which he was a partner, to suffer the noble tout to train in his company for the future. The Colonel—at that time a very distinguished gentlemanlike-looking man, just on the wane—had long enjoyed an uninterrupted run of good-luck on the turf, having possessed the winners of most of our great races; training on Langton Wold, with John Scott, and being deficient to none in acuteness and stable accomplishments.

In the morning of the race for the "Guineas," the Heath was crowded by spectators on foot and horse-back, anxious to get a last glimpse of the animals so shortly to contend for them. After breakfast, the Ring was formed in earnest, in whose dense folds I beheld my friend Dallasen circled, book in hand, and hard at work. But prior to his commencing "business" he was good enough to introduce me to a friend of his, named O'Fay, an extremely neat fellow, dressed in a sober suit of the best cut, saying, as he brought us together, "O'Fay! this is my friend from the East Riding, an amateur collector of character, and no turf-man; if you can spare him half an hour, pray point out the lions and curiosities like a good fellow."

"O'Fay knows every one," continued Dallas to me, "from Nat the jockey to the Duke of Beaufort, and is the very man to assist you in making your collection. We dine at Gully's to-morrow, mind; that gentleman having kindly sent you an invitation," concluded my friend, as he left me, bent on far more serious matters.

Left with O'Fay, I soon got to know most of the striking personages who crowded the street and causeway, by sight; my pleasant tutor replied to all my interrogatories with perfect readiness and the most racy vocabulary imaginable. I could not have had a more accomplished cicerone, and shall endeavour to give his amusing instructive chat with as little mutilation as possible.

The first personage who *commanded* notice was a tall high-browed man, about middle age, of the true Anglo-Saxon tint and countenance, dressed in a loose maroon double-breasted coat, with club buttons; a large cream-coloured muslin cravat, and leather (buckskin)

trousers, who seemed to still the Ring when the quiet, rather womanish tones of his voice were heard, offering some mighty sum against a horse in the Derby. He had the genuine cut of an English gentleman—so countrified, yet refined—so quiet, yet determined in his air.

"I see whom you are looking at," said O'Fay, before I had well inquired the name of the person I was regarding. "That is Lord George Bentinck—a lion of the turf, and a very dangerous customer! He is a profound calculator; an excellent judge of a horse,—spares no expense in training, vanning, and in keeping up his stud from the best blood, and will some fine morning give the Ring such a shaking as will make it tremble, or fly in pieces."

"He goes for the *great coups*; and with an innate love of sporting, and proficiency in wood or turf-craft, brings the acuteness of a superior mind, and consummate coolness, to his aid in carrying out his racing schemes."

"If looks are any index to these qualifications," replied I, "his Lordship seems all you say."

"Yes, and though he does not despise any man's information—reserving to himself the option of making use of it, together with the other rough-handed tools he finds at times essential to enable him to get at 'what is doing,' Lord George has never been known to suffer any familiarity at the hands of any of the low squad. He would stand himself in his own apartment for half a day, sooner than permit a fellow like Hill to be seated in his presence, which is more than some of the 'order' can boast."

"We some of us think he only races till an opportunity occurs of flying at higher game," continued O'Fay, "and that he will retire as hastily as he suddenly burst on the Turf."—A prophecy fulfilled to the letter, his lordship having disposed of his stud *at a word!*

"The lot, Payne," said he, at Goodwood, "from old Bay Middleton to Johnny Howlett" (his four-stone Jock) "for ten thousand? Yes, or no?"

"I will give 300*l.* till breakfast-time to-morrow to consider the matter, Bentinck," replied Mr. George Payne,—a fine, manly, elegant fellow, of the patrician corner of the Ring. "Give me till then and I will say yes or no."

"With pleasure, my good fellow," acquiesced his Lordship, not giving it a second thought, till reminded of the circumstance by Payne handing him three hundred pounds over his muffin, refusing the offer as nonchalantly as it was made, and returning to his 'Standard' without further comment. Then, Mr. Mostyn, seeing the negotiation concluded, said very quietly, from the lower end of the table, taking an eye for an instant from his letters—

"I'll take the lot, Bentinck, at ten thousand; and will give you a cheque before you go to the course."

"If you please," replied Lord George, and the bargain was completed!

How long it would have taken a brace of Frenchmen, or any other foreigners, to settle such an affair, I refrain to guess.

Proceeding with our scrutiny, I inquired who the quiet, high-bred, particularly mild-looking man was, then in conversation with Lord George?

"That is Lord Exeter," replied my companion, "the most honourable, gentlemanlike, *excellent* fellow on the Turf! He seems like a Dean, or young Bishop, *in musti*; but he dearly loves a race for all its nobler, good-dispensing attributes—to which the sport under such auspices may safely lay claim. He is singularly unfortunate, nevertheless, seldom having won a great race with all his vast team, and constant struggle to get in front. But he is a worthy and honoured member of the Turf. The other man close to him—the taller one, talking to Lord Chesterfield—you, of course, know *him* by sight—every one does—is Lord Eglington; also another most straightforward unimpeachable *bonâ fide* gentleman. He trains privately with Fobert, a civil, extremely well-behaved man, who resides at his Lordship's own stables on Middleham Moor, and against whose character not a syllable has ever been uttered.

"Lord Eglington runs steadily to win; making any accident in his stable instantly manifest under his own hand, to secure the public from robbery, and, at some very early day, will get his reward by winning *all* the first races of the year!

"This will do from the 'Red Book,' said I, *considerately*; for it would be somewhat difficult to proceed in the same vein *much* further! "Let us take a look at the professionals—the betting, and not the racing men.

"To commence with,—Do you see the man in the ringlets, with the brogue, and cut-and-thrust looks, with his arms a-kimbo, and laughing with *George Payne*!

"The flash-reared up fellow, in the light blue pantaloons and huge web of satin round his neck! He is a lion evidently; but, his name! his name!

"Ah! that is Johnny O'Bluster," replied O'Fay; "a Milesian swell, not very long imported, and no fool, believe me! He is wide awake,—a handsome fellow, consumedly impudent, a complete Unknown—save by the scandalous jade, Whisper—and lords it over the Ligs and Carnivoræ with an air not to be gainsaid. His talent is not confined to the Ring by any means; he excels in most accomplishments at home and abroad."

"And the man laying six thousand to one—a 'hedging bet'—against Meteor? he does not *look* like six hundred—the bull-necked, cackling fellow, scratching his head, and booking the bet with the fierce-looking personage with the tuft and gold-headed cane. He seems a rough customer, and innocent of all parochial interference on the score of tuition, I should imagine, from his air and appearance; what of him?"

"That is Mr. Harry Unwell; a racing-star of the first magnitude, notwithstanding he was, erewhile, an under 'boots' at an hotel in Manchester, and made his way up to town on foot, carrying his furniture—now but a small table, a thimble, and a few peas on his person," replied my racy friend.

"The bet he is taking is a flash one, he being in the hopes of sending the horse back in the betting thereby, when both he and the taker of his odds will back him, through their Commissioner—Lord M—, I believe, being appointed—for themselves and party. 'Meteor' is a wretched cripple—as it is put about—being, in fact, anything but a first-rate animal; yet the lot he has to run against is worse, making it a 'good thing,' I hear. Bill is to run

him up by a brisk mile spin before he starts, and says himself he will pull through. I never knew Bill Scott tell a friend an untruth; when he had the right to give him information."

"But, in the name of Mercury! who *is* the man with the nasal accent—the fed-up, large-nosed, swollen-eyed fellow, between forty and fifty, enamelled so profusely; whom I heard you call the 'Dollar,' or 'Dollar Scott,' just now—if I heard aright—and see at this moment speaking to the old fellow leaning on his crutch?"

"Oh! he's a flash Nazarene, who has hitherto paid, and hangs out in 'chambers,' dining about midnight at Limmer's; being duly accredited at the 'Corner,' and accounting for the astounding fact by saying, himself, that if the common hangman were in the ring, and squared up—especially if he laid or took a point more or less than the current odds—he would, with a Nicoll's paletot, and dark-rimmed glass stuck in his eye, pass muster with either Greville or Leatherlungs."

"But, is his name Scott?" I inquired again. "The cut of his nostril, and West-end twang of the Holy City, joined to this thorough-going English or Scottish name, would seem an evident discrepancy."

"My good fellow!" implored O'Fay, "what's in a name? Even a Scott, by any other, might smell as sweet! 'The Dollar' took a simple, unassuming address, on starting as a Turfite, preferring it to that of Blumenthall—the name of his worthy brother, who keeps the small money-stall next the Vaudville, in Paris, where the two *frères* often discuss a congenial mess of sour-croust, and, literally, 'compare notes;' or to the paternal one of Henriquez, the European patronymic, under which his sire dispensed old-clothes at Hamburg, like a dear, clever old Israelite, as he was."

"You astonish me! and I can scarcely believe it—abominable as it would be to disturb your exquisite morsel of turf biography," retorted I. "Yet I saw a 'martlet on a baron's casque,' engraved on his razors and boot-hooks, displayed so that I could not avoid it, with a few hundreds of *toiletterie*, on his table at Bottom's, I can swear."

"There is no need to put you on your oath, my friend," concluded my gay instructor; "the 'Dollar' knows how these things take with 'new men,' and 'old muffs.' Besides, his cognizance is in proof of his succession from the old nest of Nebat—a younger branch of the modern family of Jeroboam—who sported the old 'Vulture of Bethel' on their insignia."

"But, take him all in all, the 'Dollar' is a good fellow of the sort, though of a d—d bad sort!" soliloquised O'Fay, continuing his amusing chat by informing me, that when Johnny O'Bluster pitched into his friend Scott, they impaneled a special jury of brawny butchers and bakers to adjudicate upon the amount of damages; who set the 'Dollar's' licking at an odd hundred; any one of the twelve being glad to have the same treatment for an equal recompense.

"This grieved poor Scott more than the milling. Johnny was in funds, and booked by the former for at least a thousand. He appeared arm-in-arm with a *bonâ fide* swell, a real lord, to beseeem of the set, playing for 'white bait' for the half-hour's hire of the noble countenance and seasonable supply of 'ground-bait.' But all

would not do! the jury got a glimpse of the nostril and enamel (it is equally surprising and disgusting how clever these vulgar dogs are at discovering counterfeit coin and gentlemen!) and set him at 'a hundred'—a new rig—the lord on his arm, and 'all in,' and not a farthing more."

"Why do they call him 'The Dollar,'" inquired I, once more; "it is an odd Christian name, at all events, if for such it is intended."

"Not in the least," replied O'Fay: "they say he undertook to make a heavy lot of dollars for the American market, and rather over-stocked it; that is all; hence the *sobriquet*. But come! let us select another, we have had enough of him."

But now such an irruption of yells and shouts burst from the ring, that entirely put an end to our first lesson. Every one talked at once,—but one voice, having the least preponderance over the mighty din, as it roared out, "I can lay against E-rin-go!"

"What against the Crack?"

"I'll lay five to one,—bar one!"

"What against 'Attila,' for the Derby?"—with offers innumerable to lay and take the odds, were screamed forth in hopes of obtaining notice.

The sun blazed, cigars reeked, the ring waved like a sea, or rather, eddied like a human Maelstrom, for another short, infuriated period; when "the people" one and all dispersed, scrambled on their hacks, and galloped to the Heath, but to renew the din round "the Post."

Just before the final break-up, the hubbub became agonised and intense; and when "Meteor" appeared leading, though lifted every stride, and most scientifically punished by Black Bill, the din of opinion would have terrified a congress of fiends.

The instant he had won, saving an involuntary bay of delight by the winners, the storm lulled as rapidly as the sea falls in the Baltic after a gale; the herculean-lunged gentleman recommencing the game by offering to "lay against the Johanna colt for the Darby!" this animal being one of Scott's outsiders,—a wretched brute, at this time intrusted to an aristocratic "bonnet" * to bring into the betting.

Though we presume not through a medium like the present, to offer anything like an "expressed opinion" upon the political worth of the late Lord George Bentinck, we cannot refrain from recording our sincere belief, that if ever the necessary yet rare qualifications of a virtuous public man were centred in the breast of a legislator of our own or bygone times,—they may with justice be claimed by the historian as eminently the properties of the lamented subject of our short memoir.

* The term "bonnet," in the parlance of the Ring, applies to a party appointed to "bolster-up" a horse's pretensions, so as to force him into favour. Whence derived the writer knoweth not.

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.

XXX.—LA JEUNE FRANCE.

How does it happen that France, the politest of nations in its traditions, and the best dressed in its drawing-rooms and kitchens, should suffer a certain section of her population to commit the *grossièreté* of sitting at table with its hat on?

Take the run of the provincial *table d'hôtes*, and, except where a tone of dreary formality is cast over the ceremony of dinner by the presence of the English, you will generally find two or three people rushing in, clattering to the table with their hats or caps on, and eating up their dinner at the rate of a steeple-chase. The scowling looks of these gentlemen, their linen coats, voluminous waistcoats, and glowing cravats, their beards and moustachios, their violent gesticulation and hundred-horse power tongues, are quite enough to scare away all civilized people of other nations, and the well-bred of their own. This matter of dining in public has undergone a change. Ladies are not so numerous as formerly at these re-unions, which used to be extremely agreeable, and full of character and vivacity; they have been a little frightened by the rough intercourse and bold conversation to which they found themselves occasionally exposed. One naturally asks, what is the cause of this change? and the English traveller will, probably, refer it at once to the barricades of July. Yet, there were barricades long before the days of Charles X. — the barricades of the League and the Fronde — and French courtesy survived them. But constant dropping will wear away a stone; and the frequent repetition of revolutionary experiments has not been calculated to improve the national manners. As republicanism has advanced, the refinements of the monarchy appear to have receded; at least, amongst that class which floats loosely about the country, and which may be regarded as the disturbing element of hotel existence. The style of these *farouche* people, and that of the *ancien régime*, are the antipodes of each other, the two social poles being indicated by the hat, or *casquette*, of your modern apostle of progress, and the flowing *peruque* of the last century.

The conventional graces, which we all remember to have admired so much in France a few years ago, are waning in certain directions. The age of chivalry is going from the public tables, and an age of barbarism is succeeding. What is a huge muff of hair round the face but a relic of barbarism, standing much in need of the office of the barber? What else but barbarism these great matted whiskers, curled tufts, and beds of angry bristles, in which the chin is buried? Civilization long ago dispensed with a beard, and one of the implements of her progress is a razor. To cast away the razor, is to throw off a glittering ensign of advancement, and to retreat upon a state

of nature. Perhaps, however, the French have a sufficient apology in dispensing with the custom of shaving: their cutlery is execrable. Possibly, they allow their beards to grow by way of an escape from bad razors. *Vous avez raison, monsieur!*

La jeune France, horrid monster as he looks, is very harmless notwithstanding. His fierce beard has a most threatening aspect at a dinner-table, when you see it splashed over with luscious condiments, and sprinkled with white beans and fragments of truffle; but when you come to examine the *matériel* of the figure which carries this formidable bush, your first sensation of alarm is very likely to be converted into contempt. The majority of these hirsute heroes are shadowy things crowned with a monstrous crop of hair. Legs, arms, chest, are merely the wires that bear it up. Their courage, vigour, nationality, their whole genius, soul, and muscle, are concentrated, like the strength of Sampson, in their hair. Cut off their whiskers and imperials, and you will discover nothing beneath but such slight supporters as great wigs are sometimes set upon for shew.

Neither hats, nor whiskers, however, would be of much moment—although they do disturb the equanimity of the traveller—did they not imply a remoter evil. If that were all, they could be easily avoided by keeping out of the way of *table d'hôtes*, and dining in private. But one cannot so readily get clear of the reflections they suggest. They set us involuntarily thinking about social and political revolutions, changes of manners and opinions, and the thousand and one *bouversements* of tastes, creeds, and constitutions of which no man can conjecture the issues, and which are palpably symbolized in these anarchical modes and customs.

The origin of all this may be found in the labours of the Encyclopædists of the last century, who deliberately and systematically devoted themselves to the task of setting aside the belief in a Providence, sapping public morals, and establishing a free creed in all matters of conduct and opinion. The first condition upon which they insisted, as being indispensable to the ulterior accomplishment of their views, was the total overthrow of existing modes and forms. The way to the Encyclopædian Utopia lay through the destruction of the established institutions, habits, and relations of society. This is not an invidious inference drawn from their arguments; it is literally their own avowed design. Something more than the substitution of democracy for kingship and aristocracy was comprehended in that gigantic scheme. Nobody could have a right to complain of democracy, or any other form of government, demanded by a people; but such was not the aim of the writers and propagandists who sowed the seeds of political domestic libertinism in France. They ploughed and planted for wider and deeper changes; and communism, and the *droit au travail*, are amongst the fruits of their industry. It was necessary to their ends, that the whole framework of social life should be broken up; that the obligations of moral and religious codes should be abrogated; that the ties of marriage, the respect of station, the delicacy of the sexes, the amenities which confer grace, dignity, and safety upon civilized intercourse, should be blotted out. The generation of that day could not very readily abandon their old habits, cancel their affections, and shake off their responsibilities; and it was reserved for the in-

coming generation, which had not yet incurred any civil obligations, to pass through the noviciate of anarchy, into that liberal state of existence, in which woman should no longer be treated with decorum or tenderness; in which the distinctions of rank, age, and education, should be expunged, and all men placed on the same level, and chartered alike for the unrestrained indulgence of the passions. This sweeping revolution, which was to destroy the old system before it could begin to establish the new one, required time; and the attempt at its accomplishment was bequeathed to our age by that generation through whom these chaotic doctrines were promulgated and transmitted. *La jeune France* has assumed to itself the mission against which the country stood firm, until political corruptions had eaten deeply into the defences of domestic life. We have seen its political development in banquets, and clubs, and conspiracies; and its social display in a crusade against old customs and manners.

A notion got abroad a few years ago, that the redemption of nations was to be effected only by youthful blood. Experience and matured observation were to go for nothing. No man was to be considered capable of public utility after thirty. To headlong boyhood and tempestuous youth we were to be indebted for the brilliant agencies which were to re-organize the world. Youth is at all times arrogant enough in its assumptions, and sufficiently apt to mistake rashness for courage, and to believe that it possesses, by a sort of miraculous intuition, a great deal more wisdom than older people have been able to accumulate through years of trial and collision. It hardly wanted this additional incentive, in the form of a popular axiom, to tempt it to set up for itself. Like the big blue fly that buzzes about our apartments, bounding frightfully every now and then against the window pane, thinking that it has a clear course before it, youth, ignorant of practical difficulties, must knock its head against many impassable obstacles, before it can acquire the knowledge requisite for self-government. The secret is beginning to be found out. The popular axiom is already exploded. Neither nations nor households can be successfully upset or controlled by the "rising generation." The laws of nature are not yet repealed; and to the "risen" generation must still be confided the responsibility of state affairs and family administration.

One of the most fatal symptoms of emancipated youth exhibiting its independence of old customs is its conduct to women. The boy, when he is first let loose upon society thinks it a fine thing to flourish his pretensions in the face of women, whom he treats with a certain air of superiority, which he imagines to be an evidence of manliness. Now, the social boyhood of *la jeune France* betrays this symptom in a violent degree. It takes great delight in sundry little coarse hectoring rudenesses thrust prominently upon ladies in public places, especially at the *table d'hôte*, and in indulging on such occasions in prohibited topics, garnished with language which makes one's ears grow intolerably hot. That it is a lineal descendant of the Encyclopædists, politically, as well as morally and socially, may be easily ascertained by any person who is sufficiently adventurous to interrogate it upon its opinions concerning things as they are, and as *la jeune France* thinks they ought to be.

The people of France are not to be confounded with this rabid section. The mass of the proprietors, manufacturers, and shopocracy eschew these barbarian theories; although it must be allowed that a shadow has passed over the gay surface of society. The palmy days of high court breeding are gone by; we no longer witness in full pomp that pageant of polished manners which once threw such a tone of elegance over the *salon* and the promenade; but the constitutional sprightliness and agreeable facility of the people will, probably, always survive in a modified form. An aspect of thoughtfulness has supervened upon the airy gallantry of the old times. The artificial refinement, which accorded greater importance to points of etiquette than to the gravest questions of legislation, fell with nobility; nor is there much prospect of its restoration, nor does anybody care about it except the nobility themselves, who are rapidly descending into the ranks of commerce and speculation, and whose representatives, should they ever be summoned to their state again by the trump of the herald, will be found scattered over the Bourse, the counting-house, the colliery, and the dusky chambers of the Steam Fiend.

XXXL—CELTIC MONUMENTS.

The finest Celtic monument, the largest and most regular, within the limits of Brittany or Anjou, is to be seen near the village of Bagneux, about a mile from Saumur. The excursion to these ancient relics is interesting for another reason, that it lies through old, tattered, unfrequented roads, which yield some curious peeps into the primitive interior.

This monument is a dolmen of a rectangular form, raised on the side of a hill, and composed of enormous blocks of sandstone. It is fifty-eight feet long, twenty-one wide, and about seven feet high from the ground. The disposition of the stones is perfectly uniform, four at each side for the walls, four for the roof, one on the left side near the entrance, one at the west, closing up the dolmen at that end; two smaller ones standing up near the entrance, and a single isolated block at the bottom, like a pillar, helping to sustain the weight of the roof. There are altogether seventeen of these immense blocks, and from some rough masonry, which may be seen supplying a vacancy on the right of the entrance, it is inferred that there were originally eighteen. Scattered about in disorder outside the entrance are some flat stones, which it is conjectured may have once stood upright in continuation of the northern wall.

The great blocks which form this singular structure are all unhewn, yet of such equal dimensions that, with a single exception, the result apparently of an accident, they lie almost as closely together as if they had been carefully smoothed for the places they occupy. They vary in thickness from eighteen inches to two feet and a half, and are all of extraordinary magnitude; the largest, that which closes the west end, presenting a square surface of twenty-one feet to the side. It is said that, upon digging round this monument, the walls were found to be buried nearly nine feet in the earth, which would give the upright blocks a height of almost sixteen feet. The fact is remarkable, as Celtic stones in general are seldom sunk to

such a depth. But in this instance there appears to have been a necessity for it, as the blocks, instead of being vertical in the usual way, incline so far towards the centre that a plummet dropped from the top would fall more than a foot from the base. It is impossible to visit these prodigious masses of stone without renewed astonishment at the marvellous mechanical power by which they were raised from their quarries, transported to their destination, and arranged in symmetrical order. In the vineyards about forty or fifty yards distant is a solitary peulven, about six or seven feet high, out of the line of the dolmen, and apparently having no connection with it; and on the top of a hill not far from the neighbouring village of Riou, is a smaller dolmen, consisting of six great stones, also set towards the east, equally regular in form, but considerably dilapidated by the action of the weather. This dolmen presents the additional peculiarity of a flooring of flag-stones. The blocks of which these monuments are built are composed of sandstone, found in the environs of Saumur; but at such a distance from the places selected for the mystical purposes to which the Celts applied them, that they must have been carried at least half a league over a difficult country, intersected with ravines and valleys. The work of cutting these prodigious blocks out of the quarry, and of raising them from their beds, is intelligible to a people who understand the use of the wedge and the lever; but the mechanical power by which they were conveyed across rivers and hills, and placed in this regular order of walling and roofing, is utterly incomprehensible.

A glance into the dolmen of Bagneux, this vague damp hall, fills the mind with a sort of dreary wonder not very easy to describe. What could have been the object of this rude, stony temple, mausoleum, or whatever else it was? The twilight within is by no means impressive, except in the same way, but with a sort of palpable horror in it, as a great subterranean sepulchre can be felt to be impressive. When you creep in, rather shudderingly, you have an instinctive conviction of the tremendous solidity of the masses of stone around and above you, which have stood there for centuries heaped upon centuries; yet it is of so dismal a kind that you can hardly overcome a certain sense of terror lest the whole mass should fall, and crush you to atoms. It is probably the consciousness of your own weakness and insignificance in the presence of so ponderous a mystery that produces this feeling.

Formerly the neighbourhood of Saumur was scattered over with Celtic ruins, of which few are now remaining, and, even of those which are still described in the local books some have already disappeared. They have been broken up for materials to mend the roads.

XXXII.—TOURS.

Up the Loire to Tours, by the steamboat called the "Inexplosible," (a title which might be given to a powder magazine with as much propriety as a steamboat), will occupy you nine hours, or thereabouts. You may shorten the route, if you are in a hurry, by railroad; or, if you prefer it, enjoy a charming drive through the country, taking Chinon on your way, where you can visit the castle upon whose rocky terrace Joan of Arc made her first appearance in

public, and the little farm-house, smothered in trees, in which Rabelais was born.

We have already past the most picturesque scenery. Every league we now advance the interest diminishes, and, instead of a varying succession of rocks, towns, and woods, we are forced to put up with the glowing exaggerations of the guide-books. These French guide-books are abundantly amusing, by virtue of that tendency to the wonderful and fabulous which exalts villages into cities, revels in a suppositious antiquity, and converts ragged patches of fields into pastoral Edens. Most people like this sort of extravagance; it jogs their dulness, and helps them to an imagination. But, whoever wishes to obtain accurate information must be careful how he depends upon the historical or descriptive authority of these lively writers. "Les quais de Saumur," says one of them, "sont très riants." Everything is *riant* in the French itineraries. In vain we endeavoured to discover this particular merit in the quay of Saumur, as we had previously failed to discover it in a hundred other places. In the neighbourhood of Béhuard there is a small hill covered with vines: this, says the guide-book, "est la fameuse Coulée de Serrant dont le vin jouit d'une reputation si grande et si bien mérité." Now this wine is really very excellent; but who ever heard of it beyond the confines of the district in which it is grown? It might be supposed, from the description, that it enjoys a European reputation. What is the fact? The whole vineyard produces only fourteen barrels annually.

Looking back upon the course of the Loire from Nantes to Saumur, the spot which memory retains the most forcibly is that wide burst of the river opposite St. Florent, where the stream is broken by a richly-wooded island in the centre, the whole view forming a scene magnificent for its expanse and grandeur. From Saumur to Tours the islands are smaller and less numerous, the volume of the water becomes scantier, the banks are flatter, and the traveller has been so pampered with fine sights that he has hardly patience enough to explore the few traditions with which he must now endeavour to supply their place. But they are worth listening to, nevertheless; especially as there is so little else to occupy one's eyes or thoughts.

At the squalid village of Dampierre, of which you get a hasty glimpse on the left bank as you leave Saumur, died the celebrated Margaret of Anjou in 1482. Long before you have half exhausted the reflections suggested by the misfortunes and heroism of that distinguished lady, you find yourself gazing upon the dilapidated inhabited *château* of Montsoreau, a huge edifice, with an exterior frontage pierced by long rows of casements, and crowned with lofty embattled towers and pyramidal roofs. Here lived that Count of Montsoreau, who, under the direction of Charles IX., conducted the Protestant massacres in Anjou. The *château*, built with great solidity, and remarkable for the spaciousness of its chambers and the beauty of its timber-work, was sold in 1804, and is now occupied by a number of families of artisans and tradespeople, who carry on their multifarious operations in its vast *salons* with a most promiscuous contempt for its feudal glories. The collection of wretched huts, called the *petite ville* of Montsoreau stands at the confluence of the Leiro and the Vienne, opposite to another *petite ville* called Candés.

being divided from it only by a tiny rivulet, which gave occasion to an epigram that is said to have existed among the people from time immemorial, and which is regarded as a capital joke amongst them:—

“ Entre Candés et Montsoreau,
Il ne fait ni brebis ni veau.”

On the right bank, a little farther on, you sail past the castle of Ussé, a noble structure, built in great part from the designs of the famous Vauban; and still higher up, on the same side may be seen, in a state of excellent preservation, the Gothic *château* of Langeais, where the reunion of Brittany and France was consummated in 1491 by the marriage of Charles VIII. with the Duchess Anne. La Pile de Cinq-Mars is the next object of interest. This strange quadrangle, whose brick masonry is as solid as a rock, has puzzled all the archæologists who have attempted to speculate upon its origin or its uses. It is nearly thirteen feet square and eighty-seven in height, and was surmounted formerly by five pinnacles ten feet high, one of which was blown down by a storm a hundred years ago. It has neither doors nor windows, and curious investigators of the mystery have calculated that it contains no less than 118,000 bricks. On the front facing the Loire there are eleven projecting squares of a paler brick than the rest, divided into mosaic compartments; but what these were intended to typify no man knoweth. Conjecture has exhausted itself in vain upon the history of La Pile de Cinq-Mars, and the honour of its construction is zealously distributed amongst the Romans, the Saracens, and the Visigoths. Until you arrive at Tours there is nothing else to challenge curiosity except the old castle of Luynes, pitched on the summit of a commanding cliff, and increased varieties of sculptured dens on the face of the rocks.

Tours is a French town *Anglicised*. It is patched all over with modern English alterations; the old houses here and there are fronted like English houses; wherever new ones start up they are built all throughout in the style of the English; the principal shops are English; the pavement is English; and the main street, the Rue Royale, is for the most part constructed with a modern English regularity, quite foreign to the French taste. Tours, in short, is a French town spoiled. It is neither French nor English, but an unsatisfactory mixture of both—something like a *bifteck Anglais* with a heavy drench of garlic in it.

The English abounded here before the Revolution to an awful extent, especially in the environs. At one time, it is credibly asserted, there were no less than six thousand of them. They ruined the place as an economical refuge, not only raising the market prices, but introducing an extravagant style of living that completely metamorphosed its social and tranquil character. The effects are still felt in the town, which is beginning to be again overrun by its ancient invaders. No man can go to Tours to economize, nor, indeed, to enjoy life, except at an expense upon which he could enjoy himself much more rationally at home.

There are few objects of interest in this city. If you see the cathedral, the old ungainly town of Charlemagne, one or two curious houses built in the reign of Louis XI., especially the house No. 24, in the Place du Marché, and take a stroll over the bridge, you exhaust nearly everything that is worth exploring. The Cathedral, of course, is the great lion. The ornaments with which it is literally

powdered over, are so rich and prodigal that Henry IV., by way of paying a compliment to the town, said that it ought to be put into an *étui*. He was quite right. It is only fit for a case where it could be kept safe from the atmosphere. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable specimen of architectural *bijouterie* in the world. The delicacy and fragility of the workmanship challenge unmixed admiration. The *façade* is like frost-work, and every speck and nick is crowded with exquisite devices, wrought in the stone with instruments as fine as the point of the diamond. The specimens of stained glass in the windows, equally elaborate, are distinguished by similar richness and finish, and their peculiarly brilliant colours falling in upon the clustered points of the interior produce an enchanting effect. This cathedral is in the highest state of preservation, and is altogether a marvellous piece of filigree.

Although Tours is not a sight-seeing place, it is a fine town nevertheless, and contains some attractions for the antiquary which he is likely to pass over unnoticed unless they are pointed out to him. Such are the Roman remains which are scattered about the town, and which, for as much as there is of them, are solid and perfect. Close in the neighbourhood of the Cloitre de la Psalette there is yet remaining a portion of a Roman wall, and a fine arch entire. These belonged to the fortifications which were thrown up round the city by the Romans, and of which the arch formed one of the gates. While he is in this quarter the stranger ought to visit the cloisters, now only the skeleton of what they were, but still retaining enough of their original character to reward the anguish of a scramble over a dreadfully rugged causeway. In these cloisters, consisting of separate dwellings, the canons lived formerly. They run close to the gardens of the archiepiscopal palace, into which foreigners are freely admitted, particularly the English. The good old archbishop (who, it is to be hoped, is still alive) has a special regard for the English, because England afforded him hospitality when he was in exile. Like Mr. Browning's pearl-diver, the archbishop has had two great contrasted phases in his life; the one when he was subsisting by teaching French in England; the other when, restored to his country, he dwelt in a palace at Tours.

I witnessed a striking illustration of the mobility of the French character, upon the occasion of my first visit to Tours, some few years ago, when the place was full of English. The circumstance was trivial in itself, but a straw will point the course of the wind. An *émeute* might have been got up at that time at five minutes' notice, at the corner of any street in any of the principal towns. It is equally certain that it might have been as easily turned aside. During the discontents at Toulouse, and immediately after the government had dissolved the National Guard and Municipal Council of that city, I happened to be standing on the bridge of Tours, when I saw crowds of people gathering in the Rue Royale, and on the quay, and up the great road to Paris. From the centre of the bridge the view is so commanding that you can see on the one hand through the town to the Bordeaux road beyond, the trees of the avenue of Grammont being visible; and on the other, the highway to the summit of the hill. I was thus enabled to obtain a clear view of the unusual concourse of people pressing forward in this main line, and had no difficulty in concluding at once that there was

something extraordinary going forward. Looking up accidentally at the old Hôtel de Ville, I discovered the cause of all the commotion. The telegraph was working in correspondence with another on the summit of the hill. The anxiety of the populace can hardly be described. The deepest interest prevailed amongst them, as they watched the fantastic motions of the telegraph, although the affair was a profound mystery to them. But, to use their own emphatic expression, they were on the *qui vive*, and at that moment of intense suspense and breathless silence, a single word would have thrown the whole mass into a convulsion. There were many thousands collected, and we who were mere spectators of the scene, and saw the palpitation which ran through the multitude, felt as if we were on the brink of a volcano. Fortunately in the very instant when this terror was at its height, a group of drunken fellows carrying poles covered with laurels, and bearing bottles suspended from them, as a hint of the source whence they derived their courage, burst in amongst the crowd, singing some ludicrously heroic chorus. The grotesque appearance of these tipsy mimes, revolving along like corkscrews, completely upset the serious sentiment of the multitude. The dense crowd gave way, roars of laughter broke out on all sides, attention was diverted from the telegraph, Toulouse and its indignities were forgotten, and in less time than it has taken to describe the transition, that immense gathering became inoculated with a spirit of mirth as absorbing and universal as the gravity by which it had been engrossed only a second before. The effect was sudden and astounding; and it is difficult to convey the relief it afforded to the lookers-on, who knew the reality of the peril which that chance interruption averted.

Once more upon the Loire—no longer, the full green river, flowing amongst scattered islands, but a skein of scanty water, finding out its way as well as it can, on its sleepy journey to Nantes. From this point up to Orleans, the dreariness of the river is enough to put the gayest of Frenchmen out of sorts. The bed of the stream is a dead waste of sand-banks, and the navigation is for the most part purely artificial, it being indispensably necessary to keep men in the water, for the purpose of clearing away the sand to make a passage for the "Inexplosible." These poor wretches, whose lives are thus dedicated to the agonies of cramp, are paid three francs a day for a service by which, in due course of time, they must inevitably lose the use of their limbs. The sand-banks are regularly marked in the river by twigs stuck in them by these water-gods; and the pictorial effect of the said twigs, which a frisky trout might whisk away with its tail, its peculiarly ridiculous. Yet by such uncertain water-marks the steersman contrives to guide his course, and, as might be expected, sweeps many of them away, either by his own carelessness, or by the action of the ripple left by the boat in its wake. The boats themselves (which ought to be called "Indescribables," rather than "Inexplosibles") are hardly less miserable contrivances, constructed, in consequence of the shallowness of the river, to draw only ten inches of water, with the roof of the cabin raised above the level of the deck, and having no means of communication from one end to the other except by a horizontal railing jutting out over the sides, along which the sailors glide fore and aft, to the painful amusement of the company.

Considering that the actual bed of the Loire is as wide here as the Thames at Battersea, and, that it is spotted all over with sandbanks, which the vessel must take an infinite variety of windings and turnings to escape, nearly doubling the actual distance before it reaches its destination, the tedium of the voyage from Tours to Orleans may be readily imagined; especially as at this part of the river there is nothing to divert the attention of the tourist, except an occasional *château* (a daguerreotype copy of a hundred other *châteaux* he has already seen), with a scrap of history attached to it, about Catherine of Medicis, or some other imperial celebrity, which he is not exactly in a mood to investigate. To speak mildly of this voyage, it oppresses one's spirits like a London November day, let in suddenly upon the broad sunshine of an Italian summer landscape.

The *détours* which are unavoidable amongst the sandbanks, and which are frequently sudden and hazardous, increase very perceptibly the disagreeable vibration of these wretched steam-baskets. Sometimes we are fairly dragged over the sands by the main force of the engine, with the exciting expectation of being momentarily split to pieces, and sometimes we are obliged to suspend the steam altogether. It does happen, occasionally, that we are supplied with an incident to relieve the dulness, when, finding all efforts fail, the boat becomes completely locked up in a bed of sand. The consequence of all this is that the passage is insufferably monotonous, and produces something of the nauseous sensation of a slow seasickness; which will be better understood when to these *désagréments* is added the fact, that the ordinary day voyage varies from fourteen to seventeen hours. From Tours to Orleans is the worst of all. The nature of the navigation is such that the valiant steamers dare not venture out at night amongst the shoals and shallows, and the whole work must be done during the daylight. In order to accomplish this feat, it becomes necessary to start about four o'clock in the morning, just before the dawn, and even then it is not without considerable difficulty the groaning boat contrives to make Orleans between eight and nine o'clock at night, just before it has become pitch dark.

On one of these occasions we had a *troupe* of comedians on board. They were going to open the theatre at Blois. It would be ungrateful to forget how much we were indebted to the rattle of their joyous voices for the dissipation of the surly humours we shipped at the quay of Tours. The morning was brown and hazy; an invisible drizzle hovered in the air; your coat was saturated through and through in five minutes with unseen rain; a heavy fog lay upon the river; the deck was soaked with the dews, which were still descending; vapours and mists were in full process of distillation round us; the murky islands looked water-locked (which they were not), and seemed to rise up dripping out of the current; the spectral poplars on the banks had a singularly ghastly appearance; the clouds brooded over our heads, as if they were coming down upon us, which they were, in imperceptible floods; we were as miserable as we could be, half-asleep, shivering, chilled to the marrow, and wet at heart; and in the midst of this wretchedness, our company of players were as fresh as larks, laughing, singing, dancing, and full of tricks and frolics. The principal figure in this group was a

young actress, with a merry round face, bright eyes, and brilliant auburn hair, which, loosened from its bands by the vivacity of her motions, fell in clusters over her shoulders: she was the life of the wild mirth, and the rebound of her animal spirits kept the whole party in a state of incessant laughter. There was a child amongst them, and it was knocked about from one to another (but with a most tender heedlessness), petted, coaxed, teased, pinched, blindfolded, till it was fairly bewildered between delight and terror; and whenever the game of romps slackened, recourse was had to the child to set it going again. Apart from the rest sat a pale young man, of a poetical and indolent turn, probably the serious lover of the company, full of sentiment, and made up for melancholy, as if he were absorbed by a romantic passion, or (which was more likely) by personal vanity, not uncommon in a profession where everything depends on personal achievements. Upon this young man they vented their fun relentlessly. It was a piece of pleasant malice to turn his sentimentality inside out, and, in spite of his fine air of inspiration, to force him into their round of jibes and jokes. They would have no grand affectations of any sort; no dreamers or thinkers; nothing would suit them but the enjoyments of the hour, and people who lived in them, without a solitary abstraction or care for to-morrow. Every thing with them was the fugitive pleasure within reach; they caught it flying, and as soon as one bubble burst in their hands they were off in pursuit of another.

The glee of the happy players made us ashamed of our constitutional frigidity. What was the damp uncomfortable morning to them? Their philosophy was wiser than ours. But it developed to us, also, the wide difference there is between people who, occupied in the practical affairs of life, set about pleasure in some degree as a matter of business, and people whose actual business is pleasure.

XXXIII.—THE LOIRE TO ORLEANS.

PASSING the pillared ruins of the Abbey of Marmoutiers on the right bank, the first noticeable object on the passage to Orleans is a whole village, Roche Carbon, carved in tufa. These subterranean dwellings increase in number as we ascend the river, but this village of Roche Carbon is the most remarkable of them all. To such habitable uses have the people turned this soft stone, that a great mass of rock which once upon a time tumbled down, and now lies in a heap at the foot of the cliffs, has been converted into a couple of very pretty cottages. The village is sculptured up the broken face of the rocks, with considerable skill; and, what with creeping vines, snatches of hanging gardens, an attempt here and there at a division of tenements, by way of slight partitions cut from the surface, wreaths of blue smoke issuing out of apertures, and curling up the front, and the old feudal beacon-tower, called the Lanterne de la Roche Carbon, crowning the summit, the superincumbent pinnacle of excavated rock on which it stands, looking as if it were ready to fall and crush the whole population beneath, this lithographed village has altogether a curiously picturesque effect.

The foundation of the ill-constructed town of Amboise, on the left bank, is traced by tradition to Julius Cæsar; but it owes what-

ever attraction it possesses to a conspicuous *château*, elevated on the top of the rocks at the confluence of the Loire and the Amasse. It is a *château* of kings, and is said to have been built by Charles VII. Here Louis XI. lived; here Charles VIII. was born and died; here Louis XII. built a grand gallery, Francis I. a royal suite of apartments, and Catharine de Médicis a detached chamber sustained by four stone columns, to defeat the prediction of an astrologer, who warned her to guard against the fall of a great house. It was here that Louis XI. founded the order of St. Michael; here, under the walls, was concocted the famous Conjunction d'Ambois; here, on the centre of the bridge, was hung the chief conspirator, La Renaudie; and here, for the first time, the name of Huguenot was given to the Calvinists. In the middle of the last century, this *château* belonged to Louis XV., it afterwards became the property of the Duc de Choiseul, then descended to the Duc de Penthièvre, and its last royal proprietor was Louis Philippe. Its battlemented walls, supported by massive bastions, its round towers and pointed roofs shooting up into the air like needles, form a Gothic *ensemble* worthy of its historical memorabilia.

Sailing past the pretty village of Chaumont, crested with a *château*, where Catherine de Médicis shut herself up to consult the stars, and the hovels of Chouzy on the opposite bank, we come to Blois, the chief town of the department of the Loir-et-Cher. It is built in an amphitheatre, from whence it climbs up the hill, and, like most of these river-cities, is crowned on the extremity of the ridge by a dismal old castle. The aspect of Blois from the water is very striking, with its handsome quay shaded by trees, its perpendicular streets, and antique architecture. It was in this castle that the Guises were murdered, under the personal superintendence of Henri III., one of the most atrocious deeds in the records of that sanguinary age. The next noticeable object is the Donjon Tower of Beaugency, rising above the houses of an old town that nestles in a dell between two hills. This square tower, originally one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, but now only one hundred and fifteen, is one of the most remarkable buildings on the Loire. The date of the structure is unknown; but it is certainly anterior to the eleventh century, when it formed part of the palace of the lords of Beaugency, at that period one of the richest and most powerful families in France. It bears unmistakable evidences of great antiquity and extraordinary strength; and has a grand air, standing up against the sky, far above the houses of the town, with the evening-light breaking through its shattered windows, and falling slantingly on its grey, cold, walls. The bridge of Beaugency, with its twenty-eight arches, is also worthy of particular attention, from the accuracy and beauty of the masonry, which is very quaint and solid.

A glance at the red castle of Menu staring out through a group of trees, and the *campanille* of the church of Nôtre Dame de Cléry, a league off up the country, and we are at Orleans, as cold as we started, and heartily sick of our steam drag up the Loire.

The history of the city of Orleans is full of interest; the place is of great antiquity, the Genabum of the Romans, rebuilt and rechristened in the third century by Marcus Aurelius, and besieged, pillaged, and burned in turn, by Gauls, Romans, Normans, and English. It is situated in the centre of France, on the banks of a

noble river : it contains upwards of forty-five thousand inhabitants ; commands a considerable trade in wine, brandy, groceries, drugs, and pottery ; and is, without doubt, the most abominably filthy town on the continent of Europe. This is not a hasty exaggeration. It is impossible to find terms adequate to the description of its horrid stench, close streets, and unhealthy atmosphere. It has one fine street, the Rue Royale, which leads up from the river to the Place du Martroi ; and another, Rue Jeanne d'Arc, short, but broad, and tolerably airy, which runs from the Rue Royale to the cathedral. With these exceptions, Orleans is nothing but a deeply-dissected mass of unsavoury mud.

Exclusive of the new railroad hotel, which may be fairly excluded, as railroad hotels do not suit all classes of travellers, the choice of the visitor approaching from the Loire lies between three or four hotels situated in the centre of the town. The Hôtel du Loiret enjoys the reputation of being the best, and is set down by a competent authority as being "excellent for families." We must all speak of such matters, if we would speak honestly, out of our own experiences. Now this Hôtel du Loiret is as close as a brewer's vat, and is redolent of much the same sort of dry, heavy smell. Moreover the people have grown fat, and morose to boot, upon their reputation, and are by no means "excellent for families," unless it be excellent to leave families to do as well as they can upon the smallest possible allowance of civility and needful attendance. There is nothing so repulsive as the first hotel in a town like Orleans, where the first hotel is scarcely endurable. The host is generally a fellow who puffs his cigar in your face, and orders his insolent menials to do for you what he ought to do himself.

The Hôtel de France is in the Place du Martroi. So far so well. All the bustle and uproar in the town,—the dancing-dogs and organ-grinders,—the postilions and diligences,—the processions of schools and priests,—the tramp of the Garde Nationale,—and the great market and traffic of the place, go forward under the windows of this hotel. Whoever takes delight in the din and clash of horses' hoofs, the cries and screams of itinerant vendors, the cracking of whips, the yelling of dogs, the bleating of sheep, the bellowing of cows, and the blowing of horns, may be strongly recommended to secure a front room in this establishment. It is admirably adapted for persons having a taste for such amusements ; is ill-furnished, very confined, and up its staircase and through its dingy apartments presents satisfactory proofs of the miscellaneous character of the guests its peculiar advantages usually attract.

The Hôtel de l'Europe, in a neighbouring street, also sets up to take rank in the first class. But a first class hotel in Orleans is a relative term, as it is everywhere else. This vast building is chiefly resorted to by rats. Whether human travellers ever take up their abode here is more than I can determine, the wooden stairs and galleries being in so crazy a condition, that it would not be quite safe to explore the place in search of evidence to this interesting fact. A fat woman, wrapped in a mighty shawl, is the presiding genius of the place. She glares upon you the moment you appear within the yawning *port cochère*, and her huge bulk is indefinitely expanded by the addition of a chubby child she carries aloft on one red arm. In the other hand, if it be night, she swings about a dim thin candle,

which, having the effect of increasing the gloom, gives to her figure a sort of supernatural amplitude. There is no specimen of mankind to be seen. Bats, rats, and overgrown women alone frequent this rank and dangerous quarter. The quadrangle within, with its rickety ascent up a flight of wooden steps into a hanging gallery, that creaks warningly under your foot, its crooked windows tier above tier, looking as if they were ready to fall out of the drunken *façade* in which they are inserted, and its smoky tiles toppling over the roof, has the appearance, upon the sudden first sight, of a den carved in the bowels of a mine. The tall, dizzy buildings, narrowing towards the roof, the tottering beams of timber by which they are supported, and the aspect of decay that broods over the whole interior, impresses you with the notion of a place in the very crisis of falling to pieces, and the moment you enter you instinctively close your eyes, and put your hands on your ears, to shut out from both senses the coming crash and all its contingent horrors.

Out of these dreadful places you make your escape to the Boule d'Or, and may consider yourself fortunate if you obtain a room here. The Boule d'Or is a comfortable old house. It has by no means a fashionable reputation, but it has a reasonable circulation of oxygen, which is better. This hotel, which has not yet achieved the honours of a notice in the guide-books, is spacious, and tolerably clean. You must not look for more in Orleans, and ought to be grateful for so much. The people are neither above nor below their business; they have a provincial abundant hospitality in their looks; are as slattern and familiar as can be desired; never shock your nerves by being in too great a hurry to execute your orders; have plenty of room for all their transactions in the way of posting, diligencing, and eating and drinking; have *table d'hôtes* at all hours for travellers passing and repassing by the public conveyances; and may claim implicit credit for that species of impromptu cookery which furnishes anything you want at a moment's notice, without allowing you time to speculate on the ideal of your dish till it smokes on the table before you. There is great convenience in this attention to one's desires; although your fastidious traveller is so insensible to the advantage of rapid cookery that he is apt to distrust it in a house where people are dining all day long, and where things are, as it were, always ready. He suspects that where things are always ready they must be, in the nature of standing caloric, more or less overdone; that, having once exceeded the delicate point of accurate perfection, they are likely to pass into a region of subterfuge and mystery, where disguised fragments from the day before, swimming in mottled brown gravies, are put into requisition in the stewing-pan to impart an artificial flavour to the exhausted ligaments of some fraction of meat which had long since yielded up all its nourishing elements to the fire. He suspects that the virtue is in the heat alone, and has no inclination to test the correctness of his suspicions by practical experiments. But travellers should not be too fastidious in a respectable, well-to-do hotel, especially as it is the only hotel in the whole grand city of Orleans, in which you can breathe at your ease; in which you can enjoy a slight remove from the shrieking din of the *cafés* and *estaminets*, reeking with odours of booths and stables; and in which you can make up your mind to go to bed at night without the fear of being suffocated by vapours, or

crushed by the falling-in of the roof. Besides all this, the house is very ancient, and retains some interesting traces of former ages. The visitor cannot do better than spend half an hour in one of its courtyards, to admire the fragments that yet remain of beautiful windows and rich stone tracery, which may be assigned, perhaps, to as early a period as the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

XXXIV.—THE SHOW-HOUSES OF ORLEANS.

ORLEANS may yet become a fine city, and there seems a disposition to render it so on the part of the inhabitants, who have buried and blinded themselves for years past in stones and mortar. The situation is highly favourable to their laudable building ambition. The quays are commodious and handsome; the bridge is worthy of a great town; and the promenades are picturesque and spacious, although very ill kept. The French are dilatory in the labours of improvement; but, considering what they have done within a comparatively short period in *trottoirs*, high-roads, and street lighting, we ought not to despair of seeing Orleans spring up one of these days into a noble city out of its present mire.

A Roman circus was discovered close to the town, in 1820; but not a vestige of it is now to be seen. The remains have been removed, and a few loose stones scattered over the highway are all that mark the place of the barbarous spoliator. In lieu of the circus, however, they tell us a story about the battle, of which this *was to have been the scene*, between an English army of three thousand men and a body of French troops. It seems that St. Agnes, the patroness of Orleans, having some reason to suspect that if the fight took place the city would be very likely to fall into the hands of the English, took the precaution of striking the whole three thousand blind on the spot, so that there was no battle after all. The French tell stories of this description with such genuine *gusto* as to leave us no alternative but to suppose that they believe them.

In the Place du Martroi there is a bronze statue to the memory of la Pucelle, the pedestal of which is embellished with four bas-reliefs, representing four remarkable incidents in her life. This statue has received unbounded encomiums from the French critics; but, with the exception of the bas-reliefs, the whole affair is essentially vulgar and theatrical. The figure of the maid is thrown into a stage attitude, as if she were about to spring a pirouette, with a heavy helmet on her head, and a crown of flowers in her hand. It is a pity that having executed the living Joan, they should thus wreak vengeance upon her over again in effigy.

The houses of Agnes Sorel, of Diana of Poitiers, and of Francis I. (which was so much frequented by the chaste Diana, that it could hardly have been called his own), are amongst the principal sights of Orleans. The mistresses of the kings of France make a greater figure in history than their queens. Orleans is especially distinguished for the conservation of memories of this description. It boasts of having given the title of duke to a member of the royal family; it might also boast of giving more celebrity to royal licentiousness than any other city in France.

Agnes Sorel, like our own Nell Gwynne, did some good in her own

way, and is said to have been a gentle-hearted being, which was a grace in her circumstances. The house still shewn to strangers, although it is fast falling to decay, was once of vast magnitude and almost fabulous magnificence. The printed account of it circulated in the town, no longer applies to the dilapidated mansion. The outer doors, carved with singular skill, and the capacious staircase, capable of accommodating the ascent of six persons abreast, may yet be seen. But the house is now broken up into different tenements, and divided amongst numerous lodgers, who rent it in flats and single apartments; all of them artizans, some of whom prosecute their crafts in the very chambers built so luxuriously for his beautiful mistress by Charles VII. A *sabot* maker has taken possession of one half of the lower part, and made a *magazin* of a gorgeous *salle*, whose former glories are yet testified by the grand fireplace and mantelpiece, over which the proprietor has scrawled an inscription in chalk, requesting the "*Messieurs et Dames*," not to forget the "*bonne*" who shews the house. A narrow passage, dark and dingy, divides the shop of the *sabot* maker from that of another handicraftsman who occupies the remainder of the spacious ground floor. When you ascend the stairs to the interior, you can only get as far as the gallery, which is yet in tolerable repair, and which runs along one side of the quadrangle. If you wish to penetrate further, you must obtain the express permission of the tenants, one after another; but there is nothing more to see, except the progress of destruction which this rich piece of architecture is daily undergoing in the hands of the Vandals who infest it. The upper part of the house is falling in; and unless something be done speedily to save it, the whole will soon be a heap of ruins.

The house of Francis I. is still more rapidly going to decay. It has been leased out to a wool manufacturer, who has converted the banqueting hall into a workroom, and filled its most spacious apartments with machinery. Notwithstanding this desecration, the mantel-piece of the banqueting-hall is still standing, and tattered fragments of the grand old tapestry still cling in patches to the walls. A gallery on the left of the quadrangle survives the general ruin, with its beautiful flooring quite perfect, and quite enough of its rich carving to afford a suggestion of what it must have been originally. The upper part of this gallery is supported on Doric pillars, intersected by arches, and the lower part by Corinthian columns, all of which, with one exception, are formed from a single block of stone. The capitals were formerly exceedingly rich, as may yet be seen by scraps which have been left uninjured; but in the progress of time, under the ruthless hands to whose guardianship the place has been committed, nearly the whole of the ornaments have been broken off. There are two stone staircases in the interior in good preservation, of remarkable elegance and solidity. Formerly there were two iron balconies, one above the other; there is now but one. The owner of the house thought that the other was getting dangerous, and instead of expending a few francs to restore and preserve it, he adopted the cheaper course of taking it down. The remaining balcony, which is no longer safe, the boards having long since rotted, and the iron work having given way in several places, is a fine specimen of working in metal, various, light, and tasteful, the patterns consisting of bunches of fruit, scrolls

and heads. In one corner of the quadrangle, there is a miniature lion still perfect. There are two or three rooms which the owner preserves just as they were kept in the time of Diana, but which he also keeps to himself, under lock and key; and unless he happens to be in Orleans when you make your pilgrimage to this ancient place, and, moreover, to be at leisure, and in the humour to oblige you, these precious reliques are sealed treasures. Never was a show-place so ill cared for as this. The lower part of the house is in such a state of decay that the chambers are artificially supported by numerous beams of wood propping up the walls and ceilings. The poor woman who lives here, and who keeps house here, sleeps in a room sustained in this way, and never goes to bed without dreaming that the whole building has fallen down upon her and killed her—a dream which will, no doubt, be realized some night.

The house of Diana of Poitiers, which has fortunately got into the hands of a gentleman who purchased it for the purpose of living in it, and keeping it up, is in good order, for as much of its antiquity as was spared at the Revolution. The rooms are all modernized, but as the architecture could not undergo any very considerable alteration in the crowded situation in which the house is built, we have still the external outlines of the mansion complete, the Italian façade of which, richly decorated, may be seen from the inner court, which forms the private entrance to the house.

But much more interesting than all these is the house of the Annonciade, or the Cabinet of Joan of Arc. In this house Joan is said to have resided when she first came to Orleans. It was originally a convent, and afterwards belonged to the king's jeweller. The front cannot be mistaken by any person passing up the street; the extraordinary beauty of its embellishments will be apparent at once. The cabinet is a small room, with walls four feet thick, and a ceiling of stone, carved with allegorical devices, said to represent the Loire. This carving is deep and curiously coloured. There is a chamber above of the same dimensions, and similarly built and carved, which was the sleeping-room of Joan. The cabinet (consisting of these two rooms) stands out from the rest of the building, and looks into an extremely pretty garden. The windows are richly groined and surrounded with quaint carvings, which carry an air of antiquity not very easily determined. A gentleman who has written a history of Orleans has made the disagreeable discovery that these rooms were built since the time of La Pucelle. We do not relinquish our faith in them for all that. It is much pleasanter to sit in them, and to think that Joan sat in them, and that she dreamt glorious dreams here, scaled ladders in her sleep, and mapped out her future victories on the carved ceilings, than to believe the historian. Such discoveries are extremely uncomfortable.

The railway-bell tingles in our ears. We are only four hours from Paris: so, taking leave of the Loire, we commit ourselves to the train; but as we can have nothing to say about Paris which is not familiar to all the world, we here drop the curtain on France.

GOSSIP OF WALHALLA AND SCHWANTHALER.

BY MISS COSTELLO,

AUTHOR OF "CLARA FANE."

ONE of the bright lights of the age is extinct: the sculptor Schwanthaler is no more! and all the hopes he gave rise to have sunk into his premature grave. Although his health was uncertain, and the visitors to his studio at Munich regretted to see him frequently walking, supported on a stick, and looking pale, and evidently in pain; yet when they heard his cheerful voice, and saw his kindling glance when he spoke on subjects connected with art, few anticipated that his career was drawing to a close. He has not long survived the disgrace and abdication of his friend and patron,—that lover of the arts in all its branches, high and low,—the luckless monarch, Ludwig of Bavaria, wiled from his throne by a Will! Better had it been for him if he had contented himself with admiring the dancing nymphs so gracefully designed by his favourite sculptor; better had he remained satisfied to contemplate the Myth of Bacchus than have been ambitious to act a part in the rabble rout attendant on a priestess of the order.

King Ludwig's name would soon sink into oblivion, as his follies, it is to be hoped, will be forgotten as the stream of time rolls on; but his fame is in some measure grafted on that of the great genius who has tended to immortalise his reign.

While stands the Walhalla on the banks of the "dark-rolling Danube," King Ludwig must be remembered, and Schwanthaler's praise will be heard, even if no other wondrous works of art had immortalized him than those which are to be found there.

Munich is full of him,—his hand is seen in all the galleries, in the theatre, in the palace, in halls and churches; and Bavaria has had the power of boasting the possession of a genius unparalleled since Canova. He worked so much for his fatherland, that few foreign amateurs had an opportunity of obtaining any specimen of his powers. The Duke of Devonshire, however, two years since, gave him one of those princely orders for which he is distinguished amongst the most munificent and the most judicious of the worshippers of true genius. Whether the group he bespoke of Schwanthaler was completed at the time of his lamented death, I do not know; but I heard the artist speak with enthusiasm of the liberality and delicacy of the Duke, *à propos* of the work commanded, on which he was at work at the time I last saw him.

It is to be hoped that the gallery at Chatsworth has already numbered this amongst its other fine specimens of modern art, and that England possesses at least one of the creations of this genius too early lost to his country and the world.

When I visited the Danube first, I knew little of Schwanthaler's name, and had never seen any of his works. It was at the magnificent temple erected in honour of the great men of Germany that I was first aware of the treasure Bavaria boasted.

Formed on the model of the Parthenon, Walhalla deserves to rank amongst the finest copies of that great original: the designs were made by M. Leo von Klenze, one of the King's privy councillors, and the monarch himself, who was scarcely twenty when he first projected the work. Ludwig, then a youth of great promise, an enthusiast in art, and a devotee of liberty, conceived the grand idea of erecting this imperishable monument to the memory of the immortal dead, whose fame no tyrant nor conqueror could extinguish, even at the period when Germany was writhing beneath the chains of Napoleon; but it was not till 1821 that he was able to commence his labours.

Stores of marble had first to be procured from the prolific quarries of Salzburg, Adnet, Schlanden, and Eichstädt; and in the course of nine years blocks of sufficient magnitude had been conveyed to the spot, and the foundation-stone was laid in October 1830.

A finer site for a temple could scarcely have been chosen. The lofty rock on which Walhalla rises towers from the banks of the flowing Danube, twin-born as it were with the neighbouring higher mountain, on which stand the picturesque ruins of the old castle of Stauf, hitherto the sole object of interest from the river, but destined to be eclipsed in splendour by the new erection which usurps the opposite height.

Both these command an immensely extensive and glorious view over the wide plain of Bavaria, taking in the venerable city of Ratisbon and that of Straubing, with villages and hamlets past the counting, till the distance is closed by dark forests of pines, and the everlasting snows of the majestic alpine range of the Tyrol.

Almost the whole of the hill from the Danube is covered by gigantic masses, which form the pedestal of the temple. It may be objected that the ranges of terraces, and the two hundred and fifty marble steps which conduct to the summit, in some measure injure the effect of the temple, which is in itself perfect and imposing beyond all imagination, with its ranges of lofty columns and its magnificent pediments, in which the hand of Schwanthaler stands boldly forth, signing his immortality.

The southern pediment facing the Danube was originally designed by Rauch; but the greater genius remodelled the work, and made it altogether his own. The group is of fifteen figures, symbolically representing the restoration of Germany after the first war of liberation; both the male and female figures are nobly and gracefully executed, as are the representatives of the boundary rivers of the Rhine and Moselle, who repose on their urns in the corners of the pediment.

But it was on the pediment to the north that the genius of Schwanthaler was principally directed, and to its execution he devoted eight years of his valuable life. The grouping is majestic and commanding, and the individual figures presented with a truth and grandeur never surpassed. It represents the Hermann Schlacht, i. e., the victory gained by Arminius over the Romans at the famous battle of Teutoburg.

The figure of the victorious prince, which occupies the centre of the group, is ten feet high, and is represented at the moment when he is, in the height of conquest, treading the eagles and the fasces of the Romans beneath his feet. The story is told in a masterly manner,

and if full of poetry and grandeur of conception and detail, Religion, filial love, and patriotism, find symbols in different groups, all highly expressive and interesting. One group representing Thusnelda, the bride of the victorious hero, supporting his dying father, is peculiarly touching, and beautiful; and the bard with his wild harp, singing in the midst of the confusion, has a striking effect; as well as the prophetess, who congratulates the people on their triumph.

The interior of this fine temple is gorgeous in the extreme, being one blaze of coloured marble and gilding. Never was so much collected together beneath one roof, and never was so striking an effect produced before in modern times. Baireuth and Salzburg have opened their quarries to produce the most exquisite specimens of their riches; and the snowy tributes of the Tyrol and of Carrara dazzle the eyes with their brightness, carved into friezes, telling histories of the early struggles of the bold German race from primitive times to the introduction of Christianity.

Numerous are the artists whose powers have contributed to adorn this vast edifice, and the busts of great men, for whom it was erected, stand in shining rows, attesting the skill and imagination which King Ludwig has brought into play to further his favourite design.

On entering the precincts of this surprising hall, the breath is stopped at first with wonder and admiration.

“—— auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal—es schimmert das Gemach—
Und Marmorbilder stehn und schen mich an.”

Fourteen caryatides of colossal size represent the Walkyren, or female spirits of good, who sing the praises of the great and noble in the poetical German paradise. These virgins, with flowing golden hair, are from the designs of Schwanthaler, and are grand in form and picturesque in costume, but gilt and coloured somewhat coarsely, producing however a good effect when seen from below, for they appear to support the magnificent roof.

There is no wood admitted into the construction of this vast building: its place is supplied with iron, so that it bids fair to defy the ravages of at least one element, however “time, war, or flood,” may deal with it.

Amongst the busts are at intervals bold projections, on which appear beautiful figures of Victory, all in different attitudes, and all nearly equally admirable. These are by Rauch, and are enough to immortalise his name.

One charming, seated figure appeared to me to combine all of beauty and majesty that imagination could conceive. Many of the busts are finely executed, and all are more or less good. The personages are oddly enough placed, and the fabulous and the true are brought into close companionship.

There are amongst their number, which already amounts to almost a hundred, some few which may perhaps hereafter give place to more authenticated worthies; as, for instance, such characters as the prophetess Velleda; Marobod, chief of the Marcomans; Odoacer, King of the Heruli and Gepidæ, who, though doubtless deserving to be remembered in German history with veneration, are not very likely to have left undeniable portraits of themselves to posterity.

The same may be said of a host of Vandals, Visigoths, Lombards, Ostrogoths, Saxons, and Franks, who take up the chief space in this temple dedicated to Fame.

Amongst the illustrious monarchs, Alfred the Great of England is pressed into the service, as well as Egbert; a compliment, doubtless to our remote island, which we ought sufficiently to appreciate.

The architect of the cathedral of Cologne, and the author of the *Nibelungenlied*—both great unknown, have “not-a-bit-the-less-on-that-account” busts, to prove their identity, as well as Albertus Magnus and Walter von Vogelweide, the patriotic troubadour.

Painters and sculptors are there in a venerable party. Albert Durer, with his solemnly beautiful countenance; his townsman, Peter Visser, with his honest blunt features, as if fresh from his immortal work in St. Sibald's church at Nuremberg, a marvel of art, comparable only to that by

“il non men' famoso.”

Adam Kraft, whose Sacraments Hauslein has excited the wonder of ages, as it still stands intact, creeping up the arch of the Laurentz Kirche.

Where, however, is the bust of the good and true Adam, who, for the love of God and his native city, gave five years of hard labour, and an eternity of genius, to produce a work in stone as delicate as those eastern carvings in ivory that seem done by fairy fingers? Why is Adam Kraft of Nuremberg forgotten in the Walhalla? Is it because his genius was unrewarded during his life, and that he died in a hospital in his own ungrateful city, to which he bequeathed an imperishable treasure?

Van Eyck, Hemling, Hans Holbein, Rubens, Vandyke are there, as they should be; nor are the great printers forgotten, nor physicians, nor architects, nor poets, nor minstrels: only Luther “bides his time,” and “stands and waits” for a niche, not yet accorded him!

So many English visitors go every year to offer their homage at the shrine of the Walkyren of the Danube, that a guide to Walhalla is published in *English* at Ratisbon for their convenience.

This production is both useful and entertaining; though, probably, the author of the pamphlet did not intend to be as comic as he is when translating his ideas for the benefit of our laughter-loving nation.

His preliminary remarks before introducing an extract from the “Walhalla's Album” are inimitable. For instance, he observes, when telling a tragical story of a shipwreck on the Danube, opposite the castle of Donaustauf:—“Mrs. Lucy Camilla Herold, surnamed Dulcia, and descending from one of the noblest families of Italy, equally distinguished by her beauty as well as by her proficiency, setting out for Vienna, accompanied by her husband and her son, John Francis Anthony, had the misfortune of seeing her vessel turned, and of being drowned near Donaustauf, together with her son.”

The author, speaking of the bridge of Stauf, remarks:—“The bridge just mentioned is *rather too bad* for its splendid environs, being constructed of rugged wooden beams. It is to be hoped, and we dare say the moment is not very far off, that it will yield to a new and *prettier one*.”

The poet shines out in the following vivid account of the appearance of the heavens when the first stone of the Walhalla was laid:—
 “After a night in which the stars, as if willing to heighten the magnificence of the celestial vault, had shone with a brighter glance than usually on the *canopy of heaven*, &c.”

But the most curious part of the work (which, by the way, gives two beautiful views of the temple and the ruin) is the extract before alluded to from the album “always *laying open* for visitors to write their names down, and their remarks.” He considerably observes:—
 “As the perusing of the album is rather incommodious, not to speak of the different handwritings, most of them *quite illegible*, the editor, for the sake of every sentimental traveller, has had the following extracts *taken out*.”

Every variety of German, French, and English composition is thus offered to the curious, amongst which the remarkable intelligence exhibited by some of our own countrymen will, no doubt, be remarked by the reader.

“Charles Rankin *Vickuman* (?), aus London,” thus inscribes his thought:

“A magnificent idea, splendidly *carried on*, and an example *nearly to be followed* by other great nations.”

“Aug. Schillinger, Kaufman aus Augsburg,” thinks it,

“Würdig eines Königs, wie der erhabne Ludwig ist.”

“Ebelin, aus Bremen,” exclaims:

“Man fühlt's mit Stolz: man is ein Deutscher!”

“Lord Mackwell and Lady M. Mackwell:”

“A vu l'original à Athènes, et *trouvé* Walhalla parfaite!”

It is difficult to decide what country claims the honour of having bestowed on the above *Lord* his illustrious title; his remark may be characterised by the term used by Hofrath Müller und Fran, who have but one word to tell their feelings!

“Unübertroffen!”

A strange being, who signs *itself* “Nako de Nagy-Szent-Miklós née Vuatich-di Pesth,” cries out

“*Rammenta la nostra bella Italia!*”

Then comes a recognisable name, of whose celebrity, however, the writer seems rather dubious without a help to memory, which he kindly supplies.

“C. R. Cocke-Jell, Architect of London. The fellow labourer of *Halket*, joint discoverer of the Marbles of *Ægina* and of *Phygaleia*, and the *respectful* admirer of the King of Bavaria.”

“Charles Henry Drivon, aus Paris,” is thus eloquent:

“Gloire! à celui qui a eu l'idée de réunir tant de grands hommes!”

But

“Every white will have its black,
 And every sweet its sour!”

“Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilkins, from Bath, England,” have recorded that they

"Think the *blue frieze* and blue colour of the Caryatides injures the effect of the interior."

"W. Stuart von *Schottland*," utters one long cry,
"Obstupesco!"

"The Rev. W. H. Keptellin" perhaps thought it more prudent not to use the language of the Vaterland, when giving a piece of advice like the following:

"May I suggest that it is a strange injustice to admit Genserich and exclude Luther. Genserich, who by treachery and dissimulation retained a horror he used in massacring Christians. Genserich in Walhalla's inmates!

"Genserich was clever—so was *Barrabbes*—a clever robber. One would have thought this was below the real greatness of mind which prompted and executed this noble work."

"William Dalton, *Gentleman*, from England, and his lady," make to the reader the following mysterious communication.

"Connus le feu Morus le Baron von Zandt—charmes de la Valhalla!"

Twice has a certain "Chanoinesse Comtess de Talbot" returned to Walhalla, and twice has she endeavoured to pourtray her feelings: the first time she says,

"Je n'ai jamais vue de chose plus
Belle, je pourrai l'admirer pour toute."

"Une année sans *me fatigué*—je pourrai même dire que je n'ai de ma vie vu un temple si beau."

This is great praise; but the second time, what new idea does this admiration inspire? Hear the Countess again in her native tongue: she appears "dazzled and drunk with beauty."

"I think this is the most beautiful thing monument I ever saw—I admire it very much; it is wonderful, and must be admired by all."

The list of enthusiasts who could not keep pen from paper in the halls of Walhalla, is closed by "Lady Caroline Neeld," who remarks sharply:

"There is nothing so fine in England!"

NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV. SOLLING.

GOLDEN troops of glittering stars
Up the heaven's blue arch ascend;
And their beams reflected play
Where the tranquil waves extend.

Through her opening veil of clouds,
Luna darts a tearful gleam;
The dewy hillocks of the dead
Return her faint and feeble beam.

Foam-becrested silvery waves,
Sighing, break upon the strand,
And whisper, in their spirit-tones,
Greetings from my native land.

Plaintive strains of music sweet,
Through the shadowy grove do ring;
'Tis Philomel that charms the ear
With her song of love and spring.

Charged with sweets, the evening air
Sports amid the leafy trees;
And the shining beetle hums
His low song to the evening breeze.

Sweet to me, thou welcome Night,
Sweet thy calm to soul forlorn;
At thy approach my heart is soothed,
Though I hail it but to mourn.

E.T.A.

THE HOUSE OF D'ESPAGNET, THE ARCHITECT,
AT BORDEAUX.



THE house of which a representation is here given, though not so well known, is quite as curious as the dwelling of the famous alchemist, Nicolas Flamel, near the Tour Saint Jacques la Boncherie. Among the number of the most distinguished hermetical philosophers who lived about the end of the sixteenth century, Jean d'Espagnet, president of the Parliament at Bordeaux, deserves to be noticed. His profound researches in that mysterious branch of alchemy, the object of which is to discover the transmutation of metals and the philosopher's stone have rescued his name from oblivion. He was better acquainted with physics than any man of his time: it was therefore much to be regretted that with so much learning his absurd belief in alchemy should have induced him to turn his talents to so unprofitable an account, when if properly directed they might have been exceedingly useful to his country. This will be seen in consulting a curious work written by him entitled: "Enchyrdion Physicæ Restitutæ necnon Arcanum Hermeticæ Philosophicæ opus" (Parisiis, 1623, 8 octavo). In the last of these two treatises, which were translated into French by Jean Bachm in 1623, and published in one volume, D'Espagnet endeavours to explain the method of obtaining gold at will.

How much mind and information are squandered away to no purpose! True it is that people at that period were ignorant of the existence of the golden mines of California, and that many very extraordinary men shared in D'Espagnet's belief in alchemy. The preface which he wrote for the "Tableau de l'Inconstance et Instabilité de toutes Choses, des Mauvais Anges et Démons, où il est amplement traité des Sorciers," by Pierre de l'Ancre, is another curious production. The alchemist of Bordeaux asserts, with the greatest gravity, that the sorcerers in France were then in the habit of stealing little children in order to consecrate them to the worship of the demon.

D'Espagnet's house was in a very good state of preservation sixty years ago. M. Piéry, an amateur of Bordeaux, possesses a pen and ink drawing of it, but it has lately been restored as nearly as possible in its primitive style; and this unpublished drawing has served as a model. The curious *façade* was pulled down ten years ago. Its demolition is to be regretted, not merely on account of the historical interest which is attached to it, but because its style was original: there was something almost mysterious about it: the same remark could not be made with regard to the few other antique private dwellings which are still to be seen in Guyenne.

We will not attempt to discuss here whether it was a whim of the architect, or a cabalistical spirit which had prompted him to carve these enigmatical figures; we will confine ourselves to the description of the ornaments more or less pleasing which decorate the building, and which in our opinion have neither a mystical nor cabalistical meaning. To begin with the first floor: the entrance occupies a large portion of the *façade*, and consists of an arch, which is supported by two tail-pieces, representing a she-wolf with a cub in her mouth. The door itself is of oak and covered with great square-headed nails. Below the cornice which surmounts it are two columns, the shafts of which are adorned with martlets, and their base is of a spiral form, and *fleur-de-lysée*; in the centre are two pilasters supporting three arches, between each of which is an angel playing on an instrument: the first on the right side is performing on a trumpet; the second on a lute; the third on the rebec, a sort of violin, much in fashion in the sixteenth century, and the fourth on the triangle. Beneath the centre arch which is larger than all the others, a sun will be observed, under which is a kind of bandrol in the form of a phylactery. M. Bernedan, an antiquary of Bordeaux, declares that the head of the bearded old man with three faces, which will be perceived a little lower down, represents Mercury: we believe it to be only symbolical of the Trinity, and precisely like those figures which may be seen in the vignettes of Roman Catholic prayer-books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in some of the carving in our old churches. A similar image of the Trinity has been noticed in one of the windows in the church of St. Lô d'Orville. Four figures are placed near this image, the eagle, the attribute of St. John, holding a phylactery between its claws; opposite to it is an angel also holding a phylactery: then there is the ox of St. Luke, shewing his horns to the lion of St. Mark; and beneath are two fantastical figures of animals, with human heads which it would be exceedingly difficult to describe,—they are both darting off in an opposite direction. In the space between the two pilasters are two escutcheons: that on the left, surrounded by a helmet or crest, is a chevron bearing

three crescents, a head in the field, and two flowers above. The escutcheon on the right-hand side is in the form of a lozenge, with a widow's *cordelières* (a sort of black silk knitted necklace), and divided by bands. In the dexter it bears two birds' heads, and in the sinister a flower. By the side of the small door which we have just been describing is a smaller one; the chimney grotesque heads, and heavy lanterns, prove clearly that it was restored in the reign of Louis XIII. The two stories are each illuminated by three windows, slightly arched, which have stone bars. Between each window is a projecting band of stone terminated by a fantastic monster. A short chubby-cheeked creature blowing a kind of bagpipe will also be observed. In the third story, it is only necessary to notice two crosses: these are square and without ornaments. The roof which is quite as curious in its form as in its details, terminates in two pointed gables round the edge of which large cabbage leaves are carved. On the summit of the loftiest gable a headless man will be remarked seated on a sort of monster, and on the top of the other is a statue of St. Peter bearing his well known key. This saint is invoked under the name of Janitor Cœli in the ancient hymn to the holy Apostles. He is placed on this part of the building on account of his being keeper of the keys of Heaven. Formerly there is said to have been an observatory on the summit of D'Espagnet's house, from which he made his astronomical observations.

TO THE CLOUDS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV. SOLLING.

Snowy pile, by vapours fed,
Bordered bright with golden band,
Floating swiftly o'er my head,
Hence, and seek my fatherland!

On your white wings bear me o'er
Air-built forms, by breezes fanned,
To my native plains once more;
Bear me from this foreign strand!

Greet for me my spot of birth,
And, my love's low cottage gained,
Tell her that on stranger-earth,
True to her my heart remained!

Where the oak its branches rears,
Kiss the topmost as ye sweep;
Shed a thousand heavenly tears
Where my dear lost parents sleep!

Ah! ye melt, ye airy shrouds,
Till ye quite in mist decay;
Flow'r-enwoven silver clouds,
Ye melt in empty air away!

ETA.

APPETITE.

A SARCASTIC ON THE GASTRIC.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LIFE is all appetite. Man's first squall is for food; with his first breath of life he calls for something to eat. He starts on his journey, but peremptorily demands his stirrup-cup. His earliest impression is his pap, and his first love tops and bottoms. Nature, knowing what the labour of his life will be, wisely gives him two sets of teeth, for no one set could ever stand the wear and tear to which they are put by him in eating through his existence.

The dinner-bell sounds a requiem for the deaths of victims, from the earth, the air, and the water, slaughtered for the appetite of intellectual man,—they have all been slaughterers in their turn; only pointing out to him, in lectures of three or four courses, the plain matter-of-fact that from himself, the first of animals, to the veriest minute insect, are all doomed to dine, or sup, as the case may be, upon each other.

The infant soon eats himself into boyhood, when the pantry becomes his place of devotion, and the butcher and baker his tutelary saints. All time merges itself into the glorious epochs of breakfast-time, dinner-time, tea-time, and supper-time! The last is always kept in reserve by cautious parents, as a reward for some great act of ability or obedience; it tames the most turbulent and restive of the human carnivori, still making the appetite the thing rewarded.

The boy starting in the world, "going to his first office," is positively all appetite: a destructive fact known most poignantly by "parents and guardians." Not much thicker than a gun-case, he stows away with all imaginable facility a quantity perfectly astonishing, only to be compared to that most flexible of swallows, the anaconda. An innocent wish to oblige in this particular is on record of a youth, who had early promised to do the "whole duty of man" in a very creditable manner, when asked by an over-indulgent mother to take a small corner more of some delicious pasty provided at a large party, at once placed himself prominently in the ranks of gastronomical genius by answering, with much *naïveté*, that "if his ma' would allow him to stand up, he thought he could manage it."

With what happiness, and glorious dreams of small Belshazzar feasts, does the office youth count over his weekly allowance for diurnal treats, to be devoured in one hour, by the eating-house clock! continual roast and boiled, marrow-puddings and fruit-tarts, —a pleasing ever-hot variety. Cold meat days are no more. He is the undisturbed ruler of his stomach, which always becomes at devouring pitch long before the lagging hand of the office-clock— with which he is at continual variance—proclaims, to him, the golden hour of the day. It has no sympathy with him: in the morning it goes too fast; at mid-day it appears provokingly slow. Its cold monotonous face is a pest to him, and he feels inclined to obliterate all the hours but the dinner-hour, the labour of the others only tending for the provision of that delicious one. In this early

stage of the devourer's existence it has been discovered that quantity is preferred to quality.

The fact that dinners are necessary in all relations of life is sadly annihilating to the poetry of existence; but so it is, undeniably. Ask your poet himself, who in his mighty and heaven-ward flights looks down with scorn on the matter-of-fact animalisms of life, how often he is obliged to rush out, tormented by the demon appetite, and sell his clouds of gorgeous hues for the mere substantiality of a mutton-chop, and at an astonishing sacrifice. At the same time, he has the hardihood to write (and print, if he can find a publisher) positive assertions, that he can live on his mistress's smile, and feed upon kisses; how he cooks them he never condescends to explain.

With civilisation came cooks, or, more properly speaking, with cooks came civilisation. In the days of chivalry, when gallant knights broke lances in the dangerous tourney for the love of fair ladies, cooks—if the name ought to be so desecrated—were merely brutes who cooked brutes, introducing whole animals—"going the whole hog,"—to the noble company, dressed but unshaven, to be "cut up," not carved, with the same daggers that had perhaps a few hours before slain some equally great brute of a baron, with whom they had had a slight misunderstanding, and the fair ladies of their devotion joined them in the massive onslaught, washing down the savoury cheer with deep draughts of beer from out the ponderous black jack! Oh, imperfect age of romance, where was your poetry? oh, where were your cooks?

Cooks, no doubt, will eventually prove the peace-makers of the world. "Arbitration, not war," is now the cry; so let it be. Kings and emperors, no longer "ambassador-ridden" or "consul-fomented," would meet to dine and decide. The *grand entrées* of piquant beef and mutton would be preferable to *grand entrées* of troops; turning the *flancs à la Soyer* much more pleasant than the same act in the field; and *les entremets* would materially add to the sweetness of the meeting, and of government generally. Even the wild Arab of the desert feels the necessity of dining with a man to make him his friend. Shall we be behind-hand with him in furthering the interests of the *cuisine*, when every-day experience proves to us that nothing so disposes a man to amiable feelings and a wish for peace as a well-prepared and artistically-conceived dinner.

The churchmen, at least I am so led to believe from old missals, were the first to discover the grades of enjoyment in the luxuries of the table. The remains still existing of their cunning snaring-grounds and fish-preserves, fully prove that they were the early fathers of many courses; knowing that "anybody can dine" if he is satisfied with the mere act of eating to sustain life, but "to dine" was an art of difficult attainment and almost indefinable delicacy; and that, humbling as it may appear, a very large proportion of man's life is passed in eating, and profoundly thinking of the perfectionizing the pleasure of his feasts. Therefore, as it must be done, let it be done well.

Kings have reigned, and been placed upon the rolls of history; but we remember equally well the fame of their cooks. Who can divide the glories of Louis Quatorze from those of his cook, Bechamel? or dwell upon the eventful history of the great Condé without having sweet and melancholy thoughts upon the *chefs*

d'œuvre of the no less great Vatel; who, full of the grandeur of ancient Roman feeling, fell upon his sword (or carving-knife) at the mere shadow of culinary dishonour. In more modern times, when we look back upon the enormous shadow of the "first gentlemen of his day," we remember that the polished Carême was his *chef de cuisine*, and that George the Fourth, in all the might of his throne and august majesty, was but Carême crowned; for that fine colossal figure was the creation of his cook—a statue of the kitchen! The nineteenth century has its glorious heroes of the spit, who still progress in their fire-worshipping art, and even surpass the supposed perfection of the great *chefs* of the eighteenth. Wreaths of honour have fallen on the brows of Ude, Carême, Beauvilliers, Soyer, and Francatelli. Both as cooks and authors, Soyer and Francatelli have been the last to speak in volumes: Soyer covering his knife of sacrifice with flowers of poetry, and investing even a *tête de veau à l'Indienne* with a most touching sentiment; while Francatelli performs his task with the grave air of a sacrificing Druid, looking upon dinner as rather a serious consideration, which has more to do with man's progress for evil or good than your mere swallower will allow.

Notwithstanding the efforts of these culinary pioneers for two centuries, the spread of dinner knowledge, and consequent enlightenment, has been very slow. It blazed merely around the thrones of kings, or in the hearts of great cities; smaller towns and communities still remaining ignorant of the refinement of three or four courses, or the glory of a banquet conducted with poetical feeling through the mazes of *entrées, relevés, hors d'œuvres*, and *removes*, to the sweet labyrinth of the *entremets*, and profoundly in the dark as to the *carte* of arrangement for a fashionable dinner.

A ludicrous instance of this lamentable ignorance is quaintly told in the droll volume called "The Provost," by Galt, as having taken place in Scotland, to a magistrate of a gude town, in the year 1790.

A strange-looking traveller entered the town, and sought refreshment at a change-house. The landlady did not like his looks; for, as she expressed it, "He had toozy black whiskers, was lank and wan, with an awsome parrot nose, had no cravat, but only a bit of black ribbon drawn through two button-holes fastening his ill-coloured sark neck, which gave him altogether an unwholesome outlandish appearance." The alarm was soon given, and the unfortunate was dragged before the town-council; who in their collective wisdom had met to examine the supposed spy. But, lo! "the alien enemy" could not speak any language but French, and his examiners nothing but broad Scotch; so, as a last resource, his portmanteau was searched, and there was found a strange map of most mystical form, which sent a thrill of horror through the bosoms of the town-council. "I' gude faith," said a sapient baillie, here's proof enow. This is a plain map o' the Frith o' Clyde all the way to the tail of the bank o' Greenock. This mickle place is Cran; that round one is the Craig of Ailsa; and between is Plada! This is a sore affair, gentlemen: there will be hanging and quartering on this business." The whole town was in a fumè; the lord-advocate was written to; dragoons rode into the streets, and all was war and dismay.

But what a laugh arose, when it was found that the alien spy was only a French cook; and that the map of the Clyde was nothing more than a plan of setting out a fashionable table! "The bailie's island of Arran being the roast beef, and the Craig of Ailsa the pudding, and Plada a butter-boat."

In this lamentable state of ignorance, then, were our Scotch cousins some half century ago, and we must confess, that even in our own country places, the holy fire of the cooking-range threw, at this period but a faint light. The gigantic efforts of the olden time were certainly startling for quantity, but sadly wanting in quality. With the most kindly feelings towards such efforts, the most that can be conceded to them is, to call them *feeds*! It would be sacrilege to name such "monster meetings" dinners. The epicure sickens when he, by chance, falls over the record of some doings of our forefathers. One MS. of those enormities is now extant in the Tower of London, emblazoning forth a wonderful feed given, thank heaven, as far back as the year 1470, at York, by the Archbishop, George Nevil, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, called a feast, at which Lord Hastings was comptroller, the Earl of Bedford treasurer, the Earl of Warwick steward, assisted in the horrid affair by 1000 waiters, 62 cooks, and 515 kitcheners and scullions. The delicate *carte* runs thus, viz.—

300 quarters of wheat.	400 Hernsies.
300 tons of ale.	200 pheasants.
104 tons of wine.	500 partridges.
One pipe of spiced wine.	5000 woodcocks.
10 fat oxen.	400 plovers.
6 wild bulls.	100 curlews.
300 pigs.	100 quails.
1004 wethers.	1000 eggits.
300 hogs.	200 rees.
3000 calves.	4000 Bucks, Does, and Rocbucks.
3000 geese.	155 hot venison pasties.
300 capons.	4000 cold do.
100 peacocks.	1000 dishes of jellies.
200 cranes.	2000 hot custards.
200 kids.	4000 cold ditto.
2000 chickens.	400 tarts.
4000 pigeons.	300 pikes.
4000 rabbits.	300 breams.
4000 ducks.	8 SEALS, and
204 bitterns.	4 PORPOISES!

Seals and porpoises! The worse than cannibals. Yet this was thought a dinner worthy to be offered by an Archbishop to the most *distingué* of the English nobility!

Thank Heaven, cooks are now in the ascendant, and, through the artist-like management of the palate and the digestion, soften us down from the brutalization of such days of darkness and slaughter, for badly cooked food, and consequent indigestion, turns a man into a perfect savage!

To shew properly the variety which can be seen in London, must begin with the city, the freedom thereof giving, as it were, right to its denizens to eat more than any little suburb ought or aspire to. Men who have distinguished themselves in bearing immense quantity and weight of dinners, have a title bestowed upon them as a reward of their continued and superhuman exertions. They are called *Aldermen*, which means, as near as we

trace through the maze of time, men whose occupation is *to dine*. They appear generally to be selected for their extraordinary bulk and capability in holding any given quantity, so as not to disgrace, in the knife and fork conflict, the ward or particular quarter of the city which they represent or eat for.

The *Lord Mayor*, a title derived, we believe, from the Latin word *major*, or greatest eater, upon his election for one year to the high honour, marks his gratitude and knowledge of his office by giving an unparalleled dinner,—in fact, of such magnitude that kings, queens, dukes, lords, judges, and ministers descend from their high estate and accept invitations thereto, that they may behold the wondrous sight of so many human beings collected together to glorify the triumph of the kitchen!

On this eventful day, the unfortunates who cannot gain admittance to the great feed, although many strive, with all their interest, for six months previous, congregate in all kinds of large temples to raise dinners of their own. "Where do you dine?" is the only question asked for days before the eventful epoch. Eaters smile upon each other, and draw stealthily large embossed cards from their pockets, inviting them to the onslaught.

Woe betide the man who has no where to dine. He falls immediately in the estimation of his brother-citizens and becomes as nothing.

For days before this greatest of great events, the streets are filled with signs of preparation. Men stagger against you, without apology, laden with pyramids of denuded fowls, causing you to shiver in the November fog as you look upon their nakedness. You turn, filled with wonder as to where they can all come from, and slightly glance at the probable price of eggs, which you indulge in for breakfast. You must be guarded, or you may have your eye knocked out by some confectioner's tray, laden with sweets, or the mystic cans of burnished copper, used in the wonderful preparation known only in its perfection to citizens, called "Real Turtle!" Strange and appetizing smells assail you at every turn. Your nose leads you to the wide doors of some quaint old hall, where the sacrifice is preparing; anon, another and another. You would never have given them your slightest notice, were it not for the cooks who make these dull and dreary-looking places pleasant and delightful to gaze upon. The air is filled with the sweetness of their labours, and the odd-looking griffins and gorbals staring and grinning at you, with open mouths, frightful at any other time, seem now less ferocious, and but waiting for the dinner-bell, like all the surrounding neighbourhood, that they may become amiable by repletion. The city is one large dining-room; the morose and the cynical become amiable, because — because they are all going to dine. The poor and the needy are happy, because they are to come in for the next day's alms of victuals, and to be startled with innocent wonder at the mixed mass of unaccountable things they find in their tattered baskets, known only to people who are born to dine regularly.

This event I mention first, because more people actually dine on that day than on any known day in the year. And it is dinner. What is eaten is indeed wonderful! but what is left is more so, for it takes days in the neighbourhood for the indefatigable jaws of those unused to dine, to get rid of the bits.

The lesser temples, or eating-houses, meet your eye at every turn. Here, as the doors open for ingress or egress, voices roll into the

public thoroughfare, repeating in measured tones, "Roast beef and potatoes; roast fowl and boiled pork; haunch of mutton, sweet sauce; slice of salmon; cod and oyster sauce; roast pork, just up! beautiful quar——." The door closes, and the voice of the charmer is heard no more; a sharp and hungry feeling comes over you, and you find yourself dining without calculating the consequences.

The high-priests or head-waiters of these delusive temples—the Toms! the Joes! the Wills!—have become famous in their day. What man who wished to be thought respectable would appear ignorant of "Joes," where it is supposed they have some dreadful secret of how to cook a rump-steak? Far and near do pilgrims come and depart astonished. With a kind of legerdemain, the steak is cooked before them, on a gridiron large enough to have broiled any saint upon, had he been larger and fatter than saints ought to be; and, although dozens of other steaks are broiling around your chosen one, no mistakes ever occur. That wonderful cook who stands unmeltingly before that everlasting fire, whose back alone is known to the daily visitors, and whose face is a mystery, knows the flock of steaks, as a shepherd knows his flock of sheep, by little signs and marks unnoticed by others.

The men who say "thank ye, sir," for the accustomed penny, soon grow rich, and cut steaks and chops on their own account, and in a few years ride in their carriages. This is a fact in many instances in the city at the present moment, where men are known who step out of a carriage, don the apron, and go through the usual list of roast and boiled, with the same smile that welcomed the first penny.

Thus, while other plodding shopkeepers, with an excellent trade, climb up the tedious ladder to a moderate competence, with their large stocks subject to the variation of the markets and heavy losses, the man who cooks your dinner enriches himself and smiles at his slow neighbours. He has discovered the secret;—"men must dine,"—ay, every day! Man is born to dine, and he does most other things that he may do so.

Pshaw! how easy it is to perceive that cooks really govern the world, and they begin to know it. Do they not govern governors, and dictate to dictators? Ferocious generals, bullying members of Parliament, swaggering ensigns, and young aristocratic puppies, all speak with a mild and gentle tone to these prime ministers of the appetite. What humbleness in the proud to these heroes of the palate who now-a-days drive up in their own private cabs to the doors of their victims. They rule them with an iron rod, or poker; for, without their ministry, many would cease to live.

The jaded epicure turns his languid eyes supplicatingly towards his cook, imploring him to find out something new and *piquante*, to rouse his jaded palate. He dare not murmur, or the mighty man of stews and roasts abdicates. The kitchen tyrant, with a salary equal to that of four curates of the established church, leaves him with the air of an emperor, and is snapped up immediately at an advanced price by some other culinary victim.

A noble lord was once observed by one of his powdered lackeys to put a little salt to his soup: this flagrant act was forthwith reported to the *chef de cuisine*, who started with horror at the announcement, rushed immediately into the presence of his master, an

discharged him before his guests, upbraiding him with an attack on his fame and underhand attempt upon his character, by implying that anything could require a grain of anything when prepared by him. No public apology would satisfy the enraged *artiste*: he left with contempt a master altogether unworthy of possessing such a treasure as himself!

Byron expressed his dislike to witness a woman eating, although he knew the necessity of her so doing, and had no great objection to a dinner himself. This was a poetical blinking the question. He could not hide from himself that the angel of his inspired song condescended to "roast and boiled:" she must dine.

Heroes battling with death in the bloody path of war, crowning themselves in undying laurel for feats of unequalled valour, driving the wild native hordes back upon their fiery path, from the land taken from them by their civilized brethren, they return welcomed by the applauding shouts of their countrymen, with their blushing honours thick upon them—to what? to dine!*

Men of desperate courage, who dare the dangers of unknown seas and a lingering death, to discover something for the benefit of their country and countrymen, return from amidst the savage nations almost worn out by fatigue and endurance, when the first thing we hear is that their grateful civilised country gives them a very large dinner. In the great political world, the rulers of which hold the salvation of thousands in their palms, towards whom the eyes of the whole people are turned, give notice of the commencement of their grave and onerous work by meeting—to dine! Thus Lord — gives his first political dinner on the — instant.

Authors great and small, who have been since the beginning of the world the most uncertain diners, congregate occasionally at their publisher's, not to flash the brilliancy of their wit at each other. No, they know too well the serious intention of their visit—it is, to dine; consequently, more good things go into their mouths than come out of them.

Thriving men of business know that there is nothing like a dinner to clench or drive a good bargain. The larder, equally with their counting-house, has its weight in all these transactions.

In fact, no man is looked upon as a good fellow unless he gives good dinners.

Even Charity, that most charming, shrinking virtue, who, when true to herself, shuns the public gaze and the applause of others, finds that half her work alone is done unless she take a cook into partnership. Men must be fed up to the point of charity, as the collections after public dinners fully attest. Three or four courses warm them into a love of their fellow-beings. Men who are properly cooked are easily dished. Dinner then, although our overweening vanity and self-esteem may deny it, is the prime mover of all things,—the grand centrifugal force that keeps the world spinning on its course. Let dinners be once done away with, and what would the world become? — why, a mere milk-and-water affair, tea and turn out.

* Moon, that great "patron of art", who has discovered many things, has discovered this curious fact, and with his usual enthusiasm, has spent thousands in perpetuating himself, and all the warriors of Waterloo, in one enormous *dinner-table*!

The kitchen is the magnificent base of our palaces ; beware how you interfere with the beautiful fabric, or your dinner-bell will soon be an alarm-bell. In fine, was it not the audacious attempt to stop a dinner that has caused the awful change at the present day, and thrown all the fat in the fire, to destroy with its flames the palaces of kings, princes, and emperors ? Even the mighty head of the Romish Church has felt the convulsion caused by the rash act. The great and mighty have become wanderers upon the face of the earth, because one less wise than other kings, in a fatal hour, dared to interfere with a dinner.

Then, what need of argument ?

What ho ! my dinner is served ; therefore, you must excuse me making this paper a fragment, for a publisher may be appeased, but a cook never.

SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PRUTZ.

YES ! it is the breath of Spring ;
 That fans my weary breast—
 Yes ! it is the zephyr's wing,
 With May's sweet blooms imprest.
 The bee—the butterfly—the lamb
 Revel in a flowery sea ;
 Were I aught but what I am,
 I might happy be !
 Sweetest Spring ! delightful May !
 Over dale and hill
 Thou sheddest, with indulgent sway,
 Heaven's bounties, with good will.
 But how long since Hope's sad dream
 Thy revival saw !
 Hast thou no bright sunny beam
 Frozen hearts to thaw ?
 Many a rhyme rejoicing flows,
 Many a bud is springing ;
 The very ivy greener grows,
 Round the ruin clinging.
 Shall our history's tree alone
 No fresh bud be rearing ?
 Freedom's winter ne'er be flown,
 No bright Spring appearing ?
 All the founts are now set free—
 All the torrents rushing ;
 Are souls alone forbid to be
 In free discourses gushing ?
 All the birds are singing loud—
 All the boughs are waving,—
 Only human songsters bowed
 To the cage enslaving ?
 Sweetest Spring ! delightful May !
 Let Spring our heart's beguile !
 Come, oh come, with soul-felt ray,
 And cheer us with thy smile !
 Wilt thou still thy roses blooming
 In our heart's blood dye,
 And like those fleeting blossoms dooming
 Bid Hope expiring lie ?

MUSICAL NOTES FOR APRIL.

BY TARTINI'S FAMILIAR.

"Honest folks like me?—How do ye ken whether I am honest, or what I am? I may be the deevil himself for what ye ken: for he has power to come disguised as an angel of light: and besides, he's a prime fiddler. He played a sonata to Tartini, ye ken."—SCOTT'S *Redgauntlet*.

CHANGE the scene to Paris. This past April has been the month of the *entente cordiale*. London, Manchester, Stockport, poured forth their sons to eat their Easter eggs (livid things, coloured an ugly red with beet-root!) on the Boulevards of our born enemies' capital, and in the *Place de la Concorde* that was and that is to be again.

"And gentlemen of England now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not there;
And hold their manhood cheap, while any speaks,
That went to France upon Saint Crispin's day."

But not as having taken part in that fraternal expedition doth *Asmodeus* anew invite the reader's pleasant attention. Tales thereof, no doubt, could be written by the score; but while Mr. ——— was *fraternising* in the *Café Lyrique* with the two long-legged National Guardsmen, who asked him by way of intimate civility, whether he belonged "to the *corps* of the London *Swell-Mop*,"—and while Mr. ——— was undergoing robbery at the hands of the damsel who assured him that she was the Duc de Noailles' daughter!—Tartini's Familiar, your humble servant, was deep in the cauldron of the *Grand Opera*, watching the last stirrings of the mixture so long a-brewing; from which on Monday the sixteenth sprang up the third wonder of the opera-world—"Le Prophète," by MM. Scribe and Meyerbeer.

It is truly an event, even for *Asmodeus*, to have been in Paris at such a time. Mystify matters how you may (supposing you possessed of a French *feuilletonist's* power of mystification), there is no gainsaying the fact that Meyerbeer is now The Man of musical Europe; and that the work produced after thirteen years' doubt and delay at the theatre for which his "Huguenots" was written, is an object of interest which there is no matching or equalling (unless by unhopèd-for chance MM. the brothers Escudier are correct in their positive promises of a "Don Juan" newly set by Rossini!): Then, one might write a book full of tales concerning "Le Prophète,"—an one would. The leading male part was written for Duprez when Duprez was in his prime and filling the *salle* of Le Rue Lepelletier, as no successor will do in a hurry. But when Duprez was in his prime the leading lady of the *Grand Opera* was Madame Stoltz, a clever actress, and passing adroit, too, as a manager. Now, Madame Stoltz could not sing well enough to content a *maestro* who had written for Cinti Damoreau, and for Falcon, and for Lind, yet it was her will and pleasure that she should be the best singer in the theatre. *Argal* (as the grave-digger says) the robe of one accessory *cantatrice* superior to herself, but having large feet, was cut short, that Madame ——— might take offence and flee; and the rôle of another *soprano* was cut shorter than Mademoiselle ——— might throw up her engagement in despair; and Madame Stoltz nibbled a morsel from the Tenor's *canta-*

bile, and the Baritone's *cabaletta*—"here a little and there a little,"—till the last operas produced for her exhibition were veritable curiosities. She had never heard, it would seem, the tale of *Isabell*, the fisherman's ambitious wife, so momentarily narrated by *Gammer Grethel*, nor conceived that an end to her empire could come. But the Parisian public can get too strong in its likes and dislikes for even the Parisian *claque* which sells success by the handful; while the Parisian journalists are every now and then seized with twinges of self-assertion and independent *méchanceté*. And all this while, though all Paris (and, of course, all Europe) was gasping for "*Le Prophète*," M. Meyerbeer sat upon his portfolio, still as a Pagod, "civil as an orange," always talking of unlocking the magic book; but never even so much as taking the key out of his pocket. "The lady was a charming and accomplished *artiste-mais*" (Voltaire has taught us how much there may lie in a "*mais*.") "The theatre was in a most flourishing condition—*mais*" And thus it fell out that year after year passed, and that the great tenor Duprez began to wane, and that still no "*Prophète*" made his appearance. One stormy night, however, it came to pass, that the *prima donna* and her public quarrelled once for all. They hissed her—for your Parisian gentry can be the wickedest monsters of cruelty conceivable. She tore her handkerchief in their faces, appealed to her friends and well-wishers in the side-boxes, and rushed from the stage in a tantrum. Her sceptre was taken from her—her *duo des cartes* in Halevy's "*Charles VI.*" (upon which she had lived for two years) was handed over to another card-playing songstress less exacting than herself. The manager who had borne Madame's train walked out of the theatre after her. A successor reigned in his stead; and in his throne-speech he promised M. Meyerbeer's "*Le Prophète*," to be given with Madame Viardot Garcia, and M. Roger, engaged expressly for its production.

This is now some eighteen months ago: since which time Paris has been handed over into the keeping of *Le Roi Barri-Cade*—a far-away kinsman, methinks, of our own Jack Cade. Ruin came upon all and sundry play-(and sing-)houses. Mlle. Rachel saved herself with the tricolor flag in her hand, screeching *La Marseillaise* in the *departemens*. Dejazet tripped here—and Dorus Gras there—and Roger explored our own barbarous provinces, fearing the Chartist's not at all!—as the *Elcino* to Mlle Lind's *Amina*. Well, our dear neighbours, it seems, were not long in becoming tired of the "whistle" which cleared their capital of its capital—which shut up its shops—which starved its hotel-keepers, and which made firewood doubly dear, owing to the grand *consumation* of Liberty Trees. Another slide must needs be put into their magic lantern, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," being painted on very this plaster *must* presently wear out from the monuments and the peristyles. Order began to be sighed for as the first law, if not of Heaven, of Paris—equipages once more to creep along the streets—persons and personages to talk about its theatres, if not to throng them. Mlle Rachel's father thriftilly folded up his daughter's *tricolor* flag with *La Marseillaise* against another rainy day: *Enfin*, as we say in France, M. Meyerbeer arrived at the Hotel de Paris. An operatic conclave was called—manager, *costumier*, chorus-master, copyist, were all set to work; and somewhere about November last the preparations for "*Le Prophète*" began solemnly and in steady earnest.

But those know little of M. Meyerbeer who dream that with him

"well begun is half done." One of the cleverest and most cautious of men—too rich to be compelled to snatch at an opportunity—too timid to endure the idea of affronting success—too deliberate not to enjoy others' suspense and impatience—he takes (as *Asmodeus* can attest) an express and singular pleasure in protracting the agonies of rehearsal and experiment. It is his wooing-time; and, like the lover in the play, he does not want to be married. He re-writes, alters, adds, retrenches; tries freshly-discovered instruments, and new effects for the old ones, to the huge profit of copyists, but also to the despair of every one else concerned: with a

"sweet, reluctant, amorous delay"

in which *Asmodeus*, at least, is not Angel enough to sympathize. Poor M. Scribe, too! He had to pull his *libretto* to pieces. Think of his luck, after thirteen years of waiting, to arrive with his drama concerning John of Leyden, his wives, and his Anabaptist tempters, just at the moment when the song and chorus of all Paris is "No Communists!" "No Proudhon!" "No Cabet!" "No Considerant!" So that, probably, a good third of "Le Prophète" was written betwixt November and April, in the theatre, while MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan were "grilling" with eagerness, and while orchestra and chorus were getting and forgetting the work by heart. All these things had wrought up the curiosity of Paris to an unusual point. There were tales, too, of an electric sun which was to blind all the journalists; of a ballet on skaits, which was to carry away M. le President at the head of *MM. les gants jaunes*; also, of a great explosion in the last scene. It was whispered along the *Boulevards* (for violins are not discreet, and ophicleides will testify to what they have heard) that Madame Viardot Garcia, the Prophet's Mother, was to be very wondrous and original in her new part. Every man who could hum two bars was worth his bottle of *chablis*,—those who had assisted at the early rehearsals might choose their own table at the Café Cardinal. We English could hardly get up as much curiosity, if we saw the policemen going by two and two to clear the way to church for Mademoiselle Lind on her wedding-day. Yet dull and gross must he have been beyond common mortality—or *diablerie*—who could find himself in the stream without being swept along, and resigning himself to the *furore*. Let us never grow too old, dear brother *fanatici*! for a pretty smart attack of fever on the first night of a new grand French opera; above all, when Lady A. B. and C. cannot get sitting or seeing-places for love or money; and when we have one of the best *stalls in the orchestra*. The fever was deprived, too, of much of its vague and tormenting pain, by the power which *Asmodeus*, of course, possessed, of attending the last full rehearsals. It was not possible to see the dear, eager, confident Frenchmen—who had enjoyed no such privilege—criticising a work of which they had not heard a note, without a gentle *susurrus*! But let them praise, or let them blame. Up goes the curtain!

Now, happily, there is no need for me—*Messieurs et Mesdames*—to enlighten you as to the story of "Le Prophète." The daily papers (with which Heaven forbid that *Asmodeus* should intermeddle!) have already acquainted you that the hero is John of Leyden. I have already mentioned that—owing to a general respect for *les convenances*, and a peculiar sensitiveness to the present taste and temper of French audi-

ences—all its Communism has been squeezed out of the story, as though the same had been put into an oil-press. There is no plurality of wives; neither the one whose head was cut off in the market-place of Munster (as in the real wretched story), but in place of these a simple girl (Madame Castellan), who is excessively woe-worn and distressed at being forsaken, and the Mother of the Prophet (Madame Viardot), of whom more anon. There is no mimic hanging up of the Prophet, with his two familiars, Knipperdolling and Kretsching, in those iron cages which may be seen to this day clinging to the towers of St. Lambert's Church in the Westphalian town. But, in place of such real sanguinary justice, M. Scribe has chosen, in his final *tableau*, to exhibit the hero of his tale as remorseful, and willing, himself, to make atonement for his aberrations, by burning himself and his sensual crew—his friends and his enemies—in his palace, somewhat after the hospitable fashion of Moore's *Mokanna*. It matters little (King's College forgive us!) that History's thrown to the winds; when such a strength has been thrown into the legend as M. Scribe has placed there, by exhibiting in Opera, for the first time, the depth, and the sorrow, and the power of a mother's love. The great situation of *Fides* in "Le Prophète;"—her renunciation by her son, and her compulsory acquiescence in his imposture, is potent enough to draw

"iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

Did it not make even M. —, of the French press, the professed mocker at everything, grave? And did it not render even Madame —, that licensed envier of every sympathy and feeling that any other woman can excite, kindly and tender? But of all these matters the daily and weekly press has told you. Every writer, too, has sung his song and "said his say" concerning the music of Meyerbeer; though none, perhaps, quite satisfactorily, as—of course—I shall do.

It must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that had the Prussian Israelitish *Maestro*, after thirteen years of obstinacy, produced a *copie d'opera* such as the world has never seen, the race of critics (always well-pleased when they can pout), and the general public (always happy when it can shew its taste by finding fault), *must* have pronounced the new work inferior to its predecessor. To content them, indeed, where Meyerbeer gave four harps, *forty* should have been now given; or, a chorus timed with cannonade—like Sarti's "Te Deum" on the taking of Oczakow. Well do I recollect how Scott's "Antiquary," after only a few months' pause, was for an hour denounced as a complete failure—merely because it came after Scott's "Guy Mannering," and because there was no *Meg Merrilies* nor *Dominie Sampson* in it!

But the ears of *Asmodeus* are clear from cant; and he careth equally little for such superficial and *banal* judgments, as he does for the *encores* which cost sixpence a pair of hands—(N.B. with white gloves a shilling!) This new opera by Meyerbeer is worthy of its predecessors, and of his brilliant and peculiar renown. Though the *Maestro* cannot "cast up his scores" like other people, though he is curiously fond of using curious and remote instruments in company with the voice—though, they tell me he retarded the rehearsals a week to try some new *tuba* or *phone* of M. Sax's confection, the effect of which is, inconceivably not worth the week's delay—it is still, not by the above irregularities that "Le Prophète" will live. I find on thinking it over—and the whole work from first to last, is distinctly present to my *mind's ear*—that the

melody is evener and better than usual. There are some charming *morceaux*, which even Mr. Squaretoes will accredit, though Mozart *did not* write them. In the first act there are a pretty *aria alla Polacca* for the *soprano*, and a charming duett for two ladies, of which we are sure to hear only too much;—in the *second*, a honeyed *cantabile* for the tenor, and some effective strokes in a quartett betwixt himself and the three Anabaptists; in the third a famous drinking *trio*,—probably the most brilliant drinking trio extant—and a canticle for the Prophet, not to speak of dance-music which sets one a-dancing, and *skait-music* which sets one a-skaiting—and the whole of Act Fourth, and the whole of Act Fifth, save and except the last *aria* for John of Leyden, which M. Meyerbeer would never have written had he been conversant with the vernacular melodies of the Emerald Isle. Even the least select of Repealers would hardly have burnt his own palace, and drunk his own vitriol (in place of showering it upon “the Saxon and the Dane”) to the cheery swing of “Paddy Carey.” Yet absolutely upon this tune—and if you don’t believe *me*, ask Osborne, ask Balfe, ask Wallace, ask Miss Catherine Hayes—does the curtain of “Le Prophète” descend with an explosion *obbligato!*—explosive, probable, and sulphureous enough to make persons weak in the nerves and ignorant of chemistry quake for the *Académie Royale* of Paris, and expect to see it become the *Académie* (not *Re-* but) *Ruine-publicaine* before their horror-stricken eyes.

So that—believe *Asmodeus*—“Le Prophète” is a real, solid success; an opera such as no one else, save Meyerbeer, could write. And then, *what* an interpreter has Meyerbeer found for its heroine! Verily Madame Viardot Garcia, as the Mother of the Impostor, was well worth waiting thirteen years for. You know, of course, the church pictures of Hemlin, and Van Eyck, and Durer. She is a figure from one of these which has walked out of its frame, to sing as hardly Miriam’s self sung,—to act as Pasta before her only could do. Delicate, mature, simple, sincere, devout, holy, impassioned, dignified, reproachful, stern, fearful, and forgiving—there is a thread of each of these colours and emotions woven up in this long and complex part; and all woven into a tissue of old-world costume, and mature Woman’s life, which give the entire personation an air and an originality totally new to the stage of Opera. When poor dear Mlle. Mars was sixty, she refused the part of a woman of forty, “lest,” said she, “she should compromise her *avenir*.” Here is Malibran’s sister, a young, lively, brilliant woman, full of the South, who has not scrupled to stiffen her figure, and to measure her gestures, to don the quaint, formal, Flemish dress, and the uniform almost of a *Beguine*—to lay by, voluntarily, every pretence to youth, vivacity, personal seduction—and, who having done this honestly, thoroughly, to the utmost letter and requisition of the part, (the true Artist’s love of beauty being always, the while, kept in distinct view,) has, thereby, been enabled to raise such whirlwinds of enthusiasm and rapture in the public—the public of *blasés* Frenchmen and envious Frenchwomen, (and O, ye ———s! *how* envious can Frenchwomen be, is even a surprise to *Asmodeus!*) as no *Juliet’s* sorrow, nor *Rosalind’s* mirth nor *Francesca’s* agony on the bosom of her *Paolo*, would any more excite. The *Fides* of Madame Viardot Garcia marks a period in Opera: as a living, breathing, thrilling proof that Music can do more than merely utter the raptures and the delights of a pair of turtles, or

the scorn and vengeance of a *Norma*, when the gentlewoman is betrayed by that shabbiest of red-coats—the Roman Captain *Pollio*!

I could go on for pages, not having, as yet, touched upon the marvellous musical execution of Malibran's sister in a part which Meyerbeer has so strengthened for her use, that few beside her will do wisely to attempt it. I could, moreover, write a book concerning the *foyer* of the *grand Opera* as it was seen on Monday the 16th, crammed with an animated, eager, *bruyant* crowd of notabilities, of all sorts and conditions, fraternising, criticising, rhapsodising with an ardour totally unknown to England. But time is time, and a *Miscellany* a *Miscellany*—and, alas! if Paris have its pleasures, (and “*Le Prophète*” is a new pleasure of the first order for the opera goers' enjoyment,) London has its duties also. We must bethink ourselves of our own domain, put wings to our feet—the wings of the Northern Rail-road—and, little anticipating the deep fall of snow in mid-April, which detained mails, &c., and gave rise to sundry other incidents of travel, more Siberian than consolatory—change the scene at once.

The dear French, who are given to imagining that they possess the great *Arcanum* in every matter of taste, art, and *savoir-vivre*, cannot, at all events, say, this year, that though they have got “*Le Prophète*” at last, London is in a state of musical famine. So far from it, our isle is well nigh as full of noises as *Prospero's*; whence it may be deduced, alike in play or in earnest, that Music with us is in an unprecedented state of *prosperity*. For only consider—during these aforesaid days of projection and suspense, and “hope long deferred,” and rumour taking one thousand and one shapes, and criticism anticipatory, and raptures not to be described by those who only know English enthusiasm and most singular, the grave position of French affairs in general considered, how much has there been afoot or astir in London!—nothing less than the arising on the horizon of four new ladies.—First is Mademoiselle Hayes, the Irish *biondina*, who has so excellently supported her country's credit in Italy; secondly comes Mademoiselle de Meric, the French *contralto*, daughter of that clever and popular Madame de Meric, who appeared at the opera as *soprano* in the queer season of Mr. Monck Mason's management, and whose lively and metallic *staccato* still rings in my ears, sharp as a silver bell. Good luck to Mademoiselle de Meric!—and good luck she *will* have. Time is before her; her voice is charming, and her manner most prepossessing. Thirdly! Mademoiselle Angri has made her appearance, a lady by no means to be “flipped off” in three lines, were *Asmodeus* as flippant as of old, instead of being the patient demon which you all know he hath become. And, what is *the Angri* like?—a songstress must become a somebody before she is allowed to be a “*THE*.” An artist remarkable, peculiar, *seizing*. Her voice has generally been thought and called displeasing; and *Asmodeus* was prepared to put cotton in his amiable ears ere he encountered it. But—well-a-day for the fibs which the world of amateurs and *non-conoscenti* propagates!—the voice of the Angri is to me impressive rather than repulsive,—a thick, portentous, solid, serious voice, not heavy withal, but capable of as much agility as the Nightingale's own; neither harsh nor veiled, albeit, neither syrup-sweet nor diamond clear; a voice less winning than Alboni's, but even, less eked out by craft and device,—inasmuch as whereas the Alboni enacted her *gorgheggi* in *falsetto*, the Greek lady dashes through hers with full, sonorous chest notes; whence a completeness, a power,

and an effect, amply compensating for the greater sensual pleasure afforded by the richer tones of the Angri's predecessor. There is a strange and welcome originality about the lady, too, in other respects. Southern she is; but neither Spanish nor Italian. Ugly no woman is, according to *Asmodeus*; least of all when she looks so intelligent and full of spirit, — and “wicked, Ioto,” as the new-comer. But Flattery's self could not call *the Angri* fair. There is a touch of the sorceress in her eyes; and of the daughter of tyrants in her gestures. I should not like to be the *maestro* who crossed *the Angri* in a cadence; and how *La diva Grisi* and she are to apportion the *encores* let “Fate and Lady Londonderry” declare. But,—because of this very character, and decision, and imperiousness, not to say *sauvagerie*; letting alone her very individual voice, admirable execution, and great occasional expression: *the Angri* is an object of great interest. 'Tis but the other day that I was looking at the pictures by her countryman called *El Greco*, in the Spanish Gallery at the Louvre. What odd, necromantic portraits are among these! What a ghastly Crucifixion on a leaden-black sky, in which a snow-storm and thunder might be at once and together brooding! What strange, sharp, sinister faces peering out in the back-grounds of miracle pieces! What a fascinating half-length of *El Greco's* own daughter — Coleridge's *Ladye Geraldine* on the canvas! In those pictures we have the East, without its indolence; the South, without its harmonies of form. They might have been put upon canvas with a scymitar, not a paint-brush, to judge from their singularity of texture. All this sounds very superfluous and crazy, I doubt not, to those who want to hear about Gs above and Gs below the line, and other such matter-of-fact ware as makes up the *contralto's* working stock-in-trade; but there's still method in the Critic's madness. Something of the fierce, exotic, peculiar character, which I found in these pictures (fine works of art all the while!) seems to me, also, to belong to Mademoiselle Angri as a vocalist and actress. If Mademoiselle Lind is born the *Ophelia*, the *Perdita*, the *Una*, of Opera—no thanks to those who have insisted on her flying in Nature's face, and leaving the stage ere she had peopled it with those fair creatures!—Mademoiselle Angri is the *Gulnare*, the *Myrrha* (not the *Haydee*, for *Haydee* was lovely, and tender, and mournful), the *Zelica* for a “Prophet,”—if the *Veiled Prophet* of “Lalla Rookh” should ever be done into music, by way of opposition hero to John of Leyden! How far the Londoners will relish an individuality so far out of their common range *Asmodeus* is not prepared to prophesy. For there be many who go to the Opera with one type, one form, one character so firmly stamped upon their minds and affections, that nothing else will please them than just that, and nothing more and nothing less. When Queen Elizabeth asked Melvil concerning the height of the “Scots' Queen,” and was told that Mary was taller than herself, our dear vain virgin sovereign replied, “Then she is too tall, for I am just of the right height.” And her speech might be the motto of much connoisseurship. It wants its own notions met, and flattered,—not extended by experience of aught that is new. Meanwhile, let *the Angri* flourish! and all the higher and brighter, because nothing bearing the slightest resemblance to her has gone before her. Though Champagne be good to drink, and Hock is not contemptible, and Montrachet is worthy of introduction to English throats that know it not, and Port is not to be put

out of court because of the above lighter beverages;—though *vino della Paglia* tastes like molten sunshine, by the Lake of Como, and though Tokay is most desirable to all who have a tokay purse—not to speak of Madeira which has crossed the line—Cyprus wine and Muscat have still their charms. Health, then, and welcome, to Mademoiselle Angri!

What more of the month? What more? with Parodi as yet undescribed—the pupil of Pasta, and the holder of Pasta's traditions, and who even, it would seem, is the inheritress of Pasta's *veiled* voice; and with Mademoiselle Lind's singing in "The Creation," and her "more last words" in opera yet unsung?—It is no fault of *Asmodeus*, that these pages are not like the tent of Pari Banou, which could stretch itself for the welcome of any company, were it ever so numerous or august. Else, besides the above songstresses there are a score of instrumentalists deserving a place in his chronicle. He must have done deliberate honour, "chapter and verse," to Herr Ernst, who is come again—that "master of the strings and bow,"—and is, in truth, the greatest master thereof since Paganini lay down to die in the midst of his bags of gold and choice Cremonas. Herr Ernst has never met his due meed of praise in England, simply because he is *journalier*. Gifted with most wretched health (the phrase is an intolerable one, but let it pass), liable to acute nervous disorders, there are days when Ernst's tone is weak, his hand unsteady, his style more or less vacillating and spiritless. And you English are cruelly arithmetical—not merely counting up, but also recollecting failures! But on his better days Ernst is better than the best—grander in style, bolder in execution, more intense in feeling than any contemporary violinist: the very *king's* king of quartett players—and let *Asmodeus* be allowed to whisper, one of those thoughtful, accomplished high-minded gentlemen with whose education *Tartini's* Familiar has had nothing to do. The coming alone of Herr Ernst might have sufficed to give interest to the London season: yet he is only the chief of a squadron of some dozen violinists. Alard, and Joachim, and Molique that praiseworthy and sound composer, and Bazzini—these men of renown are but part of the train, whom stress of weather in foreign cities has driven or is driving up the Thames. Where is the *maestro*—the Haydn, the Mozart, the Beethoven, the Mendelssohn, who will give them new and excellent matter whereupon to shew their skill and knowledge? Alas! the name and abiding city of *this* Prophet have been confided to *Asmodeus* under the seal of irrefragable secrecy: and the Sprite, being, as you are aware, "laid out for goodness," must respect his promise as devoutly as though he were a saint who sat in a confessional. Therefore, for awhile longer, so far as the public is concerned, "there's no such person," and we must be contented to live upon old or familiar music.

Ye Horst of Threc.

A LEGEND OF TEWINGTON WAVENEY.

BY LORD MAIDSTONE.

LADY ANNE was young, Lady Anne was fair,
 With a wink in her eye, and a tinge in her hair,
 Which history bids me relentless declare !
 In short, the wench,
 Had what the French
 Call, in their polite language, a *nuance d'or*,
 In English, "plain carrots," a terrible bore ;
 But it suited her figure,
 And seem'd quite *de rigueur*,
 In a lady of her proportions and vigour.
 She was fat,
 What 's that ?
 In an "Adelaide boot,"
 And her very worst suit,
 It was win her and wear her, "*coûte que coûte*."
 She 'd pluck out your heart in a trice—by the root,
 And steal your affections off hand—"running mute !"
 But when she spoke,
 Your heart gave you a poke,
 Like a punch in the ribs (by the way) a bad joke !
 Or a Roman stiletto,
 (Still worse one) in *petto*.
 And she married, to start with, "My Lord the Lord Mayor."
 Not for love, you 'll admit,
 'Twould n't speak for her wit,
 For such a bad reason to marry a "cit."
 She wedded for riches,
 And wearing the breeches,
 When he died of "clear turtle," the condiment which is
 Most fatal to mayors.
 He left his affairs,
 His "Tottenham Bank," and his "Hirplecross" shares,
 And his splendid assortment of "pottery wares,"
 To his young widow—failing immediate heirs.
 In a twelvemonth her mourning to Boghy she pitches,
 And goes out to parties,—the world's fashion "sich" is.

There she met with a lord,
 And as she could afford,
 Since the "tin" was secured,
 Independence insured,
 And "a man made of money" no longer allured,
 To look out for a title ; she did it ; and soon
 Furnish'd "lots of small talk" for each friendly saloon.
 "Look at her and that fellow !
 Can't some one just tell her,"
 Sir John scarcely cold,
 'Tis not herself but her gold,
 That Cinqueport desires in his clutches to hold.
 Her weeds scarcely thrown by,
 And Cinqueport too known by
 A sad reputation for *rouerie*, shewn by
 His racing and rambling,
 Picqueting and rambling,
 No lady should sit with that Cinqueport alone—fye !

Those diamonds too,
Which poor Sir John ;
Well, could he rise
And see them on !

Ah ! could these gossips but have looked
Into Fate's volume, and seen booked
The store of woe for Lady Anne,
Which first on their account began,
They would have sobbed for pity's sake,
And thought her happy in a "rake ;"
But not the more have spared one failing,
Or checked the "malady of railing."

Cinqueport was a worn out man
When he married Lady Anne,
Whist and dice preceded wiving,
Years of racket, nights of striving,
Through the desultory measure,
Which they call the "maze of pleasure."
Old he was, and passing "seedy,"
Painted, laced, bewigged, and greedy ;
Roué, gourmand, dandy, debtor,
Much of "worse," and nought of "better."
Yet she took him,
Glad to hook him,
Though they said she couldn't brook him.
Cinqueport died, and now once more her
Ladyship 's the world before her.
One for riches, one for title,
Love must crown this true recital.

Castle O'Toole
Stands by a big pool
Of an "iligant" lake in the land of misrule,
Where they pocket your money and call you a fool.
Brian Boru
Had a first cousin who
Married Murtagh O'Toole in nine hundred and two,
And to give the Borus and O'Tooles their just due,
They compounded a race,
Of sons fit for the place ;
Not tender of body or bashful of face,
But ready to fight, let what would be the case,
And renowned for hard drinking and going the pace.
In the bogs there were snipes,
In the boys' hats short pipes ;
In the woods there were "cocks,"
In the mountains "trap rocks ;"
In the sea "Finnan haddies,"
And mermaid ladies ;
In the fields fine fresh air,
And potatoes somewhere ;
And in every cabin "the divel a swater
Or pleasanter tippie," a drop of "the craythur.
Murtagh O'Toole,
Was a boy of the school
Of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, brave, polished, and cool,
But rather too fond of arranging a doo-o-I.
On a friend
He 'd attend,
The "irons" he 'd lend,
See his last will and testament hastily penned ;
When 'twas over, "advice" to relations he 'd send,
And see "the survivor well through" in the end.

He was never so "aisy"
 As walking the daisy,
 He was large in the calves,
 They were like the two halves
 Of a pumpkin, attached to a couple of posts !
 The breadth of his shoulders
 Affected beholders,
 And secured him respect for his lies and his boasts.
 His brogue was as pure
 As St. Patrick's, I'm sure ;
 And a sense of his worth was his modesty's cure !
 He made up to my lady the moment he knew her.
 " Dear lady, the sate of my fathers has beauties,
 Which, swately combined with " me " natural duties,
 Led me to resign
 The command of the fine
 O'Toole Rangers, the gallant one hundred and nine-
 Teenth regiment, letter A. I. of the line.
 What an interest ye 'd take
 Could ye see the big lake
 And the castle and woods, and the boys as they quake ?
 And the boys all atinding,
 Their shillelaghs linding,
 Politely befrinding
 His honour, if mayhap his finger should ache ?
 'Tis a pastoral scene,
 Patriarchal, I mean ;
 Not a ragged spalpeen
 Of them all that would shrink
 (Did I tip him the wink)
 From ducking a tithe-proctor, swim, ma'am, or sink.
 And as for the law,
 They don't know what that 's for,
 But to let a man live by the sweat of his jaw,
 And devoutly defy both its judgments and claw.
 Ye 'd not aisily tire
 Of Bonlagh-na-guire,
 The divel a hill of them all that is higher !
 The valleys adjacent
 Are just getting dacent,
 But improvements are raysent,
 I've turned out the play-sant,
 And a prettier country for hunting there 's none.
 'T would be mighty complay-sant
 To honour my paysant-
 Ry with a mistress ; " me " lady, say done."

Love has curious ins and outs,
 Love in form assailed her,
 Fann'd her flame and soothed her doubts,
 And the Colonel nailed her.

She has married one for " tin,"
 And for rank another,
 Love at last has broken in
 With a furious pother.

Hearts must bend, or hearts must break,
 Colonel take thine own Anne,
 Wear this locket for her sake.
 Loving her alone, man !

" Hurroo ! " for the wedding,
 The Colonel has led in
 His bride through a churchfull, and bendsto support her.

Such hustling and treading,
 You'd scarce get a head in,
 Though you pleaded the office of morning reporter.
 They've played the play
 And driven away
 In a chariot hired for the day,
 'Twas *infra dig.* a little.
 But the Colonel said,
 "Anne, when I wed,
 I'm "me" own royal house's head;
 And the base crowd by pageants led,
 Don't signify a tittle.
 Through Castle O'Toole's halls we'll roam,
 Mine ancient race's Celtic home,
 As sure as there's a Pope in Rome,
 Or Mayor in London city.
 But I'll not take you there just now,
 Because the walls are damp, I trow,
 And the grand reception room 's a slough,
 Since Pha-alim Dwyer's saucy cow
 Winter'd there—more 's the pity.
 In a year's time, so Pha-alim writes,
 The mansion will be set to rights,
 Meantime we'll taste the town's delights,
 And feast the gay and witty."

Dence a bit,
 Feast or wit,
 Rich or poor,
 Crossed the door
 Of poor Lady Anne for a twelvemonth or more!
 She found she was "hit,"
 But she wouldn't give in.
 Says the Colonel, "Me dear,
 Ye've five thousand a-year,
 And diamonds enough for a decent man's living.
 Make a will, and declare
 The O'Toole your next heir."
 "No, Murtagh," says she,
 "While I live it sha'n't be"
 Says he, "We shall see."

"Who is that a-knockin' at the door?
 Folks have been a-bed here half an hour or more!
 Never you mind, man, stop where you are,
 Missus is wanted, she's not a-going far."
 "Missus is wanted,"
 The footman panted,
 Butler and cook
 In their shoes shook—
 But the boy through a hinge of the door took a look.
 And many a time in after days
 That boy would tell the tale,
 As he drew his chair nigher
 To the blazing fire
 And the cup of double ale;
 And heaved the sigh
 Of sympathy,
 While the maids waxed very pale!
 He told,
 How four masqued figures,
 With long cloaks and cocked triggers,
 And skins like black Niggers,
 And eyes like copper nails,

And breaths sulphureous,
 And actions furious,
 And words injurious,
 And feet curious,
 And tails,
 Were received at the door
 By a party who bore
 A remarkable likeness to Colonel O'Toole,
 Drest as he appeared on the day of the "doo-o-l,"
 When Patrick M'Manus O'More got his "grou o-l."
 They stepp'd up stairs
 In seedy pairs,
 That ruffian pack,
 And returned with a bundle as big as a sack,
 Wrapp'd up in a cloak,
 From its folds sometimes broke
 A gurgle and croak,
 Like the struggle of somebody ready to choke,
 And they vanished at last in a whiff of black smoke !
 From which the boy augnr'd,
 Lady Anne's case looked awkward ;
 And cutting narration,
 Fell back on potation.

They 've snatched the lady from her bed ;
 No time had she to pray ;
 They 've tumbled her into a soldier's cloak,
 And gone upon their way.

No trunk or carpet bag had she,
 Imperials were denied,
 But she made a "grab" at the pin-cushion,
 And the prayer-book by her side.

And over the weary moorland waste,
 And through the country town,
 They 've rattled and rattled in thievish haste,
 Nor laid "the bundle" down,

Until they came to the sea that breaks
 On the Irish Channel's shore,
 They 've carried her into an open boat,
 And stoutly ferried her o'er.

'Twas on the thirty-first of May,
 That this astounded fair,
 After all was past, was unpacked at last,
 In a garret of Merrion Square.

A knock at the door, and who should appear !
 Why, the Colonel himself, with an Old Bailey leer.
 One hand held a deed, with a blank in the same,
 Ready sealed, and clean pounced for her ladyship's name.
 "Annie, darlint," says he,
 "Don't let friends disagree
 For a scrape of the pen.
 You sign here, and what then ?
 You make Mister O'Toole the compleatest of men,
 And you 're out and about in a jiffey."
 Says she, "Mister O'Toole you may look for it when
 The Parliament 's back to the College agen,
 And gold dust turns up in the Liffey."
 "Plase yourself," roars the Colonel,
 "You crack'd old infernal."

But here he pulled up.
 " Will your ladyship snp ?
 Here 's a ' cut of the loaf,' and ' clear pump' in this cup.
 And, betwixt you and I,
 You stay here till you die,
 Or sign this, so good by.
 I 've announced that your mind,
 Requires rest of the kind,
 That in strictest retirement the faculty find,
 And from this you don't stir till my pockets are lined."

For nineteen years he caged her,
 And day by day he waged a
 War which much enraged her,—
 'T would not do.
 For she wrote upon the wall,
With a pin, the bloody scrawl,
 " Mister O'Toole, once for all,
 It 's no go.
 The fortune I can't spare,
 And the diamonds I shall wear
 When you dangle in the air
 On a tow."
 At seven each day,
 In the regular way,
 For nineteen years, the Colonel's dinner
 Was served ; and what then does this reprobate sinner !
 Alone, or with friends,
 Up stairs the rogue sends ;
 " Tell your mistress, Phil D'wyer,
 There 's a soup she 'd admire,
 It 's mulligatawny, and just off the fire,
 There 's a fin, too, of fish,
 Which I fancy she 'd relish,
 A turbot and lobster remarkably ' frish,'
 There 's a joint and four ' sides,'
 And a turkey besides,
 And a brace of black game,
 And a strawberry ' crame ;'
 Let her say what she 'll ' ate,'
 Both of pastry and ' mate.'"
 Up stairs trudges Phil, with a wink in his eye,
 And returns every day with a new minted lie.
 " Missus says she 's just dined,
 And she 'll thank you to find
 Time to send her the newspaper up, when you 've ' wine-d.'"
 " Missus says she 's just picking
 The wing of a chicken ;
 But thanks you all the same
 For the strawberry ' crame.'"
 " Missus begs you wont stir,
 Turbot 's too rich for her."

Meantime the poor dame lived the life of a cur.
 For three times a week the bad Colonel brought her
 A loaf cut in halves, and a pitcher of water.
 Nineteen years have come and gone,
 Sun on her has never shone ;
 Rushy " dip" affords the light
 That dispels her lasting night ;
 When the Colonel, standing o'er her,
 Spreads the nameless deed before her,
 Frown or smile, or fast or dine,
 Will-he, nill-he, she wont sign.

He has failed for one day in his visit diurnal,
 Another, another, another—no Colonel!
 She's half starved, and kicks up a row sempiternal,
 With stamps on the floor,
 And wall thumpings, galore,
 Crying murder, and thieves, and high treason at score,
 Till at last all the house came and opened the door,
 For the Colonel, it seems, had just then been packed off
 To the "family vault," by a cold and a cough,
 Phil Dwyer, the rascal, his master once gone,
 Was not just the boy to be crying *och hone!*
 So he smoothed down his hair, and commenced with a bow,
 And hoped that "Me lady felt better just now.
 The Colonel," he said,
 " Had took to his bed,
 And never got up from it till he was dead."

So they sent for much soap to commence her toilette,
 And a new stock of gowns, and a little *soubrette*,
 And a wig, "*nuance d'or*,"
 As her hair was before,
 And the first day "in pique" all her diamonds she wore.
 But she could n't abide
 To remain on the side
 Where the husband she married for pure love had died,
 So she popped in between 'em the Channel's strong tide;
 And she lived twenty years in a place that I know,
 And became in her neighb'rhood a sort of a show.
 She'd a hat,
 And cravat,
 And a habit for wearing
 When about in her grounds, and a habit of swearing.
 And they called her eccentric, but nobody caught her
 Marrying again, or crossing the water.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"I now declared my intention of going into the church. The fact that I only sought to gain time, not knowing exactly what I could like. Accordingly, I was sent to the college of Dinan, to complete my classical studies. But I understood Latin better than my masters; however, I began to learn Hebrew. Dinan was situated midway between Combours and Plancouet, so that I was in the habit of visiting alternately my uncle de Bedée, at Monchoix, and my family at Combours. M. de Chateaubriand soon found that it was economical to keep me at home; and though my mother was very anxious that I should go into the church, she felt scrupulous in pressing her wishes too strongly upon me, and therefore did not urge my residence at college. By degrees, therefore, I found myself established by my father's fireside. On my return from Brest, my masters—my father and mother, my sister and myself—inhabited the *bâteau* of Combours. A cook, a lady's maid, two footmen and a coachman, formed the sum total of the domestic portion of the estab-

ishment; there were, besides, a hound and two old fat mares. These twelve living beings seemed to vanish in this manor, where, if a hundred knights and their ladies, their esquires and pages, had taken up their abode—or even the steeds of Dagobert and his pack of hounds—they would have been scarcely visible.

“It was a rare thing during the whole course of the year for a stranger to visit the *château*: occasionally a few gentlemen on their way to Parliament craved my father’s hospitality. M. de Chateaubriand, who was always very ceremonious, received them with uncovered head upon the steps, in the midst of wind and rain. These country gentlemen talked of the wars in Hanover, of their family affairs, and of their law suits: they knew very little of what was going forward in the world; still we learned something from them, and our thoughts were at least carried a few miles beyond the horizon of our woods. When they had departed we were reduced to a family *tête-à-tête* on week days, and on Sunday to the society of the towns-people and of the neighbouring gentry. The gloomy stillness of the *château* of Combourg was increased by my father’s reserve and want of sociability: instead of gathering his family and dependants around him, he seemed to have scattered them in all corners of the building. His bedroom was in the little eastern tower, his study in the western tower, and my mother’s apartment was immediately over the large hall, between the two small towers: this was inlaid and ornamented with Venice glass. The room which my sister occupied adjoined my mother’s apartment, the lady’s maid in quite another part of the *château*, and I was quartered in a kind of isolated cell at the top of the little tower, above the winding staircase. My father was in the habit of rising at four o’clock in winter as well as in summer; a cup of coffee was always taken to him at five, and he then worked in his study till twelve. My mother and sister took breakfast usually in their own apartment, so that I had no fixed hour for that meal, or any particular time for rising. I was supposed to be studying until noon; the chief part of the morning, however, I did nothing. At half-past eleven o’clock a bell was rung, and dinner was served at twelve; we sat together until two, when, in the summer, my father would go out fishing, or would visit his kitchen gardens; and in the autumn and winter he would go out hunting. My mother retired to the chapel where she spent several hours in prayer. This chapel was a gloomy oratory, hung with very good pictures, by some of the greatest masters, which was rather an extraordinary thing in a feudal *château* in a remote part of the world; I have still in my possession a holy family, by Albano, painted on copper, which was removed from this chapel, and which is the only thing I possess belonging to Combourg. After my father had set off, and my mother had retired to pray, Lucile went to her room, and I returned to my cell or rambled over the meadows. At eight o’clock a bell announced supper, and after supper, in the summer months, we used to sit outside on the flight of steps. My father employed himself in shooting at the owls, which began to steal forth from the battlements at the commencement of twilight; while Lucile, my mother, and I, gazed musingly on the heavens, at the last rays of the sun, and the stars which began to shew themselves. At ten we went into the house and retired to rest. But the winter and autumn evenings were very differently spent. When supper was finished, we moved to the fire-place; my mother threw herself with sighs upon an old couch,

and I sat near the fire with Lucile: the servants, after removing the cloth, left the room. Then my father would begin to pace up and down the apartment, and would not cease until bed-time; he was clad in a sort of white woollen dressing-gown, or rather a kind of cloak, which I have never seen worn by anybody but himself; his head was half bald, and was covered with a large white cap, which stood erect. When he approached the extremity of the apartment opposite to the fire-place we could scarcely distinguish him, on account of the room being imperfectly lighted by one wax candle; we only heard his steps in the distance, as he returned slowly towards the light: gradually emerging from obscurity, he looked like a spectre with his white dressing gown and his long pale face. Lucile and I exchanged a few words in a low voice, when he was at the other end of the room, but when he came near to us we were immediately silent. Sometimes he asked us in passing, what we had been talking about. This question alarmed us so much that we could not answer him; then he would continue his walk, and for the rest of the evening we heard nothing but the measured sound of his steps, the rustling of the wind, and my mother's sighs. Directly the clock of the *château* struck ten, my father ceased walking; the same power which had lifted the hammer of the clock seemed also to arrest his steps. He drew out his watch, wound it up, and seizing a large silver torch went into the little western tower for a moment, then returning with his torch in his hand he proceeded to his bedroom in the little eastern tower. Lucile and I waited for him on his way and embraced him, and wished him good night. He bent down his dry hollow cheek to us without replying, and then continued his progress till at length we heard the doors closed behind him.

"The talisman was broken. My mother, my sister, and I—who were transformed into statues by my father's presence—seemed, all at once, to recover the use of our tongues. The first effect of this dissolution of the spell was manifested by a complete outpouring of words. If silence had previously oppressed us, we certainly made ample amends to ourselves. After this torrent of words was exhausted, I called for the lady's maid, and conducted my mother and sister to their apartment. Before I retired myself, they made me look under the beds, up the chimneys, and behind the doors, and obliged me to go into the corridors and passages, and up the staircases. All the old stories connected with the *château*, about robbers and ghosts, seemed suddenly recalled to their memory. The people in the neighbourhood were fully persuaded that a certain Comte of Combourg, with a wooden leg, who had died three centuries before, appeared at certain periods, and that he had been actually encountered upon the large staircase in the little tower: sometimes his wooden leg was seen walking alone with a black cat."

"The life which I and my sister Lucile led at Combourg, served rapidly to mature our minds, and to develop our natural dispositions. Our only enjoyment consisted in strolling side by side in the great Mall; in the spring we walked upon a carpet of primroses; in the autumn we pursued our way through a bed of dead leaves; and in the winter we trod over a mantle of snow, upon the smooth surface of which the delicate tracery formed by the birds and squirrels, was all that could be discerned: our recreations seemed to harmonize with our character, for we were young and blooming like the primroses, sad

like the withered leaves, and pure as the newly-fallen snow. It was during one of these rambles that I happened to speak to Lucile with ecstasy of the charms of solitude; she immediately remarked to me that it would be well for me to endeavour to paint these various emotions. Her observation appeared all at once to open my eyes to the gift which I possessed; henceforth I gave utterance to my thoughts in verse, as if that was the only natural mode of expressing them; I amused myself night and day in describing my enjoyments, and these were all connected more or less with our woods and valleys. I composed verses long before I attempted to write in prose. In the first raptures of inspiration, I called upon Lucile to follow in my path; we passed whole days in consulting the opinions of each other, and in communicating to each other what we had written, and all that we trusted to accomplish. We both undertook the same subjects; we were almost instinctively led to translate some of the most beautiful and melancholy passages in the book of Job, and Lucretius upon Life: the "*Tædet animam meam vitæ meæ,*" the "*Homo natus de muliere,*" the "*Tum porro puer ut sævis projectus ab undis navita,*" etc. Lucile's thoughts sprang from her feelings, and she sometimes found difficulty in expressing them, but when she succeeded in giving them form, there was scarcely anything equal to them. She has left behind her about thirty pages of manuscript, which could not be read without much emotion, for they are full of elegance, sweetness, pensiveness, and passionate feeling.

"My brother occasionally paid flying visits to the hermits of Combourg. He was frequently accompanied by a young member of Parliament of Bretagne, M. de Melfilâtre, cousin of the unfortunate poet of the same name. I am quite sure that Lucile, without knowing it, had conceived a secret attachment for her brother's friend, and that the suppression of this passion was the cause, in a great measure, of the melancholy with which her mind was tainted. She went to Paris in 1789 with Julie, whose loss she afterwards so deeply deplored. All who knew Lucile admired her, from M. de Malesherbes to Champfort. She was on the point of being shut up in the Château of Combourg, which was used as a dungeon during the Reign of Terror, and she was actually imprisoned in the Revolutionary crypts at Rennes; after she was liberated, she married M. de Caud, who left her a widow at the end of a year.

"The taste with which Lucile had inspired me for poetry, had produced the same effect upon me as oil thrown upon fire. My feelings became still more intense, and I began to dream of future fame; for at first I really believed that I possessed considerable genius, but I soon learned to feel a proper diffidence of my own powers, which I have ever since experienced. I was almost inclined to look upon my talent as an unfortunate temptation, and to be vexed that Lucile had awakened this unlucky gift within me. I left off writing, and began to weep over the loss of future fame, as we mourn over past glory. My passions resembled those tempests of the sea which seem to spring up from all points of the horizon; I was a pilot without any experience, and did not know how to manage my sails in these shifting winds: a severe illness was the consequence of this ill-regulated state of my mind; I was seized with fever, and for six weeks my life was in danger. A physician was sent for from Bayonches, a little village a few miles from Combourg; after prescribing

the proper medicines for me, he declared that a complete change would be necessary for me, that the life which I had hitherto led was not at all suited to me. My mother came one morning to sit by my bedside, and remarked that it was now quite time that I should choose some profession. 'Your brother,' she said, 'has at this moment the means of procuring you a living, but you must seriously reflect before you decide upon entering the seminary, for though I should be very much pleased that you should go into the church, I would infinitely prefer your remaining a layman than that you should become an indifferent priest.' I answered that I did not feel myself at all fitted for a churchman; and for the second time I began to waver as to the course I should pursue; I would not be a sailor, nor did I wish to become a priest; the military profession was the only one which was left open to me; I had always liked it, but then how could I endure the loss of my independence, and the restraint which European discipline would necessarily impose upon me? I thought of an absurd plan: I declared my intention of going to America, and scouring the forests; or to India, to seek service in the armies of some of the native princes. By one of those strange contrarieties which may sometimes be observed in men, my father, who in all other respects was remarkable for his strong judgment, was never displeased at any adventurous project. He reproached my mother on account of my fickleness, but he determined, however, that I should go to India; he sent me therefore to Saint Malo, where an armament was preparing for Pondicherry. Two months passed away, I found myself alone in my maternal isle; La Villeneuve was just dead, and when I went to mourn her loss by the bed upon which she had expired, I perceived the little basket chaise in which I had first learned to stand upright in this world of troubles. I pictured to myself my old nurse gazing fondly with her feeble eyes on this memento of my infancy, and the thought of all the prayers which she had probably offered up to heaven for my happiness, joined to this little proof of her attachment to me, completely overcame me, and I dwelt fondly and gratefully upon her memory. There was not anything else, however, at Saint Malo, to remind me of my childish days; I did not recognise in the port any of the ships upon the ropes of which I used to play; they had either left Saint Malo, or had fallen to pieces; in the town I found out the house in which I was born had been converted into an inn. I was, in reality, scarcely out of my cradle, and yet a whole generation seemed to have passed away.

"A letter suddenly summoned me to Combourg; on my arrival I took supper with my family; my father did not speak a word to me, my mother sighed, and Lucile appeared in perfect dismay, but when I questioned her, I perceived that she was not aware anything particular had occurred. The following morning, at eight o'clock, my father sent for me; I went down stairs, and found that he was awaiting me in his study. 'Monsieur le Chevalier,' said he, as I entered, 'it is now quite time that you should be doing something, that you should bid adieu to your follies; your brother has obtained a commission for you as sub-lieutenant in the Navarre regiment; you will set off immediately for Rennes, and from thence you will proceed to Cambrai. I give you a hundred louis d'or, be careful to husband them, for I am old and ill, and have not long to live. Remember always to conduct yourself as a gentleman, and never disgrace your name. He embraced me, and I felt that he pressed his hard and wrinkled cheek against mine with consi-

LYRICAL ECHOES OF THE INDIAN MAIL.

No. I. CHILLIANWALLAH.—No. II. GOOZERAT.

CHILLIANWALLAH.

AIR—"Nora Creina."

'Twas near the famed Hydaspes' banks,
 Where flourished once the great king Porus,
 Lord Gough incensed the British ranks ;
 And the Sikh artillery spoke in chorus.
 Our troops were tired ;—the Khalsas fired ;
 And they 're the lads that seldom bungle :
 Quoth Gough at the noise, "Screw bayonets, boys,
 And drive those blackguards out of the jungle."

Sabres drawn, and bayonets fixt,
 Fight where fought great Alexander,—
 Paddy Gough's a cross betwixt
 A bull-dog and a salamander.

On every side our luck we tried,
 And found the showers of shot and shell come,
 Where'er we went, to our sweet content,
 The Sikhs they gave us a blazing welcome.
 The woods went crack, the rocks went smack,
 The clouds were black o'er Chillianwallah ;
 But our general's Irish blood was up,
 And our battle-cry was "Faugh-a-ballagh !"

Sabres drawn, and bayonets fixt,
 Fight where fought great Alexander,—
 Paddy Gough's a cross betwixt
 A bull-dog and a salamander.

The Third Dragoons, they cut right through,
 And back again—'twas mighty plucky—
 But the Fifth Bengals disliked the balls,
 And every one of them cut his lucky.
 But 'twould have done ould Homer good
 To see that charge of General Gilbert's ;
 Right and left his path he cleft,
 And smashed their skulls like mouldy filberts.

Sabres drawn, and bayonets fixt,
 Fight where fought great Alexander,—
 Paddy Gough's a cross betwixt
 A bull-dog and a salamander.

Brigadier Dawes he gained applause—
 His fighting lads were all in clover,
 'Twas as good to be there, as at Donnybrook fair,
 And no police when the fun was over.
 At length the Sikhs they cut like bricks,
 Shere Singh sheered off nor looked behind him
 And the old thief Chutter did swear and splutter ;—
 But nobody cared at all to mind him.

Sabres drawn, and bayonets fixt,
 Fight where fought great Alexander,—
 Paddy Gough's a cross betwixt
 A bull-dog and a salamander.

And none shall scoff at brave old Gough—
 Oh ! he 's the chief for a soldier's choosing :
 We lads abroad will always applaud,
 Though "The Times" at home is always abusing.
 By the Jhelum's side their might he tried,
 And tamed the pride of the Khalsa gunners :
 And he laid them flat at Goo-ze-rat,
 With his English-Irish dose of stunners.
 Sabres drawn, and bayonets fixt,
 Fight where fought great Alexander,—
 Paddy Gough's a cross betwixt
 A bull-dog and a salamander.

Horatius Flaccus sang, they say,
 About "*Quæ loca fabulosus*
 "*Lambit Hydaspes ;*" and his lay
 Our General's high renown discloses.
 Sure with the utmost classic grace
 He goes against these Punjaub caitiffs ;
 Horace's river licks the place,
 But Paddy Gough he licks the natives.
 Sabres drawn, and bayonets fixt,
 Fight where fought great Alexander,—
 Paddy Gough's a cross betwixt
 A bull-dog and a salamander.

 GOOZERAT.

AIR—"The Pretty Girl of Derby, oh !"

COME all you Anglo-Indians, in her Majesty's dominions,
 Hear a fighting bard's opinions of the glorious day,
 February twenty-first, when we saw the sunbeams burst
 O'er the banners of the Affghan and the Sikh's array.

From the Jhelum's rocky shore they had doubled on Lahore,
 But the British bayonet gleamed across the Chenab's ford.
 Oh ! 'twas Whish that turned them back on their bold and bloody track ;
 And Gough was soon upon them with his vengeful sword.

All fearlessly the foe turned to bay to bide the blow ;
 Their thousands were three-score 'neath their famed Shere Singh.
 Of his battle-ground the chooser, at the ancient town of Goozerat,
 He stood resolved for life or death the dice to fling.

From false Affghanistan they had summoned Akram Khan
 To join their class of Singhs all so blythe and gay.
 Like a singing class of Hullah's, they rehearsed between two nullahs,
 And prepared a hailstone chorus with their guns to play.

Awhile in grim repose our General watched the foes,
 Scarce four miles from their camp was his final halt ;
 Till he called in from afar the scattered streams of war,
 To swell one mighty torrent for the stern assault.

T would take of odes some volumes to describe Lord Gough's own columns,
 On the Jhelum that sought glory in the cannon's mouth.
 And Whish's gallant warriors, that had stormed Moulradj's barriers,
 Came hurrying in by thousands from the East and South.

Oh, those lads who captured Mooltan, fear nor Sirdar, Khan, nor Sultan,
 Through all the sunny orient they shall have the sway ;
 And to make our party snugger there came closing from Ramnugger
 Dundas, and other heroes of the proud Bombay.

With our guns in front arrayed we marched, as on parade,
 To break the foeman's centre and bear down his right ;
 We were scarce in range to kill, ere he unmasked his whole artillery ;
 And his cannon flashed all eager to announce the fight.

Then our guns moved forth and spoke, and the ranks were wreathed with
 smoke ;
 Oh, Alexander ! mighty son of Ammon, oh !
 In the East you did some wonders, but your fabled father's thunders,
 Compared with eighteen pounders, were all gammon, oh !

Three hours with deadly roar the iron storm did pour,
 Till their batteries were all dumb and their hearts all low.
 Then our level bayonets glance and our scarlet lines advance
 To plunge among the masses of the reeling foe.

As the cold steel glitters nigh, the braggarts turn and fly :—
 Spur forward, gallant cavalry, and hew them down—
 Till night closed deep and black, red havoc marked our track,
 Where we smote the routed rebels 'gainst the might of England's crown .

Oh joyously that night did we celebrate the fight,
 In the foeman's captured camp when the sparkling wine was poured ;
 While around us lay the spoil of the day's victorious toil,
 The cannon, and the banner, the buckler, and the sword.

For ever has the sway of the Khalsa passed away :
 We 'll crush the fierce fanatics, whom no mercy could subdue ;
 And they, our rule who hate, shall tremble at the fate
 Of Asia's best, with England who the struggle dared renew.

Bold Gilbert and his power have marched upon Peshawur ;
 And soon its shattered tower shall confess our wrath ;
 Without troubling spade or mattock, we 'll assault and carry Attock ;
 And woe to the false Afghan that shall cross our path.

The annexing of the Punjaub you may reckon that a done job,
 And Dost Mahommed in the dust we soon will lay ;
 Then, just for a diversion, we 'll polish off the Persian,
 And conquer back to Europe our triumphant way.

Our renown shall live for ages, and 'twill shine in history's pages,
 (When Radetski is forgotten, and pugnacious Bem),
 How Shere Singh was the loser at the bloody game at Goozerat,
 And Gough won for his coronet its brightest gem.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

A History of the Sikhs, from the Origin of the Nation to the Battles of the Sutlej. By Joseph Dewey Cunningham, Lieutenant of Engineers, and Captain in the Army of India. London: John Murray.

We open an Indian history with sensations somewhat analogous to those with which we gaze upon the horrible mysteries of a drop of water reflected on the lens of a microscope. It presents similar details of perpetual strife, tending to no apparent result except annihilation. The parallel is in all respects very close. The weak are everywhere sacrificed to the strong; the whole action of vitality in both seems to be directed to the same end of mutual destruction; new species, or castes, continually appear upon the scene, and are instantly assailed and swallowed up; and even, when a few seconds of repose intervene now and then, in the midst of this blind carnage, it is quite evident that the whole population is only watching a favourable opportunity to devour each other.

All histories of barbarous tribes exhibit similar features of sanguinary anarchy. But Indian history is the worst of all, distracted by endless diversities of castes and creeds, whose dismal superstitions shed a terrible glare of fanaticism upon their conflicts. To render such a history interesting and instructive, the writer should not only be well acquainted with local peculiarities, but should remember that his readers are not; and, instead of wasting his labour upon minute details, which illustrate no useful purpose, he should generalize his statements, and, as a painter would say, mass them into broad effects. But this art of writing history is not understood by the industrious caterers of our Anglo-Indian literature. They suppose everybody else to be as familiar with the mixed races, whose chaotic existence they depict, as they are themselves; and they confer exaggerated importance upon minute particulars, which, however absorbing on the spot, are really of no ultimate value. There is an old proverb, that the man who works in the wood, cannot see the tree for the leaves; and our literary countrymen in India afford a remarkable evidence of its truth. They have collected heaps of miscellaneous information, curious in its nature and vast in extent, concerning Indian races, Indian mysticism, and Indian battles; but, engrossed by small facts, they have rarely ascended to general principles. Instead of writing histories, they have assiduously accumulated the materials out of which histories are hereafter to be written. At the same time it is only justice to add, that the function they have discharged is one of great utility, which will place all future explorers of this distant field under heavy obligations to them.

Captain Cunningham's book is a valuable accession to the stores of information already accumulated respecting the inhabitants of that extensive and fertile region, which is included between the 28° and 36° parallels of north latitude, and the 71° and 77° meridians of east longi-

tude, a district watered by five branches of the Indus, and commanding, from its position, the whole surface of Hindostan. Like most other books compiled in the midst of the scenes whose historical vicissitudes they describe, it is more remarkable for the quantity and variety of its details, than for its simplicity of plan or perspicuity of treatment. In the first chapter, the geographical limits, natural resources, and mixed populations of the country are described. The design is explicit; but the reader has hardly proceeded half-a-dozen pages, when he finds himself bewildered in a maze of Indian races, sects, castes and tribes, who troop through this introductory chapter in such confusion as to baffle all attempts to detect their distinctions or follow their progress. Thus we are told that—

“ In the hills south of Cashmeer, and west of the Jehlum, to Attock and Kalabagh on the Indus, are found Gukkers, Goojers, Khatirs, Awans, Junpoohs, and others, all of whom may be considered to have from time to time merged into the Hindoo stock, in language and feelings. Of these some, as the Junpoohs, and especially the Gukkers, have a local reputation.”

Apart from the heterogeneous gathering of these various races, some explanation was necessary of what is meant by their having merged in feelings into the Hindoo stock, and their enjoyment of a local reputation. But we are not here criticising matters of style. It is enough for the reader to lose his way amongst these numerous sub-divisions of the Hindoo population (whose specialities, we should observe, possess no historical importance whatever), without being further perplexed by obscurities of diction. Again, we learn that—

“ In the waste tracts between the Indus and the Sutlej, are found Juns, Bhattees, Seals, Kurruls, Kathees, and other tribes, who are both pastoral and predatory, and who, with the Chibhs and Bukows, south of Cashmeer, between the Jehlum and Chenab, may be the first inhabitants of the country, &c.”

It will be seen that in addition to the tribes enumerated by Captain Cunningham; there are in all directions, other tribes, whom he does not enumerate; out of which omission arises a doubt whether it was necessary to enumerate any of these tribes, seeing that the author has not thought it necessary to enumerate them all. The answer to the question is, that the enumeration is altogether foreign to the true business of history, and has the effect of confusing it on the threshold. But Captain Cunningham is a persevering chronicler of these myriad-named, but homogeneous tribes. The population of the central tract, he tells us, consists chiefly of Juts; but—

“ Many other people are intermixed, as Bhuttees and Doghurs, mostly to the south and west, and Raiens, Rors, and others, mostly in the east. Goojers are everywhere numerous, as are also the Rajpoots besides Bhuttees; while Puthans are found in scattered villages and towns.”

Now, it may be very desirable (although not for the objects contemplated in a general history) to map out the tribes of India; but we submit that such a map ought to be complete and explanatory. Mere labels afford no guiding information, or distinct ideas. Juts, Kurruls, Rors and Goojers, suggest no individual peculiarities to the European reader. He cannot distinguish a Jut from a Goojer, and is as ignorant of the difference between a Kurrul and a Ror, as between the inhabit-

ants of Saturn and Mars. There is no living reality presented to the mind by catalogues of names, having no descriptive qualities attached to them. If it be indispensable to chronicle these numerous tribes, it is surely equally indispensable to give us a reason for being required to remember their names. Catalogues of this kind are to history what the *hortus-siccus* is to the living garden.

Captain Cunningham has been more successful in his sketch of the ancient creeds and modern reforms of this great eastern world, although even here he takes too much for granted, and sinks occasionally into obscurity in consequence of assuming for his readers that rare knowledge which it was his special province to expound. The result is, that although these multifarious topics are sifted with ability, they leave, notwithstanding, so vague an impression on the mind that it is difficult, after having closed the inquiry, to retrace its course or discern its issues. The fault is mainly to be attributed to crudeness in the management of the subject, and partly to a certain looseness and breadth of style, which is fatal to the lucid exposition of a subject, which presents very grave difficulties even to those who devote themselves to its study.

If the annals of the Sikhs were to be regarded merely as a record of barbarous wars, it would hardly repay the trouble of writing or reading it; but the fluctuations of their power, the contests in which they have been engaged, and the formation of their empire, constitute, in fact, the least important part of their history. The prominent features which distinguish them not only from all other Indian families, but from all other nations, that which alone bestows a high and permanent interest upon their growth and progress, is the marvellous revolution, social, political and religious, which they have undergone in an incredibly short period of time. The prevailing character of the Hindus is that of a race incapable of change, and fixed as marble in its manners, its faith, and its institutions. Yet a change has passed over the Sikhs, as complete in all respects as if the whole nation had undergone a miracle. Captain Cunningham does not miss this striking fact; it is tracked to its results through his book; but he does not exhibit it in the conspicuous and instructive light it deserves.

The ancient inhabitants of this large district of country were Hindus, and here it is believed the native character reached the highest point of cultivation. To this region, tempting alike by contiguity and wealth, the Mahometans first directed their invading arms. It has been commonly supposed that they carried desolation with them in the progress of their conquests, and utterly destroyed the primitive characteristics of the races they subdued. Captain Cunningham adopts this opinion in a passage, which may be quoted as an example of the dashing manner in which he disposes, in one or two sweeping sentences, of the gigantic evolutions of centuries. The following extract describes the foundation of Mahometan rule, and the subsequent ascendancy to the English:—

“India afterwards checked the victorious career of Islam, but she could not *wholly* resist the fierce enthusiasm of the Toorkman hordes; she became one of the most splendid of Mahometan empires, and the character of the Hindoo mind has been permanently altered by the genius of the Arabian prophet. The well-being of India's industrious millions is now linked with the fate of the foremost nation of the West, and the representatives of Judæan faith and Roman polity will long wage a war of principles with the speculative Brahmin, the authoritative Moolla, and the *hairy* believing Sikh.”

This is a very odd way of conveying the great facts of history. India not being able wholly to resist, was wholly vanquished, and the character of her *mind* was *altered* by the prophet; and her well-being is now linked with the fate of England, who must long wage a war of *principles* with Brahmins, Moollas, and Sikhs. We have no objection to brilliant periods, so long as their brilliancy throws a little light upon the subject; but, in historical details which require deliberation and exactitude, we must protest against that verbal lustre which only dazzles and misleads.

Captain Cunningham is in error about the "Arabian prophet;" presuming that by "altering" the "mind" of the Hindus, our author means that the Mahometan invaders effected a change in the manners, customs, or opinions of the people. No such change took place. The industrial population was vigilantly protected by the conquerors; an improved system of administration was introduced; the texture of society, the cultivation of the land, the exercise of arts and trades, remained unimpaired; the soldiers of the Hindus alone were displaced, as a measure of policy, by the invaders. Indeed, Captain Cunningham to some extent annihilates his own position a few pages further on, when he tells, that the conquerors became imbued with the modes and habits of the conquered; or, to use his own words, "The Mahometans became Indianized."

The Hindus, throughout these invasions, maintained their original faith and intractable usages. In the fifteenth century, an obscure individual arose, who, animated by strong inspirations, ventured upon the hazardous undertaking of preaching a new religion, and exposing the fallacies of the old one. His doctrines gained ground, and he succeeded so completely in establishing them in a consistent shape, that he bequeathed his mission to a regularly-appointed successor, through whom it descended with increasing power to others. The sect thus formed, spreading at last into a nation, constituted that population called Sikhs, which literally means "Disciples." The wonderful advance in unity and strength made by this new combination, excited the jealousy of the Mahometan government early in the seventeenth century; a succession of ferocious wars ensued; and from that time may be dated the appearance of the Sikhs as an armed power, contending for spiritual and territorial independence. They passed through a variety of vicissitudes: were sometimes crushed, driven into the mountains and forests, or compelled to purchase their safety by maintaining their faith in secret; and sometimes victorious, issuing forth in formidable numbers, enlisting soldiers, gaining proselytes and extending their possessions. Finally, in the face of all obstacles, and notwithstanding the resistance they encountered from the Affghans and the Mharattas, they succeeded in establishing undisputed sovereignty over the finest provinces of India.

Such is, in brief, the history of the Sikhs. The one remarkable fact in it, dropping out its lurid details, is the extraordinary facility shewn by the people in adopting a religious revolution, involving the entire overthrow of old institutions, which were believed to be fixed upon an unassailable basis. But this revolution is susceptible of the same explanation by which the success of all reforms that appeal to the reason and the liberties of a people may be easily solved. The institution of castes, through which the Brahmins maintained their authority over the masses, contained in itself the elements of dissolution of the whole system. The Sikh reformers addressed this weak point at once; they proposed to

throw open all honours and emoluments to the population at large; to abolish the distinction of castes; and to give equal rights and privileges to all. It was not very surprising that a change, which promised to lift the millions out of their degradation, and to invest them with the dignity of freemen, should be eagerly embraced and rapidly established. More stubborn systems than that of the Brahmins have given way before the enchantments of liberty. But the example of such a movement in the East, crowned with such steady and prosperous results, cannot be regarded by us without peculiar interest. It is in our power to profit by the capacity and tendencies it develops; or, by neglecting or abusing our opportunities, to suffer the passion for glory and aggrandizement, which has grown up out of the liberation of the castes, to carry ruin and desolation over the face of the country.

The account which Captain Cunningham gives of the gradual formation of the Sikh power, is the most complete that has yet appeared. He has spared no pains in the way of research to render his narrative full. We could have desired less loftiness of diction, and rather more deference to the wants of distant readers; but, as a whole, making a fair allowance for constitutional enthusiasm, and that habit of familiarity with a subject which often renders an author most obscure on those points with which he is best informed, the work will not disappoint the curiosity which its opportune publication cannot fail to excite.

As the history approaches our own times, the interest deepens. Unlike some other histories of great empires, the most attractive part of the Sikh history is that which is recent or contemporaneous. It concerns us less to know what the Sikhs believed formerly than to ascertain what they believe now. We are totally indifferent about their past wars, in comparison with the anxiety we feel about their present movements. The existing state of our relations in and around the Punjab, is the absorbing topic which casts into shadow all other questions connected with their rise and progress. Captain Cunningham has dealt largely with this division of the history. His means of obtaining close and accurate information have been abundant, and he has availed himself of them industriously. He has lived amongst the Sikhs for eight years, has had free access to the public records, and was employed, in 1844, to draw up reports on the British connection generally with the States of the Sutlej, and especially on the military resources of the Punjab. His qualifications for this branch of history are unimpeachable; and, although many of his readers may find occasion to differ from his opinions, no writer who has hitherto taken up the matter is better entitled to our attentive hearing.

He goes beyond all his predecessors in his sympathies for the Sikhs. He almost goes to the extent of vindicating their descent upon the British territories in 1845. He asserts that the policy of England was calculated to fill the Sikhs with alarm, and that every step taken by us at that period evinced a spirit of hostility which could lead them to no other conclusion than that their independence was in danger. The appointment of Major Broadfoot, and the known sentiments of Sir Charles Napier, were regarded as unmistakable symptoms of that aggressive spirit which the Sikhs considered themselves justified in repelling. A variety of circumstances conspired to confirm this conviction.

“The Sikhs considered that the fixed policy of the English was territ-

rial aggrandizement, and that the immediate object of this ambition was the conquest of Lahore. This persuasion of the people was brought home to them by the acts of the British representative for the time, and by the opinion which they had preformed of his views. Mr. Clerk became lieutenant-governor of Agra, in June 1843, and he was succeeded as agent for the affairs of the Sikhs by Lieutenant-Colonel Richmond, whose place, again, was taken by Major Broadfoot, a man of undoubted energy and ability, in November of the following year. In India, the views of the British Government are, by custom, made known to allies and dependants through one channel only, namely, that of an accredited English officer. The personal character of such a functionary gives a colour to all he does and says; the policy of the government is, indeed, judged of by the bearing of its representative, and it is certain that the Sikh authorities did not derive any assurance of an increasing desire for peace from the nomination of an officer who, thirty months before, had made so stormy a passage through their country."

Major Broadfoot's first acts denoted "a preformed resolution," and were considered by the Sikhs "to be conceived in a spirit of enmity rather than of good-will." The conduct of the conqueror of Sindh was peculiarly calculated to strengthen these impressions; and thus, apparently threatened, and wrought upon by resentments which were not unnatural, the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, and virtually declared war. For all that followed, Captain Cunningham undisguisedly holds the English responsible.

"The initiative was thus taken by the Sikhs; but considering the English to have been sincerely desirous of living at peace with the Punjab, the policy adopted by them does not shew that strict adherence to formal engagements, and that high wisdom and sure foresight which should distinguish the councils of an intelligent power, acquainted with actual life, and with the examples of history. Reference was only had to the probability of Sikh inroads, of a weak neighbour running upon certain destruction, and little heed was given to the original arrangement, which left the province of Sirhind almost free from troops, and of English subjects, and which placed a confederacy of dependent states between themselves and Lahore, to soften the mutual action of a half barbarous military dominion; and of a humane and civilized government. The sincerity of the English rulers is not to be doubted, but their honesty can only be admitted at the expense of their judgment and knowledge of mankind."

This is a new spirit of criticism for an English officer in the Indian service; and it does not require either "high wisdom" or "sure foresight" to anticipate with tolerable certainty the effect of its diffusion. That the honesty of the English rule, can be admitted only by a confession of English ignorance and want of judgment, is a startling assertion, coming from such a quarter. But we imagine the British power in India is strong enough to sustain all friendly rebukes, however awkwardly administered at wrong moments. We are not sure, after all, that the utterance of such opinions is not safer than their suppression. And Captain Cunningham has some reason for his defence of the Sikhs. We have not always dealt consistently with them, and perhaps should have adopted, long ago, that decisive course which, we suppose, it will become imperative upon us to carry into execution at last. But Captain Cunningham, who sees our faults so clearly, does not also see with equal perspicuity the peculiar difficulties of our position. It is the easiest thing imaginable to pick holes in our Indian administration; any person with much less ability than Captain Cunningham, and without a tittle of

his personal knowledge or practical experience, could make out a plausible indictment against every articulation of the system; but it is not quite so easy to provide the "high wisdom" in advance, which is to avert similar errors in future. When the evil is done, we all see it, and think, too, that we see how it could have been avoided. There is not a subaltern in the army who could not have pointed out Lord Gough's mistake—after it was committed. But, unfortunately, this is a description of sagacity which we stand least in need of, and which might be conveniently exchanged for a very moderate allowance of modesty and prudence.

Now we confess that, much as we are indebted to Captain Cunningham for his history of the Sikhs, we have been unable to extract from his book his exact opinion as to the policy which England ought to pursue in the affairs of the Punjab. His objections to past proceedings are perfectly plain; but his advice, as to what we ought to do hereafter, is remarkably obscure. He tells England, it is true, that she must "ponder well" upon her task, and take care that her labours "are guided by intelligence;" but this is rather vague, and a Governor General who should carry out no more explicit instructions would find himself somewhat perplexed in the execution of his duty. The Captain's closing admonition clothes his views in such inexplicable mystery, that, as we cannot penetrate them ourselves, in justice to the author we give the reader an opportunity of trying what he can make of them.

"The Sikhs have now been struck by the petrific hand of material power and the ascendancy of a third race, which has every where infused new ideas, and modified the aspirations of the people. The confusion has thus been increased for a time; but the pregnant fermentation of mind must eventually body itself forth in new shapes; and a prophet of name unknown may arise to diffuse a system which shall consign the Veda and Koran to the oblivion of the Zendavast and the Sibylline leaves, and which may not, perhaps, absorb one ray of light from the wisdom and morality of that faith which adorns the civilization of the Christian rulers of the country. But England must hope that she is not to exercise an unfruitful sway; and she will add fresh lustre to her renown, and receive an additional claim to the gratitude of posterity, if she can seize upon the essential principles of that element which disturbs her multitudes of Indian subjects, and imbue the mental agitation with new qualities of beneficent fertility, so as to give it an impulse and a direction which shall surely lead to the prevalence of a religion of truth, and to the adoption of a government of freedom and progress."

We have no doubt this is very fine writing; but whether Captain Cunningham means that England should seize upon the Punjab, disguised under "the essential principles of that element" which disturbs the Indians, we are not competent to determine. Portions of this passage are beyond our reach, especially the phenomenon of a "pregnant fermentation of mind, eventually bodying itself forth in new shapes," and the process by which England is to "embue the mental agitation with new qualities of beneficent fertility." Whether these sentences are for or against the annexation of the Punjab, we cannot decide; but there is no mistake as to Sir Charles Napier's opinions on the subject. He will, in all human probability, have put the matter in a train of settlement before he is likely to be mentally agitated or fermented by the arrival of Captain Cunningham's book in India.

HORACE.

“Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.”

“WHY that quotation?” I said to Lundresford, as we were entering the — Club yesterday; “to whom does it apply?”

“To him with the embossed satin vest, whom we passed on the steps a moment since.”

“I also observed both him and it, since both were evidently made up for display—but who is the man?”

“A coxcomb, as you perceive, who greatly perplexes Howel and taxes his ingenuity not a little to provide him with a waistcoat of a new design for every alternate day in the week. Count D. is his ‘arbitrator elegantiarum,’ and he will never wear either coat or vest until the colour and cut of each have received the Count’s approbation; but do you throw a passing glance on him who is now descending the stairs, and note his buttonless and threadbare coat: that is Sir Michael Durney, a Baronet of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, who is daily to be seen here with his clothes darned, and his boots patched, thus verifying what Horace says—

‘Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.’

And with Horace I would again, indeed, say—

‘——— Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humanum parum cavit natura;’

but extravagance and meanness in attire are in my judgment alike reprehensible, and the fop and the sloven are to me equally contemptible.”

“Then you cannot but be satisfied with the correct style of dress of Sir Edwin Folville, whose personal appearance when I was lately introduced to him prepossessed me greatly in his favour?”

“‘Decipimur specie recti,’ Stafford; that Sir Edwin is ‘Parthis mendacior.’ If he ever uttered one word of truth in his life it was an oversight—a mistake altogether, or we might say it was accidental and not intentional: ‘hic niger est; hunc tu caveto; vetitâ legibus aléa’ is what he lives upon, and you would soon find, if you entered into his society, and partook of his pleasures, that—

‘Periculosæ plenum opus aléæ
Tractas;’

but you asked me this morning what I knew of Narling Sniff: there he is at this moment entering the room. Have you any pressing desire to know him?”

“Certainly I have not until I am better informed about him. He expressed a wish some time since to a friend of mine to be introduced to me; but for what purpose I know not.”

“Nor do I know, nor can I conjecture, otherwise than that you are the son of a peer, and he is well known for his abhorrence to open his lips to a commoner. He is himself the son of a Sussex clergyman, from whom he inherited a large amount of property with a very small stock of understanding. This last he has magnified into the most colossal proportions; and in genius, and taste, and learning, he con-

siders that no one excels him: buoyed up with this thought, he is now engaged, so he gives out, in writing a 'History of the Intellect of the Middle Ages,' a work that he more than insinuates will reduce every copy of Hallam to the value of waste paper. He is, in fact, envious of Hallam, and of his great reputation, and hopes, by writing on the same subject, to eclipse him totally, and altogether: he is of that class of men of whom Horace speaks—

‘—— Sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudit multum frustra laborat
Ausus idem.’

But observe that young man who is now crossing the room; for what purpose he assumes that importance and strut which makes him to all eyes, but his own, so ludicrous, no one can say; probably it gives in his own estimation a dignity to his birth, which was not noble; and a solemnity to his profession, which is sufficiently solemn in itself,—for he is by profession a clergyman—while he owes his parentage to a shipbuilder who lives somewhere on the other side of Wapping. Whenever I encounter him here, or in the streets around here, he always reminds me of those lines of Horace—

‘ Vides ne sacram metiente te viam
Cum his trium ulnarum toga,
Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
Liberrima indignatio—.’

“How continually you are quoting Horace, Lundresford, and how appositely, moreover.”

“Of very necessity, Stafford, if I speak of men to moralise upon them—for I perfectly agree with Milman, that Horace was in an eminent degree a moral philosopher, a practical observer, a sure interpreter of human nature: that his philosophy was that of plain practical common sense, and his wisdom distinctly that of this world; and the best proof of it is to be found in the countless quotations from his works, which are become universal moral axioms; their triteness is the seal of their veracity; and all their peculiar terseness and felicity of expression or illustration may have recommended them to general acceptance, yet nothing but their intrinsic truth can have stamped them as household words on the memory of educated men.

“Horace was himself a highly educated man; he had passed his youth in the patrician schools of Rome and of Athens; but his own intrinsic good sense and sound judgment enabled him to throw aside all the abstruser doctrines, the more remote speculations, and the more abstract theories of the different philosophical sects, and to select and condense the practical wisdom of them all in his pregnant poetical aphorisms. How clearly is propriety of conduct expressed in—

‘ Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo ;’

and the happy union of the agreeable and the useful pursuits of life in—

‘ Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ ;’

how true it is that—

‘ —— Sapientia prima est
Stultitiâ caruisse —— ;’

and how true, also, that which he says of self-denial for charity's sake—

‘Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit
A diis plura feret;’

How good is that counsel in reference to the tongue—

‘Quid de quoque viro et cui dicas sæpe caveto;’

and how good that, also, to the wavering and the irresolute—

‘—— Sapere aude,
Incipe ——;’

“What would better characterise the man of enlarged mind, of prudence, and watchfulness, and forethought, than this saying of him—

‘Sperat infestis, metuit secundis.’

“But there has just entered the room another of the characters of Horace. His father was the first peer of his family; and of the father, together with the son, it may be said—

‘—— Gaudent prænominè molles
Auriculæ——’

“The son intends, it is said, to withdraw his name from our Club; and for this reason, that the rooms are become perfectly insufferable to him from the number of commoners that frequent them.

“That tall, elderly man beyond him, Horace has well described in

‘Egregii mortalem altique silenti;’

for, although he dines here almost daily, I never knew him to exchange a word with any one here; yet he is a man of family and of fortune, and, in his private character, unexceptionable; but it is his fancy, neither to know nor to be known by the world he lives in.

“He who is standing with his back to the third window from us, looking so discontented and unhappy, has chosen politics for his means of advancement; he writes most vehemently for his party, in full hope and expectation, from day to day, of wringing from his chiefs a good and safe appointment for himself,—but his merits would seem to be greater in his own eyes than in theirs; and his unconcealed envy at the success of others more fortunate than himself is of that intense kind, that

‘Invidia Siculi non invenère tyranni,
Majus tormentum——;’

and the poor man must be classed with those of whom Horace says,

‘Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Quæsitum meritis.—’

“Beyond him is a man who entered upon life with one fixed determination on his mind, to make every faculty and power he possessed exert itself to the utmost to secure one object—

‘Quærenda pecunia primum;’

and that which he sought he is reported to have found, but whether he sought ‘Virtus post nummos,’ I know not; that he is, however, a stranger to peace and contentment, every eye that looks upon him may determine. Dissatisfaction, and restlessness, and anxiety, being engraven in deep lines upon his countenance.

‘—— Improbæ
Crescunt divitiæ
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.’

Yet money helped him on one occasion; the very needy sister of a ruined Irish Peer made some most encouraging advances to him, and so flattered was he, and so beguiled by her attentions, that he took heart to propose,—he, an advertising tallow-chandler's son, and, equally to his surprise as his delight, he was accepted; even then, and in that delicate matter, Horace has something further to say about him:

' Bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque.'

"That very feeble old gentleman, who is now tottering across the room, was, at one period of his life, always 'babbling about green fields,' and about farm-houses and the charms of a country life; he even got up a piece of Horace for the purpose. 'O Rus,' he would say, to any one who would listen to him,

' O Rus! quando ego te aspiciam?
 ————— quandoque licebit
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
 Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliviam vitæ.'

But this was merely said to afford him the opportunity of informing his hearer that he had an appointment at the palace, and that the duties of his office alone prevented him from retiring altogether from the busy haunts of men, to his so-longed-for shady groves and purling streams. Lord M., who heard of this, and who designed to make a good joke of it, with more malice than wit, I think, sent him word that his Majesty hearing, from various quarters, how irksome was life in London to him—would dispense with his further services, and that he was, therefore, at liberty to retire into the country, which he so much loved. Poor innocent! he had no more desire to see the country than he had to see his grave; and from that day to this, he has never left London, I believe, even for an hour.

"But here is the very book from which we have been quoting. Here are

The Works
 of
 Quintus Horatius Flaccus,
 Illustrated
 Chiefly from the Remains of Ancient Art,
 with a Life
 By the Rev. Henry Hart Milman.

"The publisher, the munificent John Murray,—so munificent in his illustrations; in this one volume are above 300 woodcuts, by G. Scharf, who merits great praise for the beautiful finish of his engravings, and the correct delineation of his subjects;—and such subjects. Here are views of Venusia—Fons Bandusia—the River Anfidus—Mount Voltore—Digentia—Rocca Giovane—Soracte—Mount Etna—Surrentinum—Ferentinum—Salerno—Velia—Varia—Gabi—Sardis—Tarentum—Præneste—Baia—Pons Fabricius and the Esquiline at Rome—Virgil's Tomb—Brundisium—Formia—Anxur—Aricia;—and here are portraits from busts and coins, and gems of Augustus—Mæcenas—Agrippa—Tiberius—Drusus—Virgil—Horace—Plancus—Marcus Antonius—Brutus—Sextus Pompeius—Marcellus—Regulus—the dire Hannibal—Scipio—Ennius—Terence—Alcæus—Pindar—Sappho—Anacreon—Archilochus—Plato—Sophocles—Euripides—Æschylus—Philip of Macedon—Alexander the Great—Phraates—Cleopatra;—together with a multitude of subjects directly or indirectly alluded to by Horace, and illustrated from coins, gems,

statues, bas-reliefs, and paintings; and these are to be found on almost every page, and precisely on the spot where they would best tend to illustrate the text.

"The 'Personæ Horatianæ' is a highly useful and amusing portion of the volume, and will enable Horace to be much more pleasantly read, because of his characters being better understood—what vices and what follies it shews forth—from that great folly of the son of the great actor, who took from the ear of Metella a pearl valued at above 8000*l.*, and, having dissolved it in vinegar, drank it—to that still greater folly of Cleopatra, who dissolved an unique gem, valued at 80,000*l.*, to prove that she could easily consume, in a single meal, the full value of the taxation of a province."

"Notwithstanding all you have said of Horace, Lundresford, and intimate as I am with him, so far, at least, as to be able to repeat half his odes without book, yet I could not make, as you do, quotations applicable to every person and to every subject that you happen to be discoursing upon."

"That, Stafford, is owing to your youth—to your meagre knowledge of men: as you know men better, you will admire Horace more; for, as Milman has most justly said of his Epistles, 'there is a period in the literary taste of every well-educated man—not certainly in ardent youth, yet far from the decrepitude of old age—in which we become sensible of the extraordinary and indefinable charm of these wonderful compositions. It seems to require a certain maturity of mind, but that maturity by no means precludes the utmost enjoyment of the more imaginative poetry. It is, in fact, a knowledge of the world which alone completely qualifies us for judging of the writings of a man of the world; our own practical wisdom enabling us to appreciate his wisdom in its most delightful form:—and you, Stafford, will best qualify yourself to be an accomplished man of the world, in the best sense of the term, and you will best guard yourself against the arts and the knavery of those who are men of this world, in its worst sense—by giving, for twelve months to come, ten minutes daily to a quiet reading of Horace; and the best edition for your purpose—the best, because encumbered by no notes, and because of its elegant and instructive illustrations, is this of Milman's, published by John Murray, in the year of Grace, 1849."

A History of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England. By G. A. Poole, M.A. Masters, 1848.

This is a work upon which the imagination has been highly exercised, and into which no mere Tyro in the art and mystery of Architecture should presume to look; its pages are for the contemplative, and the initiated only,—for those who having perfectly mastered the principles of the craft, its alphabet, and its rules, and being thoroughly conversant with all its terms and details, have knowledge, and science, and leisure, sufficient to moralise and philosophise upon what Mr. Poole calls "the miracles and doctrines, and counsels of perfection, which are connected with Church building."

What these are, it is the great object of the book to bring directly under the reader's observation,—and these have been culled from the writings of various monkish historians, who have written on such subjects. Indeed, of actual Church buildings, the book says, compara-

tively, but little ; but of monasteries and of the legends connected with them a great deal : and a much better title for the book, in consequence, than it has, would be—"Observations upon many of the Monastic and Cathedral buildings, with lengthened notices of the builders, and some very brief notices of a very few churches ;"—in fact, the paucity of the churches observed upon deprives the book of its claim to be called—"A History of *Ecclesiastical Architecture*, unless we allow (which, however, we do not) that the Monasteries and Cathedrals comprised all that was architectural in the kingdom ; and yet, notwithstanding what is ideal in the book covers a far greater number of its pages than what is practical, yet is there an originality and an excellence in many of Mr. Poole's thoughts upon Church subjects, which will highly delight many, and greatly interest a certain class of churchmen ; and there are many of his thoughts that cannot but give rise to serious thoughts in the reader's mind, and that compel us, at times, to close the book, that we may meditate and reflect upon what we have been reading.

His delight, however, is in symbols and allegories : he has an entire chapter even on the symbolism of Church Architecture ; and we take, at random, an instance of his general style of writing, of reasoning upon the various causes and motives which influenced Church builders to make those changes in mouldings and outlines, and proportions, which these 400 years they continually were making. Speaking of the decorated period, he says :—

"Those who love to trace the connection between the moral character of a generation, and the development of its spirit in visible things, might half admit a question whether the luxury and licence of a Court, such as that of Edward II., had not something in common with the forms which were developed by contemporary Architects. The straight line, the circle, and the right angle—types as it were, and expressions of direct, straightforward, measured stern duty and action are everywhere deserted or disguised."

Practical men, who have examined hundreds upon hundreds of village churches, and have observed by what, all but imperceptible, degrees the early English changed into decorated, would at once say, that the luxury of a Court had no more to do with the formation of the decorated style of Architecture, than had the Emperors of China of those days ;—but this does not gainsay what we say, that Mr. Poole throws mind and thought into every subject he touches upon, and although we may not always think his arguments sound, or his reasons correct, yet we must always acknowledge that his thoughts are pleasurable to read and often profitable, and that he imparts to his readers something of the reverential feelings with which he writes upon Church matters.

For anything like, however, a complete or satisfactory History of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England, we must wait until Mr. Parker has completed the very best work he ever took in hand, which is, "the Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England." In a few years, we expect to have all the facts and documents, and materials, for such a history, laid in a few volumes on our tables ; and we hope Mr. Poole will avail himself of the light and the knowledge they can impart to him, and will send forth a second volume that shall be useful and practicable, and free from those many legends and fables of the monks, which fill, in our judgment, too many pages of the volume now under consideration.

The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace; 1816—1846. By Harriet Martineau. Vol. I. London: C. Knight.

A history of a thirty years' peace is better than a history of a thirty years' war. So far Mr. Knight, who planned this work and contributed an important part of it, has the advantage of Schiller. If the design affords no opportunity for great battle-pieces, the click of muskets, and the smoke of guns, it furnishes much more entertaining materials in the way of tall chimneys, steam-engines and locomotives, regenerated towns, extended commerce, and civil and political reforms. A long peace has generally been considered as a dead flat in the map of history. Your famous historians of old times emulated the epic glories of Homer. They were nothing without their tented fields, their war chariots, and their carnage. They went to work with a blinding pomp of banners, and a terrible crash of drums and trumpets. But the world has grown wiser, and begins to take a deeper interest in manufacturing broad-cloth, than in shooting down phalanges; and would rather inspect the interior of a factory than gaze on the grandest pageant of a review that ever shook the turf of Hyde Park. If Garrick, with his conventional clap-traps about British glory, or Dibdin, with his lyrical appeals to the water-gods, lived now, their pieces would meet a dismally discouraging reception; even Reynolds and Morton, in spite of their diseased sentimentality, have a better chance of surviving, through their flattery of English merchants and English industry. These are slight illustrations of popular opinion; but they are not wanting in significance.

A period crowded with a greater variety of characters and more stirring incidents could hardly be selected from the annals of civilization, than that which is comprised in our domestic history from 1816 to 1846. The tedious war which convulsed the continent from one end to the other, draining England of her wealth, and sacrificing the flower of the populations of Europe, yields, in diversity of interest and excitement, to this unparalleled interval of repose. The scantiest outline of the events and actions which filled these thirty years would be astounding; the breaking up of the Holy Alliance, the recognition of the South American republics, the dethronement of the Bourbons, Parliamentary reform, Catholic emancipation, Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, removal of numerous restrictions on commerce, (Free Trade looming in the distance,) and other memorable circumstances, relieved by such episodes as the marriage and death of the Princess Charlotte, the trial of the Queen, the suicide of Castlereagh, the "Manchester massacre," state prosecutions, Hampden clubs, currency struggles, the abolition of taxes on knowledge, the diffusion of cheap publications (in which Mr. Knight himself has borne so conspicuous and honourable a part), the introduction of railroads and steamships, and a multitude of matters hardly less important, and coloured throughout by the most extraordinary party movements that have ever taken place in this country.

The characters, abroad and at home, whose portraits are set in these busy times, confer additional lustre upon the record: Metternich, Talleyrand, Polignac, Guizot, Bolivar, and Miranda; Wellington, Wellesley, Liverpool, Castlereagh, Romilly, Perceval, Brougham,

Holland, Lansdowne, Eldon, Wilberforce, Whitbread, Burdett, Canning, Russell, Palmerston, Peel. The mere associations conjured up by such names, the services in which these celebrated men were engaged, their public lives and personal traits, supply inexhaustible materials for reflection.

We can conceive no undertaking more attractive than a comprehensive history of this period. To Mr. Knight is to be ascribed the merit of the design, and the composition of the first book, embracing the portion from the opening to the death of George III. The remainder of the work, brought down in the volume before us to the end of 1830, is from the vigorous and practised hand of Miss Martineau.

The method adopted by Mr. Knight, and ably followed by Miss Martineau, is, perhaps, the very best that could have been devised for a chronicle of public events, the greater number of which have happened within the memory of the present generation. It combines fulness of political detail with personal portraiture and vivid sketches of life and manners. It brings out into strong relief the vital features of a peace, agitated by many domestic convulsions, and marked by an unprecedented advance in the liberal and useful arts, in the education of the masses, and the acquisition of the means of future prosperity and enlightenment. Mr. Knight shews that he rightly understands the true character of this period, when he mixes up the adventures of Bamford, the radical, with the onward struggle of the country for political and commercial freedom; and Miss Martineau in the same spirit, displays her appreciation of the active influences of the age, when, descending from the stilts of history, she records the interlinear translations of Hamilton, the muslin manufactures of Oldknow, and the maps of Arrowsmith. Such incidents as these stamp upon the epoch its essential characteristics, disclose the machinery and action of popular progress, and develop to us the actual participation of the people in the great changes and improvements by which this peace of thirty years has been conspicuously distinguished.

It will be seen that this work grasps the living elements of our recent history. It deals largely and liberally with them, and is written throughout with perspicuity and boldness. Extending its scope far beyond the usual boundaries of political annals, it touches questions concerning literature, art, and social life, which are rarely embraced in such publications, and furnishes numerous outlines by which we are enabled to obtain a complete panorama of the national progress. Painters, poets, engravers, artizans, and authors in all departments move through this varied procession; and the picturesque style of the descriptions surrounds the whole with a warm and genial atmosphere.

We have little space for extracts, but must make room for one or two passages that will be sufficient to impart to the reader a flavour of the work. Here is Mr. Knight's picture—and a striking one it is—of the famous Congress of Vienna, forming part of the introduction to the *Thirty Years*.

“The Congress of Vienna was not only the most important assembly that modern Europe had beheld, but it was, at the same time, the most imposing and ostentatious. It was accompanied by all the “fierce vauntief” of the last days of feudalism; and the great dramatic poet's description of the splendours of the “vale of Andreu” might, with little alteration, be applied to the saloons of Vienna in the latter months of 1814. In that city of pleasure

were assembled, in October, the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, with many of the lesser princes of the Germanic States. Emperors shook hands in the public streets; Metternich and Castlereagh strolled about arm-in-arm. The royal negotiators vied with each other in the splendour of their entertainments; the British minister, a commoner of England, overtopped the magnificence of the proudest royalties. The old Prince de Ligne exclaimed, 'Le Congrès danse, et ne marche pas.' They did not move on quite so easily and agreeably as their outward delights and courtesies might seem to indicate. Talleyrand came, with his profound adroitness, to demand that France should take a part in all the deliberations. The parties to the Treaty of Chaumont would have narrowed his claims, but he persevered, and France regained her proper rank in European diplomacy. The ministers of England and Austria had begun to feel that ambitions might arise as adverse to the just balance of power as the humbled ambition of France itself. A voice had gone forth from the British Parliament to protest against the annexation of Saxony to Prussia and the total subjugation of Poland by Russia. The Chancellor of the Exchequer declared on the 28th of November, in the House of Commons, that he did not believe that any British minister would be a party to these acts. It was clear, from his own letters, that up to the end of October the British minister had been a consenting party to the annexation of Saxony; and that he had defended the annexation upon the ground that the king had been guilty of perpetual tergiversations, and ought to be sacrificed to the future tranquillity of Europe. Of the wishes and interests of the people of Saxony he made no mention. Austria, on the other hand, strongly protested against the annexation. For three months Europe was on the brink of a new war. France, having recovered a position of independence at the Congress, demanded the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty to the throne of Sicily and Naples, and refused to consent to the degradation of the King of Saxony. The principle of legitimacy was violated, according to Talleyrand, by both these acts. Austria made common cause with France in the discussion upon Saxony. Opposed to those powers were the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, united by personal friendship, and most potential in their military organization. 'Secure me Saxony,' said Prussia, 'and you shall have Poland:' 'Secure me Poland,' said Russia, 'and you shall have Saxony.' In these questions Great Britain had no direct interest; but she had the great national interest to uphold, that the weaker states should not be absorbed by the stronger, and that some regard to the people should be shewn in those partitions of territory which the wars of a quarter of a century had rendered too familiar. There was a change in the policy of the British minister at Congress. Before the end of 1814 England, France, and Austria were united in demanding the integrity of Saxony and the independence of Poland. On the 11th of December the Archduke Constantine, who had hurried from Vienna, called upon the Poles to rally round the protection of the Emperor of Russia; the Prussian minister declared that Saxony was conquered by Prussia, and should not be restored; Alexander, in revenge for the opposition of France, was resolved to support Murat on the throne of Naples. The rival powers began to look to war."

The "moral" is, that the purple "ambitions" that met to parcel out the rights of nations amongst themselves were very near coming to loggerheads, and that, as Mr. Knight tersely expresses it, "if Bonaparte had not leaped into the throne of the Tuileries in the spring of 1815, the peace of Europe might have been broken before it was consolidated.

There is a marked contrast between that portion of the work which is supplied by Mr. Knight, and that which is written by Miss Martineau. The spirit of both is identical, but the manner is different. Mr. Knight treats his subjects with more delicacy, and goes into more minute details. Miss Martineau is bolder and more decisive. She strikes her points at once, never hesitates over an opinion, never refines

away a topic by any chastening process of conscientious argument. Mr. Knight gradually convinces the reason, illuminates an enquiry by slowly increasing the light he sheds upon it, and always makes agreeable and pleasant impressions by gracefulness of diction and good taste. Miss Martineau occasionally startles and surprises by the breadth and suddenness of her pictures, dissects the matter skilfully and rapidly, and, not caring to satisfy anybody's scruples or doubts, takes her stand boldly upon her own convictions. There are advantages and disadvantages on each hand. If Mr. Knight is more likely to conciliate opposition, Miss Martineau has a better chance of exciting attention. In both the sympathy with liberal opinions and the cause of progress is equally strong: but of Mr. Knight it may be said that he sees and comprehends more clearly all that can be urged on the adverse side than his able coadjutor.

Take a specimen of Miss Martineau's picturesque way of dealing with the aspect of great events. This is a sketch of the "crash" of 1825. It is a hundred-fold more striking and effective than the most elaborate table of bankrupt statistics.

"In a market-town, on a market-day, the aspect of the market-place was very unlike its wont. The country people were leaving their stalls and collecting in groups, while some made haste to pack up their produce, and put to their horses, and hie home as if they expected to be robbed if they staid. Here, a man passed with a gloomy face, and a bank-note clutched in his hand; there, a woman wrung her hands and wept; and an actual wail, of many voices, was heard amidst the hubbub of the place. The bank of the district had failed. The hopeful went about telling all they met that it was only for a time, and that everybody would be paid at last; the desponding said that now it had begun there was no saying where it would stop, and that everybody would be ruined; and neither the hopeful nor the desponding could suggest anything to be done. Buying and selling came almost to a stand; for the country people looked at every kind of bank-note as if it would burn their fingers, and thought they would rather go home than sell anything at all. Before going home, however, all who had money in any bank ran to get it out. The run upon the banks spread from district to district, and very soon to London. Lombard-street was full of men of business, standing about, waiting to hear the disasters of the day, or of persons, even of great wealth, who were hastening to the bankers to draw out their deposits. It was a time which tried the faith, and courage, and generosity of the rich. Some did not trouble their bankers by any kind of application; and some few drove up in their carriages and carried away heavy bags of gold—with or without apparent shame."

One specimen more, and we take leave of the book:—a fragment from a most just and eloquent estimate of the character of Canning.

"His glory in our eyes is mainly that he was the Minister of the Peace; his immortality lies in his foreign policy, by which peace was preserved and freedom established, in a manner and to an extent which the potentates of the world of mind are alone competent to achieve. * * * Of a History of the Peace he must be the Hero. In a state of war he must have been something great and beneficent; for his greatness was inherent, and his soul was—like the souls of all the greatest of men—benign; and his power—the prerogative of genius—was paramount as often as he was moved to put it forth. Without being able to divine what he would have done in a state of continuous war,—without daring to say that he could have calmed the tempest in its wrath as effectually as he forbade it to rise again,—we may be assured that he would have chosen to do great things, and have done what he chose. * * * His accomplishments were so brilliant, his grace so exquisite, his wit so dazzling, that all observers were completely occupied by them, so as to be almost insensible to the qualities of mind which are

most impressive to us who never saw his face. * * * * He was one of the most practical of statesmen; and herein lay one of the most indisputable evidences of his genius. His genius, however, never was questioned. There might be, and there were, men who disparaged genius itself in its application to politics; but there were none who doubted Canning's having it,—whatever it might be worth. * * * * The name of 'adventurer' can never be given to him who resigned office rather than take part against the Queen, and gave up his darling hope of representing his university in order to befriend the Catholic cause. He was truly adventurous in these acts, but with the self-denial of the true hero."

Introductory Lectures, delivered at Queen's College, London. J. W. Parker.

Idle people who loiter over the newspaper of a morning, must be much struck every now and then by an advertisement, requiring the services of a lady who can teach the guitar, the harp, and the piano, who is familiarly conversant with the modern languages (no objection, either, to a slight proficiency in Greek and Latin), who understands thorough-bass, the use of the globes, fancy-work, and the elements of Euclid; who can instruct young persons in drawing and elocution: who is a sincere Christian, and can produce the highest testimonials of her intellectual and moral qualifications, who will wash and dress children in the nursery, is a good pedestrian, and can walk six or seven miles a-day, at a salary of twenty-pounds a-year. It might be supposed that such an advertisement is a hoax. No such thing. The demands of parents who have been uneducated themselves (for it is not to be even suspected that educated people would assert such exorbitant expectations) are in the inverse ratio to the rewards they attach to them. They act upon the old axiom of getting the worth of their money,—and as much more as they can.

The class of persons to whom such advertisements are addressed, is the most friendless, the most exposed to temptations and sufferings, and the most oppressed in the community. They are expected to be models of patience and virtue, to possess an almost miraculous assemblage of accomplishments, and, while they are bestowing the benefits of their attainments on the family circle, to submit to be treated as menials. The importance of moral principles and sound knowledge in the individuals to whom the task of training young minds is confided, cannot be too earnestly insisted upon. But, as a matter of common justice, it seems only fit and reasonable that such a combination of high qualities should be estimated at their real value. If it be desirable that governesses should be thoroughly competent to their responsible tasks, it is necessary that their labours should be encouraged and appreciated. Now, the very worst possible method, we take it, of encouraging competency in any art or science, is to exhibit a humiliating superciliousness towards its professors.

It is about a year since an Institution, called the Queen's College, was established for the general purpose of female education, and having in view the specific object of sending out into society well-trained governesses, provided by the Council with certificates of their qualifications. The design was an admirable one, and supplied a want which had been long felt. Yet must we confess the scheme appears to us but half developed. To complete the great educational improvement to which it is directed, something else is necessary,—rather more difficult, we grant, of accomplishment, but quite as essential to enable

society to reap the full advantages proposed to be conferred upon it by this excellent College. Had we the power to carry out our own theory, we should annex to this Normal School for Governesses, a Family School for Parents, to teach them, by simple and progressive lessons, how to distinguish and reward true merit when they found it. A comprehensive system of family tuition of this kind would be of infinite value; it would help to put the teacher in her right place; it would put other people in their right places also; adjust many social and domestic anomalies; and wonderfully assist the diffusion of knowledge amongst households in general. It might, at first, perhaps, ruffle the dignity of heads of families to be required to take out certificates of their fitness to discharge their own duties, before they should be permitted to receive governesses with qualifications similarly authenticated. Such a preliminary would appear very hard, and would certainly be very troublesome; but we submit to the consideration of the Council of Queen's College, whether it would not be attended with some very useful results. We are mistaken in the practical experience and good sense of the Professors, whose opening lectures are now upon our table, if they do not agree with us, that families require to be instructed in their duties to governesses quite as much as governesses in their duties to pupils. We hope the hint will not be thrown away.

These lectures comprise the introductory course with which the College opened. The principal subjects are an exposition of the objects and method of the College, lectures on English composition and literature, on the modern languages, on Latin, History, and Geography, Natural Philosophy, Theology, Music, the Fine Arts, Mathematics, and the Principles of Teaching. The lecturers are all well qualified for their several departments, some of them preeminently so; and the public have a sufficient guarantee of the ability with which the Institution will be conducted, in the names of such men as the Rev. Mr. Maurice, the Rev. C. Kingsley, Professors O'Brien, Hullah, and Warren. The prevailing spirit of these lectures is singularly well suited to the design of a college which undertakes to begin at the beginning of all instruction, and to teach the elements or first principles of knowledge, as an indispensable preliminary to an extended survey of the field of useful enquiry. The plan is clearly laid down by Professor Maurice:—"While I am willing and eager," he observes, "to claim for the other sex a more refined accomplishment, than we, who have so much rough work to do, can generally attain, I must think that they have also a special right to the possession of that which is substantial and elementary. They have to watch closely the first utterances of infancy, the first dawns of intelligence, how thoughts spring into acts, how acts pass into habits. With these profound, mysterious facts, it is their peculiar vocation to be conversant; surely they ought, above all others, to feel that the truths which lie nearest to us are the most wonderful; that the beginning is half and more than half, the whole; that study is not worth much if it is not busy about the roots of things; that if they would teach children, they must become children, and be taught with and by children; that to learn by heart is one thing, to learn by rote another; that to know a single fact is a blessing unspeakable, to know *about* a thousand rather a perplexity and torment." This is wisely and nobly said. It expounds the whole system upon which a complete and practical education ought to be based and built up.

The lectures are remarkable throughout for their fidelity to a uniform design. They are clear, plain, and explanatory, free from display, unencumbered by extraneous learning, going straight to the sources of knowledge, and distinguished by purity and strength of diction.

Out of such a variety of subjects, handled by men having no concert with each other in their special departments, although proceeding harmoniously to a common end, particular points may be expected to arise, upon which differences of opinion will be found to exist. We should be disposed, for example, to break a lance with Professor Kingsley, about the practice of versification and the formation of styles; or to challenge the justice of Professor Brasseur's criticism upon the Hamiltonian system, if, indeed, we might not be tempted to dissent altogether from the tone and matter of that gentleman's lecture; but the sound character and purpose of these lectures, their general appropriateness, and the large amount of valuable information they convey, and convey, too, in the best manner, must be allowed on all hands, to throw into shadow the trivial and unimportant flaws which a minute examination of their details may enable a very exacting reader to detect. We have not seen a body of elementary lectures emanating from any other collegiate institute so accurate and complete in its kind; and the book may be recommended to the perusal of all classes for the soundness of its principles, and the rational and lucid manner in which they are developed.

Poems. By Thomas John Ouseley. 1849.

Mr. Ouseley, as a poet, is not new to the literary world. One of his poems, — "A Vision of Death's Destruction," has gone through three editions, and is now reprinted at the end of the present volume. This, perhaps, is his most ambitious production. The rest of the volume consists of poems on several occasions, and on most of the topics which are in peculiar requisition among poets. Mr. Ouseley possesses considerable fancy and feeling. His poems are mostly of a serious, but not of a melancholy, character; and many of them have a religious tone highly honourable to the author.

The Emigrant Family; or, The Story of an Australian Settler. By the Author of "Settlers and Convicts." Smith, Elder, and Co.

The object of this work is to give a picture of an Emigrant Family, and the scenery and circumstances which surround them, in our Australian colonies, true to life, and to our own times. A residence of sixteen years in the colony familiarised our author with the characteristics of bush life, and afforded him one of the means of carrying out his design. But he has chosen to draft his experience into a work of fiction, which required of him other qualifications beyond that of his having seen what he describes; and in these he will be found wanting. He has little or no imagination to set forcibly before the reader the characters and events he would depict. A certain matter-of-fact air pervades the whole, and the consequence is there is not so much a want of nature in what is brought before us, as of the power to endow whatever is portrayed, whether persons or scenes, with a living reality. The "action" of the novel, which turns mainly upon wholesale cattle-stealing and a malicious spreading of infection among sheep, may be true in itself, but is not of sufficient importance or interest to form the foundation of a plot.

Love passages are introduced, as the common property of every novelist, but they are too much of the ordinary kind to excite our sympathy or attention.

Martin Beck, the overseer, a man of colour, is the prominent villain of the piece. In him our author states that "he has merely concentrated what the settler may easily enough meet with in a more dissipated form at the hands of several."

This man's deeds, however, are so sordid and vulgar, and have so little in common with ourselves here, that very few will care to pursue the delineation of such a character.

Still, the work is not without its redeeming points, among which may be reckoned the incidents which make the romance of bush life, the sketches of convicts and ticket-of-leave men, and the accounts of the position and business of colonial settlers. It is chiefly to be regretted that the author did not content himself with a series of sketches of colonial life, instead of encumbering a subject which he is well capable of handling, with the machinery of a novel. These would have possessed an interest alike for the emigrant and the home resident. As it is, they constitute the fresh materials of the work, and invite perusal. If the reader could do for the author what he has not done for himself—discard the fiction, and look to the matter of the book as illustrative of a settler's life, rather than to its manner, there is that in it which would repay his attention.

Life in the Far West. By George Frederick Ruxton. William Blackwood and Sons.

If the old adage, that "Truth is stranger than fiction," stood in need of any further proof, it would be only necessary to bring forward in evidence the life of George Frederick Ruxton. At the early age of seventeen he distinguished himself in the service of Isabella II., but soon left that country for Canada. There the monotony of the barrack-room and the want of action soon wearied him, and thirsting for fresh adventure, he bent his steps towards the wild forests of America, its great lakes, its vast rivers, and its eye-wearying prairies. He afterwards returned to England, whence he sailed for Africa, with the intention of penetrating into the colonies of Portugal on the Mozambique. The apathy of those who should have interested themselves in his arduous undertaking prevented its success. He then returned home, and subsequently proceeded to Mexico, and to the Rocky Mountains. His adventures there are well-known, and form one of the most entertaining volumes of "Murray's Home and Colonial Library." The book, the name of which stands at the head of this article, is a narrative of wild adventure, written in a style which is both animated and picturesque; recording adventures of so strange and exciting a nature, opening to us so new a state of existence, that a spell is thrown over the reader, which continues to fascinate him to the last page. The account of the Mormonites is peculiarly interesting, and the severity with which this race was eyed by their neighbours, the Missourians, is no matter for wonder, when we consider their abominable tenets. Mr. Ruxton has justly styled their dwelling-place the modern Gomorrah. The premature death of Mr. Ruxton invests this book with a deep interest.

Hints to Emigrants, &c. Designed and Etched by Percy Cruikshank.

A diverting graphic extravaganza, conceived in the Munchausen style, in which some of the peculiar features of an *unsettled* country are whimsically sketched. Mr. John Smith, the emigrant, and founder of the future flourishing town of *Smith-Ville*, who leaves England with fond anticipations of the snug enjoyments of untaxed colonial existence, is quite astounded at the rugged prospect of his new location and the violent changes of scene that there succeed each other with pantomimic rapidity. He is utterly bewildered at the unceremonious acquaintances and startling events that await him on his arrival, and continue to exhibit their power of attraction from time to time. Wild beasts and wilder fowl indulge him with discordant serenades, and only "hold their jaw" to steal his supplies; fierce tornadoes vast diluvian washes, intrusive calls of natives when he is not "at home," continually get him into trouble. But in the end *John Smith's* pluck pulls him safely through all these obstacles. The difficulties and annoyances that stare him ruthlessly in the face, he soon finds are only to be overcome by energy and perseverance, and these latent virtues being called forth, their exercise rewards him by converting his new home, at first so cheerless and unpromising, into his once imagined *El Dorado*.

This little work is, we understand, Mr. P. Cruikshank's first essay in etching, and we have no doubt, from the indications of talent and humour it exhibits, that he will, on acquiring more experience in the manipulation, become as distinguished in this branch of art as his uncle.



Engraved by Welch & Watson

Truly yours,
Alfred R. Wallace

London: Richard Bentley 1848

MEMOIR OF ALFRED B. STREET.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

ALFRED B. STREET, the author of the new Poem, "Frontenac," is descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families in the State of Connecticut, United States—one which has held its place for more than two hundred years, and enrolled among its members learned scholars and eminent divines. It sprang from an ancient English family, one member of which, Sir Thomas Street, was, in 1681 (reign of Charles II.), a Baron of the Exchequer and Justice of the Common Pleas, while some of the name are still found in the Church and Army in England. In Sussex, an old grey ivy-clad edifice is still in existence, called "Street Church," mentioned in the Domesday Survey, and a Rectory of Street, in the diocese of Chichester and archdeaconry of Lewes.

The earliest ancestor of the family in the United States, was the Rev. Nicholas Street, who was settled at Taunton, in the colony of Plymouth, about the year 1638,* and subsequently became the pastor of the first church in Newhaven.† He was a good theological writer, and noted for his piety, learning and eloquence. His son, the Rev. Samuel Street, after graduating at Harvard College, organised a church at Wallingford, and became its pastor. His early ministry was cast in those wild and picturesque times when the tomahawk of the savage was threatening. Consequently the male portion of his people—half settler, half soldier—listened to his preaching in the little fortified church, with loaded muskets at their backs, and at the breaking out of King Philip's war, in 1675, his house was also fortified. He continued pastor of this church forty-two years, and until his death, which happened in 1717.‡

The Hon. Randall S. Street, father of the author of "Frontenac," was the lineal descendant of these two eminent clergymen. He removed, with his father, in early life, into the State of New York, and this branch of the family has continued to reside there ever since; the other branch continued in Connecticut, and is still represented by Augustus Russell Street, Esq., who resides at Newhaven.

Randall S. Street studied law at Poughkeepsie, married Miss Cornelia Billings, and settled there for the succeeding thirty years of his life. Such was his standing at the bar, that whilst still young, he was appointed attorney of the district composed of the counties of Wayne, Ulster, Dutchess, Delaware and Sullivan, under the old organisation of districts, and subsequently he represented the county of Dutchess in Congress. He was an eminent lawyer and accomplished gentleman, and among the recollections of the writer, is one of a day spent more than thirty years ago at the residence of General Street, when it was the home of hospitality and elegance. In 1824, General Street removed to Monticello, Sullivan county, New York, where he died in 1839.

The maternal grandfather of our author was Major Andrew Billings, who married Cornelia, daughter of James Livingston, of the well known family of that name in New York. Cornelia, the

* Bacon's Historical Discourses.

† Dr. Dana's Century Discourse.

‡ Trumbull's History of Connecticut.

daughter by this marriage, who became the wife of General Street, was the mother of the poet.

He was born in the village of Poughkeepsie, and received an academical education at the Dutchess County Academy, which stood in the front rank of kindred institutions. Poughkeepsie is well known as one of the most beautiful villages in the State, situated on the side and summit of a slope that swells up from the Hudson. From College Hill there is a prospect of almost matchless beauty. A scene of rural and sylvan loveliness expands from every point at its base; the roofs and steeples of the busy village rise from the foliage in which it seems embosomed; the river stretches league upon league with its gleaming curves beyond; to the west is a range of splendid mountains ending at the south in the misty peaks of the Highlands; whilst at the north, dim outlines sketched upon the distant sky, proclaim the domes of the soaring Catskills. It was among these scenes that our author passed his days of childhood—here his young eye first drank in the glories of Nature, and “the foundations of his mind were laid.”

When, however, at the age of fourteen, he removed with his family to Monticello, he was immediately surrounded with scenes in striking contrast with those of his former life. Sullivan county had been organised only a score of years, and was scarcely yet rescued from the wilderness. Monticello, its county town, was surrounded by fields which only a short time before were parts of the wild forest which still hemmed them in on every side. These forests were threaded with bright streams and scattered with broad lakes, while here and there the untiring axe of the settler, during the last quarter of a century, had been employed in opening the way for the industry and enterprise of man. Secluded as Sullivan county is in the south-westernmost nook of the State, it would be difficult to find within its bounds another region of such sylvan beauty and wild grandeur. The eye is filled with images that make their own enduring places in the mind, storing it with rich and unfading pictures. Among these scenes, as might be supposed, Mr. Street ranged with a ceaseless delight, probably heightened by the strong contrast they afforded in their startling picturesqueness to the soft quiet beauty of those of Dutchess. Instead of the smooth meadowy ascent, he saw the broken hill-side blackened with fire, or just growing green with its first crop. Instead of the yellow corn-field stretching as far as the eye could see, he beheld the clearing spotted with stumps, with the thin rye growing between—instead of the comfortable farm-house peeping from its orchards, he saw the log-cabin stooping amid the half-cleared trees; the dark ravine took the place of the mossy dell, and the wild lake of the sail-spotted and far-stretching river.

Thus communing with nature, Mr. Street embodied the impressions made upon him in language, and in that form most appropriate in giving vent to deep enthusiastic feeling and high thought—the form of verse. Poem after poem was written by him, and being published in those best vehicles of communication with the public, the periodicals, soon attracted general attention. Secluded from mankind, and surrounded with nature in her most impressive features, his thought took the direction of that of which he saw most, and thus description became the characteristic of his verse. Equally cut off from books, his poetry found its origin in his own study of *natural*

scenes, and in the thoughts that rose in his own bosom. The leaves and flowers were his words—the fields and hills'-side were his pages—and the whole volume of Nature his treasury of knowledge. This, while it may have made him less artistic, was the means of that originality and unlikeness to any one else which are to be found in his pages.

But while thus employing his leisure, Mr. Street was engaged in studying his profession of law in the office of his father, and in due time was admitted to the bar. After practising for a few years at Monticello, in 1839, he removed to Albany, where he has continued to reside until the present time. In 1841, Mr. Street married Elizabeth, daughter of Smith Weed, Esq., a retired merchant of fortune, and great respectability of character.

We have spoken of the general characteristics of Mr. Street's poetry, or rather of the peculiar mental training he received, and which gave a direction to his imagination. And beautifully has a writer* in the "Democratic Review" summed up the view we have given:—"Street is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their verisimilitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters, the flickering of autumn light, the sting of sleety snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, the melody of birds, and the odour of crushed pine-boughs, are present to our senses. In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second-hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet."

A writer* in the "American Review," thus remarks of Mr. Street's poetry:—"The rhythm in general runs with an equable and easy strength; the more worthy of regard because so evidently inartificial; and there is often in the frequent minute pictures of nature a heedless but delicate movement of the measure, a lingering of expression corresponding with some dreamy abandonment of thought to the objects dwelt upon, or a rippling lapse of language where the author's mind seemed conscious of playing with them—caught as it were from the flitting of birds among leafy boughs, from the subtle wanderings of the bee, and the quiet brawling of woodland brooks over leaves and pebbles. In the use of language, more especially in blank verse, Mr. Street is simple yet rich and usually very felicitous. This is peculiarly the case in his choice of appellatives, which he selects and applies with an aptness of descriptive beauty not surpassed, if equalled, by any poet amongst us—certainly by none except Bryant."

Besides his observation, keen as that of the Indian hunter, of all Nature's slight and simple effects in quiet places, Mr. Street has a most gentle and contemplative eye for the changes which she silently throws over the traces where men have once been. For instance, in "The Old Bridge" and "The Forsaken Road." When he comes to the quiet scenes in America which he has seen and felt, he has passages which in their way, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth, or Bryant, never excelled.

Charles F. Hoffman calls Street "the Teniers of American poets.

* Henry T. Tuckerman.

† The late George H. Colton.

Perfect in his limited and peculiar range of art, as Longfellow in his more extended and higher sphere, Street is the very daguerreotype of external nature. And yet his portraits are not mere mechanical copies of her features—so much feeling, as well as truth, is there in his microscopic delineations." And the "Columbian Magazine," in noticing his poems, remarks: "His 'Sunset on Shawangunk Mountain,' alone would make a poet's reputation. It is a true picture from nature, redolent of summer-evening's balmy air, and rivalling in poetic beauty and minuteness some of the most choice passages of 'Thomson's Seasons.'"

Among us, Mr. Street's claims as a poet have been fully recognised. His poem of "The Lost Hunter," we find finely illustrated in a recent London periodical, and "The Foreign Quarterly Review" speaks of him as "a descriptive poet at the head of his class;" and describes "his pictures of American scenery as full of *gusto* and freshness." The "Westminster Review," in noticing the collection of his poems, says: "It is long since we met with a volume of poetry from which we have derived so much unmixed pleasure as from the collection now before us. Right eloquently does he discourse of nature, her changeful features and her varied moods, as exhibited in 'America, with her rich green forest robe,' and many are the glowing pictures we would gladly transfer to our pages, in proof of the poet's assertion that 'nature is man's best teacher.'"

Besides the numerous pieces published by Mr. Street in different periodicals, he delivered three very able poems before the Englossian Society of Geneva, and the Phi Beta Kappa and Philomathean Societies of Union College, from which latter institution, in 1841, he received the honorary degree of A.M. A complete and beautiful edition of his poems, in a handsome volume, published two years since by Messrs. Clark and Austin, of New York, has already passed through several editions.

We are writing of one, however, who we feel has only commenced his career. His new poem, "Frontenac," a tale of the Iroquois in 1696, will, we think, greatly add to his reputation.

* * We are indebted to the American Literary Magazine for much of the information contained in these pages.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES!

"Now clear your decks, and here 's the sex!"—BURNS.

LET the bard tune his harp in a tribute to glory,
And sound out the prowess of ages gone by;
Far be it from me to detract from the story,
That thrills to the heart, and enkindles the eye!
But still there 's a theme that to me far surpasses
The glow and the triumph that olden time gives,
And when with due zeal ye have fill'd all your glasses,
The toast I will give shall be "Sweethearts and Wives!"

Now shame on the craven who would be denying,
The charms and the graces that women disclose,
As well, in his pride, he might think of decrying
The lustre of jewels, or bloom of the rose!
Away with such fancies! All hail to the lassies!
The fountains of pleasure, the salt of our lives,
To the sweet fairy creatures, fill joyous your glasses,
And the toast I will give shall be "Sweethearts and Wives!"

MUCKLE-MOUTHED MEG.

A LAY OF THE BORDER.

“ *Utrum horum mavis accipe.*”—*Latin Gram.*

It is a dungeon, dismal and damp,
 Forty feet under the ground ;
 With a three-legged stool and a brazen lamp,
 And a door with a bar and a bolt and a clamp,
 And a floor of tin, whereon you might stamp
 Till the world spun round and round ;
 But you'd never get out : so solid and thick
 Those dreary walls of granite and brick,
 Though you knew the cunningest daintiest trick
 That ever did gladden the heart of Old Nick ;
 Though your skilful fingers were clever to pick
 E'en Chubb's patent lock,—no, there you might stick,
 And bellow and hollo, and blubber and kick,
 Or offer a thousand pound !
 No aid would come ;
 Your dearest chum
 Might caper above your vault ;
 But the dungeon air is unhealthily dumb,
 And jaws grow stiff and lips grow numb ;
 Nor ever a mortal sound hath swum
 To air above in the littlest hum ;
 So how could you think him in fault ?
 Seal'd is his doom,
 With the seal of the tomb,
 Who breathes in yonder dungeon gloom.
 The door once past,—the bolts once fast,
 And the curtain descends upon Act the last.

Hush ! hark ! I can't be wrong ;
 I heard it before, but I couldn't believe
 That ever an earthly sound could cleave
 These dismal vaults,—ding-dong—ding-dong !
 It is the clang of the castle bell,
 That never stirs but it rings a knell,
 To call a prisoner from the cell,
 And send him,—the friar alone can tell
 The whither and why, but I wish thee well,
 My poor LORD WALTER !—hard's your lot :
 And hard, oh hard as a six-pound shot,
 Is the heart of the Baron, that brutal old sot.
 Still, murmur not rashly at Fortune's award,
 Of *him* for a captor, and *me* for a bard !

But hark, Lord Walter, hark to the row
 That quivers and thunders, ay, hark to it now !
 'Tis the roar of the mob who have duly begun
 To collect for a scene of such "capital" fun :
 Why is it, I wonder, such horrid things tickle us ?
 But something in hanging is highly ridiculous.

Lord Walter heard that sullen boom,
 And his heart beat free and fast ;
 His haggard brow shook off its gloom,
 And his hollow cheek did faintly bloom,
 To think his woes were past.
 But the Abbot has come to shrive and bless,
 The prisoner 'gun his sins confess,
 The chains are loosen'd from their hold,
 And the bell hath ceased,—for his dirge is toll'd ;
 And this I think is a fair pretence,
 Gentle reader, to wander hence.
 Old Horace declares that in matters like these,
 A rattling rush "in medias res,"
 Is the only plan,
 So I'm your man,
 Let's up to the daylight, and see what we can !

The slippery stairs are damp with dew,
 The arch is black with moss ;
 And loathsome drops come bubbling through
 From out the castle fosse :
 The torch-light burns unpleasantly blue ;
 God send we may not have lost the clue,
 Or this lone hall is a tomb for two ;
 For me, the bard, and, reader, for you !
 Oh, wouldn't our friends make a pretty to-do,
 A horrible, sorrowful, hullabaloo ;
 But the crooked old gallery twists like a screw,
 So here we might wander for ages a few,
 Till we petrified each to a grisly statue,
 And they found us, in digging,—most fearful to view,
 While the papers declared that the fact was "too true !"

Hurrah, we're out !—and hark to the shout,
 The song, the laugh and the drunken rout,
 The Baron is over his beer :
 His bold retainers all are met ;
 To see Lord Walter a-dancing set,
 They've ridden from far and near !
 "An', if the Friar do not make speed,
 The devil a mass will his reverence read
 For the shriften sinner below.
 Go, bid him be quick, or he swings at his side,
 Holy man though he be, and black mischief betide
 The knight that says me, no !"

Baron Hugo is drunk, as you've guess'd may be,
 (God bless me, how horribly sharp you must be!)
 But, let him be sober as ever he might,
 The prisoner's neck were in ugly plight,
 Whose trusty lance, by Solway shore,
 Had spilt a quart of that gentleman's gore.
 His motto was not, "Forgive and forget,"
 As, reader, is yours and mine;
 But, "Blood for blood where blades are wet!"

Which sounds exceedingly fine:
 And, therefore, I'll give you an even bet—
 For instance, a dozen of wine—
 That an hour shall see the gallows tree set,
 And a Lord at the end of his Line!

It is a wide and a lordly hall,
 Floor'd and ceiled with berry-brown oak,—
 With quaint old carvings over the wall,
 And masks that grin in the corners all,
 As though at a capital joke!
 Around hang horn, and brand and shield,
 And antlers won on hunting field,
 And rusted armour, bravely beat
 With scar and dint of chargers' feet,
 Or cleft with sabre swift and keen,
 Or torn by blasting culverin:
 With glaive and curtle, spear and spur,
 And there the grim wolf's tawny fur,
 That some broad-shoulder'd ancestor
 Perchance did throttle in wild-wood cave,
 To win ladye-love, like a Baron so brave!

At yonder end is a gallery light,
 Hung with arras blue and bright;
 Where oft have harp and hoarse bassoon
 Rung out the merry border-tune;
 What time the dance was link'd below,
 And MARGARET led the ball;
 All smiles and silk from top to toe,
 'Mid knights and squires in courtly row,
 And ladies fair as a wax-work show;
 But she was the gem of them all!
 From Cheviot crags to Solway sand,
 In castle and convent and broad corn-land,
 There isn't an heiress, the minstrels tell,
 But whom she might easily purchase and sell:
 There isn't a girl would be half such a catch
 To a needy young gentleman making a match:
 But for all her gold, and her father's will,
 Margaret is but a spinster still.

"Now out on the rogue and his clap-trap Muse,
 Out on his folly! for how should I choose
 But fathom his maudlin lay!
 A booby, a blockhead, a brainless dunce
 Might shrug up his shoulders, and guess it at once."

Reader, I hear you say—

You think, no doubt,

The murder 's out;

That knights have come,

With trumpet and drum,

And smart wedding-ring between finger and thumb,

To win the fair lady, and found her as glum

As (a sore-headed bear, I was going to write,

But stopped myself just in time;

My verses are never more primly polite

Than when at the cost of a rhyme:)

As a vestal suppose,

I mean one of those

Who sat everlastingly warming their toes

Round Vesta's white hearth,—or a lean Pythoness,

Stupid and solemn,

Grasping a column,

Scowling a volume,

With tripod and torch, and that funny undress,

Like a spectral chemise,—

Or whatever you please.

And that, all for the sake of some lucky young dog,

They have each trotted off, looking grumpy as Gog;

And maybe this fortunate youngster is none

But the very unhappy identical one

Whom we left in the dungeon dismal and damp,

With a three-legged stool and a brazen lamp!

Alas! the truth had best be told,

And the truth is plainly this;

That, with all her lands and all her gold,

Margaret lingers a "miss,"

Because not the tiniest ghost of a chance

Ever offered at Opera, pic-nic, or dance,

Not the faintest, the mildest of whispers that e'er

Brought a blush to the cheek of the listening fair,

Ever occur'd;

So 'tis averr'd;

And I own to the contrary I never heard:

To be sure she once had a Valentine,

Which made her wild with joy;

'Twas a broiling heart and an altar-shrine,

And a little indelicate boy.

The heart was all with arrows gall'd,

To tell of the sender's woe;

But, alas! alas! he never called!

So the arrows wanted a beau.

But patience, good reader, and haply I'll tell
 Why nobody chose to pop
 The question polite, and I mean to dwell
 Half a canto at least on the funeral bell,
 With remarks on the patent drop.
 And, oh, such a moral! My tale throughout
 Is meant to be moral, as how can you doubt?
 But, just at its close, I intend to beat hollow man,
 Woman, or child since the reign of King Solomon:
 I mean to become quite a Handbook of Marriage,
 A Guide to the Gallows, a Family Friend;
 May I beg you will not my attainments disparage,
 An' you've done me the justice to read to the end!

PART THE SECOND.

What said the old Cratinus? *Possunt carmina*
Nulla placere, which are penn'd by those
 Who drink the limpid stream, and think there's harm in a
 Convivial bowl. Fair Clio, some suppose,
 Ne'er went without a drop of something warm in her,
 And Homer sported but a doubtful nose.
 So singeth Horace,—let us hope, in fun,—
 In the xixth Epistle of Book I.

What then? Why, reader, fill a cheerful glass
 Of crimson claret,—if you have one handy,—
 And, if my song shall somewhat slowly pass,
 Remember the true *modus operandi*
 Is to nod sometimes; and, besides, no farce
 Is it to see a gallant, gay, young man die,
 All for no fault of his:—a thing that's really
 Enough to make a mild cove blubber freely.

Soft, here they come! the warder leads
 Along the winding stair;
 Lord Walter following, tells his beads
 With a sulky, indifferent air:
 "Let them hang me or not, it's the last they can do,
 And that beastly, damp dungeon's the worst of the two:
 I've only one wish now my fetters are gone,—
 And my hands are as free as my heart,—
 One short *tête-à-tête* with yon surly Barón,
 One moment's embrace, ere the noose is tied on,
 And, oh, with what joy would I part!
 Never mind! If I can't, why I'll die like a lord,
 By the grace of the Virgin Mary:
 The death, to be sure, is a death abhorred,
 Yet a cheerful one and airy;

And a death is a death, from a gentleman's lance
 To the painfully unsatisfactory dance !
 I suppose, by the way, that the cruel old boor
 Will think it but courteous to act amateur :
 They say it's an art ! By the Lord, I may kick
 For a month, if the rope isn't just in the nick ;
 If the jugular isn't screw'd up to a T,
 And jabber and croak, what a death it will be !
 What faces I'll make,—but for dying, oh, never ;
 A fortnight will find me more lively than ever !
 Good heavens ! I feel most uneasily queer :
 Where the deuce is the friar gone ? Oh, for some beer !"

The jailor comes last,
 That the doors may be fast,
 And the prisoners vainly thump :
 The friar doth tarry,
 Because he doth carry
 A portly belly and plump.
 The saintly man
 Could finger the can
 Almost as well as the rest ;
 (So Jaqueline swore
 At the buttery door)
 And his wind was none of the best !

With a click and a clang and a sounding bang,
 The warder turns the key ;
 The black bolt sprang and the galleries rang,
 And the light was fair to see.
 The swift sunlight, so calm and fair,
 Seldom I wis had it enter'd there :
 It loves to dance on a flowery lea,
 Or a forest the breeze hath bow'd ;
 Or a broad blue mountain o'er the sea,
 Or the breast of a milk-white cloud.
 But it will not live in a dungeon cell,
 Its glorious hues are lost ;
 Ah ! why, fair thing, refuse to dwell
 By the wretch that needs thee most ?
 But Walter's eyes are heavy and dim,
 That light hath scarce a charm for him :
 He dash'd his fingers o'er his brow,
 As blinded by the rushing day ;
 Alas ! he cannot bear it now,
 So long he hath not felt its ray :
 And with his failing eyesight fell
 The heart that yet in woes had risen ;
 He thought upon his quiet cell,
 And wished that he had died in prison.

Scarce mark'd he aught until he stood
 Within a ring of vassals good,

And then he look'd so gaunt and wild,
 Lord Hugo hollo'd, "Bind him!"
 And, while he gazed and grimly smiled,
 His hands were tied behind him!

Ah, Madame Tussaud,
 What a thrilling *tableau*,
 That gallant young knight, in his wildness and woe!
 The Baron's rude grin,
 As he stroked his rough chin,
 And mutter'd, "Eugh! I wouldn't be in your skin!"
 The vassals around,
 With merlin and hound,
 Looking silly, or sorry, or drunk and profound.
 'Twould have made you a fortune in these dull times,
 With a public all gaping for horror and crimes!
 I can't understand it: a man may eschew
 All things that a Christian man oughtn't to do;
 May live like a saint,—pay his Income-tax,
 And bring up his children well;
 With broad-cloth and bread for their bellies and backs,
 But nobody, nobody does him in wax;
 In fact he would hardly sell.
 But oh, let him slit up the throat of his wife,
 And bury his babes alive,
 And poison his aunt, and, God bless me, his life
 Will appear in three volumes, "the bottle and knife,
 With identical Spade," will derive
 Right hideous *éclat*. They'll be shewn in glass cases
 To marvelling millions,—his very grimaces,
 When brought to the gibbet, will all be told,
 His clothes will be torn from the hangman's hold,
 Perchance to swing in a "chamber of gold;"
 While even *your* fingers, my darling Phrenology,
 Vainly scratch the brute's head for his dirty apology!

The Baron has gazed on his youthful foe,
 But his heart is as cold as the Cheviot snow;
 And oh, for its hardness, a mill-stone might be
 Ashamed, God wot, of such companie!
 Upper or nether,
 Or both together,
 Compared with his bosom were soft as a feather.
 There once was a sage, who was clever to tell
 What people were made of inside;
 He'd stare in your face, as he mutter'd a spell,
 And, somehow or other, he spied
 All manner of comical things; and could say
 If your bosom was granite, or putty, or clay:
 From whence he inferr'd—if you had paid him, of course—
 That your general temper was civil or cross.

One day, he was ask'd, by one Cæsar Tiberius,
Who may have been joking, or might have been serious,
To tell him his luck.

He look'd in at his eye;
Then, like a philosopher,
Scorning to gloss over
Aught that he saw, cried, "I wish I may die,
If you ain't made of mud,
All flavour'd with blood;
I never see nothin' come up to it!—nay,
One peep at your stomach 's as good as a play!"

They cut off his head, I suppose, for such talk,
As doubtless was proper and fit;
If people will not have a care where they walk,
They sometimes walk into a pit.
But I mean to remark, this inquisitive gent,
Had he peep'd through the Baron, maybe,
Would have seen blood and mud most remarkably blent,
With a sprinkling of brickbats, of dubious portent,
That is, had he chosen to see;
As I should have not,
I'm not such a minion
To any opinion,
As, like a martyr,
To tell it a Tartar,
And ask to be shot!

Little, I ween, did his lordship say;
But he laugh'd a deadly laugh:
"Are the gallows all ready,
So strong and so steady?"
"My lord—this hour and a-half."
"Then lead him away,
'Twill teach him perchance
To foray our Locharby land!
I'm lame to this day,
And a curse on the lance
Of one of his rascally band!
Saint James! the sleuth-hound track'd 'em well,
Within a league of Carter Fell:
He fought like a wolf;—do you hear what I say,
You, Huntly and Hassenden?—lead him away!"

Lord Walter strove in vain to speak,
But not a word would come:
His throat was cold, his tongue was weak,
His lips were dry and dumb.
'Twas all so sudden and so strange,
His brain went reeling round;
In sooth it was a startling change,
From that lone dungeon, under ground,

Where he had lain a long three weeks,
 It seem'd an age, nor ever dream'd
 That on his white and wasted cheeks
 The summer light again had stream'd.
 I don't know what he tried to say,
 Whether he meant to curse or pray,
 Or beg they'd let him off;
 Or threaten retribution dread,
 When they should hear his father's tread,
 With half Carlisle to vengeance led;
 Or vow to break the Baron's head,
 Some night when he was snug in bed,
 All grimly gliding from the dead,
 A dismal joke enough!
 At all events, his talking-gear,
 Felt frozen at the root:
 Just like that mad old mariner,
 Whose mouth was "choked with soot."

There's a proverb, I've heard from my earliest youth,
 Asserting that Fiction is feebler than Truth.
 Pooh! feebler, by Jove, it's as water to wine,
 New milk to old whiskey,—your verses to mine!
 Read on, and confess that the poet who'll stick
 To the bare, simple truth, is the genuine brick.

The Baron look'd up with a satisfied sneer,
 That show'd a bad heart—or a gallon of beer—
 Which ought we, I wonder, to hope?
 Like a judge after dinner vouchsafing the hint
 To a felon condemn'd, that he'd put his head in 't,
 And justice he'd have, if he couldn't bite flint,
 With a proper allowance of rope.
 The Baron look'd up. A tearful pair
 Of large blue eyes, that spoke despair,
 Flash'd o'er the gallery rail!
 I need not tell you whose they were,
 Nor what might mean their speechless prayer,
 Nor—hint at the end of my Tale.

 PART THE THIRD.

One can picture Prince Arragon's thunderstruck stare,
 His "Demme, how awkward," and "Crikey, look there!"
 When, out of the silver chest,
 Instead of his ladye-love, grinn'd a tom-fool,
 All motley and bells, the gay lover to cool,
 And teach him to "jump with the rest."

One can fancy poor Zelica's horrified gaze,
 Her dismally strange unromantic amaze,
 When, under the silver veil,
 Instead of an angel's magnificent cheek,
 The ghastly Mokanna glared,—well might she shriek,
 I can fancy it quite ;—I'd have roar'd for a week,
 So I thought when a boy, and indeed, truth to speak,
 I by no means admired the tale.
 I can fancy all this, but I fairly admit
 I can't fancy *you*, dearest reader, a bit,
 When I state (for at last the plain truth must be told)
 That our heroine's *beauty* lay all in her gold !
 Lovely within she indeed may have been,
 Which, very unluckily, couldn't be seen :
 Besides, by the by, when I hear people's charms
 Are inward, where few can discern 'em,
 I always think Nature has wasted her alms,
 And feel a desire to turn 'em !

Giant of the glittering mine,
 Glorious gold,—primæval god !
 When the glowing earth was moulded,
 When Prometheus rolled the sod ;
 When the fire of life unfolded,
 Kindled at Minerva's nod,
 Mortals bent them at thy shrine,
 And the stripling world was thine.
 From that far time in deadly list,
 Sophist and priest and moralist
 'Gainst thee and thine have railed :
 But oh, blasphemers to convince,
 Vassal or prelate, serf or prince,
 How rarely hast thou failed !
 Reft of thy smile, thy mirror'd sheen,
 Beauty may blush unsought, unseen,
 Merit neglected pine ;
 But few indeed on whom it glows
 Need reckon what wind of fortune blows,
 What birth may grant or fates foreclose,
 Like this lorn maid of mine.

I mean as to most things,—we've all of us got
 What some funny folks call "a crook in our lot ;"
 And her's was a *mouth*—I don't wonder you stare,
 Because "lips" is the word when we speak of the fair
 Sugar candy and coral of course understood,
 With nectar and other things equally good.
 But, alas for our heroine ! her's was a case
 Where such mild mitigations are quite out of place :
 Oh, Nature I'm certain was horridly "fresh,"
 Or bent upon snubbing the lust of the flesh ;

Or inclined to accomplish a practical jest,
 Which are stupid realities take 'em at best,
 Or she never—at least so I humbly opine—
 Had come out so strong in so cruel a line.
 Dreadful to hear and dreadful to tell,
 Not only too big, it was ugly as well !
 Twitched up with a grin, half sarcastic, half silly,
 And brimful of teeth that seemed cast for a filly.
 Her hair was all proper, inclining to flaxen,
 Eyes blue and expressive, cheeks rosy and waxen ;
 Her figure, moreover, might pass in a crowd,
 And her voice not amiss, though a trifle too loud ;
 What a pity the vulgar opinion should run
 Against “mouth for a dozen” on “visage for one !”
 It spoilt the romantic. Each nimble young knight
 Would pay his *devoirs* to the golden fright,
 But a week or a day
 Sent him sneering away,
 With a vow that “Miss Margaret never could pay !”
 Of course in those days people married for money,
 So it seems they 'd a foolish distaste for the funny.

Some rascally wag, too, to make matters worse,
 The more to his shame,
 Invented a name
 For the lady,—I can't put it into a verse,
 And yet 'twas a name that was fluent and terse :
 I suppose I must write it, remember, I beg,
 'Tis none of my doing, 'twas MUCKLEMOUTHED MEG !

“ Stuff ! what 's in a name ?
 Neither glory nor blame,”
 Some strong-minded reader will doubtless exclaim :
 Though you christen'd an innocent rose-bud ‘ Guano,’
 Its breath were as fragrant as ever ;
 Or fancy a thunder-storm booming *piano*,
 Because you misnamed it a zephyr !”
 Still names *have* a force,
 And the Baron grew hoarse
 With swearing (in a language uncommonly coarse)
 At the wicked young wag
 Who had chosen to tag
 Such a name to his girl—hardly fit for a hag—
 She might equally well have been kept in a bag,
 Or stuck on the summit of Ailsa Crag,
 Or buried, or burnt, for her chance of a swain,
 The case was decided, the verdict, “ Too plain.”

Lord Hugo, as I sang before,
 When the sentence words were o'er
 Glancing from the gallery,
 Met his daughter's gazing eye.

Did it plead with silent force ?
 Did a devilish ugly girl
 Wring a chord of dim remorse
 In the bosom of a churl ?
 I cannot tell : he loved her well.
 Her mother long in the chill chapel
 Had lain alone : carv'd in stone
 Her effigy slept,—but the nose was gone.
 Perhaps it had been sat upon.
 Sisters or brothers had Margaret none :
 Sadly the Baron wanted a son :
 Even a son-in-the-law would have done :
 All his wishing brought never a one :
 All may have mingled : this was the end,
 True is my history you may depend.

“ Be the prisoner brought back ! ”—The train made a tack,
 And again by the Baron they stood in a crack.
 Gruffly spoke that stern old chief,
 For his heart was big and his words were brief :

“ Listen, Lord Walter,
 And ponder well,
 I've a daughter
 As ugly as hell !

I think you may do :—I shall give her to you :
 A rope or a wedding—choose, one of the two !
 Here's luck to your choice ! If I finish this pot
 Before you decide,
 (Look ! yonder's your bride,)

I'll save you the fash by the soul of a Scot !
 So is it for peace or is it for war,
 Or a dance upon nothing, my lord, that you are ? ”
 Savagely smiling, the flagon he raised,
 While the vassals his courteous humanity praised.

“ Choose, Lord Walter ! choose the lady,
 Faith, it's the devil's own sinner you are !
 There is a way that is warm and shady ;
 And, by my sowl, you'll be going that far !
 Choose, Lord Walter, choose this minute !
 The flagon has hardly a pint left in it ! ”
 So shriek'd the old friar, and, oh, such a smile
 Widen'd the lips of the lady meanwhile !
 Oh, such an amorous, endless grin !
 If it e'er had its like may I perish in sin !
 It said, “ Choose me ! ”
 As plain as could be ;
 “ Come, do—if you don't, you'll be hung on a tree.”
 Lastly, moreover, the gallow line hung
 From the battlement height, very airy and light,
 Full in view from the casement bright ;
 No pleasant look-out when one's going to be hung,
 Though your fate should hereafter be gloriously sung,

Your praises rattle on every tongue,
 And soft, sad eyes be "full to the bung."
 What was he to do?
 Why, pray, how should you
 Have acted, stout reader; d'ye think you could screw
 Your courage to hang with a hole to creep through?
 Although there might seem but little to choose
 Between altar and halter—the knot and the noose?
 Poor Edith! How often
 He 'd sworn that his coffin
 Should close on his constant clay!
 That he was "her's ever,"
 Though earth should dis sever;
 Though tumbling old ocean
 Should thirstily rush on,
 And put out the light
 Upon Etna's height,
 Or a comet should scatter the milky way!

 But look to the liquor!
 How little remaining!
 Quicker and quicker
 The Baron is draining!
 Again the priest shook him,
 His courage forsook him:
 The rope gave a swing,
 And the lady a smile,
 And, ready to spring,
 Stood the vassals in file,
 And the liquor ran down to the very last peg
 As—he sank in the arms of his Muckle-mouthed Meg!!

You must fancy the wedding—mine is not a pen
 Distilling soft music for gods and men;
 Or velvet prose, that gently falls,
 Like dewy moonlight, upon ivy walls,
 Shedding its halo round coffee and toast,
 Oh shadowy bard of the "Morning Post!"
 You must fancy the wedding,—the Baron's grim pride;
 The cheers of the vassals,—the blush of the bride!
 How every one laughed, and how nobody cried!
 How the lamps flash'd out in the window'd hall,
 And the chorus glee rock'd the old castle wall;
 How flagons were drain'd, and no heeltaps remained,
 How maidens were kiss'd, and they never complained;
 And how the broad sun
 Came in for the fun,
 And lit them to bed when the revel was done!

So here is the rede of Lord Walter's choice,
 Chose he evil or well;
 I hear no more the minstrel's voice,
 Nor harps that sink and swell.

Come hither, kind reader,—I 'm sitting alone
 By a dark old hearth of graven stone :
 Flashing and flickering burns the log,
 Hewn of a knotty old oak ;
 Merrily sparkles my tumbler of grog,
 Merrily curls the smoke !
 Come pledge me at parting ! a glass to each lip ;
 At parting, it may be, for ever ;
 Cold Atropos waits with her scissors to clip
 The last loosened threads of my song as they slip
 From the fingers of Clotho the weaver !
 'Tis ended !—Yet stay,
 There's a little to say,
 Before I can toss the white goose-quill away.
 Some curious people may ask me to state
 Our hero and heroine's ultimate fate ;
 What became of the Baron, and what of the lady,
 Cut out in a way so remarkably shady ;
 The friar, and so forth. How could I refuse—
 Odd's Chesterfield, no !—a request of the Muse ?

So first of the Baron :—How shocking, alas !
 To think that all flesh is as flower of the grass.
 One day we are quietly lapping our malt,
 The next, we are flat in the family vault ;
 They 've measured our coffin and tied up our chin,
 And we sleep with our fathers, like port in a bin.

 Lord Hugo was found,
 When the banquet was o'er,
 They thought him profound-
 ly asleep on the floor.

But it was not like sleep ; for with one fix'd eye
 He wink'd at the company fearfully,
 As much as to say, " No compassion I beg ;
 How clever,—to catch a gay gallant for Meg !"
 They lifted him up, and they cover'd his head,
 And they toll'd the dull bell,—for the Baron was dead !

 Fat with corn, and free from cares,
 Long Lord Walter held the rule ;
 While a goodly flock of heirs
 Came in golden quivers-full.
 Ne'er did breath of scandal cold
 Aught of Margaret unfold ;
 Nor, like some foolish husbands, over-zealous
 To prove their shame, was Walter ever jealous.

Our father the Friar lived long in the land,
 And Time's deep glass ran golden sand :
 His sermons grew short, for he hated long standing,
 But the christenings came often, so these kept his hand in.

Poor Edith ! (the lady so cruelly cut)
 Was left by the news quite hysterical :—But,

Soon after there straight at her castle appear'd
 A gallant young knight, with a fine bushy beard :
 He had long sorrow'd hopeless, but shortly the steeple
 Proclaim'd his high luck to all manner of people :

And now for a Moral, young ladies, you 'll ask :
 A moral is always a delicate task !
 It ought to be short, and it ought to be clear,
 And it ought to be clever,—so listen, my dear,
 Think over my tale, as it stands, and beware—
 Both ladies and gentlemen—NEVER DESPAIR !

THE WINDING-SHEET.

A LEGEND.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV. SOLLING.)

A MOTHER was blest in a son,
 Beloved and lovely was he ;
 The affection of all he had won
 That e'er chanced the sweet child to see.

But sickness all suddenly came,
 The mother she trembled for fear ;
 He died, and an angel became,
 For to God, too, her darling was dear.

Now twilight the garden bedims,
 Where oft had the gentle child played ;
 Or sung to his mother sweet hymns,
 As together they lovingly strayed.

The mother's heart well nigh had burst ;
 She wept till she scarcely could see ;
 When, to soothe the deep grief that she nursed,
 Came at night the sweet child to her knee.

He was clad in a snowy-white shroud,
 A wreath round his bright golden hair ;
 As erewhile, with sad wailings and loud,
 By mourners borne forth on his bier.

“ Oh, mother ! whom death but endears,
 Disturb not my slumbers,” he said ;
 “ My shroud is all wet with your tears,
 The tears you unceasingly shed ! ”

The mother, awe-struck, from that hour
 Dried the fast-falling tears from her eyes ;
 At night came the child—and he bore
 A torch like a star from the skies !

“ Oh, mother ! my grave-clothes are dried,
 Since the hour that thy tears ceased to flow ;
 In the grave now at rest I abide,
 Then bear thou in patience thy woe ! ”

ETA.

THE LIBERATED FORÇAT.

A TRUE TALE.

ON a gay and brilliant afternoon, in the high summer of 1846, about the hour of the Parisian Bourse closing, a portly, well-dressed man, of rather more than middle age, having all the impress of responsibility and well-doing on his features and personal *ensemble*, parted from one of the most noted speculators at the steps leading from the Rue Basse des Remparts to the already crowded Boulevard des Capucines, and wended his way towards the Place Vendome, in the neighbourhood of which unrivalled *locale*, the hotel, at which he was living, was situated.

The merchant—for to such a grade he evidently laid claim—after consulting his repeater, and gazing listlessly around him, mused in placid reverie, as his friend stepped into a handsome phaeton, and was driven down the lively Boulevard towards the Champs Elysées; and sauntered leisurely as became a man who had made a lucky hit at the unstable target aimed at so fruitlessly by the many during the day,—having yet time to dress and dine, and being evidently as one to whom the gay city and its luxuries were his accustomed *carte*.

At the instant the whirring phaeton and pair of high-stepping bays started with the magnifico of the Bourse to his mansion, a tall, ferocious-looking man, habited in a blouse, with a reckless, abandoned cast of countenance, having hung on the footsteps of the two loungers, though unobserved by themselves, till the separation occurred, advanced to the front of the portly personage we have described, and after a transient, yet concentrated gaze at his features, accosted him with "*Bon jour, mon vieux!*"

A hurried exclamation of "*Canaille!*" and a withering stare of indignation and surprise, were the only reply vouchsafed by the rudely interrupted pedestrian to this offensive salutation, as he walked on briskly to gain his lodgings, and get clear of his annoyance,—momentary, as he imagined,—attributing the gross impertinence to the effects of drunkenness, and the germs of republican familiarity.

But, shoulder to shoulder, with the resolute step of sobriety and cool determination, the man in the blouse took his share of the pavement, bitterly retorting the epithet that grated so harshly on his ear, by hissing, rather than uttering,—"*Ah! sacre canaille!* eh? *Bien, mon cher*, if you are too proud to recognise an old friend because he may not be *en grande tenue*, thank heaven, I am too amiable ever to pass one without bidding him good day.—Come, come, *mon enfant*," added he, "five years dividing the same yard of *chain*, covered with the same blanket, and eating from one platter, ought to be a good reason why a man's face should be neither forgotten nor despised, if a few years—say a score—have rolled over our heads since we were *unriveted!*"—Halt! Pierre Laurent!" shouted the ruffian at length, in the most offensive accent of command, on perceiving his growling, *sotto voce* appeal, so far to be but

little heeded. "Halt! or, by the Virgin! I'll strip that fine paletot and finer cambric from your body on the very Boulevard, which will put an end to any doubts on the score of identity at all events,—*canaille!* though I may be. I know to an inch, *mon brave*, where to find the brand! and am too hard up to let you escape me."

The dignified, *comme il faut*, personage thus accosted, at first reddened with the blush of offended gentility, and muttered something in which the word "gendarme" was audible, stepping to the kerbstone, at the same moment, as if to put his threat in execution. But the eye of the ruffian at his side gleamed with a savage, ironical smile so full of meaning on the face of the perplexed merchant, and seemed so confident and assured in its expression, that the nerve of the latter became affected, as if under the influence of fascination. This, the brawny *sans culotte*, an adept from necessity at the study of physiognomy, was not long in perceiving, and, taking advantage of the increasing dread of a street *exposé*, he quickly changed his tone, and said,

"*Allons!* Monsieur Laurent, be reasonable, don't compel me to talk too loudly, and I am sure we can readily arrange this petty affair to our mutual satisfaction. My name is André Carron, your old *confrère*,—or, *sacre bleu!* your *camarade à la chaîne* at the Bagne!—if the first title offends your present dignity.—You know it! I have watched you these three days entering and leaving the Bourse to make doubly sure; and, gaily as you are dressed, and sleek as is your cheek, I am neither to be bullied by loud crowing, nor abashed by fine feathers; neither, monsieur, by the *bon Dieu!* am I mistaken. I only want money," continued he; "you have evidently enough and to spare,—bleed like a man, and I will trouble you no more."

The singular rencounter between the owners of the faded blouse and fashionable paletot on the *pavé* of the gay Boulevard des Capucines, with the lofty tone assumed and addressed by the ruffian to the gentleman, soon attracted the notice of the loungers on the promenade, and would very shortly have led to a scene as unpleasant as can be well imagined, or to an inevitable *dénouement*. This being quite apparent to the acute frequenter of the Bourse, he hastily, but quietly, whispered to the man at his side, "Cease this present clamour: be at the *porte cochère* of the Hôtel de Wagram this evening at eleven o'clock; I will pass through it at that hour; follow me then without speaking, and I will hear what you have to say. You know I am dealing fair by you in making this rendezvous. It would be fruitless to attempt to disguise *my* address, as you are well aware; but leave me now, as if you had been mistaken in my identity, and it shall not be forgotten in any bargain we may make ulteriorly."

As if he had inhaled the breath of the talisman, or been electrified by the stroke of a wizard's wand, the man, his manner, his very look and bearing changed! He saw with the cunning of a practised desperado that the whispered promise would be kept, and, above all, that he had cast his toils successfully. Humbly apologising, and affecting a half-drunken gait, the so lately swaggering hero of the blouse slunk away, saying, loudly enough to be generally audible, that he had imagined monsieur to be a person who had insulted his *femme* the preceding night, and for whom he was in search, but

that he found he was in error, and begged his pardon; leaving a friend of the merchant's, who had arrived at the moment, together with the gaping crowd on the causeway, fully convinced that such was truly the case. The words of darker import made use of by the attacking party, were uttered in a tone too low to be overheard by the hurrying or occupied denizens of the *pavé*. . . . The two *négociants*, at length, arm-in-arm, turned down the Rue de la Paix, having agreed to dine together at the Maison d'Orè, and afterwards to look in at the Opera, though with what appetite one of the parties partook of his repast, or hearkened to the strains of the *buffo* of the night, with the shock of the late rencounter yet vibrating on his nerves, together with the appointment in prospective, may be better imagined than described.

As we have previously observed, there can be scarcely any position or predicament in life, even to an innocent man, more full of horrors than the one in which Monsieur Laurent found himself so suddenly placed; and if ever the extreme vengeance of society was due to one offence beyond another, it is merited by the cold-blooded assassin of character who, trading on the fears of the susceptible and nervous, lurks for his victim, and makes a charge against his reputation which ninety-nine men out of every hundred shudder to refute, and willingly, yet most blamably compromise, by seeing the atrocious scoundrel to silence and departure.

Return we to the *pavé* and our *négociant*, after his banquet and visit to the "Comique."

True to the appointment,—the one from hopes of plunder, the other from dread of exposure undeserved or merited as will be shewn in the course of our narrative,—the two men met at the sonorous tongue of Notre Dame tolled the hour of eleven, within the *porte cochère* of the hôtel selected as the place of rendezvous.

The inmate of the house, Monsieur Laurent,—for he had considered it a matter of policy to give his correct address,—enveloped in an ample cloak, and partially disguised by the *casquette* he wore in lieu of his usual hat, might have passed undetected in his altered garb, had he not, on stepping within the arcade of the Rue Rivoli, gently touched the athletic, blouse-clad form he found skulking in the gateway, and bade him to follow. But it was his intention to purchase the silence of the man he had appointed to meet, and not to avoid,—such, in fact, being all but impossible,—or defy the daring ruffian who had thus openly attacked his name and fame on the high parade of the Parisian world.

With the interview itself, or the particulars relating to it, together with the amount of "hush-money" that passed between the two *forçats* on the occasion,—for it were more in accordance with our unvarnished chronicle of facts to discard further mystery, and admit the accuracy of André Carron's memory and statement at once,—we can but venture our surmises.

It is sufficient for our purpose in relating this strictly true tale,—a name in the narrative only being changed,—to pourtray the well-satisfied recipient, as he was found the morning following the midnight interview, seated at a congenial *cabaret*, trimmed in beard, attired in the most approved fashion of the Faubourg St. Antoine, retaining the blouse, though a new one, *par préférence*, and discussing a copious *déjeuner à la fourchette* of many dishes, with a *caraf*

of double cider, and, of course, his short, black pipe, with equally black coffee, and sundry glasses of dry, fiery cognac to follow. Then, a three hours' bask in the sun, and the fellow's happiness was complete. He was, moreover, comfortably girdled by a well-stuffed leathern belt, the fruits of his fortunate rencounter with his long missed *camarade* of the Bagne, and very shortly became one of those invaluable, yet by no means easy, studies to the police, with which Paris abounds.

A well-fed, gaily dressed idler, yet undoubtedly of the *ouvrier* class, our hero of the blouse was many a night and day watched from *café* to *cabaret*, from the *salle de danse*, or ultra-revolutionary club, to his lodgings, *au quatrième*, situated in one of the murky avenues to the suspicious faubourg, yet was he never seen to do a hand-stir of work, or,—*mirabile dictu!*—detected in any criminal adventure.

Sporting the true *atelier* cut of beard and moustache, the face being closely shorn of whisker, though their black roots might be traced to the very eye-brows, whilst his hair, curled into a huge greasy roll in the neck, was cropped to an unseemly stuntiness over the rugged brow and already furrowed temples; the features of this grizzled *petit maître* of the stews, assumed a mien as unnatural as it was forbidding.

Of more than middle age, savage at heart as a hyæna, yet more effeminate in his tastes than many a lad of fourteen, this worthy specimen of the Parisian million may be taken as a fair type of the preponderating class of Frenchmen, designated by their astute countryman, Voltaire, as a mixed-breed of the tiger and monkey. The expression of countenance, dissolute, contemptuous, yet ferociously volatile, was in perfect keeping with the general description we have given of our accomplished ruffler of the *pavé*.

Before the business of the *déjeûner* was well concluded, the greatly shocked, yet, for the time, relieved *négociant*, having little heart for the bustle and gaiety of the capital, made his way to his home at Havre, having, as he fondly trusted, deceived his dangerous acquaintance as to his true residence in the country, on which so much of his future tranquillity depended.

Whether he succeeded in this will be seen. But in order to render our narrative intelligible, we must take a short retrospective glance at the youthful career of Monsieur Laurent, and request the reader to imagine a large, irregularly-built mansion, half *château* half farm-house, surrounded, or nearly buried, by many acres of orchard, and approached by a bocage-like radii of country lanes, in which our merchant was brought up by parents as respectable and worthy as, it is but fair to assert, the majority of such proprietors and farmers are throughout France, with scarcely an exception. Through the interest of the seigneur of the domain on whose broad lands this old Norman homestead was situated, the young Pierre Laurent received the appointment of overseer and collector of crown rents over one or more of the royal forests, and for several years was accounted an enviable and prosperous man. The position was in every way as respectable and trust-worthy, as the man, in the sequel, proved the reverse; for, after some years of undetected embezzlement, and a complicated tissue of forgery to disguise the delinquency, the *employé* was tried, convicted, and sen-

tenced to the galleys, and became for five years the chained companion of that André Carron, whose appearance and exit for the present we have witnessed in our sketch from the *pavé* of Paris.

Here, again, we must unroll the thread of our domestic history, and inform the reader how, after probably some eighteen or twenty years had elapsed since the dismissal of the two *forçats* from the galleys, their crimes and persons alike forgotten, it came to pass, that a man of middle age, highly accredited from the United States, and supposed to have been born of French parents at New Orleans, arrived at Havre, and became a merchant of the place, a member of the "Circle" and Chamber of Commerce, an agent for one of the first banking-houses in Paris, in fact, one of the *élite* of the Bourse in that fine sea-port town. His name was Laurent, and it is in the zenith of his good fame and prosperity that we have portrayed him leaving the Stock-Exchange of Paris on the day on which our tale opens, and encountered by his former companion in bondage, André Carron.

They had been *chained and unriveted together*, and at length parted on their respective careers, Carron becoming a professional desperado and sworn enemy to society, escaping punishment as if by miracle, and, finally, by enlisting into the army of Africa; whilst his *confrère*, by compulsion, betook himself to the Western World,—the common-shore of Europe!—where, through perseverance and talent, and, let us believe, the dictates of a chastened spirit,—preferring the to-be-hoped-for conclusion,—he eventually gained both means and reputation sufficient to induce him to accept of advantages proffered to him as a commercial resident at Havre-de-Grace. There he resided for several years in credit and ostensible comfort, till, on one of his frequent trips to Paris on matters of banking, he encountered the single being, out of thirty-five millions of people, destined to be his evil genius!

No other man in France knew him, or could have injured him; and it was to silence this noxious source of mischief, that he agreed to the midnight conference, as we have witnessed, and paid away a sum of ready money it had taken him many long long years to realise. However, Monsieur Laurent returned to Havre, reprieved at all events; had an overflow of prosperity; married a lady possessed of a large fortune, and appeared secure from further molestation. To see him sporting his hundred francs over a game of billiards, or rolling in his well-appointed brougham to his bureau,—as he might have been seen daily,—a looker-on would have deemed him the last man in the commune liable to it in any shape; so false, so incomprehensible are appearances.

With anxiety gnawing incessantly at his heart; his eye and ear and every sense acutely absorbed by the one great dread of detection, this man joked and laughed, gave *sourées*, and played his part as if he reclined upon rose-leaves, and contemplated an horizon as serene and fair as Innocence herself. Compared to such a *life*, and ceaseless racking of the mind, the momentary torture of the body would be a relief and happiness.

It should be here mentioned, that a *forçat*, or galley-slave, even after his period of punishment has expired, is, if discovered, for ever ineligible from becoming a holder of property or participator in civil rights, or even from sharing the path of respectability. He

has been branded as a felon, and is liable to be plucked of every shilling he may have accumulated in a course of repentance and tardy honesty, or be compelled to fly to the desert for oblivion and a hiding-place. Nothing can be more vicious in policy, or more cruel and irreligious in practice; yet so it is; and, when André Carron encountered one of these outcasts from society in the sleek, portly man of cash and credit conversing with a magnate of the funds and share-market as a familiar, no wonder that he chuckled at his good luck in meeting with his *quondam* partner in misery in such fellowship and plumage, and resolved to avail himself to the utmost of the unlooked-for, yet most acceptable, "windfall."

Carron, however, soon squandered the considerable sum made over to him by Laurent, for,—as with his class in general,—the fellow was improvident, a gambler, and a *debauché*; and as soon discovered that his patron, though an unwilling one, resided at Havre, and not in the south of France, as he was given to understand at their sinister interview on the evening recorded. He was not long in making his way to the former town, and, when he beheld the splendid pavilion so lately built by the man he was in search of, became insatiable in his demands for more "hush-money."

To such an extent, indeed, were these demands urged by the threatening importuner, that the persecuted merchant resolved finally to retreat upon his well established reputation, and to defy his tormentor for the future. This was within the last twelve-months; and, when the late Revolution broke out in February, a temporary lull to his annoyance came with the crash of riot and bloodshed, which fell as a howling requiem on the affrighted country.

With the Revolution André disappeared from Havre; most probably to the barricades of Paris, as a volunteer in the cause of murder and pillage; but, when he saw Monsieur Laurent's name placarded as a candidate for the high rank of sous-prefet of the Seine Inferieure; when the June-shed blood had partially dried in the thoroughfares, and new men became again indispensable, he, emboldened by democratic ascendancy, instantly re-fastened on his prey, with fangs whetted on the Tree of Liberty! and, in a moment of indiscreet frenzy, on being rudely repulsed by the functionary in embryo, denounced him to the mayor of the town as a liberated *forçat*, and erewhile branded felon.

The chief magistrate, of course, in duty required a distinct and satisfactory refutation of the accusation, saying, it is believed, how very easy it was for Monsieur Laurent to clear himself. The mayor and all the friends of the implicated merchant, firmly believed the whole story to be based upon the foulest calumny and attempt at conspiracy and extortion, and had no doubts of his unbarring his shoulder on the spot without demur, and thus setting the matter at rest. But the ruthless Carron, who stood by in grim effrontery, *dared* him to do so! and the *négociant*, confused, if not dismayed, in countenance, retired to his home, saying, they should "hear from him on the subject ere long."

On this, it seems, he employed himself no further than in writing a confidential letter to a friend on whom he imagined he could depend, adjuring him solemnly to prevent his person from being examined after death. He then *insanely*, it is but charity to sup-

pose,—put a pistol to his mouth, and perpetrated the dreadful act of suicide.

Married to an amiable woman—the father of several children—an example of amended life—this wretched victim to French, or, as we may say with safety, to human misjudging policy in the inveteracy of its criminal code after expiation, had no alternative but to fly as an outcast in his old age, or commit the deed thus literally forced upon him.

The “brand” was discovered! in spite of the useless protestation of the friend against the scrutiny. In twenty-four hours the body was buried, and in little more than the same space of time after burial, the facts of the sad case transpired as narrated in the text.

In the first instance, the cause of Monsieur Laurent’s suicide was attributed “on ‘Change” to embarrassed circumstances, owing to the Revolution, notwithstanding his worldly appearance of well-doing; others, set his losses down to play, and asserted him to be deeply implicated in the vast conspiracy and insurrection of June. But, in addition to any or all of these reasons, he is now known to have been dogged, threatened, plundered, and finally denounced by the heartless savage, who had him bound hand and spirit in the iron meshes of a ruinous secret,—a vampire of the mob, who would never have relaxed his gripe, whilst life or money remained to his unfortunate victim.

TRUTH.—TO CLARA.

A Lacedemonian having plucked off the feathers of a nightingale, defined it to be a thing which was *nothing but voice*.

“Tis nothing but voice!” said the churlish clown,
As he stripp’d the nightingale’s plumes of down.
“I heard of the marvels thy tongue had wrought,
And to find its secret at once I thought,
But little enough does thy death reveal!
Singing until the words around
Trembled and shook to the thrilling sound—
Yet thou art not fit for a single meal!”

Fool! that creature of form so slight,
With nothing outward to charm the sight,
Had power within, and spirit and soul,
To rouse the good and the bad control.
Its lays were worthy that Heaven should hear,
Its faintest note had a meaning clear,
And nothing, while breath its bosom drew,
Could quench its fervour, its might subdue.

An emblem of Truth that bird may be,
With small allurements that eye can see,
But great in wisdom, in virtue strong,
Though crush’d by ignorance, pride, and wrong;—
Hear its voice, as it should be heard,
And you ’ll never list to a meaner bird.

A VISIT TO ROYALTY IN THE GAMBIA.

BY CAPT. SIR H. V. HUNTLEY, R. N.

IF Western Africa has its fevers, its agues, and all manner of pre-disposing causes to premature old age, so also it has, for nine months in the year, its brilliant sunshine, terminable only by the diurnal revolution of the world, which, having taken place again, the East is reddening in its glorious splendour, and sure as the morning comes, that portion of the horizon is gilded with a blaze of light thrown forward, announcing the return of that gaudy orb which calls to labour uncounted myriads of living creatures.

This period, generally and unpoetically termed "sunrise," is, in such climates as that of Africa, infinitely delightful, and continues to be so during, perhaps, two hours, or three at most; there is a cool freshness pervading the atmosphere, a stillness that bespeaks peace throughout the creation, every herb throwing up its perfume, as if making an offering to the source of heat and life, the groves, or rather forests, sending forth an aromatic breath, which, at this early period of the day, is carried by the land-breeze far over the sea, and beyond the sight of land, unless in mountainous districts, and thousands of thousands of insects join for a time their joyful tones, till all nature seems wrapped in one vast unbroken harmony.

These might fairly be the conclusions of the European landed in the middle of the previous night, having left England in a November fog, or snow-storm, or some such pleasing variety of our climate; but, alas! although if the sun rises in the enjoyment of all that is calm, serene, and harmonious, yet, when man rises, this beautiful theory is utterly overthrown, more especially so if it should happen, as on this day it did, that the "Tubabl Mansa," *anglicè*, "White King," or, in common phrase, "governor" of the colony, meditates an immediate transfer of his person someway into the country. On such an occasion the servants of the Tubabl Mansa are on the alert, at least, so much so as an African in Western Africa can be, at an early hour; and this morning, just as the first yellow line gleamed over the distant forests, the said great man called out to his head servant, in a commanding tone, which echoed through the colonnade, "Senegal! confound your black head, where is the coffee?" a cup of which beverage, or tea, is uniformly taken before going into the morning air.

"He live in diny-room too long, sar," replied Senegal; by which he intended to convey, with a slight rebuke, also an opinion, that having been in the dining-room a long time, it would be cold, entertaining probably also some collateral misgivings as to the direction the coffee and coffee-pot might take upon that being found to be the state of the former, for the Tubabl Mansa of these days was endowed with a quick decision on occasions of this kind, and it was reported that the Mansa's coffee and tea-pot were the source of an annual small income to a silversmith who worked hard by.

The Tubabl Mansa, however, came forward dressed for the excursion; that is, he wore a straw-hat, and over his linen, a light blue jacket, drill trowsers, boots and spurs,—waistcoats are gene-

rally considered superfluous on these journeys,—and having swallowed the coffee without benefit to the silversmith, or injury to the head of Senegal, his next demand was, “Senegal! officers come yet?”

“Officer live in court; major, doctor, all live on horse in court; Mr. Thomas no come yet, he live a-bed; no sabbee.”

“Tell horseman bring ‘Diata,’” *anglicè*, darling.

Away fled Senegal, who was an active, intelligent, and faithful Jaloff, and in an instant after, up came Pea-soup, the horseman, or, in other words, the groom, with Diata, the favourite horse of the Mansa.

I must pause to explain how the horse came to be brought up by Pea-soup. Pea-soup was a Krooman, one of a tribe which is invaluable on the coast of Africa, because its members are always looking for employment; they are labourers, and are the only people on the coast that will not submit to slavery; they will starve themselves rather than be slaves, and no slave-dealer ever dreams of taking them, for no slave-vessel would receive them on board. For some inscrutable reason, it pleased the officers of the Royal Navy, when first these men were employed in the service, to reject their country names, which never go beyond two syllables, and seldom exceed one, preferring to christen them afresh, and consequently every ship for a time gave arbitrarily names to the Kroomen on board, in accordance with the taste of the respective officer in power, an officer of culinary propensities named his Kroomen after the requirements of the kitchen, and he placed on his books, “Frying-pan,” “Tin-pot,” “Black-kettle,” &c.; another had, “Bottle of beer,” “Pea-soup,” “Rump-steak;” a classical mind introduced “Cato,” “Julius Cæsar,” “Horace;” and one officer whose mind had a political bias, named his Kroomen after the ministry of the day, towards whose policy he was supposed to be a little hostile, and, when asked by the senior officer what induced him to do so, he replied, with all official gravity, “Sir, they do the dirty work.”

It was one of these men who now came forward with the horse of the Tubabl Mansa; with him Kroomen were favourites.

“Saddle and bridle clean, Pea-soup?”

“Spouse he no clean, Pea-soup can’t live to-day,” replied the Krooman, as he passed a white cloth over the saddle and reins, holding it up to shew that it bore no mark of dust.

Mounting, the Mansa rode into the court before the government house, where the party of officers and two of the mercantile gentlemen had assembled.

“Good morning, major; good morning, gentlemen,” said the Tubabl Mansa, as he lifted his hat in return to their salute, as he joined them; “a lovely cool morning, and calm water to cross the river. Are we all ready?”

“All ready, sir,” was the reply.

“Forward, then, before the sun gets high;” and away the party rode to the beach, where the canoes, both for themselves and the horses, were in waiting.

A short time sufficed to embark, and, after paddling the distance of about three miles, the opposite shores of the Barra country were reached, the chief of which territory was to be visited that day.

It must be premised that everything necessary under the head of

commissariat stores, portmanteaus containing uniforms, linen, &c. had been sent forward the day before, for it is always very problematical how far the chief you go to see will be able to satisfy your natural cravings; and the advantages of a display of uniform is an undoubted valuable auxiliary in the discussion of matters of policy with a half savage, whose attention is perhaps equally claimed by the debate and dazzling decorations of the European diplomatist.

On the Barra side of the river Gambia, stands a square fort, over which flies the English flag. This fort, in some degree, commands the entrance of the river. To this post the party repaired to await the arrival of the canoe charged with the horses; for although the canoe containing the Tubabl Mansa and his suite could easily be forced forward at a rapid rate, yet the horses had no such power over the exertions of the native, who is disposed to work exactly in proportion to the stimulating power, and this *must* be fear, not reward, except with the Kroomen. The crews were composed of a tribe called "Tillibunkas," who, with another tribe, the "Sera-woolies," come down the river from a long distance in search of work, after the rains have ceased; they are nevertheless an extremely idle race, and after having done enough work to earn the price of a musket, a little powder, and a handkerchief or two, they return to their own country, until the next season. The wages of these men are very trifling, and but for their numbers, their work would be equally so; it would be impossible to render them useful as emigrants, from the indolence of their nature, a long journey being no proof of the industrious habits of these people, indeed, on the contrary, it proves against them, for they live on the people of the countries they pass, and in that climate sleep any where.

The horses had arrived, and now the Tubabl Mansa was joined by an escort of seven horsemen; these were sent by the King of Barra, two of them being great men about the royal person. They were all Mandingos, badly equipped, and mounted on sorry beasts, excepting one, who was the "Alcaide" of Jillifree, a town tributary to Barra; he rode a well formed horse, apparently well tended; his dress consisted of a loose robe of yellow cotton, with embroidery worked in several parts of it, a large pair of drawers of the same material, terminating at the knee, bare legs, and sandals on the feet; on his head he wore a dark-coloured cap, more resembling a night-cap than any other article of dress; a sword and a pistol dangled at his side, and in his hand he carried a musket, much ornamented with silver mountings; the bridle was made of a piece of broad leather, stained with a red dye, which was tastefully relieved by drawings of beasts, birds, &c., symbolical of some superstition, or possibly merely originating in the taste of the maker of it; the saddle was a coarse wooden contrivance, poorly covered with a sheep's skin, and similar in form to the saddle used in Turkey; upon this sat the Alcaide of Jillifree, his feet stuck in the iron shoe stirrup, with his knees and elbows nearly touching.

The other horsemen were similarly mounted, but their appointments throughout were of a very inferior description; had we met them on the road, instead of under the guns of Fort Bullen, suspicion as to the nature of their embassy would have been justifiable. The Alcaide of Jillifree had especial orders to guard the person of the Tubabl Mansa; he therefore rode side by side with him, and this

even where the path had dwindled itself nearly into the breadth of a cattle track.

Proceeding onwards, we came in sight of the residence of the chief, called Barringing; it is a town, formed as all are in this part of Africa, of small circular huts for general use; but the chief himself had a large space appropriated to, or rather by, himself; a stockade surrounds the town, formed of the bodies and branches of mangrove trees, the wood of which is extremely durable. Towards this the party were now rapidly advancing, when, on a sudden, a halt was called to arrange some little confusion which seemed to have taken place in the rear. Upon inquiry, it appeared that the Tubabl Mansa had felt it necessary to bring with him a black servant, relying upon getting a horse for him at Fort Bullen, but failing in that expectation, the "prime minister" of the King of Barra had consented to take him up behind, and in this manner, with his arms surrounding the "premier," his hands being fast closed in front, he achieved the journey very well so far; but now, like other premiers, finding his *protégé* likely to be troublesome to him, he was anxious to throw him off altogether; the servant, however, having a secure grasp of the premier, would not relinquish it, whence the embarrassment.

The premier urged, that although he had no objections to carry the servant so far, yet, when he came within sight of the court, he could no longer submit to appear with so undignified an appendage attached to him. The servant merely suggested that the Tubabl Mansa could not get his uniforms without him, and therefore most inveterately maintained his clasp of the premier's waist. The dilemma was harassing, but happily, at this moment, we were met by the interpreter, whom the Mansa had sent on the day before with the baggage, &c., and he at once relieved the premier by taking the servant upon his own horse.

Barringing is one of seven towns which, in turn, supply a king to the country of Barra, and at one time it contained a rather powerful tribe, wholly Mandingo. It is now by no means so, the trade of the English colony having been carried much farther up the river, and into the countries to the south, from which, not being separated from the settlement by a broad river, the produce is brought with greater facility. The party had now arrived at the entrance to the palace, as the royal residence must be called; this was formed by crooked branches of the mangrove being let into the ground, the upper ends of which pointed in every possible direction, and served to obstruct the advance of an enemy, horse or foot, far more effectually than could any modern *cheveux de frize*; there was an opening in the stockade by which this passage was joined, and once in it, constant attention was necessary, or the careless individual would unquestionably be unhorsed by a projecting mangrove stake.

The interpreter took us to a hut which had been cleaned and cleared for us, having also prepared everything for our breakfast, the things being laid upon two planks, whose ends rested upon our portmanteaus, and mats were spread upon the ground for us to sit upon. The king sent to know if the Tubabl Mansa was pleased, a message which was answered in the affirmative, and which cost a string of beads as a present to the messenger who brought it. While the party were sitting at breakfast, there was extreme curiosity evinced

by a numerous division of queens,—for his majesty has just ninety-nine,—who were very desirous of knowing which was the Tubabl Mansa; and as the major was a man of large and somewhat unwieldy proportions, they at once decided that he was the great man. These queens were all of them enjoying their *première jeunesse*, and, like most Mandingos, possessed countenances by no means without attraction. The Mandingo is quite removed from the Negro cast of feature; high forehead, large eyes, often an aquiline nose, well formed mouth, with teeth beautifully regular and white, form the female style, the face being almost always oval; their figures, when very young, are extremely symmetrical also; the male Mandingo exhibits the same physical characteristics, but, from his habits, is at an early age often a worn and enervated man.

These queens seemed to enjoy the phenomenon which was presented by the breakfast-table of a Tubabl Mansa, frequently breaking out into exclamations and laughter. They were discriminating ladies, and evidently noticed that the major had not the deference paid to him that another of the party enjoyed; so, inquiring of the interpreter which was the *bonâ fide* Tubabl Mansa, he was pointed out, when a deep-drawn and prolonged “Ah!” pronounced the general gratification upon the solution of so great a problem. All their eyes were now upon him. He could not even take salt, or any trifling article, without being noticed; and in a short time one of the queens actually came forward to present him with several pieces of the casava root, which also were contributed by many others, and which convey to the fortunate receiver an intimation similar to that attending the present of a rose elsewhere.

The breakfast being terminated, during the interval which separated this period from the royal interview the party were shewn round the residence of the King. It consists of a multiplicity of well-built huts, some square, others circular; the former always being built round a court. There was no difference otherwise to be observed between them. The King during this examination was quite secluded; but we were attended by a long train of queens, and innumerable children infested every hole and corner. The space occupied may be said to be full two acres of ground, which has a stockade round it, independently of that surrounding the town.

It was now time to prepare for the interview with the King of Barra, and the members of the party had separate huts assigned for this purpose. In one the Tubabl Mansa sheltered himself as well as he might; but it had two doorways and only one door, the boards forming which had so grievously shrunk, that between each there was a large open space. Outside this door there was an incessant struggle and scuffle; which arose from the anxiety of several of the queens to witness the manner in which the Tubabl Mansa changed his attire; before the doorway on the other side the same anxiety was in operation; but all that could be done there to save him from the “pressure from without,” was to convert the person of the interpreter into a door; who, being a black of large stature, became a tolerable substitute for the other defence, so he stood up, something resembling the shape of a spread eagle, between the queens and the Tubabl Mansa.

As each different article of dress and decoration assumed its position on the Tubabl Mansa, the same long-breathed, approving

"Ah!" escaped the queens; but when the dressing was accomplished, the sword belted on, and, last of all, the cocked hat placed on the head, bearing in it the graceful plume, then the applause was announced by a general clapping of hands, jumping, dancing, and laughing. It was the climax of everything ridiculous; but it was their natural way of expressing gratification, and admiration.

A procession was now formed; the mercantile men led the way, officers followed, and the whole was brought up by the Tubabl Mansa, the major, and interpreter. At a particular point the King of Barra was met, attended by his men of rank, some of whom joined our party, and walking onwards, the King, meeting the Tubabl Mansa, joined arms, and all moved to the place for conferences outside the town, beneath the shade of some gigantic cotton-trees.

The Barra Mansa was dressed in the usual Mandingo mantle, of yellow colour, but very dingy; underneath were drawers, like the Alcaide's, of an immense size; sandals on his feet, and on his head a conically-shaped straw hat, not unlike, in appearance, the bathing-caps projected, it is said, by Dr. Jephson, if the latter had but a broad brim affixed. He incessantly applied a large quantity of snuff to his teeth, which he rubbed upon them, taking it from a dirty wooden box, to which was affixed a spoon of pure gold, and then rubbing it on his teeth with his forefinger.

Here, sitting on the ground, and forming a horse-shoe shape, were about one thousand Mandingos, all men, each carrying a spear, sword, musket, and clothed in their coloured robes of blue, yellow, white, and brown, with caps of a similar colour. Chairs were placed for the two "Kings," black and white as they were; mats were provided for the others of the party, who thus reclining at length, had by far the best of it.

The conference was purely of a complimentary and friendly character. The Tubabl Mansa began by stating the great pleasure he felt in being on such terms of friendship with so powerful a chief as the King of Barra, whom the nations of Africa dreaded (as this was interpreted, the low-breathed "Ah!" affirmed in the minds of the assemblage its truth); that the Tubabl Mansa was deeply gratified with all he saw, and especially with the honour done him by a guard having been sent to escort him across the country. He then concluded by expressing a high eulogium upon the people of Barra, whom he described as being great in war, and honourable in all their actions. This called forth the solemn approving "Ah!" most of the men placing the right hand on the heart. At this instant into the centre of the horse-shoe skipped a motley figure in a tight dress, having in his hands a wooden musket, a sword of similar material by his side, his face painted white and red, wearing on his head a conically-shaped cap, from which dangled a large tassel, and the colours of his attire not altogether unlike those of Harlequin. He uttered all manner of nonsense, addressing himself to any one, and capered about in all directions, sometimes sitting on the back of the chair of the King of Barra, at others perched on that of the Tubabl Mansa; but his principal display was in pretending to shoot some one or other of the assemblage, not hesitating to point his gun at either of the two great men, then imitating the noise of an explosion, withdraw it, and re-load. This personage will at once be recognised as a court-fool; but it is curious that such a dependant should be found attach-

ed to the establishment of an African chief in these days, just as the same being was to European courts centuries ago.

The King of Barra now addressed the Tubabl Mansa, and in a great degree he copied what had been said. Then addressing more particularly his own people, he said, as it was translated on the spot,—

“My people, the Tubabl Mansa himself has come to Barranding. No other has ever done so. He is great, and serves king. His country is across the waters. Now Barranding will stand up, and the other kings will ask me to speak for them to the Tubabl Mansa. When they do I will be kind to them.”

Then, turning to the Tubabl Mansa, he asked, with a smile, at the same time taking his hand, “Why did you not bring your soldiers to guard you? No Tubabl Mansa ever came to Barranding before, or to my country, as you have come, only with a few of your great men! Why were you not afraid to trust me, as others have been?” He kept hold of the hand, and anxiously waited the reply.

The Tubabl Mansa was on his guard, and prepared to give a gratifying answer. “Tell the King of Barra,” speaking to the interpreter, “that there is and has been peace for a long time between them; that when he came to the King of Barra, he knew that the King would guard him; that the soldiers of the King of Barra would not let any power molest the King of Barra’s visitor. Where, then, was the use of bringing the soldiers of the Tubabl Mansa? If the King of Barra came to the White Town, not a man should touch a hair of his head, or stand upon his shadow.”

The King of Barra started up in ecstasy, exclaiming, with both hands elevated above his head: “The Tubabl Mansa is right; he is right. He can trust the King of Barra. My people, have I not spoken the truth?”

A long and deep-drawn breath, the syllable “ah!” being audibly prominent, succeeded to this appeal. The Barra-Mansa was about to seat himself, but the fool had turned the chair, by which his Majesty would have fallen, had not his white brother warned him at the instant. The Barra-Mansa laughed at the trick; then, pointing to the Tubabl Mansa, said, “So he will always save me from falling!” which drew forth a loud approbation from the assemblage.

The presents were now brought forward, that the people might see what honour was done to their King. They consisted of a keg of gunpowder, some cotton cloths, tobacco, coral, etc., the whole wound up with a Chelsea-pensioner’s red cloak and three-cornered hat. The Barra-Mansa was gratified with the first; but, as to the last, he immediately put them both on, over his Mandingo mantle, but was obliged to remove his conically-shaped hat to give place to the other.

The conference now broke up. The Barra and Tubabl Mansa, walked back in the same state; separated affectionately at the place of meeting; and having again changed his dress under the same precautions against the queens, the Tubabl Mansa and his party crossed the river, and reached the town of Bathurst in safety, gratified himself, and gratifying the Barra people.

EARLY LIFE OF DE LAMARTINE, VICTOR HUGO,
AND JULES JANIN.

BY P. G. PATMORE.

THERE is nothing more pleasant, and few things more profitable, than to gather up and place on record, at the fitting moment, those slight and (in themselves) insignificant passages in the early life of celebrated men which are very wisely passed by at the period of their occurrence, as not claiming more than the momentary note and recognition of personal friends. But these *buds* of genius, when they have actually blossomed into the "bright consummate flowers" which they promised, are more precious to the memory than are those full-blown flowers themselves to the sense.

It is this consideration which induces us to place before our readers a few private anecdotes of the boyhood and youth of men, one of whom, De Lamartine, has, during the last few months, occupied a more prominent place in the eyes of Europe than any other living individual, and who has, during the greater portion of that period, done more to prove and illustrate the sublime power of intellect over brute force than was, perhaps, ever before effected, within the like period, by any other living man.

Another of those men, Victor Hugo, has done scarcely less than Lamartine, and will, probably, hereafter do still more, to influence the destinies of his countrymen.

The third, Jules Janin, though enjoying European celebrity as a *feuilletoniste*, is of inferior note to the foregoing. But the passage we are enabled to give from his early life is so singularly *à propos* to the political events that have lately occurred in France, that we cannot doubt of its being read with interest and curiosity,—the rather that M. Janin has, during the whole of the late events in Paris, kept himself studiously in the background, and abstained from expressing, or even indicating, any political opinions whatever.

The first of our reminiscences relates to Alphonse de Lamartine when he was a boy of twelve years of age, and perhaps there is not on record a more remarkable instance of precocity of intellect, or one that has been more fully and characteristically borne out in its prophetic promise by after years; for the marking feature of Lamartine's genius is that union of complexional tenderness and sensibility with intellectual enthusiasm, which forms the essence of that religio-poetical eloquence in which his genius consists.

At the period to which our anecdote relates, the widowed mother of De Lamartine resided with her family in a château in Burgundy, in the vicinity of which she was looked up to as the great lady of the district. Among her few habitual visitors was the good *curé* of the neighbouring village, who, from his amiable temper and endearing manners, was the delight of all who came within the sphere of his influence, and particularly of the young folks at the château, who honoured and revered him as a father, without ceasing to love and cherish him as a playmate and

companion. On the occasion in question he had called at the château in passing homeward from one of his visitations of duty and benevolence, and nothing could satisfy his young friends, who crowded round him with welcomes and caresses, but his remaining to dine and spend the rest of the day with them. The lady of the château joined her solicitations to those of her children, and the good *curé's* inclinations strongly seconded their wishes; but there was a serious obstacle in the way.

"It is Saturday," said the good man, "and I've not prepared a line of my to-morrow's sermon. And to compose a good sermon," added he, smiling, "is no joke. It will take me all the rest of the day, and, it may be, an hour or two of the night."

"Oh, if that's all," cried Alphonse, who had receded from the crowd of little suitors around the *curé*, and was contemplating from a window the scene without, "if that's all, I'll write your sermon for you, *Monsieur le Curé*. I often write sermons, and preach them too,—in my head! What shall the text be?"

All present, the *curé* included, greeted this half-serious, half-jocular sally with good-humoured smiles or laughter, and the good man himself appeared to yield to the argument for his stay among them. Accordingly he gave a text at random to the young aspirant for preaching honours, and determined to borrow a few hours from his pillow for the composition of his to-morrow's discourse.

After dinner Alphonse disappeared from the family party; but as this was a frequent result of his contemplative habits, nobody took notice of his absence till the *curé* was preparing for his early departure in the evening,—when Alphonse made his appearance with a roll of paper in his hand.

"Here is your sermon, *Monsieur le Curé*," exclaimed he, with a smile of exultation on his beautiful and expressive countenance.

The good *curé*, innocently humouring the joke, took the scroll and opened it.

"Well," said he, "let us see what this sermon of our young friend is made of. Suppose we try a little of it upon the present audience," and he proceeded to open and read it aloud. He had not read many lines, however, before his aspect and manner became entirely changed. In a word, the child of twelve years of age had produced a composition of deep thought, fervid eloquence, and high poetry, and the good *curé* pronounced it at church the next day to a delighted and admiring audience.

No coincidence could have been more fitting and appropriate, than that of the first work of the author of the "Meditations" and the "Harmonies Sacrées" being first given to the world within the walls of a religious temple.

The second triumph of De Lamartine, though less precocious than the first, was infinitely more difficult of attainment,—since the one was accorded by a partial friend and an unlettered provincial audience, whereas the other was achieved over the *élite* of the critics and men of letters of Paris, rendered doubly fastidious by the presence of the fairest representatives of her female wit and beauty. It took place pretty nearly thirty years ago, when De Lamartine was about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and the scene of it was the *salon* of the celebrated Madame de St. A.—, celebrated no less for her beauty than for her talents and literary

taste. The young De Lamartine, who had by this time seriously adopted the *métier* of a poet, had, on his visiting Paris for the purpose of publishing his "Meditations," been recommended to the Countess de A— by a provincial friend; and having herself been allowed to peruse his verses, and judge as to the talents of the young poet, she invited, on the occasion in question, all that was brilliant in Paris, in letters, statesmanship, art, fashion, and beauty,—it being expressly hinted to them that they would be called upon to hear and pronounce on the verses of a young poet from the provinces who was entirely unknown to fame.

This open challenge to the exercise of all the literary prejudice and partizanship, all the critical severity, all the irony, all the professional "envy, hatred, and malice" of rivalry, not to mention all the *insouciance* and frivolity of the most frivolous and *insouciant* society in the world, was preparing a hard trial for the boy-poet; and Madame de St. A—, who took a deep and sincere interest in the success of her young *protégé*, felt it to be so. She felt, however, that if, as she believed, he was capable of passing through the ordeal triumphantly, it would at once command for him that reputation which otherwise it might take him years of unrequited labour to acquire.

As the time approached for the young aspirant to recite his verses, the mere curiosity, wholly divested of interest, which prevailed, assumed the shape and tone of a contemptuous irony.

"Who is this that we are to hear?" inquired one.

"Upon my life I don't know," was the reply. "I didn't catch the name, but I think the countess said he comes from Mâcon."

"From Mâcon!—a poet from Mâcon!"

"Did you say Mâcon?"

"Yes—Mâcon, I think it was—or the moon—I won't be sure which."

And this terrible Mâcon went the round of the *salon*, acquiring new significance at every repetition.

At length the exquisitely harmonious voice of the young poet was heard above the busy hum of the brilliant company, and that politeness which is never absent from a well-bred French assembly, immediately commanded a silent hearing, though it by no means promised impartial listeners. And now (as one who was present on this occasion relates) nothing could be more remarkable, and at the same time more beautiful to witness, than the magical effect of genius on that assemblage of variously constituted, and apparently ill-assorted elements of social life and character. All present, the statesman, the *savant*, the man of letters, and the artist; the man of fashion, the *millionaire*, the idler, the egotist and the *fainéant*; the beauty, the fashionable leader, the coquette, the *intriguante*, even the prude—if, indeed, there be prudes in French fashionable society—all were presently reduced, or rather lifted, to that level where truth and intellectual beauty reign supreme, cancelling all accidental distinctions, and abolishing all conventional forms and habits of feeling and of thought; so universally true is it that

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The poem which young De Lamartine read on this occasion was that one among his "Méditations" which is entitled "Le Lac." The surprise and admiration which the entire novelty of its style and mode of treatment at first excited, were presently changed into that profound

emotion which all classes and conditions are capable of feeling when under the immediate influence of high genius; and from that evening Lamartine became the most popular poet of France, and has remained so to this day, without a rival, with scarcely a competitor for the laurel except Victor Hugo—who, in fact, owes no little of his inspiration to his boundless admiration of his brother poet: as the following almost involuntary effusion of boyish enthusiasm will testify.

The rhapsody we are about to give was written by Victor Hugo when he was only sixteen years of age, and before the "Méditations Poétiques" of Lamartine had obtained that universal acceptance to which their entire novelty was at first an obstacle, especially among the literary and critical portion of the Paris community, who were still almost exclusively attached to that *classic* school which Victor Hugo and Lamartine have well-nigh abolished even in France, its latest stronghold.

"Men of the world and of society," exclaims the boy-critic, "you will laugh at what I say. Men of letters, you will sneer and shrug your shoulders; but the truth is, not one among you knows what the word POET means. Do you find any one answering to the name in your gilded palaces? Do you find him in your luxurious solitudes? And first, as to the soul of a poet: is not the prime and indispensable condition of it, never to have calculated the price of a base action—never to have taken the wages of a lie? And is there any such man among you, ye 'poets' of France? Is there among you one man who possesses the *os magna sonaturum*,—the mouth capable of uttering great things?—the *ferrea vox*—the voice of iron? Is there a man among ye who is not ready to bend before the caprices of a tyrant or the command of a party? Has not every one of ye acted the part of the Æolian harp, changing its tone with every change in the wind that passes through its chords? What have all your odes, your hymns, and your epics done for us? Have ye not denied the true Deity, and offered up on the altars of the false idol an incense as impure as that idol itself? My words are dark, perhaps; they will not be understood by the world. But you should thank me for this. Like the Writing on the Wall, they will be intelligible enough to those whom they most concern! They will want no Daniel to expound them! There would be no difficulty in finding among you those who are ready to flatter power after having extolled anarchy; those who, having hugged the iron chains of an illegitimate despotism, are (like the snake in the fable) breaking their teeth against the file of the law! But a poet? No—not one! For it is to prostitute the term to apply it to any but a firm and upright spirit, a pure heart, a noble and aspiring soul!

"Ever since I could think and feel I have sought among my countrymen for a poet, and have found him not, and in my destitution I have created the ideal of one in my imagination, and, like the blind bard of the "Paradise Lost," have attempted to sing the glories of that sun which I could not behold.

"At last, however, I have opened a volume, in which I find the following verses:—

(He then gives an extract from "La Semaine Sainte," beginning at the line,—

"Ici viennent mourir les derniers bruits du monde," &c.

"These verses first astonished, then delighted me. It is true they lack the conventional elegances and studied graces of our modern bards; but what a sweet yet grave harmony do they breathe! How rich are they in thoughts and images, and those how new and original!

"Further on I find, under the title of "L'Invocation," the following stanzas:—

"O toi qui m'apparus dans ce desert du monde," &c.

"In these sweet and touching stanzas there is something of the manner of André Chénier, and proceeding further I find still more resemblance to the unfortunate author of "La Jeune Captive;" in both the same originality, the same truth, the same affluence of new imagery; while the pictures of the one exhibit more gravity as well as more mysticism, those of the other more grace, elegance, and *enjouement*. Love is the inspiring deity of both, but in Chénier the love is always more or less that of the senses; in Lamartine the terrestrial passion is purified and elevated by a union with thoughts and sentiments pointing to a higher sphere.

"Chénier, again, has given to his muse the severe and simple attire of the ancient classic models; whereas Lamartine not seldom adopts the style of the Christian prophets and fathers, at other times that of the dreamy muse of Ossian and the fantastic ones of Klopstock and Schiller. Finally, to adopt a distinction in which there is but little difference, the one may be described as a romanticist among the classicists, the other a classicist among the romanticists.

"In the dithyrambic on "La Poésie Sacrée," how truly majestic is the strophe beginning

"Silence, O lyre! et vous, silence
Prophètes, voix de l'avenir," &c.

"Lastly, in the "Epistle to Byron, how beautiful and striking is the passage—

"Fais silence, O ma lyre! et toi," &c.

"Having read and re-read this remarkable volume," concludes Victor Hugo, "I could not help mentally exclaiming to its author, 'Courage, young poet! You are one of that sure tribe whom Plato desired to cover with honours, but to banish from his ideal republic. Expect in like manner to find yourself banished from *our* world of anarchy and ignorance, but do not hope that your exile will be graced by the triumph which Plato would have accorded you—the palm-branches, the trumpet, and the crown of flowers!'"

How singularly is part at least of this prediction of his brother-poet likely to be verified! there seems every probability of Lamartine's being banished from that very republic of which he himself is the chief creator—as Plato, upon his own shewing, ought to have been banished from *his*. Certain it is, that he will either be banished from it, or cease to be a poet.

We shall now give portions of a private letter from Jules Janin to a friend in the provinces: it is singularly *à propos* to the existing state of things in France. The letter is without date, but was written about a week after the issue of the celebrated *ordonnances* of the 26th of July, 1830, and expresses the feelings of the young enthusiast on the imme-

diate results of that event, and of the "three days." At the date of his letter its writer was about three or four-and-twenty years of age.

"Yes, my dear friend, it is no less true than strange! At the end of a week's triumph we have achieved our liberty without parting with our royalty—we have still a king, and yet we are free; a king who is a popular one in the only true sense of the phrase—a king who has the wit to know and feel that he is no better than another man in respect of his kingship—a king who shakes hands with his friends just as you and I do when we meet—a king whose sons are fellow-students with us in our public schools, and who, when we meet them in the streets or the market-place, greet us with a good-humoured 'How are you?'

"Well might Lafayette exclaim the other day, as he took Louis Philippe by the arm, '*This is the republic for my money!*' I echo his words—this is the republic for France!

"It takes away one's breath even to think of the rapid succession of such astounding events. A throne tumbled into ruins; another throne rising phoenix-like from those ruins; our old tricolour restored to us by him, our good Lafayette, who has cherished it in his bosom when all else forgot or repudiated it; the greatest of our writers, our divine Chateaubriand, lifting up his voice, and in words of superhuman eloquence taking a solemn leave of that long line of kings to whom his life had been devoted in vain; those cries of gladness to which our public places have echoed; those tears of joy which even the sternest eyes have shed; this solemn triumph on the one hand—that no less solemn defeat on the other; what can we think or say of all these things?—what, but to repeat the sublime words of Bossuet, '*GOD ALONE IS GREAT!*'"

"There are no other words to express these things—things which have baffled all the speculations of politicians, and set at naught all the calculations and combinations of statesmen. In a word, they are miracles—we have passed a week of miracles—and at the end of it, France, arrested in her onward progress for fifteen years, is once more marching forward in her appointed course. To day she shouts Victory! to-morrow she pauses, and prays, and weeps!—and lo! on the third day she possesses a King and a Charter that are not empty words but solemn verities—verities henceforth and for ever!

"But let me, my dear friend, proceed more soberly. I was one of that mighty crowd which created that mighty King. Peers, deputies, citizens, national guards, work-people, women,—all indiscriminately entered the Palais Royal—for it was open to all; the Duke of Orleans uttered a few simple words in his new character, of King; and the vast crowd confirmed the office by a universal shout of *Vive le Roi!* Then the whole of the beautiful offspring of the new King clapped their young hands, and bowed their heads, and the tears fell from their eyes—and lo! the ceremony of king-making was concluded!

"Can the history of the world shew a parallel scene? the monarchy of the greatest nation in the world offered without ceremony—accepted with as little—and there an end! This is not the way in which the imagination creates a great empire.

"Thanks to this happy change, we may now speak as loud as we like; we may write without feeling that our thoughts are hampered, or our pens tramelled; our orators need not weigh their words in a metaphysical balance; or poets need not measure their verses with a moral rule:—

to sum up all in a word,—we may praise Charles X. if our taste lies that way—nobody will trouble us for it!

“What France has desired to be for the last fifty years, that she now is. We have reached the epoch which the author of the *Contrat Social* dreamed of. That which the finest imaginations since Plato have conceived only as a possible state of things, that have a handful of French citizens turned into a living reality. The true solution of the problem of government has been discovered.

“What that solution is, my friend, you of the provinces have at present no conception of. When you think of a court it is as of a place beset with splendid equipages, lackeys covered with gold lace, chamberlains, masters of the ceremonies, pages, and what not. You cannot imagine a King otherwise than enthroned in a gilded palace, surrounded by officers of state, guarded by household troops, and followed wherever he goes, by crowds of bowing courtiers. Thank heaven, we have changed all this, and shall henceforth have a King who lives in the midst of his family, walks about his capital with an umbrella under his arm, wears a plain frock-coat, and converses with his friends as one gentleman does with another. You knock at the door of his house—the porter opens it—‘Is his Majesty within?’—‘Yes, sir.’ And the next minute you are speaking to the King of the French!

“Alas for fawning courtiers, and titled valets, and hired flatterers! alas for etiquette and ceremony! alas for the whole breed of the Dreux-Brezés! Their reign is at an end. They have already grown obsolete—defunct—they rank among the things that were.

“‘But all this,’ you will say, ‘applies to the metropolis only.’

“Yes—but do not fear but the good will extend itself all over France, and that you will have your share of it. There will be no more despotism at second-hand more insupportable than that which comes direct from the fountain-head. Your noble old city of ——— will assume a new aspect. The miserable little *tracasseries* of its aristocracy of wealth—the intrigues and impertinences of its *bureaucratie*—the petty Cabals and tyranny of its *préfets* and public functionaries—all these will find their just level, and it shall go hard, but by and by your honest labourers, and skilful artizans, shall not be ashamed to shew their faces in the presence of one of M. Peyronnet’s clerks.

“Finally,—you will choose your own magistrates from among yourselves; and who knows?—even your *préfet* and *sous-préfet* may learn to act and feel like simple citizens,—unless, indeed, they should be above taking example by a King.”

In concluding these extracts we cannot help wondering whether our pleasant and witty friend Jules Janin will recognise his own writing of eighteen years ago, in all these agreeable vaticinations which have since been so sadly falsified.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND;

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER VII.

Manly British Sports!—The Prize Fight.—Its Infamy and Imposture.—A Dinner at Gully's.—A Sketch of our Host.—The "Assassin" and company.

THE day after the "Two Thousand Guineas" had been decided, we took a seat with three or four English gentlemen! in a "trap," to view the "noble British pastime of a prize-fight,"—the first and last, on our honour, that we ever assisted at!—a fellow of the name of Bungaree, or some such atrocious *alias* of the Ring and slang, having covenanted to fight one Johnny Broom for the sum specified; the fight to come off near Mildenhall, in a twenty-four foot arena, as per articles agreed upon, signed, sealed, and duly delivered.

The town of Newmarket, containing then half the British peerage, was infested by hordes of scoundrels of the most daring, villainous looks and characters, and for twenty-four hours was entirely at their mercy.

There was a little business transacted on this affair, and, of course, a ring was formed to bet on the fight.

Once, on my asking a betting-man if he thought Tawell the murderer would be executed, so many having been reprieved, I was answered by the question, "Would I back the field?" the worthy saying, he had made a little book on a few "hanging matches," having put a London murder, a Liverpool condemned-cell, a York affair, and the "Old Quaker" into a "sweep," and was not quite "round!" This will shew any uninitiated reader, that the sporting world misses no opportunity of doing business; and that a "man-fight!" is a perfectly legitimate reason for opening the Bourse.

The ring broke up: away we went through more of our bye-lanes into the heart of Suffolk, halting at length at a gate guarded by ruffians armed with bludgeons, who made all pay an entrance-fee; and, finally, taking our seat in the inner ring,—or place of honour!—we waited in a thrill of excitement, blended with a sense of shame and personal insecurity, the commencement of the "noble British sport."

It was, in truth, a degrading, beastly sight! a cowardly, skulking, dodging display throughout; a mere pretence for collecting a crowd for the sake of plunder, without a single manly—if savage—feature in the revolting affair. There was nought of the gladiator, the game-cock, or even of the bold front of men pitted in a stand-up fight, that I had been accustomed to believe the essential of the Prize Ring. Bah! it was altogether a ruffianly libel upon true manhood, and an organised arrangement for getting money.

Gentlemen were robbed of their money, watches, and jewellery,—the more fools they for bearing such about them on such an occasion,—whilst the blasphemous uproar of the reeking mob accompanied the robbers in fit and hellish chorus. They “drew” old Udny of a good stake, and Ginger Stubbs of his pin; a “genteel” little boy, under ten years of age, with a “becoming” cap and long hair, being tossed about, and appearing as a “lost child,” having relieved the latter as he considerately, and with quite paternal kindness, lifted him into a place of safety!

Old Gully,—near whom I contrived to get, for the sake of his protecting countenance, discreetly and effectually, a game and good man of the old school, and for whom some excuse is to be made by reason of the prevailing taste of his time, vicious and mistaken as it was,—assured me that he once fought, ay, and beat a man who could have destroyed as many wretches like the two contending fellows before us as could have stood between the ring and Newmarket, a space of nearly seven miles. And I believed him! I could have beaten the pair myself! His (Gully’s) antagonist was Pearce, “the Game Chicken,” as he was called, the toughest customer he ever had to accommodate.

But in this villanous fight, to which the turfites sojourning at Newmarket went as a matter of course, gentle and simple,—if the latter genus abided in the place,—all was for the sheer harvest of spoil, under the guise of love for “British sporting,” “antipathy to the knife,” and other spurious nostrums of blackleggism and infamy.

Cured of all sympathy for prize-fighting,—if such a reprehensible taste was ever to be placed to my discredit, having, as I may assert in self-refutation, mainly witnessed this affair from the philosophical desire to see everything new,—we returned to Newmarket, and dined very appropriately with Mr. Gully in the evening, by invitation through my friend Dallas.

Mr. Gully had permanent lodgings at Newmarket, well and tastily furnished, and dispensed his hospitality to his friends with no sparing hand. An excellent cook, claret from Griffiths, *ad libitum*, with an entertaining, gentlemanlike host, left little to be desired at the dinner awaiting us on our return from the fight.

Mr. Gully is justly esteemed, having raised himself from the lowest paths of life, to the position, not merely of wealth,—for to the ways of getting money I am not making allusion, and am by no means competent to do so, never having had the felicity of being a winner myself!—but to that position of intimacy amongst gentlemen, on or off the Turf, but still gentlemen in taste, which nought but the undeviating good-manners, and entertaining, unpresuming deportment of Gully, could for a moment, or rather for any length of time beyond a moment, suffer them to tolerate.

No man ever possessed these qualifications, gained through innate acuteness, great common sense, and a plastic disposition to observe and benefit by the chance rencontres with the courtly patrons of his day to a greater degree, taking the early disadvantages he had to contend with into consideration, than John Gully. Nor could a man be more above pretence, or less shy at any allusions to his early and not very polished career than himself.

When I dined with him at Newmarket, as well as upon subsequent

occasions, I was most gratified by this manly openness, and lack of all sensitive false shame on any casual appeal being made to the by-gone. He, on the contrary, entered freely into many entertaining portions of his history; answered all my questions *con amore*, and with perfect good nature, as to the mode of training, hitting so as not to injure the hand, wrestling, and other *minutiae* of the ring; passing the claret, and slicing the pine as if foaled at Knowsley or Bretby. He had a quiet, sly way of joking on any turf affair, on which, bear in mind, he was as *au fait* as Zamiel, making a book on the Darby.

At the dinner on the occasion alluded to we had a snug and racy party. Pedley, the owner of "Cossack," the winner of a "Derby," a Yorkshireman, and *no somnambulist*, faced our host. Ginger Stubbs, a most amusing *vade mecum* of town life, turf life, and of everything "going," sat on my right. Tom Cromelyn, a nice-looking, yet prematurely grey denizen of the turf and St. John's Wood, on my left; whilst Bill Scott, the winning Jock of the week, and then in excellent twig, with the "Assassin," sat *en face*. I fancy Lord Edward Russel, and some other outsider whose name I have forgotten, made up the party.

The turbot came from Billingsgate by express, and the haunch from Gully's own park; Moet purveyed the champagne, and Majoribanks the port; and, as I have before said, Griffiths the Lafite. We had no skulking host, be assured; but the most entertaining and liberal one alike. The "Assassin" was his butt, though his shafts were shot in the best taste.

This worthy—all hail to him!—had been long dubbed the "Assassin," from a feat he performed at Cambridge when intended for holy orders. It seems he found a strange, heavy bull-dog in his bed-room, by some unaccountable sympathy on the part of the animal for varmint quarters, on his return from a badger-bait, or flying visit to old Sam Chifney's. But, on the brute's proving unsociable, in fact, disposed for fight rather than exit, the "gown" attacked the intruder manfully with a boot-jack, stunned him, and then, with a fiendish *nonchalance*, held him with one hand out of the window, drew a razor across his throat with the other, and quietly dropping him below, remarked to Billy Newcombe, who stood by, in horror, that he thought he had "napped" it. The thing was far too good to "keep;" hence the *sobriquet* of the "Assassin."

By the connivance of his tailor, Smith, the "Bravo of the Cam" attained the appearance of a stud-groom got up for chapel or "the carpet;" being rigged in a waistcoat of broad-striped woollen or canvass, with pearl-buttons pendent to his knees; a choking, immense, stiff white cravat, folded "Newgate-fashion," without an atom of collar or whisker; a long-waisted coat, drab trousers, and short gaiters to match. He was the envy of every groom and coachman in Grosvenor Street, and other mews, near which he occasionally strolled. Once, being seated next to the Bishop of London at his father's table, the "Assassin" thought he must say *something* to his august neighbour of the apron, so he asked him "How long he *really* thought it would take to get Nebuchadnezzar into fair condition after bringing him up from grass?" The answer is not recorded.

On another occasion, when he saw the chaplain of Newgate read from a book to Good, the murderer,—to see whom executed the

"Assassin" had hired a window, and sat up all night,—he remarked to the "Facer," who was with him, that he supposed they were "comparing," and that Good was "hedging his stake."

At Gully's dinner he sat looking askance, and down his long nose, as if the ghost of the murdered dog were gnawing his very vitals, or sucking the marrow from his bones. He was dead against "Attila" for the "Derby." The "Assassin" threw out on this hand, and Gully, being as lively "on" him, complimented his cloudy guest on his judgment in getting against him in such good time, at long odds, smiling as blandly as Zamiel himself. The horse had just won for a fifth time, in a canter, and eventually won the "Derby" in a trot. A sweeter nag than "Attila" never looked through a bridle. When extended, he carried his head remarkably low—he was no stargazer—and sailed along, with poor Bill Scott on him, over Epsom Downs, like a wild drake skimming over Derwentwater.

However, to our "mutton," or, rather, our last glass of claret at Gully's table. Ginger Stubbs worked Tom Cromelyn to his soul's discontent, his fair Nelly being his theme. He excelled all men I ever met in gentlemanlike table-slang, and was always *neat* from an oath to a stirrup-iron.

Pedley, in due course, roared out like old Boreas subdued into a baritone,

"The cats on the house tops are mewing, love!"

Gully lighted a cigar; Bill Scott a "clay;" the latter remarking, that if Pedley was not audible at Cambridge, it was not for want of bellows, and that he was "a real stunner at a *chaunt*."

My friend Dallas was a heavy loser on the "Guineas," and sat silently sipping his claret; though far too well-bred a fellow to either complain, or allude to his losses.

As for myself, the impression made upon my memory by the racy society remains yet sufficiently vivid to enable me to take the cast I offer in further illustration of my "Turf Scenes and Characters."

As a racing-man, Mr. Gully has been singularly fortunate; having won "Derbies," "Legers," "Oaks," Goodwood and Newmarket Stakes, and innumerable other races in all parts of England.

On a late occasion he won both "Derby" and "Oaks;" old Sam Day—as queer a customer as ever flourished whalebone—being the lucky Jock.

I should imagine Gully to have realized a very large fortune on the turf, and, as I have endeavoured to portray, to have acquired the invaluable air and tone of a gentleman in his long career.

As a sportsman, he is equally famed as a man of turf, being a very good heavy-weight across a country, as most forward men in the Badsworth and other Yorkshire hunts can testify.

The "First Spring" over, we visited Bath, when Mr. Gully's "Maid of Orleans," a splendid little creature, won the main event. Thence we headed towards the county famed for good cheese, Dallas having written to his sister "not to expect him" till after the approaching meeting at Chester. This old city, and its pleasant gathering, shall have a word or two in our next chapter.

PARA ; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. B. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the sunshine of the torrid zone.—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER XVII.

An Excursion to the Rookery of the Scarlet Ibis.—Maraca Ducks.—We Shoot an Anhinga, or Snake-bird.—Incidents concerning this Bird.—Alligators.—Yellow-tailed Orioles.—Hornets.—The Rookery : Description of it.—The Scarlet Ibis.—The White Ibis.—The Wood Ibis.—Conversation on Instinct.—An Evening Scene.

THE sun was just peeping above the horizon, and glowering wildly at us, when we started in our hunting canoe from Cajueiro, meditating an attack upon the peaceful settlement of the beautiful Ibis. It seemed as if Nature was anxious to swerve us from our sanguinary purpose, and to avert from these harmless birds the dread catastrophe which appeared to hang over them. But we were relentless in our stern determination, and with scarcely any compunctions of conscience, rapidly pushed on up the streamlet. At the expiration of half-an-hour, we were more than a mile from the cottages, away out in the midst of the campo. The scene was quite peculiar : on one side, the semicircle of the horizon was hardly shaded by a tree ; on the other, occasional groups of foliage, and frequent nests of verdure, gave a pleasing variety to the landscape. Afar off, we saw herds of wild cattle and horses, quietly feeding upon the long tufted grass ; while nearer by, immense flocks of birds were continually flying up from their coverts, started as it were by the noise of our approach.

Sometimes the banks of the stream were entirely uncovered, at other times they were lined by dense and impenetrable thickets.

"Look a-head," said the Englishman, "do you not see a singular fluttering in the grass, within a hundred yards or more from our canoe ; it is my opinion that there is a large flock of ducks concealed there, so we had better lay low, and float along as slowly and easily as possible. We will reserve our fire until they rise up : keep your eyes therefore constantly fastened on the spot, and have your gun cocked and ready for use at an instant's notice."

The suspicions of my companion proved correct, for in a moment more half a dozen of the birds rose for a few feet in the air as if to reconnoitre, and then sunk immediately down in the grass again. They evidently had not noticed us.

Proceeding on with almost breathless stillness, we had approached astonishingly near to the desired spot, when with a tremendous quacking, and rapid flapping of wings, the affrighted birds flew up in a dense body from the ground, forming so thick a canopy over our heads, that the intolerable heat of the sun seemed, for a moment, to be abated. "Fire!" cried out the Englishman, and we instantly discharged our heavily-loaded pieces into the heart of the flock. Five of the birds fell into our canoe, and as soon as the smoke had in a

measure cleared away, we saw many more lying upon the surface of the water. In all, we picked up at least twenty-five ducks of the maraca kind.

"Really, this is an auspicious commencement of our excursion," exclaimed I. "Pray how many ducks did you ever kill at a single shot?"

"On one occasion," he replied, "I brought down thirty of the birds, by the simultaneous discharge of both of my barrels; but I have seen much greater feats than this performed by the natives, who seldom fear the bursting of a gun, however heavily it may be loaded."

Continuing on, we next shot a very curious bird, which, on examination, proved to be a variety of the "American Anhinger, or Snake bird," described by Mr. Audubon, in his great ornithological work. This bird is found in the southern parts of the United States, and in the Floridas is known by the name of the "Grecian Lady."

In appearance it is proportionately very long and slender, and while moving quickly through the air, it looks not a little like a snake decorated with wings. It has the reputation of being an expert swimmer, as well as a notorious gormandizer. Says Mr. A.—"One morning Dr. Buchman and I gave to an Anhinger a black fish, measuring nine inches and a half in length, by two inches in diameter; and although the head of the fish was considerably larger than its body, and its strong and spinous fins appeared formidable, the bird, which was then about seven months old, swallowed it entire, head foremost. It was in appearance digested in an hour and a half, and the bird swallowed three others of somewhat smaller size."

Concerning the nesting-places of the Anhinger, we dare not hazard any account of our own, but will give Mr. Audubon's description entire, replete as it is with enthusiasm and interesting incident.

"I may as well tell you," says he, "that all the roosting-places of the Anhinger which I have seen were over the water, either on the shore or in the midst of some stagnant pool; and this situation they seem to select, because there they can enjoy the first gladdening rays of the morning sun, or bask in the blaze of its noontide splendour, and also observe with greatest ease the approach of their enemies, as they betake themselves to it after feeding, and remain there until hunger urges them to fly off. There, trusting to the extraordinary keenness of their beautiful bright eyes in spying the marauding sons of the forest, or the not less dangerous enthusiast, who probably, like yourself, would venture through mud and slime, up to his very neck, to get within rifle shot of a bird, so remarkable in form and manners. The "Anhinges" or "Grecian Ladies" stand erect, with their wings and tail fully or partially spread out in the sunshine, whilst their long slender necks and heads are thrown as it were in every direction, by the most curious and sudden jerks and bendings. Their bills are open, and you see that the intense heat of the atmosphere induces them to suffer their gular pouch to hang loosely. What delightful sights and scenes these have been to me, good reader! With what anxiety have I waded towards these birds, to watch their movements; while at the same time, I cooled my over-heated body, and left behind on the shores myriads of hungry sand-flies, gnats, mosquitoes, and ticks, that had annoyed me for hours!

And now, dear reader, I hope you will pardon me, from declining

to give you a description of my own. What man living is there who could have written one so graphic, so full of poetry and eloquence, as that which we have taken the liberty to quote? none but Audubon,—unless, perhaps, we except one of the most remarkable men that Scotland ever produced, who, with all his private and political prejudices, is still warmly alive to the manifold beauties of Nature, and is as well loved and appreciated in America as in his own native country. Christopher North,—may Heaven bless him in his retiracy!

The plumage of the Anhingers is exceedingly fine and glossy, and so oily that it resists effectually the influence of moisture. Beneath the surface of the water, their speed can only be likened to that of a bullet. A person would hardly be inclined to suppose that these birds were capable of sustaining themselves long on the wing, yet such is the case. Their motions, besides, in the air are very interesting. Rising gradually upwards, the male keeps making regular circlets around his "well-beloved," which become less and less the further they recede from the earth, until finally extinguished altogether by the mist of distance.

"Don't the alligators ever come up the stream, as far as we now are?" I inquired of the Englishman, "not a single one have I seen since we left Cajueiro."

"Oh, yes!" answered he, "they are quite as numerous here as they are below; but during the heat of the day, they stretch themselves out close along the shore, beneath the shade of overhanging bushes, and this is the reason why we have not seen any to-day. Only a few weeks since, the natives killed an alligator near the spot where we now are, which was full twenty feet in length. I have its skull now at the house, which I preserved with care as a curiosity."

"But how did the natives kill it?" was my next question.

"With a rude harpoon," he replied, "which they plunged into a vulnerable part, and then hauled him ashore, after which they cut off his head with an axe. I never before saw such a magnificent, and at the same time terrible set of teeth, in the mouth of any monster whatever. They were of enormous size, keenly edged, and as white and smooth as polished ivory."

We had now arrived at a small grove, the trees of which were congregated together on both sides of the stream, and their upper branches so thickly intertwined with each other, as to present the appearance of a single mass of foliage. Securing our canoe, we went on shore for a brief stroll, and found the grove bountifully supplied with various kinds of fruits, particularly guavas, oranges, and pineapples. We noticed that many of the trees were fantastically ornamented with long nests, made of vines and twigs, some of which were from ten to three feet in length. They were the homes of the Japus, or "Yellow-tailed Tropioles." These birds are from sixteen to eighteen inches in length, and are very singular as well as handsome in appearance. Their general plumage is of a reddish-brown, while their tail is of a bright and glowing yellow. On the back of their head is a curious tuft of delicate feathers, hanging down for three or four inches, which is the most peculiar and interesting mark of the bird. The Japu lives chiefly on fruits, and is extremely solitary in its habits, confining itself to the recesses of forests, and to groves which

we but little frequented. During our rambles we had the good fortune to secure several good specimens, each of which we rolled up carefully in separate papers, and then put them in our game-bags, to be preserved on our return.

Perceiving a small and unknown bird perched upon the top of a flowering bush, I hastily raised my gun and fired; but alas for me! the little bird flew away uninjured, for the greater portion of the charge had gone directly into a large hornet's nest, which was unfortunately concealed from my view by the clustering leaves of the bush. Immediately I was beset by the whole swarm, who buzzed about my head like so many infuriated demons, occasionally darting their poisonous javelins into my unprotected skin, until I was perfectly agonized with pain. Disgraceful as it may seem, beloved reader, under such circumstances I could not but think that "discretion was the better part of valour," so I turned my back to my assailants and ran with desperation over the meadow. The velocity with which I dashed over the ground not only astonished myself, but must have been a source of wonder to my pursuers, who soon gave up the chase in despair.

Having filled our handkerchiefs with fruit, we once more got into our canoe, and continued our winding course up the stream. In half-an-hour my companion pointed out to me a dense thicket on the right bank, where he said the rookery of the scarlet ibis was established. Indeed, I had surmised as much, having been engaged in watching the motions of these gorgeous birds over the place for some time. Arriving near the spot, we fastened our canoe to a bush, and walked towards it along the bank. A wilder and more inaccessible retreat could not have been selected by the birds than the one they had here fixed upon, situated as it was in the midst of a lonely campo, where sports were seldom ventured, and where wild beasts did not often come. The place itself might properly be called a vegetable fortress, being strengthened and protected by Nature in so wonderful a manner. The thicket was composed of prodigious bushes, crowded thickly together, and barricaded by rows of tall bamboos, shooting up sometimes to the height of twenty feet. There were also many kinds of thorny Cacti and Spanish bayonets, besides a variety of mangroves with their spreading roots, palmettoes, and many other kinds of curious trees, all so closely matted together by creeping vines, that without the aid of our sharp *tracadoes* it would have been utterly impossible for us to have effected any egress. As it was, we were sadly lacerated by the numerous prickly plants and thorns; and the coarse clothes we had on were torn in a dreadful manner.

We succeeded, however, in forcing a passage into the interior of the thicket, and here an extremely interesting spectacle opened upon our eyes. Every bush had from ten to twenty nests on it, in some of which we saw the blue eggs of the Ibis, and in others, families of young birds fluttering joyfully with their newly-fledged wings. The nests were about a foot and a half in diameter, perfectly flat, and made of fibrous roots, turned together, and covered with a bed of leaves.

Being disturbed by our invasion of their ornithological city, the adult Ibis flew up in immense numbers, and filled the air with their harsh cries and angry screams. The plumage of the birds was of the

richest crimson, which contrasting with the emerald hue of the foliage, gave a pleasing and almost magical effect to the extraordinary scene.

Notwithstanding the Ibis are remarkable for their natural timidity, yet so strong is their attachment for their offspring, that they will not be driven away from the rookery, but will continue to fly in circles but a few feet above it, whenever it is intruded upon by hunters, or specimen-seeking naturalists.

When full grown, the Scarlet Ibis (*Tantalus ruber*) measures twenty-three inches in length, and not less than thirty-seven in extent. The bill is four inches long, and is of a quadrangular form at its base. It is sharp-ridged and curved downwards. During the first six months of its existence, its plumage changes from black to grey, and becomes entirely white before the close of the year. The features then begin gradually to assume a reddish cast, but it is not until the third year that the bird attains its perfect adult plumage, which is of a gorgeous crimson.

The rookeries of the Ibis are only tenanted during the dry season, as the heavy rains which fall throughout the remainder of the year render them wholly unfit for occupation. During this period the Ibis wander about in small parties, roosting at night amid the thick foliage of the forest.

In the breeding-season, the Ibis are accustomed to make daily visits to the sea-shore, for the purpose of procuring food. Strange as it may appear, they are regulated in their motions by the state of the tide, making their flights to the shores when it is ebbing, and returning again as soon as it commences to flow.

Having procured three or four fine male specimens, and satiated our curiosity respecting the romantic haunts of the Ibis, we again seated ourselves in the canoe, and commenced paddling vigorously for our solitary home at Cajueiro! My companion shot a bird as it was flying over our heads, which we had at first supposed to be a snowy egret, but which, on examination, proved to be the "White Ibis;" (*Ibis alba*.) This handsome bird is found also in the Floridas, and is included among Mr. Audubon's birds of North America.

The white Ibis manifests considerable ingenuity in its capture of crawfish, one of its favourite articles of food. This little animal during the dry season burrows in the earth to the depth of three or four feet, and when housed in this subterranean retreat is apparently safe from the attacks of its enemies. Now, in order to catch the delectable creature, the Ibis is obliged to resort to a cunning stratagem. Walking up deliberately to the hole of the animal, he demolishes with his bill the sandy mound which surrounds it, causing a portion of the dirt and sand to partially choke up the cavity. No sooner is the industrious little crawfish made aware of the devastation done to his retreat, than ignorant of the cause, he unconsciously rushes out to repair the injury. At this moment the wily Ibis pounces upon him, and in an instant he is sepulchred in the hungry stomach of the bird!

Besides the two species alluded to, there is another species which is found on Marajo, called the "Wood Ibis;" this extraordinary bird is more than three feet in height. Its general colour is white, while its wings are tipped with black, variegated with blue and green reflec-

tions. Could anything be more graphic than the following glowing description of the haunts of these birds, by Mr. Audubon?

"Mark the place, reader, and follow their course through cane-brake, cypress-swamp, and tangled wood. Seldom do they return to the same feeding-place on the same day. You have reached the spot, and are standing on the margin of a dark-watered bay, on the sinuosities of which lead your eye into a labyrinth ending in complete darkness. The tall canes bow to each other from the shores; the majestic trees above them, all hung with funereal lichen, gently wave in the suffocating atmosphere; the bull frog, alarmed, shrinks back into the water; the alligator raises his head above its surface, probably to see if the birds have arrived, and the wily Congui is stealthily advancing towards one of the Ibis, which he expects to carry off into the thicket. Through the dim light your eye catches a glimpse of the white plumaged birds, moving rapidly like spectres to and fro. The loud clacking of their mandibles apprises you of the havoc they commit among the terrified inhabitants of the water. Move gently or not, move at all and you infallibly lose your opportunity of observing the actions of the birds. Some old male has long marked you; whether it has been with eye or with ear, no matter. The first stick your foot cracks, his hoarse voice sounds the alarm. Off they all go, battering down the bending canes with their powerful pinions, and breaking the smaller twigs of the trees, as they force a passage for themselves."

"What a mysterious faculty is instinct!" exclaimed my companion, as we were moving with velocity down the rapid current of the stream. "A bird or an animal, by its peculiar powers, produces an effect, in a strange and incomprehensible manner, and men term the exciting principle, instinct. Now, in what does this wonderful power differ from reason? As I understand them, they differ only in this—that mankind are free agents, and at liberty to act according to their own judgments; while birds and animals of all kinds are controlled by certain immutable laws, which confine their sphere of action within narrow limits, and exercise a sovereign influence over all their motions. Their identity, or self-consciousness, is doubtless the same as in superior beings; but their mental promptings, if such they may be called, are not generated within themselves, but spring directly from the Fountain of infinite intelligence. Then, is not instinct a noble faculty? Truly, it is a visible manifestation of the wisdom of a God, exerted for the preservation and sustenance of the feeblest of his creatures,—of Him who will not suffer a single sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed!"

"I think you are right," I replied. "The reason of man, as we know, may become perverted, and the human mind may wander far away from its accustomed orbit, through the deepest darkness and gloom. Error may reign triumphant for a time, while the bright star of truth is obscured. But it is not so with instinct. This peculiar faculty continues always the same, and its manifestations never fail to be the precursors of good. It teaches the newly-fledged birds to seek their natural food—to leave for ever the old nests of their feathered parents, and to build for themselves nests of their own. It points out the particular food best adapted to their wants, guarding them effectually from the influence of all things which are

hurtful and pernicious. In fact, it is an innate power of knowing, such as could emanate from the Deity alone."

"I am pleased to perceive," replied the Englishman, "that our opinions regarding the instinct of animals coincide so exactly. The bird of summer flies off to southern lands on the approach of autumn—the beasts of the forest seem to have a foreknowledge of the coming of a severe winter, which they manifest by an unusual gathering of materials for their comfort, and of provisions for their sustenance—the animal who has, by some accident, been sickened, resorts at once to the proper remedy, and by observing them under such circumstances, medicinal plants have been discovered, of eminent utility to the human race. This mysterious attribute, which assigns to the beast an apparent insight into futurity, which gives him a premonitory warning of the existence of danger, and gives him, moreover, such a wonderful power of discerning between the good and bad, may very properly be termed divine. Without the faculty of reason, man would be decidedly inferior to the meaner worm—a breathing atom, floating in the broad ocean of eternity; a wandering comet, without an orbit and without an aim! With it he has been styled the 'lord of creation,' occupying the highest position among the myriads of animated matter, and standing but "little lower than the angels!"

"How wonderful and mysterious," exclaimed my companion, in reply, "is that instinct which contrives the visits of the Ibis to the sea-shore. Their visits depend entirely upon the state of the tides with the changes of which their habits seem to indicate an acquaintance. By the incomprehensible prompting of their nature, they go, in quest of their sea food only when the waters are at their lowest ebb, returning again as soon as the tide begins to flow—if a man could, without the aid of science, have as perfect a knowledge of the changes of the tides, and other matters with which the animals and birds seem to be well informed, he would certainly be regarded as a prodigy—and the indefinable power which he thus manifested, would not be termed instinct, but consummate genius!"

We were now approaching near to our solitary abode at Cajueiro. The sun was just dipping himself beneath the western horizon, while a multitude of snowy clouds, resplendent with gold and crimson, and piled one upon another into a fantastic mountain of vapour, were floating languidly in the clear blue sky. Not far below, a large flock of scarlet Ibis, were speeding silently and swiftly on, to their much-loved home in the campo. The evening birds were singing their plaintive orisons, while the birds of day were chanting their solemn vespers to the early stars! All nature appeared to be hushed with a profound calm, and the air itself was lethargic with the falling dews. Arriving at the wharf, we heard distinctly the tinkling of Indian guitars, and the soft voice of a mother, who was singing a lullaby to her babe. Our own feelings harmonized with the solemnity of the scene, insomuch that we did not give vent to a single mournful thought, as we walked with slow and measured steps from the bank of the stream to our own lowly cottage, whose leafy roof was now glistening like silver beneath the bright rays of the rising moon!

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PAST—IRREVOCABLE.

"It is safer to fall a prey to ravens than to railleurs; for ravens will eat none but the dead; whereas railleurs will devour a man while he is alive."—*Old Dine.*

MUCH in the way of miracle as gold can effect in this money-worshipping age, there are some transformations to which it is unequal.

It can return a heavy dolt to Parliament; and put a young gentleman devoted to field-sports at the head of an important parish; and transform a dingy, forbidding-looking damsel into a viscountess; and gather around the board of the illiterate *parvenu* the well-born and the titled, and the highly-gifted, and array the leading talent of the bar in defence of a hoary-headed profligate,—but it cannot recal events to throw sudden oblivion over the past.

This Biedermann discovered to his chagrin. Zara was not forgotten. It was in vain that he shut up her rooms, and burnt her little library, and cut up her portrait in shreds, and banished so far as he was able all memorial of her from off the earth,—the poor Imbecile was still remembered. The helpless and the needy treasured up her memory: and the compassionate mourned her end. Of her surviving relative Dr. Henchman always spoke with "bated breath," and steadily refused to meet him in society. Nor was the doctor his only foe. Miss Prankard never ceased to iterate and reiterate her suspicions and conclusions, and for once popular opinion was with her. The astute tactician was shunned. Not even the beauty of his new place of Lakelands—the *price of blood*—could gather intimates around him. He felt this: for in our final interview he hinted his intention of residing permanently on the continent. We parted without any display of feeling on either side. He neither asked me where I was going, nor whether the prospect of permanent employment was before me, nor expressed the slightest interest in my fate. And I, for the life of me, could not say that I was sorry to leave him, thank him for past civilities, or express any cordial wishes for his future happiness. *That*, I felt persuaded, an unerring judge would effectually mar. With a distant bow, and a cold farewell, my gall-ing thralldom terminated. A short interval, and my services were claimed by a Mr. Bohun—to the joy of my heart, a coroner—a coroner having the run of a very extensive district, and entertaining the most laudable impressions of the importance of his office.

He belonged to an old family; lived in an old house; revelled in a collection of old pictures; delighted in keeping up old customs; had around him a host of old friends; loved to talk of old times; cherished old theories; and was a sturdy stickler for old-fashioned principles. His public creed might be summed up in the line—"Rally round the crown though it be hanging on a bush:" and his

private creed might be almost as briefly embodied—"Never sacrifice a friend: never surrender a principle."

A splendid specimen of a lawyer who contemned fraud and trickery was Reginald Bohun. But he had the most marvellous and exalted impressions of the dignity of his office.

"You are not aware, perhaps," he was wont to say, "that the coroner is one of the most ancient as well as most important officers in the realm? He comes next to the high-sheriff. Observe me—next to the high-sheriff. If that functionary cannot act, the coroner is his substitute; nay, further, if any exception be taken to the high-sheriff for partiality, the coroner instantly assumes his power. To him, in lieu of the sheriff, process is then awarded. The coroners of England"—this piece of information he always announced with evident satisfaction,—“are fitly represented in the person of their chief. The head-coroner of the realm is the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. Thence infer their importance in the eye of the law!”

But upon one point Mr. Bohun was slightly Radical,—“the miserable remuneration doled out” to him and his brethren. “Guardians as we unquestionably are of the life of the subject,—of his fame in some instances,—of his liberty in others,—we are infamously remunerated. For my own part, when I look at my responsibility and my remuneration,—when I contrast my solemn duties with my beggarly recompense, I feel ashamed of my kind. But the anomaly can be explained. It admits of easy solution. *The coroner belongs to the people.* His is a popular appointment; and the existing administrations, Whig or Tory, victimise him accordingly. If the coroner were nominated by ministers,—if his appointment were controlled by them,—if it formed any part of crown patronage, a thundering salary would be his. Trust them for that. But catch them adding to the power of the people, or increasing the influence or emoluments of *any office to which the people present.* Ugh! one loathes human nature when one thinks of such diabolical policy. Look at the Chancellor's salary and mine. He—a very important personage, I grant—he deals only with money, and minors' property, and lunatics estates,—all pelf, mere pelf; *I, with life—* with life, sir, consider that,—with life! And then view our respective positions.”

There was some slight difference, indubitably.

“It's enough to draw down heaven's vengeance upon the land! The wretches! They don't even allow me back-carriage; and my fee—it's a positive degradation to name it! I loathe its very mention!”

Worthy Mr. Bohun! He was occasionally rather irate, and *very bilious!* The comparison between the Chancellor and himself often rendered a trip to Harrowgate advisable. And I'm persuaded, if the secrets of his inmost soul could have been disclosed, that it was his abiding and settled conviction that, be the Lord Chancellor's emoluments what they might, the coroner (so far as the interests of the entire community were concerned), was by far the more important functionary of the two.

A soothing salve is self-complacency!

The first inquest I attended with my new employer was marked by very painful features. It was held, literally, over a handful of —. But the story claims a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XX.

A SACRIFICE TO MOLOCH.

"The death of the body frees us from the body of death."

RALPH VENNING.

THE tragedy, well remembered, at the Orlingford Ironworks, might appear incredible unless accompanied by details. For their accuracy I unhesitatingly pledge myself. The story is, unhappily, too true.

The Orlingford furnaces, built with the greatest care and solidity, are about thirty feet high; at the base twenty feet square; and at the summit twelve. On the top a platform is constructed about four feet from the walls, and carefully sheeted with iron; an expedient humanely adopted with the view of preventing accidents and facilitating the charging of the furnace;—the trucks being run on to the platform, and their contents tilted through the tunnel-head. This tunnel-head, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I must describe as a circular mass of masonry rising from the middle of the platform, about five feet in height and three in diameter; with fire doors, so placed that the furnace can always be charged to windward during a gale.

In calm weather these doors are useless: the powerful draught of the furnace being of itself sufficient to preclude all annoyance to the men.

The furnaces are generally sunk in a natural hollow, or an embankment is formed near them; the platform and tramway being connected by a swing-bridge, also covered with iron. Over this, trucks containing the charge are run, and tilted into the furnace when necessary.

Below the platform, at the bottom of the furnace, is placed the blowing apparatus; consisting of a large pipe or tube, filled with air condensed by powerful steam-engines, and heated to such a degree by passing through a series of hot pipes, that the current, when it enters the furnace, will melt lead far more rapidly than an ordinary household fire. It is then exerting a pressure of about three pounds on the inch. Thus much by way of explanation. It is necessary in order to make the occurrence intelligible.

It was a glorious summer's day in June. The heat had been most oppressive at noon; but, as the sun declined, a breeze sprang up, and from its influence every faint and toil-worn labourer at the glowing works appeared to gain fresh life and vigour. The fires were getting low: the furnace-men were sitting in the shade, smoking or sleeping,—awaiting the critical moment to run the iron. Above, all was activity and bustle. Waggons were discernible in various directions, filled with materials for a fresh charge. A bell would ring, and a train of them would start with a rattling pace *up-hill* without any apparent cause or reason, and with the most unaccountable contempt for the laws of gravity—anon the train would either stop again, or plunge into earth, precisely at the moment another set of waggons emerged from a different orifice and came down hill, under the resistless influence of some mysterious and invisible agency.

It was a strange scene; and, to the thoughtful mind, suggested

many a reflection, and pointed more than one moral. It spoke of the exhaustless beneficence of THE DEITY; of his care for the creatures of his hand, and boundless provision for their comfort; of the triumph of art over nature; of the wondrous resources of intellect, and of the countless facilities for meeting and surmounting obstacles with which THE SUPREME INTELLIGENCE has gifted that frail, wayward, restless, and querulous being—Man.

While energy and activity were visible on every side, two handsome little urchins were busily amusing themselves. Happily unconscious of the coming future, they rushed hither and thither, screaming with delight. They laughed at themselves; their occupation; their brief hour of freedom. Bursts of merriment bespoke their joy. They were left—oh, rare occurrence!—wholly to themselves; and were “fooling it to the top of their bent.” Each, in turn, wheeled the other in a barrow, round the tunnel-head, over the swing-bridge, round the weighing-house, and back again. The people on the embankment were too much occupied to remark them; and the projection and height of the platform screened the children from the observation of the furnace-men. Suddenly there was a clatter of feet over the bridge, followed by a loud inquiry of “*What’s amiss?*” Then a shriek, a yell, and din of voices arose; amid which came the cry—“Somebody down the tunnel-head!—stop the engine!—cut off the blast; you’ll blow him to pieces!” The rush from every side, and the clamour in Welsh and English, made the poor boy’s situation still more dangerous. Not a moment could be lost: the platform was cleared by main force; a chain was thrown up from below, and one man, at the risk of his life, bent through the flames, and dropped it into the hands of the unfortunate lad, *who was dimly seen moving below!* He immediately seized this means of escape. There was a loud and general cheer. The men ran off with the chain, and the end came out of the furnace quick as thought. Alas! nature could do no more. The wretched child had risen a few feet, and dropped once more into the sea of flame. He was no longer alive; all that could be distinguished was a dark, shapeless mass, without sense or motion. “Get the body up!” was now the reiterated cry. The frantic mother had now reached the scene. She piteously and madly repeated, with a vehemence and energy that were distinctly audible above the uproar—“*Let me see him and save him!*” A heavy iron rod was quickly attached to the chain, and the same devoted man who had shewn such courage in attempting the rescue before, succeeded, after some painful failures, in driving the instrument through the dark mass below. “Pull away boys; pull away! We’ll have him yet!” But no sooner had the body reached the air, than it crumbled into dust! The intense heat had completely pulverised it.

Shall I ever forget the features of the maddened, and now raving, mother, when the ashes of her only child—the gay and blooming boy whom she had parted from but one brief hour before—were laid a glowing mass at her feet?

The poor have feelings!

Extraordinary as this may seem—incredible as “the man about Town” may deem it—wondrous as it may appear that the scantily-clothed, and the wretchedly housed, and the miserably fed, and the avowedly overworked should have time to feel—it is, nevertheless,

true! Horny as are their hands, and grimy as is their complexion—and hard as are the lines in their wearied countenance—and harsh as is their voice, and heavy and sad as is their step—and gloomy and faded as is the expression of their eye—they can feel. Paradox as it may seem, they have a heart; a heart that sickens at injustice; that is riven by domestic sorrow; that bears up bravely under privation; that melts at a word of unexpected sympathy, cordially and sincerely spoken.

Do Legislators and Ministers of Religion credit this fact?

Droll sights have come before me in a chequered pilgrimage. I have known a woman of fashion, a lady of varied accomplishments and of patrician descent, say, when quitting the lifeless remains of a father some ten minutes after his decease—that father having left her all he had, having idolized her through life and enriched her at death—“Well! the play is now over; order the horses, and let me be gone.” And I have known a peasant mother, the wife of a labouring hind, watch night and day by her dying child; tend it; soothe it; rock it; cheer it; fondle it; *averse, the while, to let another for one instant share her toils*; indifferent about, or rather loathing all sustenance for herself; ay, and when suffering and life had ceased together, sit by the coffin, tearless and speechless, nor quit the object of her solicitude till fairly wrested from her to be committed to its parent dust.

I wonder which of these two had “*feeling?*” The woman clad in coarse raiment, or the lady “*gorgeously appareled?*”

CHAPTER XXI.

A DEADLY JOKE.

“Gravity is not necessarily a component part of wickedness. Malignity is often wreathed in smiles. There are jests which destroy; destroy as surely as the keen-edged dagger or the poisoned bowl.”—MATURIN.

THE inquest was conducted very deliberately by my principal, and the verdict, “Accidental death,” sadly and slowly arrived at. At the close of the proceedings an incident occurred which accurately indicated the aged Coroner’s kindly feelings. As the inquiry progressed, great sympathy had been expressed by each successive witness for the bereaved and maddened mother; and on the scorched and grimy features of many a furnace-man, strong emotion was visible, when the recovery of the body—if body it could be called—was detailed.

Bohun noted this, and the inquest having all but terminated, remarked:—

“Gentlemen, this poor woman is, I dare say, at a loss how to bury her child: she is at once weighed down by poverty, and overwhelmed with sorrow: let us shew that we feel *for* her, and *with* her. Come, I will make her a present of my fee, as coroner, if you, as jurymen, will hand over to her yours.”

The proposal was received with acclamations, and a very rapid subscription, of a sum not perhaps large in itself, but most welcome to the indigent mother was the result.

“And now,” continued Bohun, after a pause, “our work is still



A Herring Incident

London Richard Bentley 1843



incomplete ; we must put the finishing stroke to it, or it will be but a left-handed job. Where is the brave fellow who, at the risk of his own life, tried to save that of the poor boy? Where is he? Let him stand forth, that I may look at him, and remember him."

There was a rush and a scuffle, and a strong manly-looking form was, in a second, pushed, or rather dragged, forward by those behind him, till he stood in front of the coroner's table, the man himself enduring, rather than forwarding, the operation, looking the while all sheepishness and reluctance, those about him and around him all earnestness and approval.

"A good deed," said the coroner, bluntly, "merits praise, and something more. You obeyed,"—addressing the dark Herculean being who towered beside him,—“a noble impulse in trying to save that poor boy, and I believe I am merely doing my duty in dwelling on it with special notice. What say you, my men? Harman seems to have been somewhat scorched in his attempt to rescue the sufferer. Methinks he should carry away with him something better than scars, by which to remember his daring feat of yesterday. While I am fighting my way into my greatcoat and wrapper, make a little subscription for him, and whatever sum you raise among yourselves, *I will double.*"

The motion, without a seconder, was adopted, and unanimously carried. A long and hearty cheer resounded through the room, when Bohun, with a gratified and beaming smile, fulfilled his part of the arrangement.

"What an act of martyrdom it is!" cried he, as we achieved the feat of clambering up into his high, noisy, battered, *mediæval*, and most excruciating gig. "What an act of martyrdom it is!" I thought so myself, as I sank down upon a seat, and rose up hastily with a groan. Had it been stuffed with nails, I could not have endured greater torture. "What an act of martyrdom it is to view a scene of suffering like that we have just quitted, and feel unable adequately to meet it!"

I confess with shame, that at that moment my sympathies were singularly dull and sluggish for the sufferings of others, my attention being riveted exclusively on my own.

The coroner continued:—

"I'd have given that fine fellow, Harman, ten pounds with pleasure, had circumstances permitted it; but the beggarly salary awarded to the coroner—pray be seated?—the paltry pittance doled out to him, and sanctioned by administration—won't you sit down?—the manner in which each succeeding government strives to degrade the office and pauperize the holder—have you at length arranged your seat?"

"No," said I; "I never shall: who can sit on a bushel of pins? *That's martyrdom*, if you will!"

"You forget the official character of the party you address," said my companion, with dignified gravity. "The gig was my grandfather's: and the springs are somewhat out of order, and have lost their easy play. A thick great-coat, a couple of horse-rugs, and a wrapper, will mitigate the inconvenience."

It did *mitigate* it: but—oh!

The following morning but one—for inquests, strange to say, rarely occur singly, they generally follow in rapid succession; I

have known five occur within ten days, and then an interval of six weeks without any—we had to investigate the death of an old man in an adjacent town, who sunk down lifeless from over-joy. He was a dependent of the coroner, who, towards him, had strictly fulfilled his motto—"never sacrifice a friend:" and the old man's history shewed the danger of wholly relying, in criminal cases, on circumstantial evidence.

In the adjoining town of M . . . y, there lived, for many years in good repute, a respectable and well-educated man, of the name of Roddams. By force of character, rather than from the influence of any leading interest, he obtained, when bordering on sixty, the appointment of post-master.

It had long been the old man's ambition to be a government-officer; and when the warrant came down, nominating him to the vacant office, he declared that "It was not in the power of King or Prince to make him happier!" Among other appendages to this thriving little town, was an inn—"The Griffin"—much frequented by "Commercials." Before railroads were called into existence, and provincial tradesmen could steam up to town in the morning; give their own orders; select their own goods; and sup by their own fireside the same evening, with their purchases ranged around them, "Commercials" were a moneyed, important, and peremptory class. They rejoiced in a somewhat varied nomenclature—"Travellers;" "Commercial Gents;" "Bag-men;" "Order-Boys:" but the title which they themselves most affected was that of "Commercials."

In every large town there was, at that time of day, some particular inn which the fraternity honoured with their special patronage. As a body, they were not easy to please. Woe to the luckless landlord who offended them, contravened their orders, trenched upon their dignity, or overlooked their injunctions! Their anger was with difficulty appeased. Incensed—justly or unjustly, it mattered not—they would spread confusion from ground floor to attic, and "fright the whole house from its propriety."

Years ago, when the order was numerous, flourishing, and stood upon its privileges, I rashly resolved, for the sake of hearing Robert Hall, to pass a *quiet* Sunday at Leicester, at a house then patronized by "commercials." Some fair, or agricultural meeting, or cattle-show, was to commence on the Monday; and the inn was crowded with these vivacious gentry. A *quiet* Sunday! Oh, visionary idea! The "father of the commercial room"—he travelled for a wholesale umbrella firm; had thick shaggy eyebrows, a portentous frown, and a most stentorian voice,—alarmed the whole house at noon when he came down to breakfast, and detected some irregularity touching a buttered toast of brown bread. The volleys of reproof which this venerable "order-boy" fired off! The menaces he threw out, and the anathemas he uttered! I, and others, in our ignorance, imagined either that the inn was on fire, or that some audacious "commercial" had run off with the landlady. With the most humble apologies, and rounds of brown buttered toast—hot—smoking—steeped in butter—relay after relay—was the complainant's wrath at length appeased. We had then a calm interval for an hour. That was terminated by a youthful commercial, who was inexorably offended because his "port-negus had too much lemon in it." The uproar this gentleman caused—he was in the *fancy* line—was a *reality*. It

was "*a fact*," and not a theory. On an elderly maiden, sister of a prebendary, this second outbreak had a moving effect. This timid and uneasy-looking gentlewoman averred that she *always connected Leicester with blood*; that she "never passed through it without remembering the murdered Mr. Paas, that ill-fated commercial traveller." She protested that the continued uproar in the travellers' room had "alarmed her beyond expression;" and that she was "quite sure murder would be committed in the house before morning!" In vain the landlord, the landlady, the waitress, and the chambermaid, deprecated such a distressing conclusion; and assured their guest that the commercial room "would be as peaceable as a dove's-nest" as soon as the gentlemen had dined, and had "settled down like brothers for the evening." The dignitary's sister rejoined "that Leicester had always been a lawless place from the beginning of time;" that she was "morally satisfied some deed of blood would be done in that house before the dawn; and that she would not remain to witness it." So saying, she vacated her rooms abruptly and incontinently.

What deed of darkness was done, if any, I know not; but this I can truly testify, that about two in the morning "the father of the commercial room" was conveyed upstairs by his sons, in a very undutiful and unfilial fashion; and that at seven the commercial room looked like an apartment in Bedlam, strewed in all directions with broken glass, dismantled curtains, dismembered chairs, and topsy-turvy tables. The resemblance to "a dove's nest" was, to say the least of it, *obscure*.

Of a kindred class of visitors were those who supported "The Griffin," and who mustered there in full force on a well-remembered St. Patrick's Eve. Mrs. Wauchope, the landlady, had her peculiarities, and so had her spouse. The former, like Abbot Boniface, in Sir Walter's immortal tale, was partial to a soft seat. There was a well-stuffed, crimson velvet cushion specially set apart as the distinct property of the hostess, on which she rested her portly form during her brief intervals of inaction throughout a busy day. This appendage on the evening in question most unaccountably was missing. No trace of it, vast as was its bulk, could be detected. Mrs. Wauchope was—and sat—ill at ease.

Nor was the partner of her cares a whit more cheerful. He had been experimented upon by the "bagmen" in a manner equally unexpected and disagreeable.

Mr. Wauchope, who, when business was brisk, invariably attended himself to the wants of the "Commercials," had an unlucky and wearisome propensity. Enter the room in winter when he would—let the temperature of the day be what it might—he made a point of rushing to the fire-place, seizing the poker, and stirring the fire till it roared and blazed in the wide chimney. In vain did the "Commercials" remonstrate, scold, and require him to desist. The habit was confirmed and irresistible. Either the first act on entering the room, or the last previous to quitting it, was a rapid dart towards the fire-place, followed by a rousing and revolutionary stir.

"What an intolerable nuisance!" exclaimed a stout gentleman, who weighing fifteen stone, and taking, as he collected his orders, considerable exercise, was in the coldest weather "rather oppressed than otherwise—" "What an intolerable nuisance that our host can

never enter the room, nor execute an order w
The temperature must be ninety. One migl
And, with a huge Bandana the sufferer r
briously.

"I don't object to a warm room," said a
man opposite—he travelled in the dolls' eye
interruption bothers one when calculating!
the pastime was one which the dolls' eye g
and saw, unwillingly, transferred to another

"One can't sleep for the fellow!" said a
man, waking up out of a dose in the opposit

"Like other evils, this admits of remedy,"
decorously attired in Quaker garb—his na
behind a little table, where he sat half-l
spring-patterns, and rolls of cartridge-paper.

"Not at thy hands:" objected the stou
phraseology of Friends by way of fun.

"Yea, at mine; and to-day," said the Qu

"Thy aptness at expedients none can
other, sily. This was a covert allusion to
Quaker's career, which that worthy seemed
ready wit, as thy bitterest enemies allow;
beyond thee."

"Put him in my hands," said the other,
engage that after to-day he will shy the Co
fire as long as thou and I may frequent 'T
voluntarily pledge himself to that effect."

"You'll fail—I'll bet you ten to one—you

"In shillings or half-crowns?" was the Q

"In *crowns!*" returned the other, with n

"Done!"—"And done!"—and the betti

"What!" cried the lethargic Bagman o
amaze; "a wager! and made by a Quak
betting! Ah! well! They'll put you out
I know nothing of church discipline!" At
was a snore.

Meanwhile, Friend Higman made his arra
really were. Some called him the "Wet Qua
achievements. Others, the "Cussing Qua
pressions. Others, the "Cursed Quaker,"
and cutting mode of dealing. And others;
"Quaker" at all. He, however, stuck to th
"patter." Very quietly did Friend Higman
as quietly put its knob or top into the blazing
heated, he withdrew it, placed it in its ac
the bell. In rushed the landlord; and, with
was wanted, made a dash at the poker, gras
flourish, commenced his usual onset at the fi
a roar, he relinquished his weapon, and, look
fingers, and then at the tittering group, excl
well, gentlemen; catch me, from this day for
or looking after your comforts again! N
name is Wauchope. Phauf! How my fin
I've done with pokers. Phauf! My thum!

"I'll trouble thee for thy fifty shillings," said Quaker Higman to his opponent.

Meanwhile, the hostess was unweariedly searching for the lost cushion. She could not "settle," she said, without it. Every drawer, every chest, every nook and corner were carefully scrutinised—but in vain. Ere long, another subject of annoyance began to harass the frequenters of "The Griffin." The bar was filled with smoke, and its mistress was nearly stifled. That draught which was deemed faultless—which in the stormiest days had never wavered—now refused to act at all. Dense volumes of smoke poured *down* the chimney, and choked the utterance of the vexed landlady. That flustered matron was at her wit's end. It was then reverentially represented to her that the chimney might be foul.

"What! and the sweepers here but on Tuesday last? Nonsense! Let the fire be lit for the fifth time. It *must* burn; and it *shall* burn! I'm resolved upon it."

Her commands were obeyed: and eddies of smoke swept through the hostel, blinding the eyes, and irritating the throats of all its inmates.

A little cinder-wench then humbly besought her mistress that she might be allowed on her knees to look up and into the chimney—"It might be choked by a bird's-nest."

Leave was given: and Cinderella, after due examination, thus announced her discovery: "The chimley's a-stopped—wholly and entirely a-stopped—there's a large destruction in it—that there is—a square destruction. I sartainly see a corner of something red!"

"Red!" cried the landlady; and the possibility of a practical joke crossed her mind. "Red! O, John Ostler, up with your pitch-fork, and haul it down!" He obeyed, and, in a few seconds, laid at her feet, in the most deplorable array, the missing cushion.

"This was planned by those Commercial," said the landlady, indignantly: "and it's the work of—I'm persuaded—that cussing Quaker."

Meanwhile, another scene was enacting at the Post-office. A letter, marked double, and post-paid, had reached M—y, addressed to "Obad Higman," to be left at "The Griffin." It was partially unsealed; and the elder Roddam saw clearly that bank notes were enclosed.

"Jasper," said he to his son, who assisted him in the office; "this letter is of importance; take it down yourself to 'The Griffin:' it's intended for some gentleman who is staying there; and the sooner we are rid of it the better."

The son obeyed; and, seeing Wauchope in the bar, asked for Mr. Higman.

"You'll find him in The Commercial Room," was the landlord's testy reply—his fingers still smarted, and his feelings were far from tranquillised—"or if he be not there *now*, he will be very shortly: you know your way? Right a-head."

Jasper hurried on. The room was empty. But, on a little table lay a locked letter-case, with Mr. Higman's name in full, engraved on a brass-plate and affixed to it. On this letter-case the youth carefully placed the important packet.

When was that letter seen again?

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND HOLLAND.

I.—THE SHORES OF THE LOW COUNTRIES. ANTWERP.

HOLMAN, the blind traveller, tells us that he went to Sierra Leone for the benefit of his health. Miasma, coiling like a wet snake round the lungs, is a curative process rather difficult of belief. But change of scene works miracles. It flutters the blood, breaks up the lethargy of monotonous habits, and sets the springs of life going with renewed elasticity. Observe that obese, middle-aged gentleman, in the broad-leafed, fawn-coloured travelling hat, how he stands gazing at the odd costumes of the people in the market-place. At home he doesn't walk two miles a-day, on an average, spends a couple of hours of a morning over the newspaper, and crawls about, very much after the manner of a turtle, till dinner-time. Now, ever since he has come abroad he has been in a perpetual flurry; clambering up old cathedral towers, and driving about to ruins and museums, palaces and picture-galleries, from the moment he gets out of bed till he gets into it again. He is thinner, and lighter, and airier already; and begins to chuckle and crack jokes with a spriteliness which quite alarms his family. The novelty of the transition awakens his whole faculty of observation, such as it is; and the perpetual motion has given wings to his animal spirits. He is a new man, for the time at all events; but how long the healthful influence of this sudden metamorphosis will last must depend upon himself.

The experiment of the virtues of change is put to a hard test in Flanders; for never was shore so dismal, or land so like water. At the first sight of the line of coast, unvaried by a solitary undulation, and lying apparently below the level of the ocean, a crowd of dreary images rise up before you; you think of the margin of the Dead Sea, where the apples appropriately turn to ashes,—of the gloomy lip of the Stygian lake, seen afar off in some dusky picture,—of a thread of smoke on the verge of the horizon,—or of anything rather than a country covered with verdure, and thrilling to its centre with a busy population. The shore is so low that you wonder the water does not drown it; and, as you approach nearer and nearer, your wonder increases to observe how this dead flat becomes gradually developed into an inhabited country, ranges of sallow poplars, clusters of tiled roofs, church domes and spires, mills twirling upon the bleak banks, or glittering through the trees, and fields of pea-green corn rising up like apparitions in solemn succession. Yet this is the land whose northern settlements remote history informs us belonged to the fishes when the world was in its prime, of whose people Pliny entertained an awkward doubt whether they were

denizens of the earth or the ocean, and which is described by Butler as

“ A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature.”

The fogs that hang upon this coast are so dense that you are sometimes obliged to cast anchor within ten or twelve miles of land till they clear off, before you can venture to enter the mouth of the Scheldt. The Zealand group, of which inglorious Walcheren is the principal, looms first out of the mist. The derivation of the name, *sea-land*, tells the whole story. It is all sea-land. The embankments on the sea-verge are high; but the meadows within—the *polders calamiteux*—are occasionally overflowed, notwithstanding; an extremity for which provision is made further inland by dykes and drains. A few years ago, subsequently to the Revolution, but before the boundary treaties were completed between Holland and Belgium, a Dutch guardship used to lie at anchor here, to prevent the Belgian flag from passing into the Scheldt. It was humiliating enough to cross in a Belgian vessel at that time, and witness the ceremony of striking the national flag, black, saffron, and red, and hoisting the Union-jack in its stead, that the good ship might obtain a free entrance to her own port. All this is gone by now; two Kings of Holland have surrendered their sceptres in the interval; the guard-ship has resolved itself into another Flying Dutchman, and vanished from the face of the waters; and the navigation of the river is free.

Entering the river by daylight, and sailing close under the coast, you get a fine view of Flushing, the capital of Walcheren. If you can exorcise Lord Chatham, and his unfortunate expedition out of your thoughts, you will enjoy the cleanly and hive-like appearance of the place. The hasty panorama of arsenal, church, and Hôtel de Ville, which you thus obtain, will be sufficient to satisfy all the interest an Englishman can be reasonably expected to take in a scene blistered over with such terrible memoirs. A few hours' sail, swiftly consumed in gazing on embankments and breakwaters, stray forts, and dreary marshes, brings you to the quay of Antwerp.

The most favourable moment to visit Antwerp is during the *fête* of the Revolution. You will then have the city in its holiday-suit; and no city looks livelier in its finery, or duller in its ordinary work-a-day dress. Formerly Antwerp was the centre of a vast commercial system; and Napoleon built an *entrepôt* and basins here, with a view to the establishment of a great trade, for which its position renders it peculiarly adapted; but the Revolution dispersed its merchants, who withdrew for the most part to Holland, just as its silk-manufacturers nearly three centuries before were forced, by the tyranny of Alva, surnamed the Cruel, to seek refuge in England. The immediate effects of the Revolution were disastrous to the Belgians; and, although their great industrial energies have finally enabled them to recover much of their former prosperity, an air of languor and depression still broods over their principal cities. The anniversary of the Revolution dissipates the habitual gloom, and, like a sudden burst of gay music in the streets, draws the inhabitants out of their dingy shops and counting-houses, and sets them dancing in the open air.

The aspect of drowsy, stately old Antwerp, under the influence of

this annual inspiration, is as picturesque as can be desired. The quay is crowded with people in quaint Flemish dresses, sprinkled with charming lace-caps and mantles, gaudy shawls, and pert little snowy gowns, clasped round the waist with blue or rose-coloured ribbons, and cut short at the hips to give full effect to a flowing dark petticoat. There is a boat-race on the river, which is covered with a variety of craft; the *estaminets* looking out upon the water are full of guests, roystering, singing, and making love in rather a riotous fashion; and in all the open spaces hundreds of idlers are engaged in athletic games. The most popular of these amusements is a contest for prizes of coats, caps, handkerchiefs, watches, &c., suspended from the top of a tall mast, which is greased to the summit. The humour of the game consists in the difficulty of climbing up this slippery pole to clutch at the prizes; and, as the majority of the candidates are tolerably certain to get a severe fall, a quantity of hay is placed at the bottom to receive them. At each failure the crowd sets up a tremendous roar of laughter, which is exceeded in volume only by the stunning shouts which hail the occasional victor. What with the more subdued vivacity of the promenades, the chorus of happy voices from the river side, the laughter of girls as they come trooping in broken groups up the narrow streets, the ringing of bells, and the low music of the *carillons*, which you catch every now and then, as you pass through some still nook of the city, a stranger at this brief season of enjoyment might imagine Antwerp to be utterly abandoned to the pursuit of pleasure.

The relapse into its every-day life presents a striking reverse. It is dull almost to melancholy; a piece of storied ground, animated only by the traditions of its history and its arts. The visitor who runs after fugitive excitements will be disappointed in Antwerp; but the student of historical antiquities, of sculpture and painting, may long linger here without exhausting the delights that await him.

The *café*, which may be regarded as the visible sign of continental gaiety, cannot be said to exist in Antwerp. There is but one, and it is incredibly dreary. Enter it, and you will find a few persons buried in a trance of dominoes, and, perhaps, a couple of sedate citizens playing at *écarté*, with as profound a gravity in their faces as if they were sitting on an inquest. The genius of the Antwerpens does not run in that direction; and, while you are wandering about in search of a flash of mirth, the good people are quietly housing themselves in their dark rooms, tranquilly enjoying their domesticities. Your only refuge, if you are determined to see a little life, is in one of the *estaminets*, where for a trifle you may indulge till midnight in Louvain beer, and the frolics of flower-girls, wandering Savoyards, sailors, and country dealers. Outside that turbulent spot all is still and motionless.

Take advantage of this stillness, and the fading light of evening, to visit the famous cathedral. It is when the shadows of the twilight are falling through the stained glass, and slowly darkening the vast aisles, that the simple grandeur and solemn beauty of this noble pile touch the imagination most deeply. The broad noon is necessary for the pictures and the carving, of which the world has heard much, yet never can hear enough. Here are Rubens' great pictures, the "Descent from the Cross," the "Elevation of the

Cross," and the "Assumption of the Virgin." Out of this country, except in copies and criticisms, and a few carefully-finished small works, such as the "Chapeau de Paille," Rubens is not thoroughly known. Here we have him in the full glory of his broad, liberal hand, his extraordinary power of composition, his hot colours, his jolly angels and voluptuous Flemish women, with hogsheads of red wine in their faces. It is only in Belgium that we have the means of appreciating the greatness of Rubens—his great vices and great merits; his wondrous facility and masterly invention, the energy and largeness of his treatment, and his utter want of poetical feeling. The "Assumption of the Virgin" may be specially referred to as a specimen of the excesses to which this celebrated painter frequently committed himself. The grouping is confused, the tints are as scattered as if a rainbow had been broken over the canvas, and the deep blue sky at the back, unrelieved by warm colours or depth of shadow, has the effect of making the picture at once cold and glaring. No wonder Rubens executed this immense painting in sixteen days! All the other works in the cathedral have been thrown into the shade by the presence of Rubens, but there are two or three which deserve careful examination. One of them is a head of the Saviour, supposed to be painted by Leonardi de Vinci, which will be found framed and glazed on a white marble slab in one of the aisles. The face is divine. "St. John in the Wilderness," by Murillo, hung up in a side chapel, out of the way of the glare of Rubens, is another masterpiece. The forlorn and dismal aspect of the landscape, and the devotional attitude of the Saint, whose imploring eyes shed a soft and tender light upon the scene, are highly poetical. The colouring is carefully subdued, and the disposition of the lights adapted with consummate skill to a very difficult subject. Here, too, as throughout the whole of Belgium, we have the finest examples of wood carving extant. The lofty pulpit by Verbruggen is a colossal piece of work, supported by four figures, representing the four quarters of the globe (that of Africa being specially remarkable for the delicacy of the limbs, and characteristic expression of the head and features), surrounded by fruits, flowers, trees, and animals proper to their several climates, with apochryphal additions, which a naturalist would be puzzled to classify. The variety of surfaces are brought out with wonderful effect, and, upon the whole, this pulpit, although not the most showy and elaborate, is certainly one of the most perfect works of its kind in the Netherlands.

Having occasion to call at the Hôtel de Ville, where we found the clerks sitting in antique chambers, whose walls and ceilings were covered with old paintings and carvings, we ventured to ask permission to examine these curious reliques. Such crowds of sturdy Flemish burghers, and cavalcades of rich horsemen, and priests, and grand ladies, as the prompt politeness of the official gentlemen enabled us to pass through! From room to room we stepped amongst drums, and banners, and bastions, religious ceremonies, and civic anniversaries. The whole ancient world of the Low Countries, its commercial wealth and warlike pomp, surrounded us on all sides, in a succession of pictorial representations, equally distinguished by picturesqueness and fidelity. In one apartment there was a view of Antwerp, from the Tête de Flandres, a vast panorama, defective as a work of art, but singularly interesting from the close-

ness and accuracy of the details; and in procession wending along the Place de Mable variety of figures, painted towards the tury. The colours of this production are not a single spot appears to have been retouched of people, their faces and dresses individ the usual minuteness of the Flemish school flags and glittering arms surrounding the fo the long train distinctly exhibited to the r tance; and the fantastic houses, with their against the sky, are delineated with surr completeness. This picture is an absolute Tourists should always remember that the its commonly tattered interior is seldom books, contains some of the choicest remain peculiar to this country.

In the Museum there are also some old have been doomed to oblivion by travellers the local historians, literary and peripatet contributed by Rubens, Vandyke, and Jor fantasies of Francis Floris and his renowned Matsys, have absorbed all the worship, a treasures of national art to total neglect closets where the managers of the institution They possess striking merits, notwithstanding are interesting as being illustrative of ling, life and costume of an extinct school of these, a representation of a *fête* given highnesses Albert and Isabella, is a charming It was painted by Adam Willaerts, who 1577, and died at Utrecht. The subject, trait of the place; a large lake in the cen back, and a foreground crowded with figures painted with scrupulous precision. The and minute finish is worthy of notice in the care which the artist has bestowed upon the way injuring the massed effects of the There is a remarkable picture here by David dim corner of a very shabby little side-rally marking the estimation in which we even when they are consecrated by the people be supposed that the mere name of the commanded more consideration in Antwerp Teniers, who was born here in 1610, and tators of the Academy of Design, for which the title of Academy Royal from Philip IV subject of this painting is, the Relief of fine in its details as the lace for which celebrated in the drawing-rooms of Europe. local pieces, the centre presents a distinct position of the armies; and on the right, there is a group of horsemen and soldiers, in the tist. The battle-scene is surmounted by a posed of a collection of armour and weapons

surrounding embellishments are set a number of medallion portraits, said to be faithful as likenesses, and exhibiting the finish of enamel. There are some things here by Daniel Seghers and Corneille Schut, which ought not to be passed over in the crowd of inferior celebrities. Schut, a pupil of Rubens, was born in Antwerp in 1590, where he died in 1676, and appears to have attained considerable fame for miniature heads. Seghers excelled in flowers, which he painted truthfully, and composed into groups remarkable for delicacy, freedom, and taste. He, too, was born at Antwerp in 1590, entered the Society of Jesus as a lay brother, and died in 1660. He furnishes the garlands that surround the heads and half-lengths of Schut, and the three or four specimens preserved here of their joint labours are curious and interesting.

Turning from these works of pictorial art, let us peep at the sculpture of Mount Calvary, the most singular sight in Antwerp. Mount Calvary stands in the garden of the church of the Dominicans, now called St. Paul's, and, in spite of the power developed in particular figures, the general design is in such vile taste as to produce feelings of downright disgust. A tall, narrow heap of cinders, built up with bits of glass, cracked stones, and broken bricks, represents on its summit the agonies of the Crucifixion, with such attendant circumstance as monkish genius could contrive, to give a startling effect to the unseemly show. Angels, supposed to be looking down from heaven, are seen floating above like dumplings, while a hideous gigantic Virgin stands below, receiving in a cup the blood of the Saviour, which spouts out from a height of five or six feet. By way of bringing home palpably to the spectator the incidents of holy writ connected with the Redemption, numerous figures are scattered over the garden, amongst which are to be found St. Peter, with his eternal keys, the four Evangelists, and a bevy of favourite saints. The meeting of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary in the garden occupies an enclosed space set apart for the purpose, after the manner of Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, which is fairly eclipsed by this crowded collection, in which, to say nothing of sacred personages, we are familiarly introduced to the *élite* of the calendar. There are upwards of sixty statues altogether, independently of numerous minor figures, some of them the productions of the most distinguished sculptors of the Low Countries, De Kock, Verbruggen, Vervoost, Quellyn, &c. A frightful background, composed of gloomy arched recesses, and containing the tomb of the Saviour, and a comical representation of the physical tortures of purgatory, completes the exhibition. A lamp burns inside the tomb to display the body of the Saviour, which is laid out on a couch, covered with pompous lace, and surrounded by tinsel offerings; and through a grating behind may be discerned groups of distorted heads and figures, grotesquely tossing about in waves, and tongues of wood painted a fiery red, to look like a conflagration. It appears that the world is indebted for this unique union of the revolting and the ludicrous to two Dominicans who, visiting Jerusalem in 1709, brought home a sketch of Mount Calvary, from which they constructed the barbarous design. The worst of it is, that all Eastern travellers who have seen the imitation, agree in declaring that it does not bear the remotest resemblance to the original.

There is some rich carving in the confessionals of this old church. But the artists, or the priests under whose directions they worked, appear to have indulged occasionally in a taste for strange incongruities. Upon one of these confessionals you will find clustered the figures of Albertus Magnus and the Virgin Mary, a couple of stout angels, and the Almighty, in person, bursting through the clouds, the whole enclosed in a border of embossed portraits. In such cases the designs were evidently chosen by the priests, for it is impossible to suppose that the hands which executed the details with such surpassing grace could ever have been united to the monstrous fancy which conceived them. A quaint picture of the Seven Acts of Charity, by the father of David Teniers, ought not to be overlooked as a sample of Flemish art; and a figure of the Virgin, gorgeously dressed, with a glory-crowned infant in her arms, a gold-sprinkled mantle over her shoulders, and a bunch of flowers in her hand, mounted on a globe in the middle of the nave, may be pointed out as a conspicuous example of the superstitious frippery which so often offends the eye amongst the artistical treasures of these churches. Here, too, is Rubens' celebrated picture of the Scourging of Christ, the grand point of which is the concentration of the light on the flesh in the centre. Rubens understood this subtle resource better than all other masters, and sometimes availed himself of it in the most perilous ways, such as employing white draperies round naked figures, and always succeeding best where the risk was greatest.

Antwerp is full of Rubens. Something of his is to be seen in nearly all the churches, and not the least interesting memorial is his tomb, in the church of St. Jacques. Art is, in short, the distinguishing feature of a city which has given birth to the greatest painters of the Low Countries—Francis Floris, Quentin Matsys, Rombouts, Rubens, A. Vandyk, Schut, Seghers, Van Oort, David Teniers, Neefs, Jordaens, and Crayer. Out of these traditions have grown up a love of pictures, which pervades all classes of the inhabitants; and it is by no means rare to discover choice specimens of the Dutch and Flemish schools in some of the poorest houses. The amateur-collections of Antwerp, accessible to visitors, are numerous; * and there are many single pictures of great value in private hands, which strangers are not permitted to see. †

The passion for art seems to keep the people in their houses, to shed a consequent dulness over the out-of-door life, and to extinguish the desire for amusement. There is a handsome theatre in Antwerp, embellished with excellent taste and at considerable cost, but nobody goes to it, and it is closed more than half the year. The place is, in this respect, like a temple dedicated to high Art; and the

* The chief collections are in the houses of the late M. le Baron de Pret, Rue Kipdorp,—M. Wuyts, Rue du Jardin,—Madame Ullens, Rue de l'Empereur,—M. Baillie, Longue rue Neuve,—Madame Stevens, Rue de la Place Verte,—M. Verhaegen, Veille Bourse,—M. Weber, Marché St. Jacques,—M. Van Camp, Rue d'Hoboken,—and M. Serigiers, Rue du Couvent.

† A book published in Brussels a few years ago, gives a list of the principal Rubens and a Teniers, said to be fine specimens, belonging to M. Boschert, Rue d'Arenberg; a Rubens, of still greater value, in the hands of the Demoiselle Knyff, Longue rue Neuve; a Jordaens, at the house of M. de Pret-Thuret, Place de Mer; two Vandykes, belonging to M. Stiers, Rue de l'Hôpital; a Guide belonging to M. Marsily; and several Jordaens in the house of M. Dubois, Place de Mer.

inhabitants move about scantily and silently, as if they were conscious of sacred ground, and afraid to disturb its solemnity.

II.—MALINES. BRUGES.

A flat country, diversified by farm-houses, stretches of mangel-wurzel, turnip-crops, potato-fields and orchards, lies between Antwerp and Malines. The same everywhere—not a hill to be seen; dusty hedge-rows, interminable avenues of Lombardy poplars, and highly-cultivated farms, as level on the surface and as green as a billiard-table. The sameness is a little broken by a peep at the ruins of the country house of Rubens, on an eminence near Eckeren, but it is a mere scrap of a wall, and derives its sole interest from association. At Westmalle, you come upon a convent of Trappists, which is open to the public, a slight inconsistency in an institution professing to shut itself up in an oblivion of intercourse. Whoever is curious to see a company of live Trappists, ought to visit this establishment, where he will find the austere regulations of Saint Bruno carried out with the utmost rigour. The traveller may whisper in the ear of the porter upon entering, but in the interior speech is interdicted. He will here have the satisfaction of seeing six-and-thirty monks, dressed in coarse sackcloth, confined round the waist by a rope, without a shred of linen beneath. Agreeably to the stern rules of the order, they shave their heads and let their beards grow, sleep upon naked boards, and live upon an unvarying diet of bread, sour milk and vegetables; all other nourishing resources, animal food, fish, even eggs and fresh butter are forbidden. They maintain an absolute silence, and from the moment they enter the convent till the moment of their death, they never utter a single word. If anybody ventures to address one of them, he will instantly cover his head with his cowl, and move away. These dumb monks are indefatigable agriculturists; and their sole occupation consists in grubbing up the heath, and digging their graves.

Malines has undergone a surprising change within a few years. The quiet track, with its well-remembered simple obelisk and station-house, has disappeared. Vast buildings rise on all sides; hundreds of railway carriages are collected in open yards, laid out expressly for the purpose; several lines of road, intersecting each other, designate the great continental routes to the sea, to Holland, France and the Rhine; the level and exposed country is no longer visible; the stillness of antique lace-making Mecklin is at an end; and the place is given up to tall chimneys, huge warehouses, officers on duty parading the ground in their uniforms, the shrieks of arriving and departing engines, not unlike the fierce neighing of horses eager for the road or the stable, and the clamorous din of passengers to and from all points of the compass. The change is significant of the improvement which has passed over the face of the kingdom within the last ten or twelve years. Malines is the centre of the railroad system of Belgium, a fact which is forcibly impressed upon the memory of the tourist by the harassing delays he suffers here in waiting for the arrival of trains; and, until the country can afford to lay down double lines, passengers must make up their minds to wait. Such a consummation is not to be anticipated under

existing circumstances. The Belgian railroads are admirably conducted, but for the most part unprofitable; and if they were not concentrated in the hands of government, so that the traffic on the more frequented lines goes to balance the loss on others, travellers would be exposed to worse inconveniences than that of waiting for trains. In some places they would assuredly have no trains to wait for; so let them be thankful for a spare hour or two to cross the fields, and pay a flying visit to the old cathedral of St. Rumbold.

This piece of Gothic magnificence, whose foundations were laid upwards of seven hundred years ago, is of vast extent. The columns of the nave are decorated mid-way with colossal figures, which would hurt the simple grandeur of the *ensemble*, but that the magnitude of the building tones down these bold interpolations. The choir, the altar, and the surrounding embellishments are in the purest taste; here there is little to break the flowing outline of the architecture. The "Crucifixion," by Vandyk, is the grand attraction of the cathedral, a picture that at once suggests a reminiscence of the same subject as it is treated by Rubens. The comparison is favourable to the poetical feeling of Vandyk. His back-ground and sky throw out his figures more effectively, and the distribution of his crosses is more picturesque. By this judicious arrangement, he exhibits in strong relief the harrowing struggles of the thieves, contrasted with the serene endurance of the Saviour, which falls like a soft light from heaven between them; the subdued colouring of the whole harmonizing with the solemn character of the subject. The points of resemblance between these works are no less striking than their differences; such are the two heads gazing upwards from the back-ground upon the cross, the centurion looking up from his horse, the saddle of which he clutches with both hands (coincidences, by the way, which are very remarkable), and the attitude of the Magdalen.

The carved pulpit of this church, representing the Conversion of St. Paul, is a master-piece of art. The attitude of the saint thrown off his horse, is strained; in such a situation the figure of a man would be more huddled; but the fallen horse, struck back upon his haunches, with his fore-legs sinking under him, is wonderfully beautiful, with the exception of the head, which is short and thick. The mouth and nostrils are expanded in the violent effort to recover the ground, and had they been more fine and delicate, the production would have been perfect. But these artists had no notion of the ideal in horses, and made faithful copies of their great Flemish originals. The crucifixion, surmounting one side of the pulpit, and the figures of the two Marys, are nobly conceived; and great power of handling is shewn in the dishevelled mane of the horse, the rock, fruit, foliage and draperies.

Ascending the tower of St. Rumbold, which is always building and never to be finished, you are introduced to the mysteries of the skeleton clock, whose dial-plate is reflected in the stones of the square below, and may witness the performance of the *carillons*, whose mellow music, falling, as it were from the clouds, through the tranquil air of evening, so often enchants the traveller in Belgium. The *carillons* play every quarter of an hour, by means of machinery shut up in the tower; but upon grand occasions, popular tunes and still more elaborate compositions are performed by a man

who sits at an instrument resembling an organ, with keys and pedals. The wires communicate with the hammers of the bells, and touch, in their action, the points of a huge cylinder, which revolves like the barrel of a musical snuff-box. The effect of the reverberation within the tower is perfectly stunning. At first you expect nothing less than that the whole building will be rent from its foundations, but after a few violent shocks the ear grows accustomed to the uproar. It is only at a distance, however, that the sound becomes reduced and softened into a strain of melody. The physical labour of the man who controls all this thunder with his hands and feet, is so severe as to throw even the looker-on into a sympathetic heat.

The view from the summit of the tower opens a panorama of the flattest country in the world, not the least interesting object in which is the town beneath. Malines is called, with justice, *Malines la propre*. The remarkable cleanliness of the streets; the quaint roofs, and eaves, and porches, relieved here and there by green alleys, patches of gardens, and shrubberies buried in the heart of the buildings; and the dim relics of ancient houses which this downward gaze into the mysteries of the town develops, present altogether a striking and characteristic picture.

There is nothing more to be seen here except "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," by Rubens, in the Church of *Nôtre-Dame*, a specimen of colouring which is considered by good judges to rival the excellence of the Venetian school. How that matter of colouring may be, I will not venture to speculate on; but the grouping is terribly confused, and looks as if the artist had a large design in his head, and, trying to squeeze it into an inadequate space, crushed up his figures, at a serious risk of dislocating their arms and legs.

Glancing off from Malines, you may run to any point you choose in a few hours—Ghent, Liege, Louvain, Tirlemont, Brussels, Bruges. Belgium is covered with lines of railroad, which enable you to traverse the entire country in a few days. But, if you want to see Flemish life you must get into the towns; for the open champaign is the same everywhere,—lines of foliage, fields spattered with willows, homesteads such as we see in the remote pastoral districts of England, all very rural and encouraging, but obstinately tame and monotonous.

Away, then, from the broad lands, where all is dull and uniform, to the towns where all is strange, and where the habits and costumes of by-gone times may yet be seen moving athwart the sunshine. Away from the interminable roads, with their paved causeways, their funereal rows of trees, their sad neighbourhoods of mangel-wurzel and beet-root, and their long perspectives of white light, broken at intervals by parallel shadows; away to the cities where the hum of trade, the sounds of revel, the religious processions, the peculiar fashions, and the light melancholy notes of the *carillons*, sighing through the clouds, fill the imagination with romantic dreams about old Flanders. Peep into the drowsy streets of Bruges, once the great *depôt* of European merchandise, and the central link of the chain of communication between Italy and the Hanseatic towns; what fantastic architecture encloses you on all sides,—what grotesque *façades*,—what odd gables and housetops, surcharged with ornaments,—what pictorial figures clustering in the market-place, and on

the open thresholds, making lace as fast as their fingers can run, and singing and chattering in pure excess of glee,—what varieties of costumes, caps like coronals of stars, cloaks falling gracefully over the shoulders, with gossamer fringes fluttering in the air, kerchiefs pinned by the hand of exuberant fancy, and colours to no end! Standing in these antique streets, the stranger confidently expects to see some proud beauty, in a velvet hood and embroidered petticoat, emerge from one of the low, dark, arched doorways, with a falcon on her wrist, and her train held up by a page; and when the *carillon* drops down the wind at mid-day from the tower of the Halles, he listens for the tramp of a company of foot-soldiers coming to relieve guard, and is miserably disappointed to find the modern bayonet in place of the tall, glittering halbert; or, if he be loitering in the aisles of St. Sauveur, he will glance every now and then towards the choir, and fancy that he sees issuing out into the nave the king-at-arms, and a train of knights of the Golden Fleece, in their grand collars and robes, and their mantles and hoods of crimson and white, sprinkled over with gold.

Bruges is a charming bit of antiquity, as still as a dream, and full of old houses, with stepped roofs, chimneys standing in and out, and tossing about their queer caps, as if they wanted to puzzle the smoke, carved and painted screens, and ancient lattice-windows, through which you look for the realization of interiors such as you are familiar with in the pictures of Ostade.

In passing through these places, and writing about them, our thoughts are always running upon pictures, and statues, and carvings, and out-of-the-way styles of architecture. The fact is, there is nothing else to be seen or thought of. A tour through Belgium is literally an art-tour. The most spiritual and enjoyable part of the pleasure is to explore the cathedrals and museums, to turn over illuminated missals and illegible manuscripts, to criticise paintings, and find out in what particulars the painters who knew nothing about anatomy or perspective laid the foundations of the glory of those who came after them, to wonder at fine saints, and virgins dressed in lace and tinfoil, and to undergo much astonishment at the marriage of pure taste and vulgar glitter, which we find consummated so often in such scenes.

Dropping these hints, like seeds cast upon the wind to be blown away, or take root as they may, we will now run up to Brussels, for we shall observe no geographical order in visiting these Belgian towns.

III.—BRUSSELS AND ITS REVOLUTION.

Most of the approaches to Brussels lie through avenues of beech, elm, and maple-trees, broken by snatches of cultivated grounds and scattered villages. In the environs there is not much of the bustle which usually announces the proximity of a capital; but as you get near the city, and begin to see it stretching up a little hill, with its clouds of smoke and dust whirled into the air, a sense of the comparative magnitude of this very small miniature of Paris gradually takes possession of you. If Brussels is not a very grand or a very lively place, the upper, or new town, is at least handsome and airy.

dazzlingly white, and subject to the fashionable vicissitudes of being either blisteringly hot or as cold as the interior of a gap in the Mer de Glace.

The first peculiarity that strikes the visitor (supposing him to come here in the summer or autumn) is the uncommon quantity of dust which finds its way into his eyes. I had no suspicion of the wonderful capaciousness of my eyes till I found myself toiling up the Boulevards of Brussels. The soil is so light in the neighbourhood that the dust rises in stormy volumes, and covers the tillage in all directions. The sides of the roads are many inches deep in powder, which is caught up by every breath of wind, and whisked round your head and into your eyes with a violence and rapidity against which nothing less than a pair of Alpine spectacles can efficiently protect you. You cannot walk a dozen yards till your boots become as white as if they had been industriously steeped in flour,—a peculiarity productive of some odd effects in the promenades, especially in the broad walks of the umbrageous park, where you are literally buried ankle-deep in dust.

The aspect of the city from the Bruges road is striking, throwing up from the base to the summit of the hill a variety of spires, flags, dark turrets, and coloured roofs. The old town lies at the foot of the hill on the margin of the river, and here you are smothered in narrow, dingy, and crowded passages; but the streets widen as you ascend, more air is let in upon the scene, the aspect of the houses and the people grows newer and brighter, and by the time you find yourself in the Place Royale, you begin to feel that tone of quietude and elegance which presides over the court quarter of a capital city. Having brought the reader to this point, I will now leave him to Mr. Murray's excellent handbook, confining myself exclusively to matters of personal observation. Every stone in Brussels is as well known as the dome of St. Paul's; and that tourist must have considerable confidence in his power of imparting novelty to familiar subjects who should attempt at this time of day any fresh descriptions of the carved pulpit of St. Gudule, the pretty Jardin Botanique, the Museum, or even the Etablissement Geographique, where you are received by M. Vandermaelin, the munificent founder of the institution, in a blue smock-frock, with a pair of compasses or a pruning-knife in his hand, absorbed overhead and ears in globes, diagrams, and cacti.

It is the anniversary of the Revolution; but if you expect to find it celebrated here with that universal outpouring of rampant enthusiasm by which such commemorations are distinguished in France, you will be disappointed. There are multitudes of people abroad; but they exhibit no tokens of a strong national feeling. It is nothing more than a great gathering and quiet promenading. The crowds that move up and down through the streets and the park, and out in the direction of the Jardin Botanique, appear to be actuated rather by a curiosity to see what is going forward, than by a consciousness of having any part in the spectacle themselves. There never was so orderly a rejoicing over the liberties of a country. But these are only the *bourgeoisie*. No doubt we shall have a clamorous display of festivity amongst the lower orders in the approaching contests for prizes, which are to be struggled for by racers in sacks, toxophilites, and other dexterous and agile candidates. So let us go

outside the Boulevards into the fields and open grounds of Leopoldstadt. Why one can hardly believe one's senses at this still more remarkable phase of Belgian indifference. The mob are not half so numerous, and are, if possible, even more tranquil than the citizens. Nobody is present except the persons engaged in the diversions, and a thin scattering of lazy spectators. The *people* take no interest whatever in the anniversary, which passes off more quietly than an ordinary holiday. There is even a sort of reserve and backwardness in the enjoyment of the crowd, which looks less like pleasure than imperfect satisfaction. But the town is full of loungers; and if nobody else reaps advantage from the *fête* of the Revolution, the hotel-keepers at least have no reason to complain.

The temper which thus invariably marks the annual return of the glorious days of September is a significant evidence of the fact that the benefits anticipated from the breaking-up of the united government of the Netherlands have not been so rapid or substantial as the mass of the people expected. A glance at the origin and immediate consequences of the Revolution will shew how and why it is that the Belgians walk through this pageant of their independence with such leisurely apathy.

It was a part of the policy of that good king, William, who nearly twenty years ago, ruled over the Low Countries, to possess himself of shares in the principal commercial and manufacturing establishments of the kingdom. Wherever a great firm carried on a flourishing trade, it might be calculated upon with certainty that his Majesty was a sleeping partner. He may have had some such object in view as that which Pitt contemplated in the extension of the National Debt, by rendering the trading community dependant upon the Government, and thereby giving them a direct interest in its stability. But it was an awkward incident in this kingly commercial system, that it threw an undue influence into a particular quarter, which, according to all recognized constitutional theories, ought not to "make or meddle" with the operations of trade. The advantages which his Majesty derived as a private individual from his connexion with particular houses, was supposed to have given a bias, more or less, to the financial measures of his cabinet. It could hardly be otherwise. If a choice of alternatives were to be made, it was not very likely to be made to the prejudice of his Majesty's personal fortunes; so that while his Majesty's system secured the support of the mercantile body, it depressed the interests, and outraged the allegiance, of all other classes.

Here were clearly developed the germs of popular discontent. Then came revolutionary doctrines, generated by other causes, worked by other agencies, and already triumphant in France. The consequences were immediate and decisive; an unholy alliance was formed between the clergy and the mob; the revolution was effected like a stroke of magic; King William was dismissed to his Dutch flats, and Leopold was elevated to the throne of Flanders. Now note the results.

The suddenness of the movement took the sedate commercial people by surprise; it scared them in their counting-houses; shut up their markets, and arrested their transactions. The old trade was extinguished in a moment, and a new one had to be created. Ruin stared in upon them through every loop-hole of their business.

But what could they do? They had no soldiers at their command; they could not get up an armament of quills and inkhorns, and they were obliged to submit. In the meanwhile the transition was completed, and Belgium was erected into a separate kingdom before they could even form a plan of communication amongst themselves.

The mass of the manufacturers, merchants, and traders, were thus on the instant divorced from the Government. The priests and the populace had obtained the ascendancy, and the classes which had been hitherto fostered by legislative enactments, and which had contributed so effectively to the national security, were cast on the strand, like a wreck in a storm. The result was, that the whole of the commercial interest became openly and uncompromisingly opposed to the new order of things, and King Leopold had much reason to consider himself more fortunate than most monarchs of accident, that the very revolutionists who had raised him to power, did not themselves waver during this terrible crisis. The great manufacturing towns, of which Liege and Ghent are the most important, were dismayed at the change; and Antwerp, the capital of Dutch Brabant, which Napoleon intended to make the central point of European maritime operations, was emptied of its trade. The new *entrepôt*, built after the revolution, in consequence of the destruction of the old one by the shells of Chassée, was a splendid monument of mercantile desolation overlooking the empty basins of Bonaparte; the Scheldt did not exhibit a single mast as far as the eye could trace its windings from the lofty galleries of the cathedral; and the few merchants that yet lingered within the walls of the town, made early preparations to remove to Amsterdam, whither the most eminent members of their body had been drawn at the first outbreak by the crafty policy of King William. The commerce of Holland flourished, while that of Belgium was completely broken down. With all the facilities which the country possessed for the encouragement of manufacturing industry, the want of marts, the most valuable and available of which had been closed by the war with Holland, paralysed the energies of the people. In the fever of new-born freedom, these considerations were overlooked; but the fever rapidly abated, and it soon became evident that the prospects of the nation could no longer be regarded with safety through the medium of a dazzling sentiment. The Belgians were compelled to take a more practical view of their situation. Their military force for the most part was composed of raw undisciplined levies, and their means of resisting foreign aggression were so slight, as to leave them at the mercy of any convulsion which might take place in a neighbouring State. To depend for their security, like the small German States, upon the preservation of the balance of power, was a delusion. It was true that Belgium was in its infancy, and that the Government had not yet had time to mature its plans; but the danger lay not in the will of the Government to restore prosperity, but in the perplexities which beset the attempt.

A strong party existed in favour of the Prince of Orange, even amongst those who stood out most lustily against his father, and in favour of separation. This was an element of discord which, for a long time, menaced the throne of Leopold. The club-houses in

Ghent were filled with rioters, and hardly a day passed that was not marked by a duel. All sorts of fancy articles, jewellery, and bonbons, were fabricated with ingenious devices in allusion to the Prince of Orange; and, although the feeling was not openly avowed its existence was well known throughout the country. It might be considered strange that it did not take a more express and formidable shape, and make itself known and felt through the public journals; but it must be remembered that the press, nominally free is really very feeble and contemptible in this country, and does not attempt to represent or protect public opinion. It is a mere reprint of news, exhibits scarcely any original commentary, and is, to all intents and purposes, a slave and a coward. The attachment of the middle and industrial classes to the Prince of Orange, was attested however, by many trifling indications, which were sufficiently intelligible to make it imperative upon Government to suppress its display. The palace of the Prince used to be shewn to the public at first; its gorgeous apartments were all thrown open, including the boudoir and toilette of the Princess, just as she had left them when she fled from Brussels. Now, if the revolution had really carried with it the heart of the people, this exhibition would have stimulated their enthusiasm; but it had exactly the contrary effect, and the Government at last considered it prudent to close up the private apartments altogether. The palace still continued to be shewn, but no longer with the same pomp and circumstances. The blinds of the windows were drawn down, so as to darken the rooms, and shew the pictures and articles of *vertu* at the greatest possible disadvantage, and visitors were hurried through the apartments so rapidly, that the impression left upon their minds was necessarily slight and fugitive. In fact, everything was done to disappoint the sympathy and curiosity of the people, and to keep the prince out of view as much as possible.

Nobody could blame King Leopold for having recourse to such expedients. He was so deeply impressed with the hostility of the manufacturing interest that upon his annual visits to Ostend in the bathing-season he used to make a circuitous route by way of Audevard, in order to avoid Ghent, where the Orange party was very strong. This in itself was a conclusive proof not only of the state of opinion, but of the King's knowledge and dread of it. A still more galling humiliation was forced upon him by the presence of the Dutch guard-ship at the mouth of the Scheldt. The Queen's pleasure-yacht always lies at Antwerp; and when her Majesty goes to Ostend, it is customary to send her yacht to that port, under charge of a frigate of war; but as the frigate could not pass out of the Scheldt, no other course was left but to drag it through the canal at Ghent. Imagine the degrading spectacle of a frigate of war, with its proper proportion of officers and sailors on board, drawn by horses through a canal for a distance of some eighty or ninety miles where it had scarcely room to float, and all in order to avoid collision with a repudiated power, which overawed the country on the brink of its own shores.

Such memories as these are not calculated to inspire the people with much ardour on the revolutionary anniversary. If they have subsequently, and only latterly, risen up out of the depression, and recovered their elasticity, it is not in consequence, but in spite of

the Revolution. They struggled manfully through long years of privation and difficulty, and are now enjoying the prosperity which they have conquered by the force of their invincible energy. The railroads have done, and are doing wonders for Belgium; carried their trade up to the Rhenish provinces, and opened on all sides important facilities to their commerce. The whole country is improved. The people look as if they had something to work for at last. They are industrious and economical, and, which helps them on still better, cheerful and resolute. There are no longer any complaints about want of business; their great ambition is to become "a little England," and if they advance for the next ten years as they have done for the last five (making allowances for fluctuation) they will realise their desire. It is rather a hazardous speculation to cast the nativities of nations in these times; but the world ought not to be surprised if Belgium should one day become a master-power in Europe. She has immense capabilities. Her geographical position is commanding, her soil fertile, and her climate favourable; she possesses ample watercourses and harbours; the cultivation of the surface is unimpeded by mountains or barren tracts; and her population are enterprising and laborious; a combination of elements which, if steadily worked, and left undisturbed by the revolutionary action of surrounding nations, may be reasonably expected to crown the industrial efforts of the people with solid success.

THE LOVING STARS!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

BEAUTIFUL are ye, stars of night,
 Shining above on your thrones of light,
 Over a world of sorrow!
 Heralds of peace and love to those,
 Wearied and sad with their weight of woes,
 Ushering them at the midnight's close,
 Into a sunnier morrow!

No marvel that men in times of old,
 Many a destiny should unfold,
 Writ in your gentle beaming!
 The thoughtful spirit can wing its way,
 Far in the region of each bright ray,
 Leaving the world and its changeful day,
 Of paradise sweetly dreaming!

The hearth may lack its accustom'd guest,
 And we may mourn for a friend at rest,—
 But, gazing awhile above us,—
 In the jewels of night we yet could trace,
 The lines familiar of each dear face,
 Who from yon heavenly dwelling-place,
 Still in their glory love us!

THE TWO VICTORIES

IN the many fierce and sanguinary contests the countries south of the Indus have been centuries past the scene and the object, European armies more than usually brave and well appointed, have twice met on the same battle on the selfsame spot, yet very hard upon it—river more memorable now than ever. That the Hydaspes since Alexander fought with increased its celebrity with us as the Jhelum fought with Shere Singh; and, certainly, but to us any similar instance of two battles, fought offering such opposite contrasts, and producing The victory, so decisive in the one case thoughtful preparation for the battle; the the self-control, the masterly dispositions, movements of all arms of the force, being as case, as the absence of all these was in the other.

But the battle of Chillianwallah, on the battle very recent an affair, and its details are all so no recapitulation here for the purpose of course we now therefore require is a few of the battle on the bank of the Hydaspes, to show between these two victories.

The action began by Alexander's horse-bowmen in number, attacking in front the chariots their arrows distressing the charioteers, and behind them, so engaged the attention of both enabled unopposed to gain their flank; and were changing their front to receive him, appeared in their rear. A double front thus before they could complete the arrangement them, and threw them into confusion. Up to their elephants, as to a friendly fortification.

This gave the wished-for opportunity to move forward against the elephants, which them exceedingly by using a weapon made familiar occasion. This was a light dart, which the wounding some of the elephants, and to their riders. But, whenever an elephant was ward against the phalanx, he broke through. Meanwhile the Indian cavalry, being accustomed familiarly among them, and gaining thereby courage, formed again in a body, and again Alexander; but Cœnus had now joined him, discipline prevailing, the Indian cavalry again fought.

Then in the Indian army all became confusion and elephants, were all mingled together, and other. Some of the elephants, smarting from

came at length violent and ungovernable ; others had lost their riders, and were no less formidable to friends than to foes. At last they sounded a retreat in their own peculiar fashion, and, with a loud bellow in unison, fled in a body from the field.

The moment Alexander perceived this, he ordered the phalanx to take its proper formation, with closed shields and protruded spears, and to press upon the no longer formidable front opposed to them ; while the cavalry at the same time charging again upon the dense and compact mass of horse and foot mingled together in the enemy's centre, their confusion became worse confounded, and the victory was then as speedy as decisive.

Out of the four thousand Indian cavalry three thousand were left dead on the field, and nearly two thousand out of their three thousand infantry ; while all the elephants were taken as well as all the chariots. A second son of Porus was also among the slain, with the greater portion of his chief officers. Porus himself mounted on an elephant, and, armed with a coat of mail (of that excellence, and temper, and finish, which Europeans never attempted to equal, or even to imitate, and of which the body-armour lately taken from the persons of the Sikhs, and now in Lord Hardinge's possession at Penshurst, may be considered as fair specimens), was long conspicuous in the very thickest of the fight, and he stayed on the field so long as any remained to fight around him. But at length his right arm being freed from its defences, to afford him greater facility of motion, and being a most conspicuous object for the Greeks to hurl their javelins against, he received a very disabling wound in his right shoulder : and his troops having by this time nearly all fallen or fled, yielding to his fate, he allowed his elephant's head to be turned from the battle-field which had proved so disastrous to his hopes and his fortunes. He was instantly and furiously pursued by those more immediately near him ; and Alexander, being informed of his flight and danger, urged on messenger after messenger on swift horses, to entreat him to surrender. Through rage and grief, mortification and shame, pride and disappointment, Porus was in no mood to give further heed to the message than to threaten the life of the messengers, until Alexander sent Meroes, an Indian long known to Porus, and always upon friendly terms with him, who found him suffering so severely from his wound, and so exhausted through fatigue and thirst, as to be compelled to stop in his flight for rest and refreshment. Porus at length yielded himself to his conqueror.

No sooner was Alexander informed of the surrender of Porus, and of his near approach, than he advanced to meet him, accompanied only by his band of companions. The noble bearing of Porus powerfully influenced Alexander in his favour ; his fine proportions agreeing with his extraordinary stature of above eight feet, and the majesty of his demeanour, combining with his recent affliction, and his present abject condition, induced Alexander to ask him to state his wishes. He nobly replied, that he wished to be treated as a king should be ; and, as a king, and as one highly favoured, he was treated, for Alexander immediately restored to him his lost kingdom, and even greatly enlarged it ; and made a treaty with him so highly satisfactory to Porus as to secure his best services and his warm friendship ; and which Porus continued stedfastly to give to

Alexander, and his officers and successors days.

The battle between the Greeks and the Indians was prearranged, and on both sides fully prepared. The attack was drawn up, when the enemy was in full array, when the whole of his force was engaged. The battle was clearly understood; while the battle between Alexander and the Sikhs was sudden and accidental, and unprovided for nor foreseen. The enemy even did not know the amount of his force known, nor the distance, nor the strength nor the advantages of the Greeks.

In the old battle, the victory was most decisive. The chief was taken prisoner, more than half the field, and all the *materiel* of the army, its strength and its efficiency, was captured.

In the late battle, the victory consisted in the Greeks holding, after the battle, the ground it held. The Indians, however, several of its cavalry regiments retreated back upon their enemies, and did not retreat in the good order the Indians did. The Greeks galloped madly through them, and far beyond the gunners, and causing, in consequence, the destruction of their cannon. The victory also was gained by the capture of seven of their colours; and, notwithstanding that many salutes of twenty-one guns were fired from India on account of it, yet great numbers of the Indians were killed through the night on the ground on which they were killed and stripped by their enemies, and many of them lay weeks on the grounds, naked and unburied.

One result of this victory, and perhaps to be mentioned in special mention, was that the victorious army was in a position, without being annihilated through the treachery of the Indians. It was grievously insulted, however, by the Sikhs, and its *dâks* were plundered in every way attacked, and its *dâks* were plundered in every way coming in; and it was often bewildered at the treachery of the Sikhs, and perplexed as to what it ought next to do. Alexander outmanœuvred. The enemy, whom it surprised, camped and strongly entrenched in its front, and so much nearer to the capital of the Sikhs, the chief source of its supplies. Another army had been achieving victory and gaining great glory, but at this juncture intervened between the enemy and Alexander, and instantly joined heart and hand to inflict punishment for his gross treachery, his barbarous misdeeds.

MUSICAL NOTES FOR MAY.

BY TARTINI'S FAMILIAR.

"Honest folks like me?—How do ye ken whether I am honest or wile I am? I may be the devil himself for wile ye ken: for he has power to make diabolism as an angel of light: and besides, he is a prime leader. He played a sonata to Tartini, ye ken."—SCOTT'S *Requiem*.

Hark to the echoes of the moan of MIE
Chiming like distant bells borne on the wind:
Sod are their voices while they sweetly say,
"Mourna, shepherds, mouna: ye have no more a LIND!"

IN beginning his third chronicle of "pipe and wine," *Asmodeus* would be unpardonable if he did not assure "the nobility and gentry," his friends, patrons, and those of the general public "having a taste-ful disposition,"—as the German trumpeter phrased it—that the above lament is not given, because it is either the most musical, or the most melancholy of one thousand and one verses written on the subject—but simply because it is the briefest. Having in his time seen much sorrow, Tartini's Familiar holds that the greatest losses are best mourned in the fewest words—not on "the principle of the pagoda,"—or according to the philosophy of the Mandarin, who desired that clean pipes should be brought, and the defunct mistress of his bosom swept to the dust-hole!—but because long lamentations tire the ear rather than touch the heart. The LIND is gone from the stage to reign over the world of oratorios, concerts, and other such orthodox delights. Cathedral closes will open their doors wide when she sings the recitative after "the Pastoral Symphony;"—Prebendal stalls will sweep and rustle to "reserved seats," if so be they may enjoy her "Graceful Consort" in "The Creation." Bright and strange and unprecedented has been her career, and something remains for the summer-up of evidence and the historian to say thereupon, as well as for the lyrists to sing, and the *Illustrated News* to illustrate; but *Asmodeus* is not *Rhadamanthus*—merely a taker of notes on sounds as they pass and rumours whilst they circulate. Good luck go with Mlle. Lind, and may her private life be private to her inmost heart's desire! Wealth she has but to gather at her will: friends she will have for the opening of her mouth: health—ah! that lies above the interference of *Asmodeus*. Well, then, good luck to Mlle. or Madame Jenny. Who knows, after all, whether she is "clean gone?" 'Tis my nature to be "with small belief encumbered:" also, the ears of *Asmodeus*, though not asinine, are long and many. Therefore, perhaps, she has only retired to dress for a new part.

But the Haymarket Opera without her?—Forgive me, fair lady proprietress of *Roman seventeen*—forgive me, gracious Colonel, who have already killed and wounded so many from the ambuscades of your omnibus-box. *Asmodeus* is no more a prophet than a historiographer. Time will settle the question, and then, like every other infallible oracle, I shall be only too happy to tell you what was going to happen. Meanwhile, Mlle. Alboni is again "up in the Market"—as large as life, as ripe as summer, her voice as joyous as that of the queen of "*Mirth's crew*." *Rosina*, *Angelina* (Alboni an ill-used *Cenerentola*, forsooth!)

Alexander, and his officers and successors, through the rest of his days.

The battle between the Greeks and the Indians was premeditated, prearranged, and on both sides fully provided for; the plan of attack was drawn up, when the enemy was in view and in battle-array, when the whole of his force was visible, and his order of battle was clearly understood; while the battle between the English and the Sikhs was sudden and accidental, and had neither been provided for nor foreseen. The enemy even was not visible, nor was the amount of his force known, nor the disposition of the force he had, nor the strength nor the advantages of his position.

In the old battle, the victory was most decisive; the commander-in-chief was taken prisoner, more than half of his troops were left on the field, and all the *materiel* of the army, all that constituted its strength and its efficiency, was captured.

In the late battle, the victory consisted in the victorious army holding, after the battle, the ground it held before it. During the battle, however, several of its cavalry regiments fairly turned their backs upon their enemies, and did not retreat to their guns for protection in the good order the Indians did to their elephants, but galloped madly through them, and far beyond them, trampling down the gunners, and causing, in consequence, the capture of six of the cannon. The victory also was gained by the loss to the victors of seven of their colours; and, notwithstanding it was a victory, and that many salutes of twenty-one guns were fired throughout all India on account of it, yet great numbers of the wounded were left through the night on the ground on which they fell, to be stabbed and stripped by their enemies, and many of the dead were left for weeks on the grounds, naked and unburied.

One result of this victory, and perhaps the only one that calls for special mention, was that the victorious army was able to keep its position, without being annihilated through several weeks subsequently. It was grievously insulted, however, and in various small ways attacked, and its *dâks* were plundered both at going out and coming in; and it was often bewildered at what it heard, and perplexed as to what it ought next to do. And, after all, it was fairly outmanœuvred. The enemy, whom it supposed to be snugly encamped and strongly entrenched in its front, was fifteen miles in its rear, and so much nearer to the capital of the kingdom, and to the chief source of its supplies. Another army, however, which had been achieving victory and gaining great glory elsewhere, happily at this juncture intervened between the enemy and his hoped-for prize, and instantly joined heart and hand to inflict upon that enemy a just punishment for his gross treachery, his barbarity, and his numerous misdeeds.

MUSICAL NOTES FOR MAY.

BY TARTINI'S FAMILIAR.

"Honest folks like me?—How do ye ken whether I am honest, or what I am? I may be the deevil himself for what ye ken: for he has power to come disguised as an angel of light: and besides, he's a prime fiddler. He played a sonata to Tartini, ye ken."—SCOTT'S *Redguntlet*.

Hark to the echoes of the month of May
 Chiming like distant bells borne on the wind!
 Sad are their voices while they sweetly say,
 "Mourn, shepherds, mourn! ye have no more a LIND!"

IN beginning his third chronicle of "pipe and wine," *Asmodeus* would be unpardonable if he did not assure "the nobility and gentry," his friends, patrons, and those of the general public "having a tasteful disposition,"—as the German trumpeter phrased it—that the above lament is not given, because it is either the most musical, or the most melancholy of one thousand and one verses written on the subject—but simply because it is the briefest. Having in his time seen much sorrow, Tartini's Familiar holds that the greatest losses are best mourned in the fewest words—not on "the principle of the pagoda,"—or according to the philosophy of the Mandarin, who desired that clean pipes should be brought, and the defunct mistress of his bosom swept to the dust-hole!—but because long lamentations tire the ear rather than touch the heart. The LIND is gone from the stage to reign over the world of oratorios, concerts, and other such orthodox delights. Cathedral closes will open their doors wide when she sings the recitative after "the Pastoral Symphony;"—Prebendal stalls will sweep and rustle to "reserved seats," if so be they may enjoy her "Graceful Consort" in "The Creation." Bright and strange and unprecedented has been her career, and something remains for the summer-up of evidence and the historian to say thereupon, as well as for the lyrists to sing, and the *Illustrated News* to illustrate; but *Asmodeus* is not *Rhadamanthus*—merely a taker of notes on sounds as they pass and rumours whilst they circulate. Good luck go with Mlle. Lind, and may her private life be private to her inmost heart's desire! Wealth she has but to gather at her will: friends she will have for the opening of her mouth: health—ah! that lies above the interference of *Asmodeus*. Well, then, good luck to Mlle. or *Madame Jenny*. Who knows, after all, whether she is "clean gone?" 'Tis my nature to be "with small belief encumbered:" also, the ears of *Asmodeus*, though not asinine, are long and many. Therefore, perhaps, she has only retired to dress for a new part.

But the Haymarket Opera without her?—Forgive me, fair lady proprietress of *Roman seventeen*—forgive me, gracious Colonel, who have already killed and wounded so many from the ambuscades of your omnibus-box. *Asmodeus* is no more a prophet than a historiographer. Time will settle the question, and then, like every other infallible oracle, I shall be only too happy to tell you what was going to happen. Meanwhile, Mlle. Albani is again "up in the Market"—as large as life, as ripe as summer, her voice as joyous as that of the queen of "*Mirth's crew*." *Rosina*, *Angelina* (Albani an ill-used *Cenerentola*, forsooth!)

Ninetta have been successively carolled through rather than acted—for the brave Alboni might act better and fare no worse. By this time the world would only be too glad to welcome her in something new—what delight, for instance, did her jovial and brilliant *Page* song, last year, add to “*Les Huguenots*.”—In truth, unless Opera is to languish and utterly expire there must be a composer shortly “fitted up.” Fashionable flesh and “blue blood” (as your Spaniard puts it *apropos* of his *Ossunas* and *Medina Sidonias*) will not much longer bear with the worn-out works of a worn-out repertory. *Asmodeus* does not believe in the efficacy of prizes propounded, or competitions forced; but there is such a thing as encouragement; and did he manage the Opera Houses, either or both, Mr. Balfe should have one commission, and Mr. Wallace another; and a third should be given to Signor Biletta, and a fourth to Signor Alary, some of whose music discloses more than the average fulness of idea and promise. When “the bitterness of the season” is past we may have more to say concerning the *opera-tunit* denied to original talent; also, what amount of agitation may be necessary to overturn the existing order of indifference and exclusion. Meanwhile, ere we leave *Her Majesty's Theatre*—a hand is laid on the button, and a question is at the ear, “And what of Mlle. Parodi?” To this no better answer can be given than the last words in “*The Count of Monte Christo*,” “*Wait and hope.*”

The most special operatic event of the month within our recollection has been the style in which the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden has been “playing the Devil!” This is, of course, a topic intimately interesting to *Asmodeus*, and none the less so, because—his hoofs and horns having been pared—he can profess as implicit an admiration of the “moral suitability” of the catastrophe of “*Robert*” as the eldest sits upon the Bench of Bishops. Nay, perhaps, because of his very former kinmanship he taketh a particular and malicious satisfaction in the descent to the lower regions of *Bertram*, after his having raged through five acts, and all but lured the precious tenor from the even tenor of his way to Perdition's deeps.—Whimsicality apart, and to be as serious as Sorrows self, in no theatre, except the *Academie* of Paris, or His Majesty the Czar's Opera House in St. Petersburg, could “*Robert*” be given as it has been given at Covent Garden. On a small stage the effect of one of Meyerbeer's operas is depressingly heavy. Wheresoever a mass of voices is essential, space and distance are necessary to the musical effect. Beethoven's symphony in C minor played by a little band hardly amounting to a *full score*, would sound bombastic rather than grandiose. Handel's “Sing ye unto the Lord,” is coarse and screaming in a drawing-room; and—no offence to sundry high-towering amateurs—I would rather not hear the *trio* from “*Norma*,” or the mad scene from “*Anna Bolena*,” in “my Lady's” *boudoir*, be my Lady's volition ever so intensely, portentously dramatic. Yes; Meyerbeer's operas demand grand, rich, and luxurious theatres. His muse has nothing to do with the Thespian cart:—she crieth aloud for “chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before her.” Now, such a vehicle of glory has never been tendered to “*Robert le Diable*” in England since the short-lived reign of Mr. Monck Mason (at which period London was unprepared for the apparition) till the evening of Saturday the twelfth. By this time, too, my dear English public—curious alike in its recusancy, and in its conventionalism—had been so accustomed to hear for some seventeen years past of “*Robert*” as a great work, popular throughout the whole of Europe—that its mind might

have been reasonably presumed as far more favourably disposed to accept the opera than it used to be. The performance was a performance worth the waiting for, worth the spending upon:—including and implying that general perfection of musical execution, which has only been attainable in our Italian theatres since M. Costa took the *bâton*, and drilled orchestra chorus,—ay, and also, such egotistic folk as opera-queens, and opera-lovers, and opera-villains—into a well-disciplined self-forgetfulness. Then there was Mr. Grieve's wondrous piece of sorcery, called a scene, to wit, his "Cloisters of St. Rosalie." Time was when the town would have run "twenty thousand strong" to look at the picture. What hath ailed the town now? Wherefore must the truth of the writing-master's distich,

" Nothing is denied to well-directed labour,"

be proved "by the rule of contrary" in the case of this gorgeous presentiment of Meyerbeer's Opera? *Asmodeus* is not called upon to plead—to split hairs—to reason. He remembereth among the English former inexplicable pertinacities, for and against:—how they could never be brought to accept "La Vestale" of Spontini; how they have never "cottoned" (as *Jonathan* hath it) to Rossini's "Guillaume Tell," in spite of the beauty and magnificence of its second act; than which, in truth, Opera has nothing more magnificent or more beautiful. There are singers of a grand style, who have never been properly *tasted*; to name one—Pisaroni. Humour is humour, and caprice is caprice. "Robert," lavish as are its splendours, does not draw.

After an eight years' pause, the experiment of a German Operá has again been tried; this time at Drury Lane. Regarding this, I desire your gracious permission to be diffuse—of course not tedious. Good Nature forbid that *Asmodeus* should accuse all who have been enthusiasts on the subject, of *canting*; nevertheless, a large portion of such wit and wisdom as are current concerning German Opera does claim *recantation*. 'Tis the finest thing in the world to have won a classical reputation. Well did dear Mrs. Jarley know the value of the adjective! But tell us, what *is* German Opera?—the works written by Mozart in the Italian style, for Italian singers?—those by Gluck, composed in the French manner for the grand lyric theatre of France? or those by Spontini? or by Cherubini?—a pair of born Italians. What then, is the lyric drama of our dear cousins—Prussian, Austrian, Saxon, Hanoverian, Westphalian, Suabian, Bavarian:—a *cuckoo* much heard of, but sparingly to be heard? a *Frau Harris*? concerning whose very existence soberer controversialists than *Betsy Prig* may propound grave doubts? Hardly so; though it is upon the cards, for a pilgrim to have gone, a couple of years ago, from Lubeck to Peterowaradein, and to have entered every theatre into which *zettel* invited him—still never to have heard a single note of German music!—to have found no *Pamina*, no *Leonora*, no *Agatha*, no *Euryanthe*, no *Jessonda*, no *Falkners' Braut*; but, in their place, some elephantine *Nachtwandlerin* ("Somnambula,") delivering the *cantilena* of Bellini in a fashion obese rather than expressive; or some meagre *Schwarze Domino*, aged 50, red as a piece of classical brick-work, and anxiously working the cordage of her poor elderly face into such amblings and smiles and *agaceries* as befit the real *Angela* of the ball-room, the gallant's supper, and the Abbess her parlour! My dear Germans (*Asmodeus* loveth them, for is not the Brocken in their country?) are strangely devoid of a real feeling for vocal excellence; though none but a fanatico

as impudent as *Asmodeus* does well to say so. Their *prime donne* are as few as they are *grace-less*. Since the days of Sontag the sweet-voiced and sweet-smiling, I have not heard a tuneful note from a German songstress. Strong organs, shrill ones—voices tough in the throat, and ready in the nose, have I heard from many a true soul,—who would faint in your arms, were you to tell her she was no singer—howsoever good a shrieker or sight-reader—sour old *Zerlinas* have amazed me—prize *Valentines* (O shade of Mlle. Falcon!) have I seen and as I have said, everywhere, a most un-German affectation to be French or Italian; but no grace, no delicacy, no brilliancy, no elegance. Brain me not, ye Teutonic *Diablotins*, whether in the press or out of the press! Did I lack illustration, or were I given, as anatomical lecturers are, to prove my science by clinical demonstration,—I need but point to the dear folks who have been playing in “the Lane.”

The rule of mediocrity is proved by the high relief in which the exceptions of merit stand out. There is no need for *Asmodeus* to perform a *fantasia* in honour and admiration of Pischek—the baritone bass, or bass-baritone (which is he?). All London has run after his “Standard-Bearer,” and cried “Amen and *encore!*” to his “*Mein herbst am Rhein.*” Those again, the most averse to “being *Spohred*” in general (as the wittiest woman of the Victorian era puts it), have yielded to the enchantment of the scenes from “*Faust*” when he has sung them with the deepest German intensity, and almost Italian finish. Concerning another announced member of the *troupe* (as ye unheard at this moment of writing), Herr Formes *Asmodeus* has, also many handsome and grateful experiences, gleaned in foreign parts, to contribute. And the good folks, one and all, work while playing—with a zeal, an energy, and an honest understanding of their music, which is delightful, and never enough to be recommended to our self-engrossed and *nonchalant* English opera-kings, and subjects. And this it is, in part, which recommends them to our public, but, in part also, it is the overstrained reputation, and the hard names which *John* and *Mrs Bull* pronounce so Babylonically. Screams are ringing in mine ear—strange, duck-like gestures are dancing before mine eyes, which almost tempt me to tell “who did it,” and to ask what quarter would be extended to a *Smith* male, or a *Taylor* female, who perpetrates such dramatic deeds. But ’tis better to drop the curtain!

After what I have written concerning German Opera, need I, *must* I—say that I still like and look up to German music? Yea, it may be as well so to do: since silly people are still as plenty as *gooseberries* even in our enlightened world of English musical amateurship! And if one desired a text, a theme whereupon to perform a *sonata* of praise conviction, and hope, *à la mode Germanorum*, here is one within our gates ready to hand at this very “time of asking,”—in the head heart, bow-arm, five fingers, and *Cremona* of young Joachim the violin player, who is more likely than not, one day to become **THE VIOLIN PLAYER!** More sterling nature—more sterling art—do not exist than those which he has to present to us. He exhibits power, passion, and prudence on his instrument—he plays like a man and like a master because he has worked, and still works, like a scholar and a patient aspirant. Anything simpler, sincerer, or nobler than his style—anything completer, more perpetually instinct with intelligence, than his execution—comes not within my record. It was to him that poor Mendelssohn used to point with pride—the pride of a true German and a true artist—as to one who was likely to do credit to their country.

The composer loved to hear the boy (for it is only yesterday that Joachim was a boy) play his music; and encouraged, and counselled, and played with him, as though he had been the boy's elder brother. Well, all that is over now!—and, for the moment, German discord bids fair to make German music cease out of the land. But should good days ever come again for the art, and life and health be spared to him (he is happily strong and sound—in this not the least of a genius or a prodigy) the world can hardly fail to hear, far and wide, of Joachim as Spohr's successor, with additions and emendations. And here is Herr Cossmann, the violoncellist—a young player of good promise and great performance, whose reading of classical chamber music could hardly be amended. And this should be the German reading, not the French one, which is too spasmodic; nor the Italian, which is too singing and sentimental; nor the English, which but prudence and politeness, *Asmodeus!*—nor forget thy new vows of civility and amiability.—No scandal against the English!

Rather "let's have a dance," and Strauss with his merry men shall furnish the music. I know less of the Fairies, naturally enough, my "connexion" considered, than Mr. Tennyson's Talking Oak; and therefore, will not mislead country ladies by pretending certainty, when a guess is all that I can muster. But is not Herr Strauss Oberon? compelled, by some spell "metaphysical," monarchical, or Metternich-al, to ramble from town to town, with his horn changed into a fiddle-bow, and his myrmidons metamorphosed into that neat-looking company of gentlemen in white waistcoats, who do such wonderful things in combination? Assuredly, for the ear *blasé* with music—music classical and music dramatical, and music mystical, and music scientific, and music that tells everything, and music that conveys nothing, I know of no restorative comparable with the band of Strauss. It is like a beaker filled from the oldest vat in the Bremen *Rath's-keller* to a fagged man; it is like a perfume of the richest and most inspiring *aroma*—the purest of pure *Eau de Cologne* inhaled—when the atmosphere is sultry, and the head aching. I believe that if Strauss were properly brought to bear upon Bem and Kossuth, there would be an end of the Magyar revolution: or supposing him to have fraternised with Oudinot—and, in place of "call to parley," supposing his "*Rosen ohne Dornen*" set a-going without the walls of Rome; the Triumvirs (including grim Sig. Mazzini) must dance, there would be no help for it. And it would be *Pio Nono's* own fault, if, availing himself of the ball (as happens in all play-house conspiracies), he did not waltz back to the Quirinal; while the wizard—like the piebald piper who cleared Hamelin of its rats—swept out of the Eternal City its present vermin-swarm of occupants.

Seriously, there's nothing like Strauss; in no other music, going or coming, is such a vivacity, is such a *verve*, is such a flow of melody broken up with pretty suspenses and piquant episodes and sustained through many a change and a climax, with unflagging beauty and brilliancy, till the panting dancers must needs stop before their excitement becomes too wild. Withal, in this same waltz-music, there's just that *souçon* of sentiment and melancholy which has also its part in the tone of every mortal ball-room,—where feet may be as merry as they please, and feeling may take every chameleon colour:—and the gayest moment is not without its thought, and emotion, and prophetic shadow for some who figure in the revel. Such, at least, is my fancy, and *Asmodeus*, it need hardly be pointed out, is not among the Mystics.

But as if *St. Cecilia* had resolved to make him poetical outright, she hath sent this dozen of Hungarian vocalists, the MM. Podbersky, who sing part-music with "a most extracting" charm and spirit. What is there that so potently moves one in the chord of male voices? whether it be heard winding between the high banks of an English lane, as some villager is borne to his long home,—or in *Almack's*, when these artless artists, these unprofessional professors, give utterance to their strange national melodies, (the words of which the author of "*Gisella*" would be troubled to translate,) or execute that haunting inspiration by Mendelssohn,—his "*Jäger's Abschied?*" For these things there must be some reason. I remember that the playing of the pompous Baden band, in the *Dom-platz* at Salzburg, produced on me the same effect; but then one's spirits had been holidaying, and one's heart had been opened and poetised by a delicious month's walk in Styria and the Tyrol; whereas in this case, they had been gradually "dizzied out" of the hearer in the tread-mill routine of London pleasure. There is something rich, southern, engaging in these Hungarian voices; an *abandon* and a nature, an excellent energy and a union in their singing—a concord, or a passage sometimes *flashing out*, as though 'twere a volley fired by a troop of riflemen. There is much in such a Tyrtæan war-song as Weber's "*Lutzow's Wild Chase*;" in such a grand and genial melody as the one by Mendelssohn just mentioned,—which, by the way, this capital Podbersky dozen sing too slowly. "But that's not all," as Barry Cornwall says in his "*Roaming Mariners*," concerning the pranks of sailors' wives. Something, too, resides in the hearer's sympathies, and on these neither Burney, nor Kiesewetter, nor Fetis, nor Mr. Gardiner of Leicester, have as yet been able to throw any light. Suppose we ask the Mesmerists.

Here is enough, at all events, set before us by Germany, northern and southern, in vindication of its nationality, by the side of Italy and France. Now let me speak a word concerning English doings. As for Exeter Hall, I hope that Sir Robert Inglis, who applied for its music-licence, is prepared to write the chronicles of its concerts. *Asmodeus* is not. What if the atmosphere of that place to him presents difficulties of respiration, as Miss — the grandiloquent might phrase it? Whether this be so or not, the quantity of music, good, bad, and indifferent, now enacted there, attended by throngs who crowd the most inconvenient room in the world, brings its own explanation. First and foremost, *how* has Exeter Hall been crammed to running-over with English ballads, and ballads not of the best kind. For howsoever ye may sneer, cousin Sprite from Germany! or Socialist Imp, who lurkest behind a gunpowder barrel in Paris! or Spirit more sentimental, who switcheest with thy tail a guitar down the *Lung Arno*, or before Florian's in the *Piazza* at Venice!—England *has* ballads of the best kind. I have at this moment in mine ears "*The deep, deep Sea*," as Malibran used to sing it with the fascination of a syren:—and I am thinking of "*The Mermaid Song*"

"Love me, but never believe me,"

so caressingly set by Barnett. Good tunes, also, by the score, due to Bishop, arise;—nay, I am tempted still further back to the days when Arne set the songs in "*As you like it*," and "*The Tempest*," with a freshness and felicity which I happen to know have given the Shade of Shakspeare the liveliest gratification. Why do not our young ladies and

gentlemen—Miss Lucombe, Miss Williams, Miss Dolby, Miss Birch, Miss Pyne, and Miss Poole (the gentlemen must excuse me for not tabulating them) if they be intent on barriering out (as some opine they should) the Jennys and the Jettys, and the Babniggs and the Schönhoffs, and the other "single and double" folks who being barricaded out of house and home are hither come to eat our bread and drink our beer—wherefore, I say, do not our English singers take more thought of what they sing? Above all, why must Mr. Sims Reeves, with his magnificent gifts and abundant and well-merited popularity, do no better for English music than is done, when he shouts "The death of Nelson," or "The Bay of Biscay," to make the uninstructed stamp and shriek their *encore*? It is a very bad investment of G—s, a mistaken employment of *forte*-vocalist power, in the end calculated rather to increase the consumption of ear-cotton, than the taste of the now-willing and able British public. Owing to these concessions, we are judged, impertinently and unjustly, by the foreigner—by the countrymen of "the Jennys and the Jettys." The most coarsely bearded bagman we meet with at a German *table d'hôte*—and the legion of men having bags is nowhere more oppressive than in Germany—who has straggled across for a week's pastime in London, flings a sneer at us about our English ballads: because Bagman *Selbst* belongeth to a *Lieder-tafel* society. Enough of a subject so painful,—what *can* be so painful as to sit under a Bagman's contempt? If we retreat into oratorio-land, and talk of "The Messiah," and "The Creation," and "Elijah," of "Acis and Galatea," sung by Mr. Hullah's choristers, &c., we can beat the bearded Bagman on his own ground, and humiliate him by a display of treasures such as he does not possess at home. What is more, the beauty of such combat and argument will not be impaired, because he does not believe a word that *Asmodeus* saith, and (like a Bagman) telleth him as much.

Ere we pause for another month, courtesies still remain to be offered to yet another establishment which is taking a place and an attitude of its own in London, and which, if discreetly handled, ought to assist serviceably in the cultivation of taste. This is the *Amateur Musical Society*, which seems to have stepped into the Wednesday place, whilom so solemnly and somnolently occupied by the *Ancient Concert*, of drowsy dowager memory,—that phantom-like entertainment, shortly after the beginning of which, sundry fossil Persons of Quality used gently to dispose themselves to sleep, and "drop off,"—secure, from long habit, that their heads would devoutly nod "in acquiescent sympathy," to the *no-tempo* warranted as orthodox and traditional by non-conductors, who possessed Mr. Joah Bates' receipt for making Handel "hang back," and Mozart dawdle. Peace to the defunct *Ancient Concert*! Anything but peace to this rising *Amateur Society*! Practice, rather, to its lords and to its captain bold—and to the "scarlet colonels" who collect themselves in its orchestra to cooperate in performing the great music of the great masters. And, while recommending patience and practice to them, let me add, in all humility, a hope that "the flute" will not be the instrument selected,—such caution not being utterly warrantless. It is uncouth and unbecoming. Neither Nicholson, nor Tulott, nor Dorus, nor our admirable Italian resident, Signor Briccialdi, can blow it so as to look beautiful the while. It has a sour, inexpressive quality of tone, which only such mastery as is hardly within the compass of "aristocratic leisure" can sweeten. Somebody called it "a musical weed."

and the name is well applied. It squeaketh in every corner. Now there is all manner of grace (without grimace) in the management of stringed instruments. They afford great room for the address which the English Gentleman loves to put forth at the river side, or when managing a boat, or while driving tandem. Nor can any one study the Violin without advancing some steps towards the *penetralia* of musical science. Tartini's Familiar, of course, would be out of all nature and grace did he not recommend the fiddle; and such as start back from the bygone ridicule attached to a name, are recommended to return to the days and manners when My Lord gave up one of the ivory keys of his mouth, that he might—*ahem!* expectorate—like his coachman:—and had his miniature stable fitted up close to his wardrobe, in order that his bird's-eye "choker," and his—*ahem!* again—breeches might have the right-relishing groom odour.

But while rambling among the deeds which the amateur players of the Red Book might do, let us not forget what they are doing:—playing in concert, with, peradventure, more spirit than sensibility,—also, shewing a willingness to experimentalize and to encourage novelty, which keeps excellent pace with the humour of the day. Some of the new works which they have produced have been more than ordinarily meritorious and interesting:—in particular, a Symphony by Mr. Henry Leslie, with a *scherzo* which none of the great symphonists would have disdained to sign; the composition, as a whole, abounding in graceful ideas, skilfully expounded. It is precisely to sources like the *Amateur Society* that we should look, without sycophancy and with rational expectation, for the aid and patronage of British genius. But to this end—let us whisper at parting—British genius must shew itself (as in the case under commendation) a gentleman amongst gentlemen. If "the groom" be no longer your nobleman's beau-ideal: neither must the Artist be the greedy, gross, whimsical, uninstructed creature that he was (on the average) some sixty years since—who was allowed a fool's—and a fiddle's—pardon for civilities omitted, and monstrosities committed.

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

Latinè redditum.

IBIS ità a nostris procul hinc, Janote, lacertis ?
 Non, sine te miseram me qui amet, ullus erit.
 I: te mente sequar, terras quascunque pererres :
 Quæ mihi, num pietas firma fidesque tibi ?
 Scilicet, ut decorent te Martia vestis et arma,
 Ex animo vereor ne tua vota cadant :
 Fulmineo nunc ense minax, nunc igne, superbam
 Nescio quam rapias, quæ tibi nubet, heram.
 Jamque ruens medios, quò gloria ducit, in hostes,
 Si pereas, me vix vivere posse puto :
 Victor abis ? tibi honos ? quanquam deserta, triumphem ;
 At brevis ah ! sine te (crede) triumphus erit.
 O, ego vel Regina potens si scepra tenerem
 Gallica ; vel Romæ si modo Papa forem ;
 Nec procul a patriâ cives se in bella dedissent,
 Nec fleret virgo multa relicta domi :
 Sub me pax populis. Sua res discordia regum :
 Soli, qui accendunt, (fas quoque) bella gerant .

W. HOLLIS.

LEAVES FROM ADMIRAL LORD MINORCA'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY MRS. WARD.

ALMOST all of us bear in our hearts the impress of some event from which we date even our first consciousness of existence; and strange it is that, while important circumstances, occurring in our riper years, leave comparatively little impression, the incidents in youth, with which our minds have little or no connexion are often fairly stereotyped on our brain, we know not how or why.

But *I* remember no trifling incidents. The one great event of my life cast all else into oblivion, for truly it brought an undying sorrow on our house, and caused my heart to "wax old as doth a garment" within my boyish breast.

Even now, mother, I see at times thy fair, thy gentle, and most loving face, I hear in my dreams thy low, sweet, earnest, voice, echoing like mournful music; and my father, with his high, proud brow, his beautiful but rare smile, is often at my side when I am alone and pondering on old times under the shadow of dark memories.

Sometimes he comes in another guise and *as I last saw him*, but of this anon.

Some years ago, my mother, my father, my young brother and myself, were one morning assembled in the little oriel library at home, when the old butler brought in the letter-bag. My father had taken down a book, and my mother, leaning on his shoulder, was reading some sweet passages aloud. The bag lay, till she had ceased, upon the table, and then my father, handing me the key, desired me to open it.

"Let me, let me," said Harry, and I permitted him to draw the letters forth.

I think I see my father lay his book hurriedly aside, and my mother bend anxiously over him, as he tears open one, the seal and edges of which proclaim it the herald of death's doings. Mother! mother! how pale you looked! what despair was painted in your countenance!

Whence arose all this sorrow I knew not; at the time I was scarcely capable of comprehending the nature of it, for, although twelve years of age, I had had no intimate associates but my brother; I had seen nothing of the world beyond the boundaries of the village near which we lived.

The letter announced the death of my father's first cousin, and his only son: they had perished off the Isle of Wight while bathing; the father, it was supposed, in his endeavours to save his son, had failed in the rescue, and was sacrificed himself. My father was now, therefore, Earl of Wallingford: he did not announce it to us, but I gathered it from his conversation with my mother. I heard him bitterly regretting it, I saw *her* sit with her hands rigidly clasped in agony before her; I saw her lips turn pale, her eyes close, and then she fell heavily down at her husband's feet. I can remember him, telling us to leave the room and send in old Wilmot and his daughter, my mother's maid. My brother and I went out upon the sunny lawn to play. He, rejoicing in the beauty of the day, soon forgot the scene we had wit-

nessed, and called to me to join him in his gambols, while I, half puzzled at my father's and mother's distress, sat down under the shadow of some limes, heeding him not. His merry laugh, his bounding step however, were checked by Wilmot coming to us, and bidding us go round to the back of the house, where my mother could not hear our voices.

Where my mother could not hear our voices! She, whose life had seemed to depend on our lightest look or word, who had been chidden—tenderly—but still chidden by my father, for her reluctance in allowing us to spend our mornings at Dr. Mitford's, the good rector's, for the purpose of receiving his instructions.

The peaceful period of my life was over; the next scene enacted in the drama of that life was a tragical one. My father, leaving my mother to the care of Wilmot and his daughter, was observed to dart through the open window of the oriel without his hat. My mother after a long swoon was borne to her bed, and when I next saw her she was a widow. My father had himself sought a watery grave in the small lake in the grounds at M——. I can remember the silence of the house, the whispers of the servants on the staircase, in the lobbies, and the empty rooms, and Wilmot forbidding us to leave the house, especially desiring us not to approach the lodge.

I—spoiled boy as I was—I disobeyed him. In the dusk of the summer's evening I crept out of the very window through which my unhappy father had last passed alive, and making my way under cover of the shrubs that fringed the sloping lawn, I hurried to the lodge. Wilmot's caution against going there convinced me that my father had been carried thither, instead of being brought home, as we were informed by the servants he had been. There were lights streaming through the closed shutters of one window. I climbed over the little paling near it, and looked through a crevice into the apartment. Was it a vision that met my eyes? unaccustomed as they were to night but the beautiful in this world, I could scarcely bear to look on what I saw. Was I in a dream? What was that cloud of white stretched forth upon two common deal tables placed together. There was the outline of a human form, there was a sound of lamentation in the narrow room, the lodge-keeper's wife mourning the dead thing laid there in its shroud.

Wilmot himself was there arranging sconces round the dull walls, and the number of chairs placed uniformly together, gave me some idea of an inquest having been held there. My first impulse was to call Wilmot, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I lingered long, spell-bound; and when I had seen the little room lighted I was about to retrace my steps, when I saw Wilmot raise the white covering from the corpse.

I remember but my father's dead face, livid, yet so little distorted as to bear the appearance of being in a deep sleep; then a choking sensation in the throat arrested the scream on its passage from my heart to my lips; and all was blank till I found myself on a sofa in my mother's bed-room. In spite of all her agony at my father's loss, she had missed me. She would have me brought to her. My young brother was there too. Worn out with his bewildered sorrow, his toys lay idly scattered about the room, and he, with his arm stretched across me, his long curls sweeping my cold clammy face, lay fast asleep beside me. In that chamber of anguish and desolation he seemed the

only link between heaven and my mother, for what was I to her now but a heavy curse!

She—poor, pale, haggard creature—was sitting up in her bed watching us. The good rector, Doctor Mitford, sat by her with the Book of Comfort before him. Still she looked distracted. All at once she broke into a passion of tears, and, weeping long and bitterly, became calmer at last, relieved by this natural burst of anguish. It awoke my young brother, who, flying to her, mingled his tears with hers. Weak as I was, scarcely certain of *where* I was, I insisted on rising; and ere the sun set that night Doctor Mitford explained to my brother and myself, as tenderly as he could, the cause of the late terrible event.

I, the elder, was an outcast on the world with scarce any provision. *I was a natural son!* My young brother was the heir to title, fortune, honours, power, and the distinction of a high name. *I had no prospects*; I, the first born, was a curse to myself, my mother, and my self-murdered father. My young brother Harry was Earl of Wallingford, while I * * *

I can remember when my brother was made to comprehend that he was rich and noble, and "that I was something despicable," for he soon gathered all this—that he was very unhappy. He who had never been separated from me, who had been taught to respect my opinions even in our plays as an elder brother's right—he, whose lessons had been lightened by my sharing them, whose pleasures had been mine, and who had been accustomed to no other companion, could not bear to be thus elevated while I was undeservedly cast down.

I, meanwhile, would not approach my mother. Something of sullenness there was in my temperament on the evening succeeding Dr. Mitford's disclosure, as I sat at the oriel window looking out upon the lawn where I had spent so many unclouded hours. My father's funeral was to take place on the following day. The verdict had been brought in "temporary insanity." God knows it was a correct one, for my unhappy father's brain must have been bewildered with the agony of despair when the consequences of sin burst on him and my wretched mother.

It were a long story to dwell on her early history. Married young to a man whose savage disposition drove her into the arms of my fine-tempered father, whose elegance of taste and refinement of feeling were strange contrasts to the overbearing tyrant of her home; she had, in a moment of misery, when a blow from her brutal husband shivered the last slender links of duty and propriety into atoms, yielded to my father's passionate entreaties that she would fly with him. Before a divorce could be obtained, and a marriage effected, I was born. They were united on the death of my mother's husband, and before the birth of my second brother; and as my father had the disposal of his own property, my position, as an illegitimate son, would perhaps never have been made known to me but for the event which gave my father the title and entailed estates of the Earldom of Wallingford.

There sat I then looking out upon the fair face of nature; the peace of the scene before me ill accorded with the turmoils raging at my heart; but some trifling circumstances, the sight of a pointer my father had been fond of, and an old hunter, who had been permitted to spend his last days in peaceful idleness, upset me. The groom was

taking them past the window, away from the neighbourhood of the lawn, fearing my mother should see them. At sight of these familiar objects a shower of tears relieved me, and long after I had ceased to cry bitterly the tears still trickled silently down my cheeks. I know not how long I sat there, but I was roused from my sorrowful reverie by perceiving my young brother at my side.

"See," said he, "I have brought you the new fishing-rod Doctor Mitford gave me on my birthday. You admired it so much that I am sure you will think it worth having, and I have filled my writing-desk, which is newer than yours, with pens and paper and sealing-wax, and here it is for you, and my drawing-box. You shall have everything of mine. I will give all to you that I can. Brother! dear brother Edward! do not turn away your head, as if you were angry. You cannot think how unhappy I am; this title they talk so much about makes me wretched. How can that give me pleasure which has been the cause of my father's death and my mother's misery? Brother Edward," said the boy, looking up as if silently appealing to heaven as a witness of his vow, "I never will be Lord Wallingford as long as you live and are nameless. No one can *make* me take up the title: I have asked Dr. Mitford all about it; he won't give me any advice at present, but tells me not to decide too hastily. I never shall change my resolution, unless, and who knows, but it may be so?—unless you gain a title for yourself."

Poor child!—little he knew of the worldly price set on such baubles. I answered him by flinging my arms round his neck, and Doctor Mitford found us mingling our tears together. Ah! from what a pure and consecrated fountain did those tears spring! My mother, too ill to bear the least excitement, never mentioned the subject, though we now saw her every day; a settled melancholy had succeeded the first paroxysms of despair.

My resolution was formed before my father's funeral was over; my only companion, besides my brother, had been a midshipman, a relation of Doctor Mitford. I determined on leaving home, and striving to carve out an honourable career for myself. I became at once a man in thought and deed. My brother's docile disposition resembled my mother's; mine had more of my father's sterner metal in it. He was brave, though his last act was one little indicative of it—but then the cause! the disgrace, not of himself, but of his wife and his first-born! What marvel that he wanted courage to stand by and witness that!

Never can I forget the last hour spent, as a boy, under the roof to which I had been accustomed from my infancy. My brother and I had always occupied the same room; our little beds stood side by side, with the pictures of our parents hanging between them. Worn out with the sorrows of the past week, Harry had gone to rest before his usual time. He was sleeping peacefully, though a tear lay on his cheek. There lay the Earl of Wallingford—*my younger brother!*—while I, scarcely knowing by what name to call myself, looked up at my father's and my mother's picture with mingled feelings of pity and reproach. I had packed up a few clothes by degrees, and poor Harry's gift of the drawing-box (the smallest article) among them. I had resolved on getting to sea under the patronymic of Fitz-Edward. It was the only one to which I felt I had any right.

I pass over the last "good night!" exchanged between my mother

and myself. A note found on my pillow, after my departure, explained all: it concluded with these words: "Rest assured, mother, that I will strive to be an honour to you yet. I leave you, in the hope that I, having chosen my own path, my beloved brother will assume his rights. Mother, and brother, God bless you! Farewell!"

I lingered by my brother's side; he was in deep repose; I knelt down by his bed, and implored God's blessings on his innocent head. Ah! now, as I refer to the past, I feel I can remember the long, long kiss imprinted on his smooth young brow. I remember, too, sitting down and scanning every nook and corner of our little chamber, and wondering if I should ever see them or Harry again; and, gazing long on his beautiful face, his free limbs, his bared arm—flung over his head, radiant with its golden curls—his child-like smile parting his bright lips, the sound of his breathing in his calm sleep: while I, little older than himself, was already old in irremediable sorrow and disgrace.

At eight o'clock the next night, I, who had been so tenderly nurtured, found myself in the coffee-room of a common inn in London, drenched to the skin. I had five pounds in my pocket, and knew not whither to turn for advice or assistance.

I had made my way up to town by a coach, on the top of which I had with difficulty obtained a seat, when I was some miles from home. The morning after my arrival, I removed to other quarters, fearing my mother would send in search of me to those inns where the coaches from our county put up.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Fortune favoured me by throwing me in the way of Captain Melton, who had frequently dined at my father's, and whose son was the midshipman I have alluded to. Knowing him well as a man of kindness, generosity, and honour, I at once told him all the circumstances that had led to my present forlorn situation. He took me himself to one of the Lords of the Admiralty, Lord Islington; he bade me tell my own story. The nobleman's lip twitched nervously, and his eye dimmed at my narration. When he had heard me out, he gave me over to the care of Captain Melton, who had just got the command of a frigate. As I left him, the old lord laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me with a solemn voice and an expression of pity. I never forgot *that*.

Opportunities offered for my distinguishing myself. Our ship was on the African station. Death and disease among my ship-mates, gave me, in a short space of time, my promotion. The old lord bore me ever in his mind. My rise to a lieutenancy was a complete puzzle to those who did not know my history, and shortly afterwards I was removed from the frigate Captain Melton had commanded—for he was now an Admiral—to the flag-ship on the Cape Station. It was not long before I was placed in command of a brig of war, and sent to the western side of Africa.

It were ill done to recite my "perils by sea and land" on and off that coast, "the grave of Europeans." Despair had made me brave. The resolution to "do or die" was indomitable. My officers and men were, in verity, the "bravest of the brave." Strong iron fellows, selected from crews who had served principally in this part of the Atlantic, and were therefore well-inured to the climate and their work. Prize after prize we took into the different bays of the Cape: my little dark brig soon obtained the name of "The Pirate's Terror;"

and, at two-and-twenty, I was again in England, with a fortune in prize-money, and, what was better,

My brother, meanwhile, had been true to his duty, and for his mother and myself had confirmed it. I was now fast approaching his majority, and I thought it probable that the partition of the Wallingford estates would lead to a division of the Wallingford estates. I wished indeed it might. I did not write at all, and I dreaded a reply. I was terrified lest it should be a death. Lord Islingford had directed that I should be visiting him on my return home. He had directed that on reaching his house, he introduced me to his friends. My words: "Captain Fitz-Edward, Anne, a man of whom it is an honour to make."

There were guests there. I felt my cheeks glow with pride and shame. One of the party—Sir John Fitz-Edward with a frank smile, and requested to be seated. At the close of an animated conversation, he introduced me to L—— Park, when I should have leisure to visit it. It was not twenty miles distant from my early home. I promised that I would avail myself of his hospitality.

In ten days I was once more under the same roof as my brother. I had heard that the establishment was from one part of the county to the other, and I had heard of the good rector, Dr. Mitford. I had heard of it at no great distance from the rectory. I had heard of it from Dr. Mitford before I presented myself to my mother, and she should be no longer living. Once more I travelled the pathways over which my brother and myself had travelled together happily. Excitement kept me up, and I was unmanned at sight of these familiar places of my childhood. At green time of spring. I hastened on through a shady path that led to the house, suddenly I perceived a young girl leaning on his arm. I knew, I knew my brother. My entrance into the coppice was sudden, and my maiden started on perceiving me; and my brother's brow, advanced. *He* did not recognise *me*. My face, burnt and travel-worn, little there was about me of my boyhood! I raised my travelling-cap and then I perceived my identity. I believe I uttered the words, but he did not reply, but with one accord we flung our arms round each other's necks and wept aloud.

Miss Mitford, my brother's companion, had recovered herself. My mother and brother had recovered themselves. My mother and brother had recovered themselves, and Lucy had flown to prepare the for my return.

We two brothers, once more linked together, sat on the vine-covered porch of the rectory; and, as we sat, my mother, leaning on the arm of her aged sister, sat in the library. Pale and wasted, she looked—worn with sorrow and anxiety. She had followed my progress in the public journals; she had rejoiced at my success, and she had always damped by terror for my safety. Long she had looked forward to since my departure, and she had looked forward to since my departure; and, as if she had been buoyed up by the hope of my return; and, as if she had been buoyed up by the hope of my return, she failed rapidly after it. She died within a month of my return.

I now entreated my brother to assume his titles. He said that Lucy Mitford had loved him for what she called his generosity. He prized her love so much—he had been so happy in retired life—that it would take from his peace of mind to move in another sphere. He advanced a thousand arguments, which, though they were fallacious, were hallowed by the motives which dictated them; and, as he spoke, Lucy sat down on a low ottoman at his feet, and looked up in his face with more pride in her eye than if he had been a royal prince robed in ermine, and decorated with the blazing insignia of his rank.

He accompanied me, before I went to sea again, to Sir John Manners's. It seemed as if the distinguished guests gathered there had been assembled to do him honour. There was no ostentatious display of attention,—no fine speeches; but there were the silent but eloquent looks of admiration from the beautiful, the brave, and the high-born of the land. All, too, vied with each other in marking me out for distinction; thus honouring my brother in the way he loved best—through me—for whom he had renounced so much.

Once more I was upon the waters, commanding a gallant frigate. Buonaparte had cast the grenade of discord before him whenever and wheresoever he pleased. England! mighty England! sat in her solitary glory on the ocean, watching his motions, and sending forth at need her warriors by sea and land, to circumvent his plans, or reply by "deeds" rather than "words," to his ruthless acts of cruelty and ambition.

On the very beach, at the last hour of my departure, I encountered Lord Islingford. He was waiting, he said, to wish me good luck ere I departed; and, as we shook hands, he closed his adieux with: "Now, Admiral Fitz-Edward, go and earn your peerage!" It would ill become me to recall all the deeds by which the fortune of war, and the assistance of the gallant fellows under my command, enabled me, in the space of three years, to become the so-called hero of the day. I would, for the sake of those by whose help I earned my laurels, that my limits would permit me to record their deeds. They are registered, however, in the proudest annals of England, and their names are engraven on the heart of their commander. The last engagement which we led, disabled, for a time, many of my brave men, as well as myself, and crippled my ship. Nevertheless, I was enabled to take my prize, a French line-of-battle ship, into harbour in the Mediterranean, and after hasty repairs, to bring home, as my prisoner, the French Admiral, N . . . , hitherto the scourge of the seas, from his cruelty to those he captured. We had come to a close contest, lashed yard-arm and yard-arm, fighting hand to hand on each other's decks, and where the sword was struck down, making the pistol win another back. The Lord of Hosts decreed the victory to us, and I reached Portsmouth, acknowledged as the winner of the battle.

A Royal yacht was lying at Spithead. We saluted her as we passed, and the crew of that beautiful craft manned her yards, and cheered our battered ship and ragged ensign, with shouts echoed back from every vessel anchored there.

The Regent was on board. He had come down for the purpose of witnessing the launching of several ships of war. It was not long ere a signal from the yacht summoned me on board her. As I raised my hat from my head on touching the deck of the royal vessel, the Prince

advanced in front of the crowd of officers, and greeted me with extended hands. The band struck up, "See the Conquering Hero comes!" and the Regent, leading me towards the cabin, ushered me into the presence of the group I had last seen as I left the porch of the little village church in N—shire.

Lord Islingford and his daughter, now my own sweet Anne, my wife, were added to the number. I know not what we said at first there were such greetings: danger, privation, suffering, were more than atoned for. Even royalty was well nigh overlooked, and the Prince stood apart smiling, amused, no doubt, at Lady Anne's turning her back on His Royal Highness, and at her confusion, when reminded by one less lost than herself to all around, but me.

"You have kept me, Admiral Fitz-Edward," said the gracious Prince, "idling about in my yacht ever since the business of the launch was over. Hearing you had been spoken to off Falmouth, have lingered to give you welcome, and to thank you for the victory you have gained. I must insist on your landing first; my people," said His Royal Highness, smiling round him, "would fain make me believe that the multitude on shore wait *my* arrival—I wish to land privately—go, and I shall be enabled to do so, for *I* shall be forgotten and now Admiral Fitz-Edward," concluded the Regent, with a glance at Lord Islingford, and a brilliant smile, "Truly you *have* earned your peerage."

And my brother, my generous hearted brother! There was more of triumph in his eye than mine. Not for himself but for me—yet which of the two was most truly noble? * * * Arm in arm we stepped from the boat upon the pebbly beach, and the multitude beat the air with their shouts, and the guns fired, and the ships saluted, and I was recognized as the Lion of the day. How poor and insignificant I felt myself, in comparison with the brother at my side!

The day on which my sovereign was to honour me by bestowing on me the barony of Minorca, in commemoration of the victory my brave followers had assisted me to win, the friends I have mentioned assembled at Lord Islingford's house in St. James's Square. My installation was to precede the last Drawing-room of the season. My brother, however, deferred assuming his title till the Parliament met but he accompanied me to the brilliant ceremony. When it was over the Regent's words were worthy of record; taking a hand of each brother, he said in the presence of some of His Royal Highness's most trusty friends, "You, Lord Minorca, have done well, but for you Lord Wallingford, you have done *better*,"—such a sentiment was readily echoed back by the circle surrounding the Royal presence.

I found, on my return home, that my brother had married during my absence; but Lucy, like himself, had no wish beyond her happy hearth.

And now, in these pleasant days of peace, when we are all united at my brother's ancestral mansion, or in my homelier abode; when for pastime my gentle Anne recites this tale, as one of former days, and under disguised name, and asks of our children which of the two brothers hath done best; then doth my heart rejoice in their decision and respond to it, that my acts of valour are as nothing, when compared to the moral dignity of my brother's noble self-denial.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Memorials of the Civil War. Edited from the Original MSS., by Robert Bell, Esq., Author of the "History of Russia," "Life of Canning," &c., 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

"Be assured," says Archdeacon Hare, in his admirable "Guesses at Truth," "that Poetry knows far more of God's world, with whatever justice History may brag of knowing the most about the devil's world." The truth of this aphorism, tested by its application to the great majority of the earlier histories of this and other countries, is now all but universally recognised, and modern historians have endeavoured to ward off its application to themselves, by calling in the aid of Poetry. The attempt has been only partially successful. Leave Poetry to herself, and she will unfold to you the highest truths. Nothing in Plutarch is so true as Macbeth, or Othello, or Lear. But then Poetry is the absolute mistress in her own domain, she chooses, nay, creates her own facts, and subjecting the dead material to the operation of her own spiritual laws, the result must be unimpeachable. History on the contrary, has external laws to which she must submit—she dares not neglect any of the prominent facts which are brought before her. The more decidedly these marshal themselves in opposition to a desire to establish a consistent, satisfactory, all-explaining theory, the less possible is it to do without them. And scarcely any domain of History is free from the influence of some of these obstinate, self-willed, impracticable facts, which seem to take a delight in refusing to acknowledge or hold communion with their fellows, or to be classed in any desired category. While Poetry knows nothing of these, History is inextricably hampered with them. Nowhere do they abound more than in the history of the Puritan Revolution, and in the life of its incarnation—Cromwell; and not all the fire of Mr. Carlyle's imagination, can fuse them down to the consistency of the rest of the molten mass, which he moulds into shape. We acknowledge the surpassing genius of the artist, but we cannot conceal from ourselves that in this most exquisite work, there are visible on the very face of it deformities, of the nature of which we have spoken. They stand out discoloured, isolated, shapeless, marring the otherwise perfect symmetry of the work of art.

Now one of these unmanageable facts is the sudden disappearance of Fairfax and the great Constitutional party from the page of History, at the time of the execution of the King. Mr. Carlyle is so far justified in passing over the explanation of this fact, that he has that unbounded confidence in his own theory, that he believes that it will explain everything. We believe that it will explain a great deal. It has thrown more light upon the history of the Revolution, than that history had as yet received. We understand by it more clearly than ever, the terrible inspiration which governed the souls of the Calvinistic heroes, who trod to dust everything that opposed them, trusting in the sword and the Bible as the holiest of symbols. But it does not

account for that phase of the Revolution in which the sword became the holier symbol of the two. We are not told by it how it was that Fairfax who (*pace* Carlyle) represented, in his own person, the principles of the Revolution, in a larger sense than Cromwell can be said to have represented them, who had fought its battles with equal energy and devotion, who held the supreme command, exercising (when necessity demanded) for a short season, an absolute dictatorship in matters even of State, the foremost man in all the realm, the darling of the soldiery—how it was that this Fairfax should, at the very turning point of the Revolution, disappear from the face of History, and that the great Constitutional party should disappear with him.

This is only one, although one of the greatest, of those isolated facts—facts apparently without cause or consequence—the very *crucis* of Historians,—which Mr. Carlyle's book fails to account for, and which it is the business of "Memorials" like the present to explain. We believe that the key to the difficulty may be found in the character of Fairfax, which is now for the first time brought out distinctly. His Memorials have been extremely concise in their accounts of the great Parliamentary general, for the simple reason, that until the publication of these "Memorials," little was known on the subject. The character is, however, well worth the study. It is that of a firm, pious, earnest, single-minded man, roused to action by political outrage, and working with untiring energy until the means by which he sought to obtain redress were accomplished. He looked straight on, and refused to be content with anything less than the whole of what he asked for. He abhorred half measures as sincerely as Cromwell himself; and was far more open in his expression of that abhorrence. We hear of him first, resolutely, in defiance of opposition, placing the petition of the Yorkshire freeholders on the pommel of the King's saddle, on Heyworth Moor, in the presence of twenty-thousand people. As his mission was to act, and not to talk, and as there was now no real alternative but redress or war, he retired until the season for action arrived. This came, on the proclamation by the King, of the Commission of Array. Once in arms, he saw clearly that the sword could not be laid aside until one party had soundly beaten the other. He has been silent before, he now takes to his pen. The first letter after a long pause of correspondence is to urge his father who had the supreme command in the North, to allow him to "raise the country" in favour of the Parliament. If the movement was a popular one, why should the people be debarred from their full participation? I was all very well for the professed soldiers on both sides, to spin out the contest *en règle*, but what was to become of the cause, the while? This was to be no strategical pastime between rival *condottieri*, but a flesh and blood contest for the greatest stake ever played. Let the people have their due share therefore, let the "country be raised." Besides, the people were suffering. "These parts," says the letter "grow very impatient of our delay in beating them (the Royalists), out of Leeds and Wakefield, for by them all trade and provisions are stopped, so that the people in these clothing towns are not able to subsist and, indeed, so pressing are those wants, as some have told me, if I would not stir with them, they must rise of necessity of themselves, it is a thing of so great importance." So the country was raised, and the trade doubtless set free by a process which would scarcely meet the approbation of Mr. Cobden. With the help afforded by these means

Fairfax continues the war, and affairs in the North under his energetic superintendence "look up." How necessary it was to make this a national question, to call upon the people to come forward, and fight their own battles under good guidance, and not allow it to be decided by the regular soldiers under the King on the one side, and the Parliamentary *condottieri* on the other, is evident from the following remarkable letter of Oliver Cromwell, now for the first time published.

COLONEL CROMWELL'S LETTER TO THE BACHELORS AND MAIDS,
2ND AUGUST 1643, FROM HUNTINGDON.

SIR,—I understand by these gentlemen the good affection of your young men and maids, for which God is to be praised. I approve of the business, only I desire to advise you that your foot-company may be turned into a troop of horse, which, indeed, will (by God's blessing) far more advantage the cause, than two or three companies of foot, *especially if your men be honest, godly men, which by all means I desire.* I thank God for stirring up the youth to cast in their mite, which I desire may be employed to the best advantage; therefore, my advice is, that you would employ your twelvescore pounds to buy pistols and saddles, and I will provide four-score horses; for 400*l.* more will raise a troop of horse. As for the muskets that are bought, I think the country will take them of you. *Pray raise honest godly men, and I will have them of my regiment.* As for your officers, I leave it as God shall or hath directed to choose, and rest

Your loving friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

A horse-regiment of godly, honest men with pistols in their holsters, swords by their sides, and Bibles slung at their belts, would be a vision to bring nothing but confusion to the mind of Elihu Burritt. But Cromwell knew nothing of the peace-movement, and reasoned simply enough that if the *malignants* were debarring God's people from their birthright at the point of the sword, by the sword only could the birthright be gained. The next letter is to the same effect:

TO MY HONOURED FRIENDS THE COMMISSIONERS AT CAMBRIDGE
THESE PRESENT.

GENTLEMEN,—Finding our foot much lessened at Stamford, and having a great train and many carriages, I held it not safe to continue there, but presently, after my return from you, I ordered the foot to quit that place and march into Holland, which they did on Monday last. I was the rather induced so to do because of the letter I received from my Lord Willoughby, a copy whereof I sent you. I am now at Peterborough, whither I came this afternoon. I was no sooner come, but Lieutenant-Colonel Wood sent me word from Spalding that the enemy was marching with twelve flying colours of horse and foot within a mile of Swinstead, so that I hope it was a good providence of God that our foot were at Spalding; it much concerns your association and the kingdom that so strong a place as Holland is, be not possessed by them: if you have any foot ready to march, send them away to us with all speed. I fear lest the enemy should press in upon our foot: he being thus far advanced towards you, I hold it very fit that you should hasten your horse at Huntingdon and what you can speedily raise at Cambridge unto me. I dare not go into Holland with my horse, lest the enemy should advance with his whole body of horse this way into your association, but am ready endeavouring to get my Lord Gray's and the Northampton horse to me, so that, if we be able, we may fight the enemy or retreat unto you with our whole strength. I beseech you hasten your leavers, what you can, especially those of foot; quicken all our friends with new letters upon this occasion, which, I believe, you will find to be a true alarm: the particulars

I hope to be able to inform you speedily of more punctually having sent in all haste to Colonel Wood for that purpose. The money I brought with me is so poor a pittance when it comes to be distributed amongst all my troops, that, considering their necessity, it will not half clothe them, they were so far behind: if we have not more money speedily they will be exceedingly discouraged. I am sorry you put me to it to write thus often, it makes it seem a needless importunity in me; whereas, in truth, it is a constant neglect of those that should provide for us. Gentlemen, *make them able to live and subsist that are willing to spend their blood for you.* I say no more, but rest,

Your faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

In spite, however, of the earnestness of Fairfax and Cromwell, and the successes obtained by the two in concert, the war lingered. Manchester and Essex did their duty and no more, and it was clear that they had other views which at least divided their attention with that of beating the King. They were harassed with doubts and fears as to the nature of the settlement which would be possible, supposing the Parliament obtained such a decided success as to ruin the King's cause and deprive him of his supporters. A decided triumph one way or the other appeared to them equally pregnant with difficulty. Possibly, too, they might have foreseen the violence to which the Independents would proceed. Fairfax on the contrary, thoroughly honest and singleminded, who had begun the war with the intention of beating the King, or rather the King's party, and whose loyalty was, we firmly believe, unimpeachable, until the tergiversation of the King proved that no confidence could be placed on the royal word, was impatient at every obstacle which was placed between him and his object. These "Memorials" prove clearly that his anxiety to finish the war, and his consequent marvellous energy in prosecuting it, were founded upon a thorough conviction that the contest was *inflicting* unutterable woe and damage upon the country. It is perfectly certain, however the idea may be, and has been, laughed at, that he and a large proportion of the landed gentry implicitly believed that the war was a trial of strength for the possession of the King's person, between the Constitutionalists and the Absolutists, and that were the latter thoroughly beaten, the forms of the Constitution religiously observed by constitutional ministers, would be a protection against future misrule. With these views we can understand why Fairfax approved of the self-denying ordinance. The event justified the expectations of the framers. The ordinance passed on the 3rd of April, 1645, and on the 13th of March, 1646, all hope of any successful continuance of the war on the part of the King was crushed by the surrender of the gallant Hopton with his army to Fairfax. At the close of the same year the Scots consented to sell the King "for a consideration," and in the beginning of the year 1647 the following event happened,

"On the 11th of February the royal *cortège* approached Nottingham, and Fairfax went out to meet the King. It was the first time they had looked into each other's face since the meeting at Heyworth Moor, when 'Fiery Tom' forced the petition of the people upon the pommel of his Majesty's saddle. Had his Majesty hearkened to that petition this strange scene might have been spared to both. A strange scene it was, after all, that had passed between them in the interval: the lives that had been sacrificed,—the deadly hostility and disorganization into which the whole kingdom had been plunged. And here they met on the high road, his Majesty graciously

reining up his horse, and Fairfax kissing hands and riding by his Majesty's side into Nottingham."

Rather more than four years before, Charles had set up the Royal standard at this very town. He was now riding with the real sovereign of England. All eyes were turned on Fairfax for a settlement. The House of Commons were now to discover that the power which they had assumed rendered them as subject to responsibility as the monarch. They had levied an army of *citizens* to oppose a tyranny, and were now to feel that they must not expect that the citizen-soldier would give up the very rights for which he had been fighting. Upon a petition of the army being ill-received, the officers under Fairfax's command, doubtless under the sanction of Fairfax himself, sent up another complaining of the reception of the former petition, and vindicating their right. In an extract from this we read:—

"We have not denied it [the right of petitioning] to your adversaries: you justified it and commended it in your declaration of the 2nd of November, 1642, in these words: 'It is the liberty and privilege of the people to petition unto us for the cure and redress of their grievances and oppressions, and we are bound in duty to receive their petitions.' And we hope *by being soldiers we have not lost the capacity of subjects, nor divested ourselves thereby of our interest in the Commonwealth; that in purchasing the freedom of our brethren we have not lost our own.*"

There were, doubtless, some who signed this petition with a consciousness that this dispute contained the seeds of future rupture, but that Fairfax and his party were conscientious, and believed that they were Constitutional, these letters prove beyond a shadow of doubt. Every letter of Fairfax's at this period when he, as we shall see, was exercising a sovereign power, breathes a desire to settle the question, and be away at rest. "The burden of the kingdom lies upon the General," says Rushworth, who was at this time the General's secretary. That Fairfax was only waiting for the resumption of power by the King, under due restrictions, is clear from the terms in which he associated with Charles while at Reading during this period. He treats the King with respect, receives the monarch's friends, such as the Prince Elector, the French Ambassador, &c., and does all in his power to forward negotiations. There was, however, a party in the back ground whose interest it was to push matters to extremities between the Army and the Parliament. This party had its chief support from the lower orders in the city. When all other means failed, violence was resorted to. The Houses were invaded by large multitudes of the lower orders, and forced to submit. This scene, the very counterpart of similar scenes in the first and last French Revolution, is described in a most graphic manner by Rushworth in a letter to Fairfax's father. Our limits will only allow us to extract a few passages from this remarkable document now for the first time published.

"The House was no sooner set that day, but up came the Common Council with a petition as aforesaid for the malignant militia to stand; and there followed apprentices, seamen, reformadoes, malignants, and tag-rag flocking in abundance to the Houses. The Lords first gave the answer to the Common Council that they did adhere to their ordinance lately passed. The apprentices and the rest of the rude multitude understanding this, they broke into the House of Lords, and told them that they should either recall both the said ordinances or they should never come out. And one of the boldest standing up at the bar, said, 'Where is Manchester? we must call

him to an account.' The House replied he was gone down; and so with fair words they got them to be quiet until they had passed the votes for recalling the said ordinances."

The mob then went to the Commons, who were "stout and put off until 4, 5, 6, 7, of the clock." They were expecting relief from the Sheriffs of the City, who came, however, with only forty halberdiers.

"The sheriffs coming and making this show to little purpose, the Commons' hearts began to fail them for want of relief, and the apprentices grew more bold, and broke into the House of Commons and told them they must pass what the Lords had passed, or should not stir out of the House. Towards eight of the clock the Commons passed the votes to recall the declaration and ordinance for the late alteration of the militia. When this was done, and the House adjourned, the Speaker being out of the chair, many of the multitude went again into the House and thrust the Speaker back and the rest of the members, and told them he must to the chair and pass another vote, or else they would not go away. Thereupon the Speaker was glad to take the chair, and the question was put, that they held it fit the King should presently be brought up to London, and to which there was an answer given by some of the members, with the help of the tumult who stood by the table, till the clerk wrote down the order and gave it them under his hand. This unparalleled action is such, we may dread what the end is like to be."

The Houses did not wait to see what the end was like to be, but took refuge in the camp of Fairfax, who now acted with sovereign authority. He wrote to the mayor and aldermen, notifying his intention to quarter troops upon the city until the arrears of pay were settled. "*I have desired the Committee of the Array, that the penalties imposed by the Parliament, for non-payment, as well as the arrears themselves, may be speedily paid, &c.*" "*I have appointed Colonel Hewson, with a thousand foot, to come to-morrow to quarter in the city, &c.*" The city yielded to necessity, and Fairfax was hailed by both parties as a deliverer. Upon the removal, however, of the pressure, the Opposition in the House, again shewed symptoms of misbehaviour, and Fairfax, calling a Council of War, framed a remonstrance to the House, which produced a proper effect. The personal consideration enjoyed by Fairfax, at this period, is fully proved by the copy of a memorial found amongst the papers of the family, entitled, "*Articles of Agreement between the King's Majesty and Sir T. Fairfax, and the army for the settlement of peace in the three kingdoms, August, 1647.*" The General's influence maintained itself in its integrity, during the whole of the tedious negotiations between the King and Parliament, until the year 1648, when we see him obliged again "to take," as the Editor of the "*Memorials*" aptly expresses it, "the affairs of the kingdom into his own keeping." Parliament had rescinded its resolution to trust no more to the King, and had shewn symptoms of accepting his Majesty's "condescension." This was in direct opposition to the solemn remonstrance of the Army. Fairfax, accordingly, superseded Hammond, who had the charge of the King's person, as a preparatory step towards securing the Royal person. Parliament countermanded the order, but Hammond obeyed the General. "Troops were ordered into the Isle of Wight, the King's house surrounded, and his Majesty conveyed in his coach to London. This primary object gained, Fairfax advanced upon London, giving notice to the authorities that he should immediately require the payment of the arrears due to the soldiery. Settling down, like a sudden

shower of swords in St. James's, Whitehall, Palace Yard, and the suburbs, the Army was now in a position to carry its own demands." Fairfax had now arrived at the summit of power, and there is no reason to doubt his own words, in the "Short Memorial," written by himself, when speaking of the violent party, and their unscrupulous modes of action, he says, "So long as I acted their designs, I might have attained to what height of power and other advantages I pleased." But he would not act their designs: his own design, that of humbling the Absolutists was accomplished, but now, when he looked for the advantages to be reaped from the accomplishment they were further off than ever. To obtain them now, he would have had to begin again: for the party in opposition to him, who had grown great by his successes, were, at least, as powerful as the King was at the commencement of the struggle. The Editor of the "Memorials" remarks truly, that had Fairfax withdrawn, with his interest, from the other portion of the army—

"Faction would have sprung up into renewed activity; the popular party would have been instantly broken up; the army, rent by divisions, would have convulsed the kingdom by a servile war; and without an intelligible principle to espouse on any side, the horrors of the last five years would have been renewed with tenfold violence, recklessness, and confusion. Fairfax saw the difficulties of his position, and shrank from the responsibility of a step which must have precipitated such results. . . . He carried into his retreat the memory of a brilliant military career, a body scarred by wounds, and a pure conscience. No man having such opportunities of personal aggrandizement ever came out of them with cleaner hands. To him his country was mainly indebted for the vindication of its liberties,—he owed his country nothing."

Our limits will only allow us to mention two or three of the more prominent points in these "Memorials," without entering into details. One of these, is the complete vindication of Fairfax, from the charge of unnecessary cruelty, endeavoured to be fixed upon him on account of his participation in the condemnation of Sir Charles Lucas. Another is the admirable account of the proceedings of Monk, from the time of his moving with his army towards London, until the Restoration. Amongst all the documents lately unearthed, we can scarcely point to one superior in *naïveté*, and interest, to the journal, written by young Brian Fairfax, a cousin of the General, on the occasion of his journey over the border, to communicate to Monk the intelligence that Fairfax was willing to co-operate with him in the work of re-establishing public order. Much new light also is thrown upon the character of Monk, and the help thus afforded cannot but force upon the minds of every one the conviction arrived at by the Editor of the "Memorials," that no "great event in history was ever effected by a baser instrument."

Mr. Bell has connected the original documents published in these two volumes with a narrative remarkable for accuracy and condensation. He has adopted the chronological division of the events, and prefixed to each portion a *résumé* of the leading features, so that the work is thus rendered one of the most correct guides that we possess through the history of the Civil War. The interesting collection of letters at the end will well repay perusal, the writers of most of them being of the number of those whose names possess a charm for the lovers of the history of the period. Amongst them are the Duke

of Buckingham, who writes to the King, begging to be restored to favour; and, in another document, tells us with what joy he heard the guns firing at the accession of Richard, Lord Protector, seeing that if Oliver had lived three days longer, he, the Duke, would have been put to death. The Duchess of Buckingham, Fairfax's daughter, lets us see, in her letters, the misery to which she had been reduced by the profligacy and the extravagance of the Duke. Anne Hyde, the Chancellor's daughter, brings forward all the proofs of her marriage with the Duke of York, and the history and grounds of her conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Mr. Coleman writes to Père La Chaise concerning the progress made towards converting England to Popery Titus Oates, Beddow, Bishop Cosin, Evelyn, Archbishop Tenison, and others, all figure in various ways in this correspondence, which contains much that is new, and the whole of which is amusing. It brings us amidst the life and gossip of the day, and tells us that History means something more than large philosophic or pseudo-philosophic generalities on the one hand, or hero-worship on the other. Deep principles and fervent enthusiasm may be moving with something like uniform motion vast masses of men, in peculiar directions, and these phenomena tell well in the hands of Historians; for they give a unit to their Histories which is lost in the analysis of the conflicts of individual wills. On the other hand, nothing can be more tempting to a Historian than the exhibition of the effects of some colossal character gathering up all the springs of action of an historical period in his own person. But neither of these processes exhausts the meaning of true History. Philosophic generalization renders History indistinct, and hero-worship renders it untrue. With Mr. Bell's apposite remarks on the latter of the two forms of historical error, we will conclude our brief notice:—

"It is well to state this matter correctly. Names are sometimes suffered to take deep root in the traditions of nations, and to grow to such height and breadth as to overshadow the soil from which they spring. The man who is drifted by the current is thus made more prominent than the action of the waters upon which he floats; and History, instead of developing operating causes, becomes a mere chronicle of Hero-worship."

The Attributes of the Soul from the Cradle. By Robert Pemberton Saunders and Otley: 1849.

This is a book so redolent of fun and whim, that it is wholly impossible to read it continuously: frequent were the pauses and long intervals it forced upon us, so irresistible was the mirth and laughter it provoked. And yet there is but one idea throughout the whole volume; but that idea is so quaintly expressed, and in so diversified manner, and in such a serio-comic phraseology, as to be in the highest degree amusing: and then the ejaculations and intercessions, the apostrophes and appeals and denunciations, all upon the same topic, are ludicrous in the extreme.

Perhaps, nothing ever exceeded in broad humour the trial of "the Book." It begins thus: "And now, O Book, I will address thee an impartial judge; therefore prepare thy defence. The charge against thee is of the deepest dye and blackness, that any mortal thing from the beginning of time has had to sustain and answer for; a crime of which no language that we possess, can express the enormity of gu"

and cruelty, nor the vast destruction committed on the human soul. Nor could the renowned Vesuvius, in her greatest rage of volcanic fury, with all her destructive elements of burning lakes and rolling floods of liquid fire, resemble the mischief that thou art charged with. Thou art of the wolf-kind, although that insane butcher is not a millionth part so destructive: but thou art charged with high treason, in that thou hast seized the kingdom of the Great Shepherd, hast clad thyself in the robes of Majesty, hast enshrined thyself in gold, and usurped thy Maker's and thy Master's throne."

But all this is as nothing, either in the extravagance of the thoughts or the diction, to what follows. The said book, which is so infamous for its turpitude and guilt, is either Lindley's Grammar or Bonycastle's Arithmetic, or some equally elementary book; since it is against all books of the class that Mr. Pemberton writes in the fiercest anger, and that he strives to wither and to scorch with his burning wrath on every page. To elementary books he, indeed, attributes "all the imperfections in man, all his errors and follies, all his superstitions and barbarities and degradations;" and he asserts that "the moment the schoolmaster with his elementary book commences his work, then commences the catalogue of woe for the lovely, innocent, angelic soul of the child; then do philosophers mourn, angels weep, and then does the Saviour weep for the lovely children, his perfect lambs." And it is to stay these tears, and to remove all causes for weeping, that the writer of this book has established "a perfect university, a *divine* and *natural* university, a new Temple, a new Paradise, where the soul of an infant may expand into the very bosom of his heavenly Father, where his mind may be formed in the Kingdom of Universal Knowledge, where he may be bred in the true spirit of the Redeemer and in the spirit of all departed genii; since in that perfect university dwells the soul, the life-blood, the spirit of the educator in the body of a chaste and lovely bird." "I pursued," says the writer, "that lovely bird to its sacred retreat; I chased its lovely steps; I traced it to its immortal nest, to the bosom of Jehovah's daughter, Jehovah's child, Jehovah's pupil, even to the bosom of the delectable Mother."

We are not able to say where precisely, nor in what county, this perfect university is established; but we have it here tolerably circumstantially described, as "an elegant mansion, with its lawns and parks, botanic garden, conservatories, parterres, and plantations, orchards, and farm-yards. The park, with its magnificent timber-trees, affords space and shade for all kinds of military exercises, the only exercises allowed; and six acres of ground are laid out as a map of the world, to represent its continents, and seas, and rivers, and mountains, and cities. The system of teaching pursued in this perfect university is as novel as it is ingenious, and is grounded on the well-established, though often unheeded, fact, that every cat has three tails; the proof being, that *every* cat has one tail more than *no* cat, and as *no* cat has two tails, *ergo*, *every* cat has three tails: so, argues this most learned professor, every child acquires a language in two years, *ergo*, every child can acquire five languages in ten years,—and he begins with the Chinese in a child's third year, giving twice in the day a *viva* discourse upon it, which is never to exceed one quarter of an hour, and is invariably to be succeeded by a polka on the piano. "In this manner the child of eleven years will have accomplished seven foreign languages,

the three Eastern and the four European, by giving up to them three hours and a half each day." But our space forbids us to say one word more of what Mr. Pemberton announces as "the natural, vital, divine demonstrative, and practical method of teaching children from two years old and upward."

Visit to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. Robert Curzon Murray. London: 1849.

This book is possessed of some most excellent qualifications; it is instructing and pleasing. It has the happy property also of containing within it much that will find favour with every description of readers: it has subjects for all—grave and gay, serious and ludicrous, romantic stories, perilous adventures, hair-breadth escapes, amusing anecdotes and most touching incidents.

On the memorable 4th of May, when six or seven hundred of the pilgrims were trampled to death, or suffocated within the walls of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, Mr. Curzon was with Ibrahim Pasha within the church on that occasion, and his Highness equally with the writer, escaped from the spot with their lives, with the utmost difficulty. But from the routes he took, and the conduct he pursued, Mr. Curzon rather courted dangers than shunned them: thus while journeying to Meteora he was himself guarded and protected by the very thieves he sought protection against; and when going down to Jericho he fell among thieves, with whom, however, he soon became friendly. But amusing and exciting as are all his personal adventures, the top of highest interest in his book, and which gives it its chief value is the description of the Coptic Monasteries in Egypt, and of the Greek Monasteries in Albania and in Mount Athos, *with their libraries*. Next to the possession of a good book, we like the sight of it, and where that is not possible, a good account of it. The account which Mr. Curzon here gives, makes us almost to envy him his past enjoyment and his present possessions. At St. Laura he found 400 printed books, some Aldines, 600 MSS. on paper, and 300 on vellum chiefly of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. At Philothea were printed books 5000, of paper MSS. 2000, and of vellum MSS. 100. The chief treasures of these, and of a score of other monasteries which he visited on Mount Athos, he here describes, and a more tempting description was never given. The vellum MSS. are in various languages: Servian, Iberian, Bulgarian, Greek. Many are written in uncial letters, some on purple vellum, and one, a Greek one, in golden letters on *white* vellum; hundreds of them were richly illuminated with arabesques, pictures, and miniatures. Some were bound in red velvet others in silver gilt; but for their variety, and singular gorgeousness and rarity, the "visit" itself must be consulted; while many an angry heart will ache for the sad—sad fate of the once splendid library in the monastery of Pantocratoras.

Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart. Blackwood and Sons.

Here is an old friend in a new dress. The "Blackwood" celebrity of O'Doherty, in good old Tory days, will be fresh in the recollection of most readers. Time, however, which tests the worth of nearly a

things sublunary, has dealt rather unsparingly with the "Maxims" before us, many of which, according to our present notions, bear the stamp of prejudice, impertinence, and a dogmatism more than Johnsonian. But, in spite of these defects, the book, which is in a convenient pocket form, will afford an occasional half-hour's amusement, if it be only to relish the frequent rollicking, hearty panegyrics of O'Doherty on the merits of the bottle and gastronomy, and the better matters for thought which he here and there throws out. Thus we have something to whet an appetite, convivial or literary.

The First Revelations of God to Man, considered in a series of Eighteen Sermons. By the Rev. W. E. Evans. Rivington: 1849.

Nine Sermons by the Rev. Dr. Vaughan. Murray: 1849.

Sermons by the Rev. Matthew Kinsey. Bentley: 1849.

From the scores of volumes of sermons that are yearly published, it is evident that there are many preachers who hold their sermons in the highest estimation, and who consider that whatever they write the public must be pleased with, and that what they print the public will applaud and purchase. There is, however, an art in sermonizing which few ever attain to, and the art consists in having a full, clear, and comprehensive idea in the mind, of the particular subject in hand, and in expressing that idea, plainly and distinctly, in the fewest possible words and in the shortest possible sentences. Parentheses of three or four lines and sentences of a whole page in length are decidedly wrong, and yet these are found occasionally in the volumes before us, to the no little perplexity of the reader.

But these, like all sermons, admit of classification in some measure or manner: they are awakening or instructing, composing or misleading,—they are exhortative, argumentative, discursive, or sedative,—they are very excellent, or they are only respectable, or they are prosy. Nothing lulls to sleep like a prosy sermon, and there is no writing so valueless as a sermon which does not touch the heart, nor inform the understanding, nor leave any distinct impression on the mind either of its subject or its object.

In Mr. Evans's "First Revelations of God to Man" we were led to expect, by a short but well-written preface, that it would be followed by sermons of a highly intellectual character, and where the acknowledged difficulties of the first chapter of Genesis—from which all clergymen seem instinctively to shrink—would be grappled with, with the sound science of a philosopher and the sound faith of a divine. The performance, however, was not equal to the promise: the great questions are not alluded to,—whence, for instance, was that light which dawned upon us on the first day of creation? and what was that day and night that is spoken of days before the sun was itself created? There is much, however, that is sound and practical in these sermons, and there is a novelty in the style and thoughts that is pleasing and refreshing; but they display no great depth of research, and no particular scientific attainments; they advance nothing that will be questioned, and they hazard no conjectures that will lead to controversy.

Dr. Vaughan's sermons were preached, for the most part, in the chapel of Harrow School, and had, therefore, for their especial object,

in the first instance, the instruction of the Harrow boys. The very high character of the writer both as a scholar and divine, was probably the inducement to print these sermons for the benefit of the world at large; and as two volumes of sermons have already preceded these from the same quarter, it is doubtless considered by Dr. Vaughan himself, or his friends, that his qualifications as a sermon-writer are of a high order. His writings, like those of all earnest and pious men, cannot but do good, in awakening thought, in enlightening the mind, and influencing the heart: but we object to so many parentheses, of which this we meet with in page 164, is an example: "We are so apt to regard ourselves as cut off from any direct connexion (however we may admit one secondary and derived) with the life and purposes of Christ," &c.; and to such long sentences in sermons to the young as we meet with in the next page, and which ends with: "He looks with especial tenderness on that frail growth of an ungenial atmosphere, the faith which cometh only by hearing, and rests on the evidence of things not seen." The sentence has also the additional disadvantage of being both ungrammatical and obscure.

Mr. Kinsey's volume contains twenty plain practical sermons, that have the rather peculiar merit of conveying very briefly and distinctly to the reader the thoughts and the mind of the writer, and those thoughts are enforced in a very earnest and affectionate spirit, and in language of great simplicity and power: we consider, however, that various things are advanced and enunciated as the truth which it would be rather difficult to substantiate from the Scriptures, such, for instance, as the following: "Feeble, and helpless, and insignificant, as a baptized infant may seem to be, yet it hath an angel in Heaven appointed to watch over it for good. Its frail and feeble life is viewed with interest by heavenly eyes; and the faint glimmerings of grace which sparkle through its opening soul, are hailed with joy and gladness by the angels that surround the throne of God;" and again: "The holy angels watch over the faithful people of God without ceasing, from the cradle to the grave; and it is no doubt true, that whatever concerns our health and wealth and worldly prosperity, is supplied by their help, as well as whatever appertains to the welfare of our souls; and that Michael and his angels watch over us constantly and zealously." There are passages also in the seventeenth sermon of a similarly questionable character, such as: "May we not believe that the spirits of the just know what is passing on the earth, and are watching over the career of those they most loved," &c. Were we to believe this, which, to say the least, is questionable, we might be called upon to believe much more, both of saints and angels which would be highly objectionable. These rambling assertions trench too much upon vital doctrines to pass altogether without observations, but they are too few in number to prevent us from commending the volume as a whole.

Some Account of the Life and Adventures of Sir Reginald Mohun, Bart. Done in verse, by George John Cayley. Canto First. London: Pickering.

"Rhyme still has its readers." At least so says Mr. Cayley, a gentleman who writes not wholly without authority in the matter, having recently obtained the medal for English poetry at Cambridge. We

will agree with him so far, that the first canto of his poem presents nothing that is unreadable, but on the contrary, that it exhibits facility of versification, some power of description, some pathos, and throughout the merit of keeping the reader's attention alive. If poetry is to be read in our days, we believe that Mr. Cayley has hit on the right way to obtain readers, by assuming a familiar, unaffected, at times half-jocular tone, and discarding all appearance of seeking after sentiment. The world is impressed with the idea that poetry is either so enveloped in flowers of imagination, that it is difficult to be understood—oftener not worth the trouble—or that it is an out-of-the-way mode of expressing thoughts and feelings which have nothing in common with the ordinary business of life. Mr. Cayley appears sensible of this, and wisely determines to be strictly natural; but, in a few instances, his free-and-easiness degenerates into looseness and commonplace. We doubt not, however—if he will cultivate rather more severity of taste—that he will avoid this error in his future cantos.

Apocalyptic Sketches; or, Lectures on the Book of Revelations. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D. Hall and Co., London.

A dread-nought writer is Dr. Cumming; and a very fearless, even should he not prove a rash, interpreter of prophecy; but with his, to him, clear views of the speedy consummation of all things, with his firm conviction of the already actual outpouring at this moment of the seventh vial, and of the almost instant Second Advent of the Saviour, he very naturally considered he had nought to dread in advancing opinions so decided and so clear, and which a very few months may, or rather must, in his judgment, verify and confirm. Thinking himself in the right, he has very properly and boldly stated what he thought the truth to be, but as a writer, he is as able as he is bold, and as forcible as he is fearless; and what is more to the purpose, he is in the main as cautious and judicious, as he is powerful and impressive. These thirty-seven Lectures, therefore, we cannot hesitate to say are very clever productions, full of beautiful thoughts and brilliant ideas; but they are practical, moreover, and eminently useful, and will give to thousands upon thousands knowledge as well as delight, and will keenly touch many hearts, as well as enlighten many minds.

We have no room but for a quotation or two from this very able work, and are too straitened for space to enter much into details; but the purport of the book is evidently this, to persuade all who read it that "the age is drawing to a close; the shadows of the world's eve are gathering round; the crash of thrones, the fall of dynasties, are heard as dread premonitory sounds booming over all the earth. The Lord may come next week, next month, next year, and when he does come he will find a world full of controversy, disorganisation, judgment, calamity, dispute; and not till immediately after he comes, will there follow unity, holiness, happiness, and peace. The inference from all this is, that there shall not be first a thousand years of millennial bliss, and then the Lord shall come in his glory; but that the Lord shall come first in his glory, at an hour when we think not, and then, like the light that succeeds the rising sun, there shall be a millennium of felicity and joy over all the earth." "I do not specify years or days," says Dr. Cumming, "because I dare not do so. But what I say is this, that if certain epochs in our interpretation be correct, this dispen-

sation will terminate about 1864, about which time, according to the purest chronology, the seven thousandth, or Sabbatical year begins."

As a summary of these Apocalyptic sketches, we may say, what Dr. Cumming thinks he has proved, that the last vial has been poured into the air; that the first throbs of the last earthquake have begun; that great Babylon is coming into remembrance before God; that the first scorching contents of that vial are being poured upon the head of the chief pontiff, Pius IX.; that the next sound that shall reverberate from the skies, and be re-echoed in glad songs from the earth will be "Behold I come quickly!" that in the course of a very few years "every eye shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him;" that in the course of less than twenty years, the seventh millennium of the world begins, which is the millennium of rest that remains for the people of God. To persuade us that these things are so, is the main object of the book, and Dr. Cumming writes like one who is fully persuaded in his own mind that the facts are as he states, and that it is of the very utmost importance that the great fact should be made known, and be made plain and clear to all, that the end of all things is at hand, and that the last day of the world may possibly be to-morrow.

A Manual of Botany; being an Introduction to the Study of the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants. By John Hutton Balfour, M.D., F.L.S., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Illustrated with numerous woodcuts. London: J. J. Griffin and Co.

The Marine Botanist: an Introduction to the Study of Algology, containing descriptions of the commonest British Sea-weeds, and the best method of preserving them, with Figures of the most remarkable species. By Isabella Gifford. London: Darton and Co. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

Dr. Balfour's Manual of Botany is entitled to great praise for the clear and comprehensive manner in which he has presented the student with this most serviceable introduction to the science. The work is admirably arranged, and has a good glossary and index combined, with references to every paragraph in the volume—by which means much labour and time are spared to those who use it as a text-book. All the best authors, whether Foreign or British, who have treated of the science, have been consulted in the course of the compilation of the work; and numerous woodcuts are introduced for the elucidation of the text. Whether we consider the acknowledged utility of Botany, its bearing on kindred sciences—Medicine, Agriculture, Horticulture, Zoology—or look merely to amusement to be derived from its pursuit, it can scarcely be too highly encouraged. "It adds pleasure," justly observes Dr. Balfour, "to every walk, and affords an endless source of gratification, which can be rendered available alike in the closet and in the field. The prosecution of it combines healthful and spirit-stirring recreation with scientific study; and its votaries are united by associations of no ordinary kind."

It is fortunate when elementary works are the production, as in the present instance, of competent hands: it is too often the reverse, for those who have made progress in a science, have not always the power, or disdain the drudgery, of imparting instructions to others.

"The Marine Botanist" is an agreeable sea-side companion. Many an idle summer loungeur may find in it an acceptable recreation for the mind, while he is inhaling the sea-breeze for the sake of health or pleasure, or both combined. This volume is prettily "got up," with appropriate illustrations.

A Narrative of the Wesleyan Mission to Jamaica. By the Rev. Peter Duncan. Partridge: London. 1849.

A Mission to the Mysore. By the Rev. William Arthur. Partridge and Oakey: London. 1847.

These very dissimilar publications we have placed together, simply because they reached us together, and are each the production of a Wesleyan minister. To Mr. Duncan we are indebted for the information that there are nearly half a million of souls in Jamaica, of which ten thousand are true Christians, and true he knows them to be, because they are all Wesleyans,—upon none else in that unhappy island, this book would imply, does the light of truth shine: the grossest darkness in spiritual things broods over the land still, and its condition now is only something better than it was previous to the first Methodist setting his foot upon it. *Then*, its wickedness was awful: the clergy were unblushingly immoral; all the sectarian missionaries were as inefficient as unsuccessful; and all classes of men were living in the grossest sins, without hope and without God, in the world. But through Mr. Duncan's agency and the preaching of his brethren in the ministry, holiness to the Lord is upon everybody and everything—Wesleyan—throughout the island; the remainder of the population are many of them "artful, venal, unprincipled men," some as "despicable as imbecile," others "vipers or ruffians," and whoever looked not in times past upon Methodism with a very favourable eye, is invariably described as a child of the evil one. But his chief wrath Mr. Duncan reserves for the chief men in the island, such as the Duke of Manchester and the Earl of Belmore, who were, according to him, "worthless governors, the nuisance of whose private example was a moral pestilence." And so the book goes on from beginning to end, denouncing or despising whatever and whoever was not in furtherance of Wesleyanism, without one kind word or one charitable thought or wish for aught else besides. Mr. Duncan's object in this publication was evidently to make it particularly acceptable to the lowest class of Wesleyans, and to those especially among them who have the narrowest intellects with the least charity and the fiercest bigotry; for the whole volume is as vituperative in its language as it is intolerant in its spirit and dogmatical in its judgments.

Mr. Arthur's "Mission to the Mysore" is as opposite to the above in spirit as light is to darkness, and with regard to the intellectual character of the work, the two will admit of no comparison. The "Mission to the Mysore" was not written to please merely a pitiful section of a particular community, but to interest and enlighten Christians of all creeds, and statesmen of all parties: there is mind in this volume,—some learning, but no bigotry,—some reasoning, but no prejudice,—and much amusing and really valuable information concerning the religion and the people of India. The author's observations upon the Vedas and Shastras and Purânas, and the great religious system of India, are of high interest, and display great good sense as well as

extensive reading and research; and the whole work is so enlivened by anecdotes and descriptions of men and things, that the attention is never for an instant flags. Macaulay himself never wrote a chapter more worthy of a Christian statesman's perusal than is the seventh chapter of this volume, entitled "India, what is it?" and its soul-stirring appeals to the Christian public on behalf of India and its missions many will find to be irresistible. The whole volume speaks as well for the writer's heart as for his understanding, and we heartily commend it.

Frontenac. A Poem. By Alfred B. Street. R. Bentley.

Mr. Street enjoys a high reputation amongst the living poets of America, and is especially distinguished for the fidelity of his descriptions of Indian life and scenery. His success in this way is, probably to be traced to his early residence in one of the wildest counties of the Union, where he became familiar, in his boyhood, with those vast and magnificent solitudes which tradition assigns to the history of the Red Man. Strong impressions upon a poetical temperament soon find their way into verse, and Mr. Street's productions abound, accordingly, with passages which reflect the most striking phenomena of that bold region in which his fancy was nurtured. He has spread his canvas in this poem of Frontenac for a more ambitious undertaking than he appears to have contemplated in any former work, and, interweaving his pictures of the forest, the prairie and the lake, with an attractive story of border warfare, has brought out the most remarkable features both with a very happy effect.

The hero of this metrical romance is the Count Frontenac, who was Governor-General of Canada towards the close of the seventeenth century, and who planned an expedition against the Iroquois, in which he was completely foiled by the sagacity and harassing strategy of the Indians. Upon this foundation Mr. Street has constructed a plot, full of dramatic vicissitudes, and susceptible, in its progress, of a great variety of details illustrative of the customs of the tribes, and of the grand back-ground of nature which imparts such picturesque interest to their fortunes. Mr. Street's version of Frontenac's expedition takes a poet's privileged liberty with the stale facts of history, and refers the origin of the invasion of the Iroquois country to a personal cause. Lucille, the daughter of Frontenac by an Indian woman, is stolen, in her infancy, by one of the Iroquois, who, in the gratification of the hatred entertained towards the French by the aborigines, murders the soldier in whose charge the child had wandered into the wood. From the start of the poem to its close in the burning pile and the death of the General, we follow, with unabated curiosity, the narrative which springs out of this incident.

The charm of the poem lies in its skilful combination of plot and description. The glimpses of the Indians in their hunting-ground and in the battle, and the occasional views of profound forests at rocky defiles are excellent. Here is a perfect little picture in itself a striking feature of Indian life, extracted from a description of the Iroquois:—

" Upon the straggling trees that flung
Their boughs outside, upon the maize,
Infants in their broad cradles hung
Asleep, or with dull patient gaze ;

Whilst group'd their mothers gossiping,
The corn to golden powder pounding,
Drawing the water from the spring,
Or the Kunatah's flame surrounding."

In a charming description of a Canadian spring, we find the following graceful image:—

"The yacht, that stood with naked mast
In the locked shallows motionless
When sunset fell, *went curtseying past*
As breathed the morning's light caress."

We have no room, unfortunately, for extracts, or we should be glad to avail ourselves of a few passages of great beauty which are scattered through the poem; but we cannot refuse a little space to the following outburst of manly feeling in which Mr. Street, gazing upon the waters of Lake Cayuga, contrasts the present with the past condition of the Iroquois country. It is the moral, for good or evil, of all Indian stories:—

"Sweet sylvan lake! beside thee now,
Villages point their spires to heaven,
Rich meadows wave, broad grain-fields bow,
The axe resounds, the plough is driven;
Down verdant points come herds to drink,
Flocks strew, like spots of snow, thy brink;
The frequent farm-house meets the sight;
'Mid falling harvests scythes are bright,
The watch-dog's bark comes faint from far,
Shakes on the ear the saw-mills' jar,
The steamer like a darting bird
Parts the rich emerald of thy wave,
And the gay song, and laugh are heard,
But all is o'er the Indian's grave.
Pause, white man! check thy lifted stride!
Cease o'er the flood thy prow to guide!
Until is given one sigh sincere
For those who once were monarchs here,
And prayer is made, beseeching God
To spare us his avenging rod
For all the wrongs upon the head
Of the poor helpless savage shed;
Who, strong when we were weak, did not
Trample us down upon the spot,
But, weak when we were strong, were cast
Like leaves upon the rushing blast."

The poem is written in a variety of measures, fluctuating with the nature of the subject. One consequence of these changes is that the ear, unable to glide with facility from one form into another, is apt to jar with the music at the point of transition. But the rhythm of Mr. Street's lines is generally full and melodious; and, notwithstanding a little flatness here and there, which the critic may readily excuse in a poem of such length, the execution, upon the whole, is creditable to the skill and taste of the poet. The English reader always finds a difficulty in reconciling himself to the long names of Indian chiefs, and is apt to regard such formidable syllables, at first sight, as a great hinderance to his enjoyment. It must be granted that they present an impediment which is not to be surmounted, except by a little patient

resolution ; but the real obstacle, after all, elaborate appellations themselves as in our They are essentially soft and liquid, if we them off-hand, and the reader, if he would poem, must take the trouble to get rid of his and not suffer the mere strangeness of the his pleasure.

Shadows of the New Creation. Wright. I

On all sides we hear the cry, "Behold!" says the highly talented, and richly gifted little volume, "Already the seventh trumpet and the voice of the Gospel messenger is going the kingdoms of this world shall shortly be Lord, and of his Christ. Already the seventh into the air, and a voice out of the temple throne is saying, 'It is done.' Even now we edge of the terrible volcano which is to 'show table tokens seem to indicate that the trumpet united mystic voices are even now in the air. Behold the Bridegroom cometh!' 'Behold the hand!' 'Behold I create new heavens and Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a quickly!' And this coming of Christ we take premillennial, judicial, and regal. On Zion' His kingdom, a halo of glory his bright char throne occasionally seen among his faithful con throne permanently fixed and visible; the beaming like the sun from one end of the risen and translated saints, his messengers to tending spirits to his people, rulers and judges acknowledged and adored by all, the blessed of kings, and Lord of lords."

Upon the doctrine of the millennium, an advanced upon it, we, in this brief space, cannot take the subject so perfectly for granted, whatever in support of it, contenting him upon it as a thing settled, and with practical day of redemption unfolds, and brighter and the eastern sky with the approach of the golden then, ye listless watchmen! stand upon your signs of the coming day! scorn to be found is breaking, and the shadows are fleeing away ing! Behold, already his chariots are prepared marshalled; the saints that attend him are the wind are ready to convey them." From tionate spirit which pervades this book—from and the brilliancy of the ideas—from the i and the excellence of the advice, we cordially tending and elegantly written volume to our

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LONDON :
Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY and HENR
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.



